

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# THE RADIO TIMES

6<sup>D</sup>



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EVERY FRIDAY.

Six Pence.

## Christmas Fireside Thoughts.

By J. C. W. Reith, Managing Director of the B.B.C.

THIS is a little tale of the War; of the first winter in Flanders, the first Christmas at the Front. But it is more of Christmas than of War; December 25th is in the foreground, Armageddon in the background. How they sympathized with us, they at home, deploring the limitations under which we would eat our Christmas dinner, if indeed we had any at all.

I was then Transport Officer of a territorial battalion, a battalion which, even after the lapse of two months, had not fully recovered from the shock of finding itself suddenly uprooted from its division at home and hurled overseas to make up the complement of a regular brigade at the Front. We walked in an intense if somewhat bewildered pride, and were the objects of some mystification to our professional colleagues.

Now the transport staff are people of some importance; they are detached from the common herd, emancipated from routine duties and routine dangers. Their duties and dangers are arduous and real; but, to some extent anyhow, they meet them in their own way. This applies in even greater degree to the sappers, the R.E., to which I went later.

A few days before Christmas the battalion was ruthlessly and, to their mind, prematurely summoned from a rest period in the comparative calm of a town a mile or more behind the line, and thrust back to trenches in an unhealthy area. The transport was bid remain where it was, thus becoming the object of ill-disguised envy.

The enemy, however, most inopportunistly developed a regrettable interest in the town, and our nights were lit by alarms, by sudden and compulsory removals, and even by one complete evacuation, on which occasion, having placed an appropriate interval between the town and ourselves, we bivouacked by the roadside, and, as the apostle of old in circumstances somewhat similar, prayed for the dawn. With it we returned like the domestic cat to the same spot whence we had been so unceremoniously ejected the night before. All this week our comrades, secure in dugouts, sat listening to the salvos of shells which, in the happy process of searching out transport parks and the like, passed harmlessly overhead; their erstwhile song of mourning was turned, if not to joy, at least into sympathy with us, the objects of an earlier, misplaced envy.

Came Christmas Eve, and the battalion must have their Christmas mail. A wagon, limbered, G.S., was accordingly sent to brigade H.Q.

to collect it. I happened to arrive there at the same time and found an astonished and indignant postal staff endeavouring to cope with what appeared to them to be the mail for the entire B.E.F. Our battalion was in much repute in the city of its origin, and the friends at home had obviously decided that we should not lack appropriate fare whatever were our conditions. Other wagons were quickly requisitioned; our mail was greater than that for all the rest of the brigade.

I had also resolved that, shelling or not, I would organize such a Christmas dinner as would do credit to any home in peace. December 25th dawned bright but fiercely cold, everywhere thick with frost. An energetic and highly intelligent lance-corporal was despatched to Bailleul in one of those curious foreign vehicles which became the unauthorized but invaluable perquisites of so many transports, a thing like a cape-cart. He was implored to keep clear of "brasshats" who might enquire his mission, and instructed to procure in whatever way he could such accessories for the function as could not be expected in the most generous parcel.

If I remember rightly, in the enforced absence of its master, the colonel's horse, owing to its fleetness of foot, but to its obvious mortification, was suborned for service with the cart. Time was the essence of this contract, and the horse needed exercise, anyhow. Apart from that all the other eligible animals were occupied on their lawful occasions or resting against the labours of the evening.

This ambassador having been despatched, the Transport Sergeant and myself proceeded to search for the most satisfactory *venue* for the celebration. Obviously a commodious cellar was demanded; equally so, one wherein the assaults of a sacrilegious battery might be disregarded.

A palatial residence offered such a place, and preparations began in real earnest. Carpets, draught screens, tables, and chairs were transferred. Massive silver candelabra, glasses, plate, crockery, all the appropriate furnishings of the rich man's table were requisitioned from the upper regions. Holly and evergreens were gathered, till, in time, all under the jealous direction of a transport corporal, a gloomy cellar was transformed into a veritable Aladdin's cave.

The Bailleul emissary was successful beyond expectation. Among his stores he had acquired two gigantic turkeys, 20 lbs. of luscious grapes, and six bottles of champagne. He was reticent about the last. To these were added the home

contributions of those who were to take part—plum-puddings, sausages, preserved fruits, short-bread, chocolates, tins of soup, and so on. By 10 p.m. most of the wagons had returned, and we assembled, about twenty of us, the Transport Staff, N.C.O.'s, my groom, batman, cyclist orderly, and senior drivers.

I am certain none of us had sat down to a better feast, or at a table more finely appointed. For the cooking and serving, as well as for the production of the family silver, etc., we had secured the aid of three French maids who, having retired to a village some miles away, were, however, still supposed to keep an eye on the property.

All that was further required was comparative tranquility, from the enemy on the one hand, and the adjutant whom we cordially disliked on the other. I often wondered if he knew that, in spite of frequent inspections by divisional nabobs, we had about six horses and two wagons over strength, and that we always annexed much extra feed for the animals. We were experts in the scientific Method of Unauthorized Acquisition. All good Transport Officers are.

At 11 o'clock an orderly arrived with some trivial message. I shall never forget the amazed expression on his face as, having descended the narrow and dark cellar steps, the brilliant scene burst unexpectedly upon him. He was invited to remain, and was followed in half an hour by another orderly with a communiqué from brigade passed on (unwillingly, I expect) by the adjutant, to the effect that I was to take on the duties of Brigade Transport Officer the following week. He also tarried.

Half an hour after midnight there came a third, instructed to inquire the fate of his predecessors, but carrying the horrifying news that the battalion was to be relieved in a few hours, and that the Transport Officer would arrange all details, beginning at 4.30 a.m. Thermometer 10°, roads all ice. What a shock for a dinner-party; but not this, nor the prospect of much unsatisfactory conflict with the adjutant next day, could spoil the effect, or prejudice the success of the evening.

But to-day, remembrance is shadowed; on my right sat the Transport Sergeant, one of the finest men I have known in war or peace, on either hand the six other N.C.O.'s; only one came through; fifteen of the twenty had "passed out of the sight of men" before Armistice.



## A Christmas Radio Review.

The Past, the Present, and the Future, by P. P. Eckersley.

**A**NOTHER Christmas! And a tremendous amount left undone that one feels ought to have been done. Christmas, however, soon brings the New Year, and the New Year is the time for looking forward and looking backward.

It may be interesting to summarize what has been done on the technical side up to the present year, and review what yet remains to be done.

The year 1923 saw the erection of the main stations; 1924 will always be thought of as the relay station year; 1925 will see the establishment of the high-power policy.

Of the main stations we may say that during 1923 little or no change was made in the transmitting equipment. The sets stand exactly as they did at the beginning of broadcasting, because it has been felt that they represented one of the strongest links in the chain of broadcast. Improvements, however, have been made in the methods of picking up sounds and converting them to do electrical impulses—that is to say, what is commonly known as the microphone equipment has been greatly improved both in design and operation.

### Scrapping Old Studios.

In order to do justice to these newer and better pick-up devices, old studios have had to be scrapped, and newer and better ones substituted.

During the past year Cardiff, Manchester, and Glasgow have moved into new premises, and it is hoped that Newcastle will shortly be in a better position from the point of view of accommodation. Birmingham, Bournemouth, and London are rapidly outgrowing an accommodation which, however, is at present adequate.

The methods of operation have largely improved during the last year, and such things as the fade-in and fade-out, the dissolving view where one sound picture merges into another, were, if not thought of, at any rate impossible owing to insufficient apparatus during 1923.

It is probable that next year will not see great changes in the main station equipment unless, indeed, we can incorporate some improvements that have been found as the result of experiments, in a practical manner. The listener may rest assured that even with such improvements it will not make a great deal of difference in his reception. It is more an improvement that builds against the future.

### A Bold Policy.

With regard to relay stations, I think we may congratulate ourselves that the promised programme has been fulfilled, and it is interesting to notice that these stations, built entirely by the B.B.C., have been erected at the rate of one a month in cities so far apart as Plymouth and Dundee, Edinburgh and Swansea.

It is, perhaps, a bold technical policy that made us rely upon the continued efficiency of land lines for the operation of relay stations. This is not meant in any way disparagingly to the Post Office engineers who maintain the lines. It is meant as a great compliment that we trusted, and rightly trusted, their perseverance and skill to maintain us a satisfactory service. There have been troubles which have been due to faulty land lines. It is hoped, however, that in the light of experience these problems will be so clearly revealed as to be

ultimately soluble; but listeners must realize that when a storm sweeps over the country it is extremely difficult for the Post Office engineers immediately to put the land line house in order.

It is hoped that the quality of simultaneous broadcasting will be improved during 1925, and already experiments have shown how certain improvements can be made.

The high-power station is, as everybody knows, moving to Daventry from Chelmsford. Chelmsford had a crystal range of 100 miles, and we may safely guarantee that the new station will have a similar range to a crystal. It should be insisted upon, however, that persons living south of Chelmsford are bound to experience a weakening of the signal when the station is moved to Daventry.

### A Hundred Miles on a Crystal Set.

We are extremely sorry that this must happen, but it has been imperative to move the station on account of Government regulations. It should be remembered by south-coast listeners that if they are within 100 miles of Daventry, they will still get crystal reception. They should, furthermore, realize that many people are listening to "5XX" on a crystal at ranges greater than 100 miles, although we cannot guarantee that results will be satisfactory at such ranges.

I would like to be able to forecast a continued improvement in listeners' receiving sets.

If anybody is getting unsatisfactory results, and if this is wholly attributable to getting it well one night and badly another, I would ask that person somehow or other to double the sensitivity of the set. On a crystal set the aerial is the be-all and end-all of good reception, and it should be adjusted in any way to be more efficient.

## Wireless Woes!

Mistakes that Lead to Trouble.

**W**IRELESS electricians have some amusing and, at times, illuminating experiences. One of these recently remarked to the writer that until he took up radio work he had no idea that such monumental ignorance of the merest rudiments of electricity existed amongst otherwise well-informed people.

On one occasion when he was making an earth connection to a water-tap, the woman of the house inquired what he was doing. "But, surely," she said, "there is no earth in that tap. Wouldn't it be better to use one of the flower-pots?"

The same electrician was summoned to a house where a few nights before he had installed a small crystal set. This time it was a man who exhibited a certain innocence concerning the business.

"Can't make out the confounded thing at all!" he snapped. "It was working perfectly until last night. Then it stopped and hasn't made a sound since."

### "Hanging Out."

It did not take the wireless man a very long time to locate that particular "fault." It was "hanging out" in more senses than one. For the phone-wires had somehow become disconnected from the terminals, and the would-be listener had been holding to his ear phones with loose ends!

"Didn't you notice the things had become detached?" asked the electrician.

"Well, I did," was the reply, "but I thought one might catch the waves that way."

Many persons get "nervy" over what are called the "pianissimo" passages in the music. All concert-goers know that at certain moments the sounds sink almost to silence. But let this occur on the radio, and at once there are rash souls who condemn the machine, or the aerial, or even the broadcasting station itself!

### No Wonder!

Many radio-users have very optimistic notions about the lasting-power of accumulators. It is no uncommon thing for electricians to be summoned to houses to discover why the apparatus is not working, only to find that the accumulator has run dry for days! One woman to whom this fact was pointed out, refused flatly to credit it. She declared that her "sister's wireless" never needed any kind of renewing. It transpired a little later that the sister was using a crystal set.

Some nervous souls have a horror of the apparatus, believing that to come in contact with it may furnish a violent "shock," or even, perhaps, cause electrocution.

### A New Form of Crystal-Gazing.

Crystal sets give enormous trouble to certain persons. They seem physically incapable of adjusting the "cat's whisker" in such a manner as to get a reception, though any good crystal should afford good results at almost any point of its surface. Some of them seem to regard the careful envelopment of crystals in cotton wool when they are sold as a kind of ornamental fad, for they do not even take the precaution of washing their hands before inserting the crystal in the cup. The crystal being well greased by that time, they spend the rest of the evening waiting for the reception that never comes. It is a new form of "crystal-gazing"!



Their Christmas bed-time story.



# If I Were Father Christmas.

A Futurist Fantasy, by BARRY PAIN.

WHAT should I do if I were Father Christmas? The question has been put to me. Rather silly, what? I mean, when you remember that in 1984 I actually was the Official Father Christmas.

I was the first of them. It was not till 1984 that Christmas was nationalized. By that time everything was nationalized except the nation.

Why, it was asked, should the impersonation of Father Christmas be left to private enterprise? Some got many presents, some few, and some none. Such inequality was intolerable. So Christmas was made a Government Department with myself at the head of it.

### A Glutton for Work.

I think the idea was that if I had all that work to do I might stop writing. I had 175,000 clerks and 175,000 supervisors under me. You see, it was illegal to employ anybody to do any work unless you employed somebody else at the same wages to see that he did it; that was how the unemployment problem was finally solved. There was even somebody appointed to supervise me. It was quite unnecessary, for I am a glutton for work—too much so, as the event proved.

The distribution of Christmas presents was a triumph of organization and went fairly well. All persons under the age of thirty-six were entitled to a State Christmas present and were required to fill in coupons stating which out of ten named Christmas presents of equal value were preferred.

Cigarette-cases got more votes than any other article and so cigarette-cases were sent to all.

It was perhaps a little hard on children of tender years, but they could not learn too early the principle that what the majority wants the whole must have.

### Something Like Broadcasting!

And people of thirty-six and upwards? They did not actually get any presents but they were specially taxed to pay for the presents to the others—much as it was in the first quarter of the century.

The Christmas cigarette-cases were all distributed by August 1st, which was well in advance of schedule. And then in my eagerness for work as Father Christmas I decided to do more still. I sent for the chief of the Government Broadcasting Department.

"Good morning, Sir Charles," I said. "I require you to broadcast on December 25th a Christmas dinner to every house in the king-

dom. It will consist of an eighteen-pound turkey with the usual concomitants, a six-pound plum pudding, a sufficiency of blue Stilton, and a little appropriate music."

"Impossible," he said, in his surly way.

"Have you ever tried?"

"Of course not."

"Then how do you know? A turkey is matter. Matter is atoms. Atoms have been analysed into electricity. You send out the electricity in its turkey-arrangement and it will be converted into the actual cooked bird at the other end. The same with the other items. You can call in the Physics Department to assist you. And kindly remember that, as the Official Father Christmas, I am your commanding officer."

out, and in every house in the kingdom people were waiting with joy and with proper receptacles for the arrival of the nationalized Christmas dinner. The entire nation was waiting, for by this time, though it was legal to erect an aerial without a house, it was illegal to erect a house without an aerial.

I was a little nervous about the storm. I knew that it might upset things. At the appointed hour I put on my headphones. I received almost immediately three atmospherics in the left ear and a quart of hot gravy in the right. I then disconnected and went up to change my clothes.

### Blue Stilton and Tannhäuser.

In the whole country there was only one man who received a complete turkey, and that was filled with plum pudding instead of the more usual chestnut stuffing. Another man received a complete plum pudding, but on cutting it, the drumstick of a turkey emerged and said that Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen.

In some cases mistakes could be traced partly to the carelessness of recipients. One man left his wireless apparatus unattended in the drawing-room. When he returned ten minutes later the entire room was filled with blue Stilton and the March from Tannhäuser. He phoned for the fire brigade and had it put out. People with cheap crystal sets never got anything but mashed potatoes and hymns.

### Threatening Me!

By a quarter past nine on the following morning the first pantechicon load of telegrams arrived for me. I had already taken the precaution of disconnecting my 'phone. The first telegram said that Mrs. Wilkinson had a Brussel sprout jammed in the throat of her loud speaker which had suddenly been ejected with great force, injuring the baby's eye, which she was placing in the hands of her solicitor. Every telegram I opened contained threats against myself personally. Presently I heard a loud and increasing roar outside. I looked out. From every quarter crowds were marching on my house armed with stones and carving-forks. The din was terrific.

And then either I woke up or I died. It was some time ago and I cannot quite remember which.



Mr. Barry Pain as Father Christmas.

He apologized and went out, but he never forgave me. He had to do what he was told, and he did. All the items that I had mentioned were reduced to so much assorted electricity. But he had his revenge.

*He sent them all out on the same wave length.*

A storm was raging at the time and this added to the confusion. Notices had been sent

## From Our Aerial.

### Facts and Figures About Radio.

MR. C. O. JOHNSON, a professional diver, had a transmitter inside his helmet, and described the wrecks that he found sixty feet below the surface.

THE Newark, U.S.A., station has insured with Lloyd's against having to close down because of SOS signals.

IN a Berlin town gaol there are wireless demonstrations for the prisoners, who recently listened to a complete programme from London.

A BROADCAST concert was recently given in the chapel at Parkhurst Prison. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, particularly over the chimes of Big Ben, which were received at the end of the entertainment.

THE Southport Police have installed a receiving set at their headquarters.

THE Turkish Government has recently lifted its ban on the private ownership of wireless apparatus.

IT has been reported that descriptions of missing criminals will be a regular feature of transmissions from German broadcasting stations.

AN inhabitant of Matlock, who has been deaf for forty years, recently put on a pair of headphones for a joke. To his amazement, he found that he could hear distinctly.

CRYSTAL sets are now on sale in London and elsewhere in which a wooden model of our old familiar friend, Felix the Cat, is made to operate the ordinary adjustments for tuning in, by the movements of its legs.

THE leper colony on the Island of Culion, in the Philippines, is shortly to be linked to the outer world by wireless. A receiving set, presented by an electrical company, is being installed.

IT is stated that a listener in West Hartlepool recently heard ten stations in sixty seconds on a one-valve set! They were all recognizable, and consisted of Belfast, a foreign station transmitting orchestral music, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bournemouth, Manchester, London, Aberdeen, Birmingham and a German station transmitting opera.



## Before Radio Came.

### Christmas Entertainments in Pre-Wireless Days.

IF poor little Oliver Twist could visit British workhouses this Christmas, he would be amazed to see the inmates listening to songs and greetings from hundreds of miles away! At workhouses all over the country wireless sets are to be installed to receive the Christmas broadcast features. Orphanages, hospitals, and in some cases even prisons will have delighted audiences listening this Christmas to the broadcast entertainments.

To no section of the community is broadcasting a greater boon than that in our institutions. Before wireless came, entertainment—concerts, addresses, other than those in which the proportion of edification to amusement was that of dirt to diamonds in South African mines—never brightened the lives of many of the inarticulate thousands whose world is bounded by high walls, except at Christmastide, and perhaps not even then. Now few institutions are so poor that they cannot let their inmates share in the feast of good things broadcast. In a certain hospital there are more than seventy sets.

How great and beneficial the change is can only be appreciated by those who, like myself, saw much of Yuletide institutional entertainments in pre-wireless days. What "shows" they mostly were!

#### A Nurse-er with a Bâton.

No fault could be found, of course, with some of them, because in many large institutions there was, and is, much musical and dramatic talent to draw upon. A friend of mine, on visiting Broadmoor, was invited to a performance of the asylum band. When the conductor came to his desk, he turned to the guest and gave him an elaborate salute.

"Who is that?" asked the visitor.

"Prince, who killed William Terriss, the actor," was the reply.

In general, too, institutional entertainments, poor though they were, attracted a good many people belonging to the Submerged Tenth. Hospitals and workhouses always filled up for Christmas, "deadheads" entering them on all manner of pretexts, and I know of only one who ever made a premature departure of his own accord.

#### Pencil-ing a Patient.

This man, who had learned the elements of malingering in the Army, went into a certain hospital suffering from, as he stated, a chest complaint, with the intention of remaining there over Christmastide, and the doctor, on examining him, made a blue pencil mark round the part affected, so that he could easily examine it from day to day. After the medical officer had gone, the man in the next bed turned to the newcomer.

"Your number's up, mate," he said, darkly.

"Why? What do you mean?" asked the other man.

"Well," continued his neighbour, "they always put a blue pencil round a man what's going to die. One went in that bed yesterday."

Without another word the new patient rose, dressed, and left the hospital precipitately.

#### An Unkind Reminder.

But entertainments, in workhouses, hospitals, and the like, in the old days were, as a rule, appalling. If they seemed bright, they were only so by contrast.

I was once a Christmas guest at a lunatic asylum. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a concert without a redeeming feature, and the second of a play staged by some local amateurs. When the curtain rose, a fearful swashbuckler was "discovered" in front of the entrance to a cross between a cave

and a baronial castle, over which was inscribed, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." There was a loud titter at the appearance of the dread intimation in such a place, and a patient at the back of me said to an attendant: "We're only lunatics, I know; but they needn't remind us to abandon hope."

At another Christmas festival in a lunatic asylum all the true entertainment was provided by one of the "entertained," a man who sang three comic songs in a style that "brought down the house." He was, a medical officer subsequently informed me, a music-hall artist and a pathological curiosity, suffering as he did from several mortal diseases, including "G. P." (general paralysis of the insane), for which no cure was then known. I was further told that he had only two or three months to live. Six months afterwards I dropped into a music-hall, and one of the "stars" was the "doomed" man!

#### Too Realistic!

I remember a still more peculiar Christmas entertainment. It was at an orphanage, and the chief treat was an address by a missionary on his work among the blacks. The poor children, I could see, were nearly as bored as I was; but, as the sequel showed, some of the descriptions given by our entertainer were not altogether wasted on them.

After the address, we guests went to inspect the dormitories, kitchen, etc. When we returned—oh, horror! During our absence the children had removed the fireguard, gathered a quantity of soot from the chimney, and blackened their faces and hands, and they were then playing Indians!

#### The Dancing Paupers.

One other instance of making your own fun occurs to me. After a dreadful entertainment at a north-country workhouse, some of the paupers began dancing in a half-hearted fashion, whereupon one of them sat down at the piano and played a waltz. This set scores of couples whirling, with the result that the evening was wound up merrily.

So successful was this little "hop" that the dancing side of the subsequent entertainments developed rapidly, and, ultimately, a number of people walked into the workhouse uninvited for an hour's recreation at no cost to themselves. This abuse became known to the guardians, who, in consequence, put a ban on dancing.

#### The Old, Old Story.

Perhaps the commonest trial at institutional entertainments was, and may be still, the self-advertiser. For three years in succession I was present during the Christmas festivities at a certain workhouse, and on each occasion a bumptious man told a story that everybody knew by heart—a story of a boy born in that very workhouse, of his miseries, his ambitions, his determination to get on and yet always do the right, of how he entered "the drapery," and of how, by diligence and merit, he rose to be a Justice of the Peace. Everybody, too, was prepared for the climax, which was invariable: "I was that boy." Ugh!

So broadcasting must brighten the Christmas festivities in many an institution. All the year round it now destroys that aloofness, that strange, and sometimes terrible, detachment, in which most of the suffering and the unfortunate formerly dwelt, and puts them in touch with the busy, moving outer world; but it is at the season when we keep the anniversary of Christ's birth, when more than at any other time we are anxious for fellowship, that its blessings are accounted at their true worth.

T. W. WILKINSON.

## Yuletide Music.

### Handel's Evergreen Oratorio.

SINCE the days of Dickens, at least, Handel's *Messiah* has been as reminiscent of Christmas-time as the pantomime and the waits, the mince pies and the holly. The continued and continuous popularity of this oratorio in England, its unfailing qualities as a hall-filler—especially in the North and the Midlands—is attributable to the same causes which have made Bunyan a "best-seller" for over two hundred years.

I think it was a Frenchman who said that Handel was popular in England because he set the Bible to music. He intended it for a sneer; but it is perfectly true. Yet never did musician owe more to a librettist whose only task was selection! Selection? Here is a whole literature—history, folk lore, romance, poetry (song, epic, ballad, threnody, drama), letters, codes, dispatches, treaties, idylls, sagas, allegories, biographies, through which runs a Messianic message, sometimes obscure, sometimes apparent enough to the trained "prospector" who knows the colour of the auriferous ore, but of little use to such a librettist as Handel needed, yet out of this vast mass he managed to pick, not a connected story, but a wonderful series of interpretive phrases picked like master-jewels from the Scriptural mine.

#### An Obscure Librettist.

It will come as a surprise to most people, even though they may have heard the *Messiah* performed every Christmastide for forty years—a common record—that the only piece of narrative in the whole work is the birth announcement at Bethlehem, and therein the *Messiah* differs from such a work as Elgar's *Gerontius* even, and to the former's advantage, for recitative is hard to make interesting.

Yet despite the wonderful achievement of the librettist, who selected a non-narrative sequence of passages in which the narrative is ever vividly inherent, it is doubtful whether two persons in any *Messiah* audience—to whom the name of the composer of the music is a "household word"—could name the librettist.

#### His Only Hold on Fame.

It is the name of a man worthy to be held in high esteem—Mr. Charles Jennens, Leicestershire squire, who dwelt at Gopsall Hall. This Handelian libretto—the best-known libretto in any language—seems to be his only hold upon fame. But that he was emphatically the right man in the right place is shown by his selection of a "text" to write across the title-page of his manuscript, the one text that was adequate to sum up the Messianic credentials. It is worth transcribing as further showing this country squire's gift of selection.

It is the last verse of the third chapter of the First Epistle of Timothy, and reads: "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up in glory."

#### A Strange Combination.

Evidently Jennens was what our fathers used to call "a devout man," but Handel—a big button on whose coat saved him from an early death in a duel—could hardly be so described, yet in completing the Hallelujah Chorus he said he "did think he saw the heavens opened, and the good God Himself."

Of course, it is well known that Mozart either wrote entirely, or very drastically revised, the orchestral accompaniments of the choruses and many of the arias, and thus we get the remarkable combination of two Germans and an English squire collaborating in a work which is without rival in the strength and permanency of its hold upon the hearts of the English-speaking world.



# Official News and Views. GOSSIP ABOUT BROADCASTING.

## Heard in America.

**D**URING the recent International Radio Week it is interesting to know that the following stations were heard in America on the various dates:—

Tuesday morning, 25th Nov.,	5NO Newcastle
" " "	2LO London
" " "	2BD Aberdeen
Thursday morning, 27th "	2BD Aberdeen
" " "	6LV Liverpool
" " "	2EH Edinburgh
Sunday morning, 30th "	2LO London
" " "	6BM Bournemouth

## A Novelist's Talk.

Mr. Pett Ridge, the popular writer of humour, will talk on "The Good Christmas and the Perfect Boxing Day," from the London Station on Boxing Day. This talk will be S.B. from other stations.

## Schubert and Schumann.

The afternoon of Sunday, December 28th, will be entirely devoted to the works of Schubert and Schumann at the Manchester Station. This special programme is the outcome of repeated requests for the works of these composers, and, in particular, for Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. This will be included among the orchestral items. Madame Nellie Keighley, a popular local contralto, will give a selection of songs.

## Chamber Music.

Miss Winifred Small and Mr. Maurice Cole are to play Sonatas for piano and violin by Mozart and Beethoven, as well as piano and violin solos at the Manchester Station on Tuesday, December 30th, during a special programme of Chamber Music. There will also be songs by Miss Florence Gaunt.

## "Hansel and Gretel."

Mr. Percy Pitt will conduct a performance to all stations of "Hansel and Gretel," and the Savoy Bands will transmit until 11 o'clock on Monday, December 22nd. The following day London will be relaying four half-hour transmissions from Bournemouth, Cardiff, Birmingham and Manchester respectively. On Christmas Eve Carols and Waits, in the old-fashioned style, will be relayed from London and broadcast from all stations at midnight.

## Natural History.

An interesting development in educational broadcasting is opened by the arrangements made with the National Museum of Wales for illustrating some of the school transmissions given from the Cardiff Station. Dr. Jas. J. Simpson, M.A., Keeper of Zoology at the National Museum of Wales, will give a series of history talks from the station on alternate Friday afternoons. He has arranged to make an exhibit every Saturday in the Reserve Gallery of the Museum of the animals he will describe on the following Friday. He will also

leave the specimens for school children to inspect after the lecture has been delivered, and it is hoped that this method, preceded and followed by a demonstration of the animals described, will prove doubly educational. Dr. Simpson's chats on "Romances of Natural History" have long been a popular weekly feature of the evening programmes at Cardiff.

## Sir Hall Caine on Christmas Day.

The widespread impression made by Sir Hall Caine's address, simultaneously broadcast from all stations on Armistice Night, 1923, adds much interest to the announcement that he will speak again, and will be broadcast from all stations on Christmas Day at 7 p.m.

Although at the time he was asked to deliver this Christmas Day address he was deep in the task of writing a Life of Christ, he immediately considered what he could do that would be worthy of the great theme and the great occasion.

His subject will be "The Dream of Christmas Day—4.B.C.—A.D. 1924." As is widely known he has given special study to the growth of the age-long hope for the Messiah, and in his address on Christmas Day he will tell afresh the story of its fulfilment.

## Cardiff's West Country Night.

A West Country Night, which will be particularly acceptable to the public "across the water" from Cardiff, will be contributed by Mr. Kenneth Ellis (bass) and Miss Gladys Palmer (contralto), and the Cardiff Station Orchestra, on Tuesday, December 30th. Mr. Charles Wreford, the popular Devonshire entertainer, will tell some stories in his own inimitable style.

## Women Composers.

The Belfast Station will broadcast a programme of music by women composers on the afternoon of Thursday, January 1st. Miss Marjorie Sinclair, an ex-member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, will be the solo singer. There will also be a talk on the work of the Belfast Musical Competitions by another well-known Belfast musician, Mrs. E. T. Harper.

## The Fairy League's Christmas Tea.

Under the auspices of the "5NO" Fairy League, a Christmas tea and entertainment will be given

on Christmas Day to 300 poor children at the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

## New Year's Eve at Edinburgh.

Miss Rosaline Masson, the authoress, will open the programme at Edinburgh on New Year's Eve with a short talk on "Hogmanay," and thereafter the Pipers of the 4/5th, the Royal Scots, will play a varied programme. Mr. Augustus Beddie, a well-known Scottish elocutionist, will give some appropriate recitations. Mr. William Grant (baritone) will sing a number of popular Scottish songs, and Miss Marion Richardson's Vocal Octet will sing, among other items, "Auld Lang Syne" at midnight, after the chiming of the hour on the tubular bells. An hour's dance music will also be provided by the "Romany Revellers" from the Dunedin Palais de Danse.

## "Hogmanay."

"Hogmanay," New Year's Eve, has an outstanding significance in Scotland, probably because the Scots, through the "Auld Alliance" with France, honoured the French custom of concentrating on New Year instead of Christmas. It is fitting that Glasgow Station should broadcast on December 31st an essence of Hogmanay in Scottish songs, music, and speech. A play, called *Hogmanay*, by Fred W. Sidney, provides the speech, and the music includes Burns's "The Jolly Beggars," arranged as a cantata by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The Scottish atmosphere is maintained on New Year's Day by the Glasgow Corporation Tramways Pipe Band and Mr. Elder Cunningham in Scots songs.

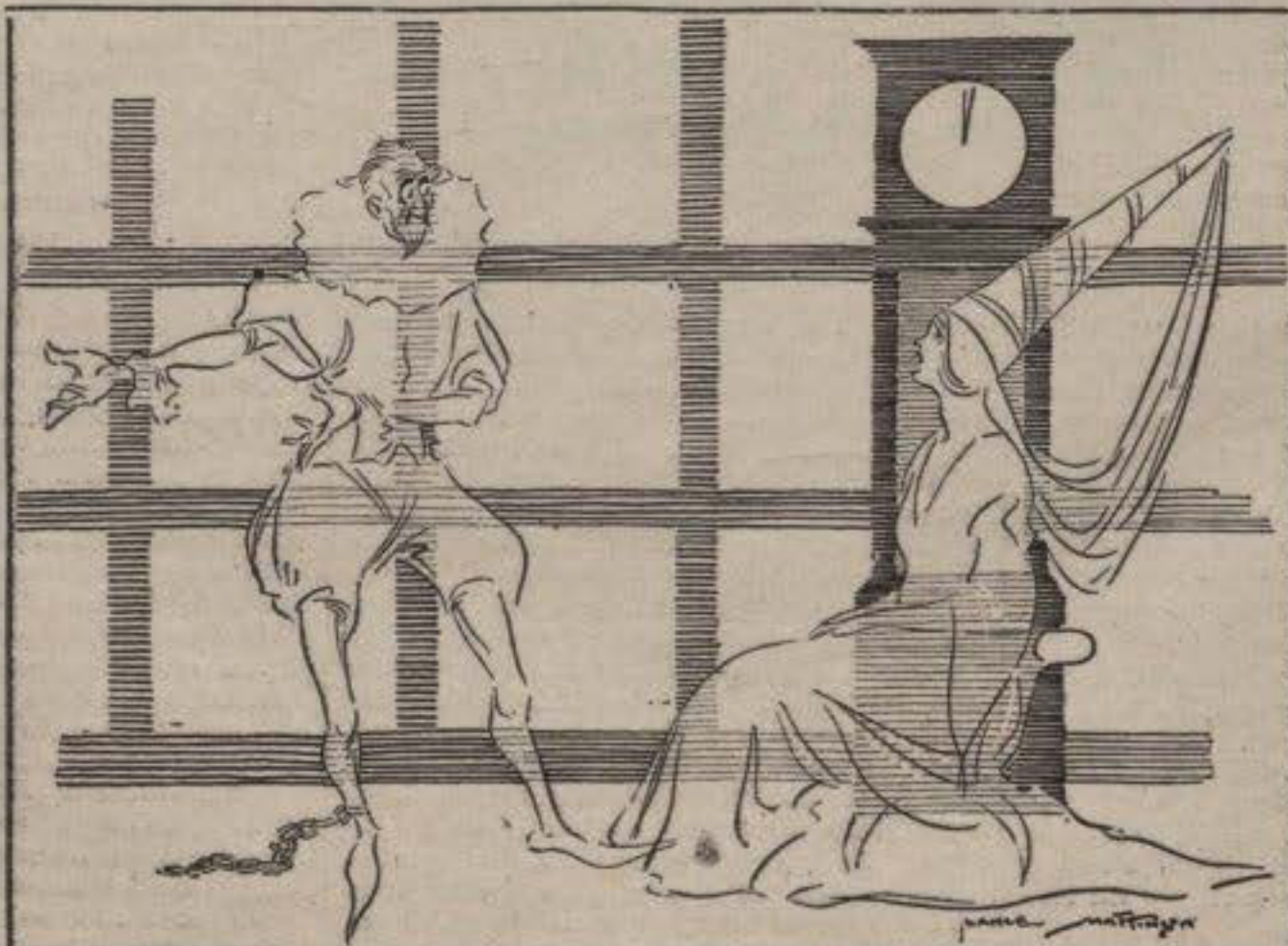
## "Aul Eel."

"Aul Eel" was the date when the New Year of olden times was celebrated in Scotland. In many parts of the country it is still so celebrated. On Saturday, January 3rd, the Aberdeen Station will revive memories of this custom by giving an "Aul Eel Time—Sowens Nicht" programme.

## "The Nubian Programme."

To mark the passing of 1924, the Cardiff Station has arranged a revue of the old year and the new in the form of a programme by the "5WA" staff. The details of broadcasting will be revealed to listeners, who will share a busy day in the offices of the B.B.C. with the workers whose pleasure it is to turn the wheels of this organisation. The humorous side will not be neglected. "The Nubian Programme" is the title given—for reasons which will be apparent on December 31st.

LISTENERS who make a habit of receiving Morse are often puzzled by a sign with which ships frequently conclude their messages. This is CUL. It is an abbreviation for "see you later," and is much used by the operators of vessels which are keeping in touch with each other for some time. Other abbreviations are 73, or 738, which means "kind regards" or "best wishes," and 73 OM, which stands for "best of luck, old man."



Sir Roger: "This Christmas ghost game is played out. I went down to the banquet hall, groaned, and rattled my chains and the guests thought it was atmospheric in the loud speaker."



# Dickens' Christmas Magic.

The Apostle of Homeliness. By R. D. S. McMillan.\*

[It is certain that no author in the world has done more to keep alive the real spirit of Christmas than Charles Dickens. Indeed, it may almost be said that he invented it. Who that has read his wonderful Christmas stories can have failed to have been thrilled with a love for Yuletide homeliness and Yuletide customs? In the following interesting talk Mr. McMillan shows us something of the real Dickens as portrayed both in his life and in his work.]

WHEN a man reaches such eminence of posthumous fame as Dickens, he—or rather his fame—encounters a great danger. He is apt, like Shakespeare, to be taken for granted. That is what is wrong with Dickens nowadays. We all take him for granted. Mention Mr. Pickwick, or Mr. Micawber, or Sam Weller, or Sarah Gamp, and everyone laughs knowingly.

But sometimes I am rather suspicious about those who laugh most uproariously and I ask myself: "Are they not laughing more at the image than at the person?" We all know that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Micawber and Sam Weller and Sarah Gamp were funny; but how often is this knowledge obtained first-hand by reading about these creations of Dickens' brain and pen, rather than by hearing about them second-hand?

## A Broken Romance.

Dickens was born over one hundred years ago, in 1812, at Landport, Portsmouth. His father was employed at the pay office of the Dockyard. Later, he suffered a reverse of fortune, and when he came to London he was made a bankrupt and was later committed to the Marshalsea Prison, where Dickens used to visit him every Sunday. So that when Dickens wrote of the dockyard and the Marshalsea Prison in "Little Dorrit," he was writing from personal experience. At this time, the youthful Dickens was put to work in a blacking factory, where the conditions were terribly severe. A long while after, he told the world something about the matter in the account of Murdstone and Grinby's in "David Copperfield."

In "David Copperfield" Dickens told his own love story. He was disappointed in love. Her name was Maria Beadnall, the daughter of a City broker. She married someone else, and later Dickens also married, but in his case it was an unhappy union and some years afterwards they separated. Still more years later, Dickens and Maria Beadnall resumed correspondence, and in one of his letters he told her he had never loved anyone but her and that he had drawn her as Dora in "David Copperfield."

Nearly everything, Dickens wrote was taken from life. The boy who worked next to him in the factory was named Fagin; Mr. Micawber, waiting for "something to turn up," was the author's picture of his own father. "Little Nell," in "The Old Curiosity Shop," was inspired by his wife's sister, who died when she was eighteen. And so on. Even Barnaby Rudge's raven was drawn from life, for the bird was Dickens' own pet!

The boy Dickens later went into a solicitor's office and afterwards he became a reporter. All these varied experiences Dickens made the fullest use of when he blossomed forth as a writer.

Now, as for Dickens' characters, have you noticed that they are nearly all fools? Loveable ones, of course. And Mr. Pickwick is the greatest fool of them all. He excites our most exquisite pity—exquisite because we must laugh and laugh uproariously at him. Is there anything funnier than the court scene when Mrs. Bardell, his landlady, brings an action against him for breach of promise of marriage? The widow, you remember, has misconstrued almost everything Mr. Pickwick has said. You recall that Serjeant Buzfuz mentions how Mrs. Bardell came to put a ticket in her window, "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman," and adds that she had confidence in single gentlemen because her late lamented husband had been one.

## Buzfuz versus Pickwick.

Then Buzfuz asks the Court: Did the ticket remain there long? No. Then he goes on: "The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before



"Chops! Gracious Heavens! And Tomato Sauce!"

the bill had been in the parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He enquired within, he took the lodgings, and on the very next day he took possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant."

The Serjeant goes into fuller details and then proceeds: "I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell during the whole of the time waited upon him and attended to his comforts; cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence."

And the Serjeant goes on: "And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant and which speak volumes indeed.

These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly and underhand communications; but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and most poetic imagery—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraways. Twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B. Chops and tomato saucc. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato saucc! Yours Pickwick! Chops! Gracious Heavens! And tomato saucc! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a gentle and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?"

## A Wonderful Word Picture.

We all know how Mr. Pickwick lost his case and in the end went to the Fleet Prison, where he later met Mrs. Bardell, who had also been committed because she could not pay her costs.

Dickens was not only a great humorist, he was also a master of pathos—as witness the death of Little Nell. It is probably one of the most moving pen-pictures in the English language. You remember Little Nell's grandfather, trying to make a fortune for his grandchild, ruined himself with his terrible vice of gambling and the pair set out on a wandering life.

And Little Nell, worn out both in body and soul, dies. Dickens describes the scene thus:—

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

"Her couch was dressed with hero and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. 'When I die put me near something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always.' Those were her words.

"She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, and peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. . . ."

## Fiction's Noblest Children.

But her grandfather (you remember) never believed she was dead, and after she was buried he used to stay by her grave waiting for her to come back to him. Then one day he was found lying dead upon her gravestone. And Dickens rings down the curtain with these beautiful words:—

"They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and in the church where they had often prayed and mused and lingered hand-in-hand the child and the old man slept together."

Dickens was the champion of the weak, the friend of the oppressed, and nearly all his stories were written to expose some evil. But the most outstanding feature of his novels is that his most appealing characters are children.

Charles Dickens died at Gadd's Hill in June, 1870, in his fifty-ninth year. He had written fourteen novels and a great number of shorter stories and sketches. To appreciate his true worth we should remember that he and that other meteor of letters, Shakespeare, have won for England the envy of the whole world.

\*In a Talk from ———.



# Remembered Hymns of Childhood.

The hymns sung in childhood linger in the memory in a remarkable way. Moreover, they often have humorous, pathetic, and occasionally terrifying associations. Children think strange thoughts about them and have funny misapprehensions as to their meaning. In any case, they are to millions of grown-up people among their most definite memories. For this reason we have asked several well-known men and women to tell *Radio Times* readers of their childhood memories of hymns, and their replies form an interesting human document.

## DAME CLARA BUTT.

(The world-famous contralto.)

"I SHALL be satisfied when I awake in His likeness" always intrigued me as a child. I think it is a Moody-Sankey.

Dame Clara Butt apologizes for her brevity, as she writes "in the midst of a well-earned holiday, but the hymn to which she refers will always be marked by her preference. The first verse is as follows:—

Soul of mine, in earthly temple,  
Why not here content abide?  
Why art thou for ever pleading?  
Why art thou not satisfied?

The refrain, which is full of honourous bass, answered by the trebles and contraltos, is set to the words of the 17th Psalm.

## LORD LEVERHULME.

The hymn that I have the longest recollection of, from childhood days, is the hymn beginning "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." From my recollection of the droning way in which we kiddies sang it, I have always thought the curate was quite right who, on teaching a class the hymn, told the children it would go very much better if they put a little spirit in it, but he did not explain whether the spirit was to be in substitution of the sand.

## H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

(Author of "The Blue Lagoon," etc.)

My favourite hymn was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and a hymn which both frightened and repelled me contained the line, "Oh, what eternal horrors hang around that second death." I have forgotten the name of this hymn and I don't want to remember it. "Can a woman's tender care cease towards the child she-bear" was a hymn line which used to puzzle a friend of mine.

## LADY KITTY VINCENT.

(The witty writer on society and fashions.)

I am afraid the only thing I can remember is that in the hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," my idea was that I was begging some sort of magic mountain to "cleft" for me, in fact, to rush about "clefting" or cutting open the heads (chiefly that of my governess) of all my enemies.

My sister, Lady Helen Brocklehurst, always thought that it was "Our Father—Helen be Thy name," instead of "hallowed." I was made miserable by all hymns, except "The King of Love my Shepherd is." Hymns meant for me the sunset, and death, and gloom, but I loved the Salvation Army hymns, especially "Will you meet me at the Fountain?"

This is another Moody Sankey hymn, written by P. P. Bliss. In the famous "Sacred Songs and Solos" there is a note appended to this hymn: "At the Industrial Exposition at Chicago it was an everyday appointment to meet at the Central Fountain. Mr. P. P. Bliss caught up the words, and wrote this hymn: 'Meet me at the Fountain.'"

## MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Author of historical novels.)

Most of the recollections I have of hymns are associated with a certain gloom, a sense of injustice, and a judgment put upon me for things I had not done, or, if I had, things which even in my early days I thought an intelligent God should not be bothering about so much. The Gothic-Victorian gloom hanging over the

majority of hymns is appalling and fearful. There are many hymns I would not allow children to sing, and, if not children, why the grown-ups?

I must confess that the tunes of some of Moody and Sankey's used to give me a certain thrill of martial and massed people moving in throngs to a land of Promise, but the blood and slaughter and butcher-shop effect was too dreadful, when it came to the words.

But there are exceptions to the foregoing and the hymns which pleased me as a child please me still, such as Richard Baxter's "Ye Holy Angels Bright" and the old Greek hymn "Stars of the Morning."

I well remember as a child there were certain hymns which brought about a certain composure of mind.

## NORMAN ALLIN.

(The Popular Basso-Profundo.)

I do not think it was the hymns so much as the tunes to which they were sung which attracted me in my boyhood. One of the most dramatic of these tunes is sung to the hymn "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep." It has several fine bass "runs" in it, and I remember well revelling in this tune in the Sunday School just after my first discovery that I had the power of making a bigger noise than most other lads.

Another tune which attracted me for a similar reason was in the "Sankey" collection. It began with the words "When storms around are sweeping." It would appear that I had an early penchant for stormy tunes and hymns, for, oddly enough, even in my earliest childhood such a mature hymn as "Rock of Ages," a hymn traditionally written during a thunder and rain storm in the Mendip Hills, made a singular appeal to me. But the "Sankey" I have just mentioned ended with a tremendous refrain to the words: "Remember me, O Mighty One." There were a dozen of us big lads in the same class, and by the time that chorus was finished, the whole school had had cause to remember us for the remainder of their lives.

Of words, even their humorous side, I have not many memories. In our hymns there was a verse which said "Here I raise my Ebenezer," which I now know makes reference to some act of dedication from the Old Testament, but it was always a puzzle to me what an "Ebenezer" could be. Similarly, "The gate ajar" was a puzzle, for I had not the remotest notion what "ajar" meant. I associated it with a jar of jam!

## J. E. BUCKROSE.

(The author of "Down Our Street," etc.)

I am afraid my taste in hymns as a child was not "correct" and showed no originality of mind, but those I loved had the same effect on me then as the sound of bells at evening came to have later, and as the song of larks heard through the booming of the sea has now. I felt at once happier, freer, as if things clogging my thoughts had slipped down and away without my knowing how.

I realize now that the hymns I liked best made pictures in my mind. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"—if that is a hymn—"While shepherds watched," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and a hymn now considered doggerel, "Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light, singing to welcome the Pilgrims of the Night." That

last stirred my infant imagination to a degree which now seems incredible, but it was always sung in the evening by a large congregation, and I seemed in a way to go up and up until I saw all the tired, cold, and ill people being so splendidly welcomed home after their long journey.

But I daresay I was lucky—luckier than many children can be nowadays; for I had, when I was little, an old schoolmistress of immense character and intelligence, who sat under an illuminated card bearing the words "To die is gain"—and who believed it. To her the other world was only next door; a kind familiar place; and she made it so to us children. I have lost some of that among the years; but I love those hymns just the same, less for what they are than for what they must always mean to me.

## E. V. KNOX ("Evee" of "Punch").

(Famous Humorist: the Son of a Bishop.)

The verse of a hymn which puzzled me most in childhood was—

The trivial round the common task  
Will furnish all we need to ask  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

The comma after "ourselves" was the trouble. There should be no commas in the middle of lines in hymns. It has really worried me ever since. It is almost a complex. Take the comma out, and you see how terrible the meaning is. And you can't really sing commas; you can't even "radio" commas.

I never was worried by—

Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?

though certainly "she-bear" is a most fascinating variation.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the fruitful land

struck me at a very early age as somewhat trite, and I think it was my most infantile parody—

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty milkman,  
And the grocer bland.

My seriously favourite hymn was Bishop Heber's, beginning—

I praised the earth in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green.

## SILAS K. HOCKING.

(Preacher and Popular Novelist.)

When I was a small boy, one of my favourite books was "Wesley's Hymns." Several of the hymns in this book had a dreadful fascination for me. Here is one:—

There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains,  
Where sinners must with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire, and chains.

This kept me awake a good many nights. There were several others of a similar kind—omitted from recent editions—which detracted much from the joy of life!

Another hymn interested me. It was about the Prodigal Son. I quote one verse:—

Although he no relenting felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinched him sore.

(Continued on the next page.)



## Remembered Hymns of Childhood.

(Continued from the previous page.)

I pictured "famine" as a gaunt Mephistopheles, with bony fingers and claw-like nails pinching the Prodigal till he howled.

The hymn which I loved best contained the verse:—

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

This quickened my youthful imagination, and even to-day this hymn awakens a hundred pleasant memories.

Let me conclude with a school story. The master's name was Lord. He was a kindly man, easily moved by the sight of suffering, and the boys were not slow to take advantage of this. Frequently, on Sunday evening, one and another of them would go to him hugging their "middles," apparently in dreadful pain, and would thus escape evening chapel.

One day a gentleman of importance visited the school and gave an address to the boys, in the course of which he asked them what was their favourite hymn.

For a space there was silence. Then a boy put up his hand, and, being called upon, repeated with a solemn face, but with special emphasis:—

At even, 'ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met,  
Oh, with what joy they went away!

The effect of this recital on the boys was startling. After trying in vain to restrain their laughter, they shook the roof with their mirth, but it was not till later the visitor appreciated at its full worth the relevancy of the quotation or the cause of the laughter it evoked.

### JOHN BOOTH.

(Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and well-known Tenor Vocalist.)

The queer extraneous ideas which attach themselves to hymns in childhood, like barnacles to a ship, are certainly a psychological curiosity.

As a very little boy I used to hear sung "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea." To me it was "Sound the loud timbrillo," and the "timbrillo" had a very definite individuality, though quite unlike any known instrument. Its nearest representative in the band would be the "serpent," an instrument I had never then heard of, much less seen.

Similarly "Hushed was the evening hymn," a great favourite of mine in childhood, was, somehow, inseparably and inevitably associated in all my thinking with Samuel wearing the little coat which his mother, Hannah, made, and took for her little boy on her annual visit to the Temple.

Perhaps it was that I first heard it at the Sunday School Anniversary, when I myself should probably be arrayed in new clothes, and so had a sort of fellow-feeling with "little Samuel."

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," is probably the first hymn most children learn. They not only sing it, but use the words in their "prayers."

My own childhood's association with this simplest of hymns is sorrowful. My only brother died of diphtheria when he was a year and ten months old. Any childish ache or pain could be soothed if only mother would sing "Jesus, ten-ten"—his name for the hymn—and even at the last, when his little throat was almost closed, he whispered: "Sing ten-ten."

Of course, outside one's own experience, there are many stories of childish misconceptions of the meanings of hymns. I do not remember having ever seen this one in print:

"Do sheep eat meat?" asked the little girl of her mother on their way home from church. The answer being in the negative, the little girl persisted: "But the hymn this morning said, 'And for His sheep he doth a steak.'"

### A. G. GARDINER.

(The Well-known Journalist.)

I don't think I have any humorous recollections of hymns, and my favouritisms are governed by personal associations rather than intrinsic quality. "Christians awake" falls on the ear with the delighted emotions of far-off Christmas mornings. "At even ere the sun was set" brings to mind the vision of a dim-lit country church at night, and a little boy sitting by his mother, and awaking at the sound from a long and refreshing sleep induced by the lullaby from the pulpit—and so on.

But memories of any other kind—God bless you, I have none to tell!

### G. B. BURGIN.

(The Popular Novelist.)

My favourite hymn is "Lead, kindly Light amid the encircling gloom." I have heard it sung in churches of various denominations, in miners' camps, at Criccieth by one of the finest choirs in the world, at a missionary meeting in Armenia, by the grave of a dead friend, on a paddle-wheel steamer going down the Arrow Lakes in British Columbia, and in many other places.

It always brings back to me memories of my childhood, and, in listening to it, I forget all worldly cares.

It was written by a wonderful man and has brought solace to millions. When we writers of books give the best that is in us to the great world, we often fail to convey our message clearly. Were we more frequently to study the simplicity of appeal contained in our childhood's hymns, we should make fewer mistakes.

### Rev. Dr. JOHN HOLLAND RITSON.

(Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and President-Designate of the Wesleyan Conference.)

I do not remember being repelled or frightened by any hymn in my early days. But there were two which impressed me in our Methodist Sunday School book of the early seventies. I cannot accurately quote, but in one occurred the line: "Go up, thou bald head, go!" and the verse proceeded to say there appeared two raging bears which tore the scoffer's limb from limb.

My heart reached out in sympathy, for I thought the offenders were small boys like myself, and in reviewing my own sins, I felt thankful I was not exposed to similar retribution.

The other hymn which impressed me contained the stanza:—

Idle men and boys are found  
Standing on the devil's ground,  
He will find them work to do,  
He will pay their wages too.

But these hymns are no longer sung. I remember being surprised and proud to find I could sing "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"—the first tune and hymn I grasped.

### DOROTHY SILK.

(The well-known Soprano.)

Hymns affected me strangely—they always made me cry! The one that made the greatest impression on me was "Now the day is over."

When my mother sat at the piano, and played and sang that hymn, I always used to crawl under the piano, get as close to her as possible—and sob!

## What I Think of Loud Speakers.

By Mrs. Malaprop.

I FANCY the first Loud Speaker I ever heard was modelled on Beelzebub, in Lipton's "Paradise Lost," where the poet—I quote from a very stretchable memory—says, I fancy:

His shout blew hell's lid off, and beyond  
Started the Reign of Chaos half the Night!  
The man who had it was an American Bootlegger, or something, from Sarsaparilla, I.O.U., and he said he "allowed it was a Loud Speaker, sure thing, but if a Loud Speaker wa'n't to be allowed to speak aloud, might he be allowed to ask what it was for, anyway?"

I told him, flare and scare, that I had no desire to prevaricate, and I expectorated the same from him; that I was neither deaf nor dentally deficient, and that I preferred soft, polluted music to stringent and rancorous shrieks.

### A Nervous Shake-down.

You see, my dear departed husband was a loud speaker, and it brought back such glad miseries, of those dear, dread days. Oh, the way he used to snore! That was really his one drawbridge. He worked his Loud Speaker night and day, and it got on my nerves so badly that I insisted on having a nervous shake-down in the bathroom.

I've got a Loud Speaker of my own now, to remind me of my dear spouse, gone to the Parisian Fields. Last night we heard that lovely song, "Whisper and I Shall Cheer"—the fact is I was coming home from Town at the time and heard it the length of the Cromwell Road. When I got in, the Loud Speaker was giving us "Whose dat a-bawlin'?" one of those charming medleys the shoe-blacks sing on the incantations in Alabaster, Lobelia, and Lossiemouth—the place where the cinema actors come from.

### In Every Home.

My niece, Lydia, simply abhors Loud Speakers. She says they give a new chest to life, and open up ever new avenues of derision. She says the future programme and elopement of the humna race is ground up in the success of Broadcasting, and that is why a Loud Speaker should be in every home.

Lydia had a young man in the other evening, "listening"—at least that is what Lydia said he came for. She told me the prologue included what is called the Big Noise, and dissuaded me to "listen" in the next room, so as to militate the pungency of the percussion—or something to that defect. Subsequently, I, superfinely innocuous of her intentions, left them alone.

### Not Atmospheric!

I thought the strange corruscations I heard, during the pianola passages in the musical repository, were the atmospheric which occasionally interrupt "the even tenor on his way," as the insane poet says in his magnificent "Eulogy on a Country Churchwarden"; but no! I learned later—too late, alas!—and from Lydia's own lip, which had lost much of their Cherry Blossom cosmography—that it was not the sound of oscillation, but of osculation, that this young man had actively and delightfully presumed to dilute the chased lips of my niece, and rob them of their aboriginal purity and paste.

And—what is infinitesimally worse—she likes it. She says "A kiss in time tastes fine"—though, for my part, I only hope that lip-stick she uses—but there! There's no accounting for tastes; and kissing goes by savour; and, as the young man is coming again to-morrow, to bring her a Christmas present, join us in our little worry-making, and hear the Loud Speaker again—I must believe he likes it too!





## Grandpa Gilpin Tries the Radio.

Our Special Christmas Story. By CHARLES MERZ.

THE family gave Grandpa Gilpin a wireless set when he turned eighty-one. He lived with May, his married daughter, and the house was not his own. He was comfortable enough. The spare bed-room up beneath the eaves, originally planned for a maid's room when the family fortunes marked a higher tide, was large enough to hold two chairs, a cot, a stone-topped washstand, and a chest of drawers. Downstairs, in the kitchen, three good meals a day were ready for the asking.

To be sure, eighty-one is none too certain of itself with fork and spoon; the stain of egg comes easier from linoleum than linen; and some time had passed since May suggested to her father that it would be more convenient all round if he used the kitchen table. Still, no one went to bed hungry in this house while May's husband could provide. Grandpa Gilpin always found a plate to fill before he climbed the stairs. Certainly with food and shelter he had little cause to feel dissatisfied. Not with a daughter in the house. And not for a traveller so far along the road as eighty-one.

Now and then, of course, it was a little lonely up beneath the eaves. May's husband came upstairs at seven in the evening, to ask if it was warm enough or cool enough and to bring the morning paper from the city. The boys were always on their way to the pictures or a call somewhere when they'd come home from the mill and changed their clothes and finished supper. Grandpa Gilpin would hear them, one flight down. Occasionally they'd trudge upstairs before they left, to tell him where they were going.

May herself seldom missed a visit with her father in the morning. Of course, she had her hands full. Cooking for six is work enough for any woman, if she likes to get outside the house a little.

May had her own friends and her interests. But she would climb the stairs for half an hour while the bread was baking or the washing was out to dry. She'd bring her sewing with her, and rock in a chair while she told her father what a fortunate thing it was for all of them that Fred, her husband, was a frugal man and kept a roof above their heads. Couldn't he (Grandfather Gilpin) be a little more considerate about venturing downstairs? Those men last

night were business friends, and had to have it explained to them afterward that nobody meant to speak unkindly when Fred asked Grandpa to go upstairs again.

Sometimes, with May's visit in the morning, Fred's evening journey with the paper, and perhaps a few minutes with the youngest of the boys, Grandpa Gilpin found an hour of his day's twenty-four had worn itself away. Still, there were a good many left untouched when even eighty-one could not be sleeping. Grandpa Gilpin knew the shape and slope of every roof commanded by his dormer windows; he knew the post was heavy if the postman was so much as seven minutes late in going up the street; he knew how many times a day Miss Murdock opened her kitchen door, came out on the steps, sifted a dustpan gently on the ash heap, went in and shut the door again.

The Gardner house, next door, was too close to look down in the alleyway between; but Grandfather Gilpin could tell the scrape of the butcher's feet on the top porch step and the way the grocer tapped his shoes against the rail.

One day, Miss Paulding, next to the church across the street, received a telegram and must have had to pay for it, she kept the boy so long. Grandfather Gilpin used to sit on his bed, sometimes, and race his watch against the brass tick of an alarm clock propped against the mirror.

Now and then he'd lift his eyes, and the square glass would show him a head that rocked a little on its shoulders, as if he were agreeing with himself in a series of little never-ending nods. The doctors have a name for that, but to Grandfather Gilpin it was just a way of holding up a head that was a little tired, now, at eighty-one. It was a good head, despite the hollows in the cheeks. Grandfather Gilpin saw a score of wrinkles deep enough to lay a finger in, but could not feel that he was really old.

Eighty-one was well along, no doubt; some men might think it near the end. But Grandpa Gilpin couldn't feel that way himself. Die? Certainly not yet. He felt himself too much a part of all this world around him.

Grandpa Gilpin knew that a man might find it difficult to keep up with things. But it was a little strange, he thought, that no one came

to ask for his opinion. Changes every day. All right enough and all wise enough, maybe. But the town went on without him.

The radio was an inspiration, not only for the new interest which it brought upstairs, but for the peace and comfort given to the giver. May's husband brought it home one night; a set that had seen better days. One of the bulbs refused to light, and the secondary coil had suffered from some dislocation. But the man who brought it in declared it could be fixed without much trouble, and volunteered to part with it for a bill he owed. May's husband didn't want it for himself. He was a God-fearing man who liked his evenings quiet! But he had brought it home, for all that, wrapped up in the same newspaper package in which it came to him.

"What on earth will you do with it?" May had asked him. "You know you won't let anything disturb you after supper. Why, if one of the boys starts whistling—"

"I know," May's husband said. "I don't intend to use it. I thought we'd take it up to Grandpa."

"But Grandpa will use it, if you give it to him," May had pointed out. "And you know how thin the walls are. Every time he moves you can hear him creak around. He'll make life miserable for all of us if you let him have that thing."

"He can't do that," her husband told her. "It's broken, for one thing. And I think you can fix it so you have to use ear 'phones. Besides, we haven't even got one of those things on the roof to bring the waves in."

"Then what's the use of giving it to him?"

"Well, it's something he can play with."

"Will you have it fixed?"

"I don't think so."

"Then will you tell him it won't work?"

"No," Fred replied. "He'd just get tired of it, anyway. And he might as well think there's something in it, while his interest lasts. It'll keep him busy for a while. The important thing is to keep him up there in his room a little more. You know what I mean."

Unquestionably, that was the important thing. For ever since Grandfather Gilpin had an attack of vertigo in the street and was

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# Laughter for Christmas!

Popular Radio Entertainers Tell Their Best Stories.

IT'S ALL WRONG.—By JOHN HENRY.



Mr. John Henry.

A SCHOOL teacher in a Yorkshire village was endeavouring to inculcate the first principles of English grammar into a class of children. Now, in Yorkshire, it is quite usual in the dialect to say: "I've gotten" and "I've putten," instead of "I've got" and "I've put," and the teacher had told the class to write sentences giving the correct form of these verbs. A small

boy's hand went up. The teacher asked what he wanted.

"Please," came the answer, "Billy Smith's put putten wheear he should ha' putten put."

FISHY!—By JAY KAYE.

I HAD occasion to be out of town one Christmas time, and wishing to remember my four little nephews' Christmas stockings, I was busy making ready the parcels for dispatch, and wanted to include in each a threepenny piece for luck.

I enquired of my landlady if she knew where I might get them. She said "Yes, my boy will get them for you."

After waiting some considerable time, the boy returned out of breath, and, to my astonishment, placed in my hand a parcel, exclaiming, "They haven't any threepenny pieces, so I got five tuppennies and two pennyworth of chips!"

AN UNKIND CRITIC.—By GEOFFREY CLAYTON (of The Templars Concert Party).

DURING the interval of a performance at which the audience had not been unkind to us, a gloomy-looking individual approached the stage door and asked for the producer.

After chatting for a while, the solemn one remarked: "I suppose you come across some very funny situations and remarks?"

"Oh, rather," replied the producer. "Some of the things we see and hear would make you roar with laughter."

"Then why," asked the gloomy one, "don't you introduce a few into the show?"

HIS FORGIVING SPIRIT!—By MABEL FITZGERALD.



Miss Mabel Fitzgerald.

TWO little boys of my acquaintance had been quarrelling violently all day, and had nearly come to blows. Bedtime arrived, and they were still at enmity. Prayers over, their nurse begged them to "make it up" before going to sleep; but each stubbornly refused.

At last, appealing to one of them, she said: "Surely, Stephen, you won't go to sleep without

having forgiven Kenneth for annoying you. Think if you were to die in the night, without having made your peace with him, how dreadful that would be!"

Stephen pondered this awhile, and then exclaimed: "Very well, nannie, I'll forgive Ken now; but if I am alive in the morning, I'll punch his head!"

"USED TO PROFESSIONALS."—By ROBERT CARR.

I WAS singing in a town in the North some years ago, staying in rooms kept by a very talkative landlady. At this time there was a music-hall turn on tour, consisting of an intelligent monkey and his trainer. My landlady, bringing in my breakfast one morning, asked me to read a telegram she had received, which read:—

"Reserve rooms next week for Consul and trainer."

On my telling her that Consul was a monkey, and expressing disgust at the idea of an animal staying in rooms, she calmly replied: "Oh, that's all right. I'm full up, but I shall send them round to my sister. She's used to 'professionals.'"

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—By GLADYS MERREDEW.



Miss Gladys Merredew.

I ONCE placed an order with a certain firm for some ball fringe, of which they were out of stock. The salesman promised delivery by van on a certain day. On the afternoon of the day in question, the material not having arrived, I went to the 'phone and asked to be put through to the firm concerned.

The reply to my "Is that Gerrard 10987?" was,

I thought, in the affirmative, whereupon the following conversation ensued:—

"I'm Gladys Merredew, of — Road, —. You have not carried out your promise. I must have some ball fringe at once."

"Some what?"

"Some ball fringe."

"Sorry, but it can't be done."

"What do you mean by 'can't be done'?" I want that ball fringe immediately!"

"But, my dear girl, I'm nearly bald already, and I really can't spare any!"

"Look here, my good man, is this how you usually treat your customers?"

"I never treat my customers at all. It's always been a principle of mine to let 'em pay for their own."

"That's quite enough! I shall come over and see your head man!"

"It's no good if you do, because I don't allow him to treat a customer either. Besides, he's got no fringe any more than I have."

"Now, look here! Hold the line a moment! (The maid had entered with a parcel, attached to which was a label bearing the name of the firm from whom I had ordered the goods. The parcel obviously contained the ball fringe. Without waiting to open it, I again turned to the 'phone.) "Look here, who are you?"

"The King's Arms, — Street. Good day!"

THAT FINISHED HIM.—By JEROME MURPHY.

AN old woman in a Dublin tram suffering from lumbago had difficulty in rising from her seat. A young man suggested to her that if she took a mouthful of yeast she would rise quicker.

To this, she retorted: "Look here, me boy, when you were a child, if your mother had given you a mouthful of yeast, you'd be better bred!"

WHAT WORRIED HIM.—By PHILIP MIDDLEMISS.



Mr. Philip Middlemiss.

BROWN was a quiet sort of fellow in the ordinary way, but he was apt at times to act on sudden impulses, much to the consternation of his friends. In one of these moods, without any warning, he walked into Harridge's, approached the first girl he saw behind a counter, and proposed marriage. She was naturally taken aback at first, but being satisfied with his credentials, not to mention his bank book, she finally accepted him.

A month or two after the wedding, Brown met Smith, who asked him along to the club for a game of billiards.

"No, thanks, Smith, old man," replied Brown; "I go home to tea now."

"Oh, yes, of course, I'd forgotten: you're married. Well, how are you going on?"

"Oh, all right." (without enthusiasm).

"Why, what's up?" asked Smith, sensing something amiss. "Can't she cook?"

"Oh, yes, she cooks all right" (dully).

"Isn't she kind to you, then?"

"Oh, yes, she's kind enough."

"Then what on earth is it that's making you look so blue?"

"Well, you know, I sometimes think, old man, I might have done better at Selfrods'."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—By FODEN WILLIAMS.

I HAVE often had the following remark addressed to me after performing at a concert: "Half your success is due to your facial expression. I wish we could see as well as hear you on the wireless." Well, the following true incident shows that we do not all think alike.

I was entertaining a number of Lancashire men. From the way my efforts had been received, I was foolish enough to think that I had given pleasure to all, when one of the audience came up to me and said:—

"I say, I think I've heard thee on t' wireless, haven't I?"

I smiled, and replied, "Possibly!"

Then he looked at me, paused for a second, and added: "Ay! I think I prefer thee on t' wireless!"

THE ANSWER IS A LEMON!—By LOUIS HERTEL.

ALL conjurers have their troubles! I remember (I shall never forget!) the occasion when I was performing, at a private function, a trick which consisted of burning a borrowed Treasury note which had been placed in an envelope; the note being subsequently discovered in the middle of a selected lemon.

Everything proceeded according to plan until it came to cutting open the lemon, when, to my amazement and discomfiture, I discovered, not the Treasury note, but a plain piece of paper, and realized that in a fit of mental abstraction I had really burnt the note!

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Mr. Louis Hertel.



## Webster's Christmas Week.

By Alfred Heard.

"A BULL in a china-shop is one thing, and a woman in a wireless shop another," said Webster, wagging his head wisely, "and don't let me give you the impression that I am linking the two together in any way. At the same time, as man to man, and without compromising anybody's reputation, let me tell you that when a woman enters my shop with a view to purchase, I dodge behind a showcase and dash away a few manly tears and gulp down a bitter sob before I am able to pull myself together and advance towards the counter in my usual dignified manner."

"Your behaviour, in the circumstances you mention," replied Jackson, as he leant gracefully against the counter and twirled the knob of a square-law condenser, "appears to me to be somewhat unusual."

The proprietor of the shop dusted a two-valve receiver with a thoughtful air before replying. "The week before Christmas is the maddest, merriest time of all the trading year," he declared, "to all but wireless salesmen. For it is then that sweetheart, mother and wife sally forth to buy something wiry for the dear ones. It is then that the unhappy men I have mentioned touch wood, whistle and wonder why Destiny did not call them to the Bar instead of to the Counter. Let me give you one or two examples from last Christmas week."

"A few days before Christmas, a well-dressed and important-looking woman entered the shop and, advancing to the counter, asked to be shown a selection of wire contrivances suitable for a young man of seventeen, and devoted to the study of wireless telephony! She would prefer them to be non-explosive, well-screened and complete with book of rules. Plucking at my beard, I informed her that much to my regret, the whole of my stock of contrivances was, at the moment explosive, but that a rival shop a little way up the road would doubtless be able to supply her. Now Jackson, taking a sensible view of the matter, what would you have done in my place?"

Hurriedly replacing the knob of the condenser, which had come off in his hand, Jackson said he was hanged if he knew.

"I thought not," said Webster, triumphantly, "now listen to this. The very next day, a young and not unattractive woman tripped up to the counter and asked for a couple of Sigh Frequently Lamps and some extra wicks for same, shyly explaining that her friend was very clever indeed and was building a wireless box. She had promised to give him the little lamps for a Christmas present, and he wanted the Sigh Frequently variety."

"Is it possible," ejaculated Jackson, "that in these days the fair sex are so ignorant of the names of common things?"

"Is it possible?" snorted Webster, sarcastically, "perhaps another example will convince you that it is. It was late on Christmas Eve, and I was thinking of closing the door and tuning in to the local station when an elderly woman of severe aspect walked in, and glaring at me through a pair of tortoiseshell rims, demanded to be shown receiving sets capable of being tuned to the more popular type of music. What she wanted was an instrument capable of being tuned to 'Dream Daddy' and 'Maggie!' Hastily swallowing a couple of aspirins, I went upstairs to break a neck!"

"Good heavens," cried Jackson, "you broke the neck—"

"Of a bottle of light Burgundy," continued Webster. "It was quicker than drawing the cork. I thought I needed a slight stimulant!"

## A Christmas Competition.

The Girl Who Was Mad on Wireless. By Augustus Muir.

"I'NERESTED in wireless, mister?"

I looked up from my paper. On the seat opposite me on the tram-top, a weary-looking man was fixing me with a watery eye. His large black moustache flapped in the draught, like a handkerchief hung out to dry. His mildewed bowler hat was tilted forward—the only note of truculence in his woebegone aspect.

I wondered for a moment what argument he was trying to drag me into, and I replied in the negative.

"No?" he said, taken aback. "Yer missus not in'ested in wireless?"

"No," I lied.

"No? Yer sons and darters?"

"No."

"But ain't yer got some little nevvies?" queried the man, plaintively. "No little nevvies in'ested in wireless?"

"Half a dozen of them," I groaned, hoping this would satisfy him. I resumed my paper.

"Then," said the weary man, "you have my sympathy! Yus, indeed, mister, it's wireless wot has ruined my life."

"You have my sympathy," I said over the top of my paper.

The weary-looking man sighed piteously. "Thank 'ee, mister. I know a kind face when I sees one. But it weren't only wireless wot done me in. There's a woman in it besides."

"Ah!" I said, lighting my pipe. "Women and wireless—keep clear of them both, my friend."

"Too late," groaned the weary man, thrusting out a battered clay to the unexpired portion of my match. "Too late! It happened last Christmas. Oh, yus, she were good lookin', to be sure. I admit that. A high-stepper, and no mistake. I'll mention no names, but can ye imagine a fine, well-set-up feller?"

The weary man drew himself up on the seat. "Just my build, mister. We'll mention no names, but his friends called him Jake. Worked for a baker in the village, he did. Doin' well, too. No 'tanglements with women—nothin'. Had a pal called Bill, he had, another fine set-up young feller. Bill was the postman. Well, one evenin' they goes as usual into the village inn for their pint, when behind the counter what do they see?"

The weary man paused dramatically.

"They see the prettiest young gel they ever clapped eyes on. Not one pint only did they have. Fact, I don't know how many pints they drank that night. But it wasn't the beer they cared about. They paid no attention to the beer; they was so busy drinkin' in with their eyes the vision behind the counter. Smart she was. Trig as a three-year-old. Come from Lunnon, she did, to help her auntie at the 'Swan.' Jake went 'ome down the village street, that night, with his head singing. It weren't the beer wot had gone to his head, you understand me! It were love. Jake was in love. In love with the new gel at the 'Swan.'

"After that, Jake took to poppin' in at all odd times. Always poppin' in, he was. And the gel? Oh, yus, she took a likin' to Jake, too. Marie, she called herself; that sounding smarter than plain Mary. Well, Marie began to walk out with Jake. Not often, mind you, not half often enough for Jake, but often enough to give him hopes."

"Then Jake sees a change in her. Began to mope, she did. Wouldn't cheer up, nohow. When Jake spoke about it, she said she was missing Lunnon. No music 'alls, no dancing. Not even a wireless. And she was fair cracked on wireless."

"Marry me," says Jake, "and you can have everything your 'eart desires, up to two quid a week. Two quid was Jake's screw, you understand. He was putting it all at her feet."

"I have an idea," she says. "If you love me, show it! I'm fair dying for a wireless, Jake. But nobody about here knows anything about it. If you love me, make me a wireless set for a Christmas present."



"Not bad?" cries Bill. "The gel's mine!"

"But—but," stammers Jake. "I don't know nothin' about wireless."

"That's just it," says Marie. "I want you to prove you ain't the usual village clodhopper. Study it up! Show the stuff wot you're made of! If you make me a real wireless all by yourself, for my Christmas, I'll marry you, Jake. A real wireless, mind you, not jest a lot of hiccoughs in your ear, and then a noise like a dying crow. Yes, I've said so."

Jake could scarce believe his ears. On Saturday afternoon he cycled ten miles to the town and spent nearly five bob on wireless books and papers. Half the night he would sit up reading them, marking bits wif blue pencil and red ink. Fair muzzed, he was at first. Near got the sack from the bakery, he did, for bakin' the brekfus-rolls, absent-minded like, in the shapes o' head-phones.

He carried a wireless book about in his pocket, and every spare minute Jake studied it. He ate it wif his meals, and dreamt about chokes and condensers at night. Then he began to buy the parts and fit them together. But about a fortnight afore Christmas, a strange thing happened.

"One day in his dinner hour, Jake was having a quiet stroll down a lane studying, when he come across his pal Bill. Bill was sitting on a gate, his nose in a book. There was something familiar about that book. Jake spotted it at once."

"Ullo, Bill," he says. "You studyin wireless?"

"Rather," says Bill, giving him a wink. "It's a little secret, Jake. I'm making a wireless set for my gel's Christmas present."

"Wot!" screams Jake. "Not Marie?"

"The same," says Bill, getting down off the gate and looking at Jake very fierce. "Got anythin' against Marie? 'Cos if you 'ave, say it now!"

"I just got this to say," says Jake. "Marie 'as promised to marry me if I make 'er a wireless set by Christmas time."

"Ho!" says Bill, putting his book in his pocket. "Ho! Come along, and we'll have this out wif the young woman 'erself."

"Which they did. Oh, yes, Marie was as sweet as honey wif them. Slipped them a pint each for nothin', though it was out of hours."

"I may have spoken fussy to you both," she says, "because I like you both. In fact, I don't know which I like the better. I'll put it this way, and make it all fair and square," she says. "The one that makes me the best wireless for Christmas is the one I'll marry! Fair crazy about wireless, I am. I 'anker for it more'n I can say. Never listened for over two

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## Grandpa Gilpin Tries the Radio.

(Continued from page 581.)

so limp and tired that it was an hour before they dared bring him home again, the family realized that no longer could he tour the streets without someone to watch him. That meant the day indoors; for who had time to putter to the corner at Grandfather Gilpin's pace, to see if Martin Deane had burned his pile of autumn leaves or the potatoes in the grocery window had given way to corn and beans?

Barred from access to the streets, Grandpa Gilpin took to prowling through the house. And that brought a series of misfortunes.

There was the day when, dizzy for a moment at the mantelpiece, Grandpa Gilpin caught a friendly piece of scrollwork that seemed to have been put there for just such a purpose, and took away with him the whole upper deck of shelves and treasured vases when he stumbled to the couch. There was the day, not two weeks afterward, when May—whose pleasures in the day's routine were few enough and far between—was mortified to have the meeting of her card party interrupted by Grandpa Gilpin, his shirt open at the throat, a wash-basin in his hands, straying in amid the guests, blue eyes alight with interest, to display an unexpected and important crack in the basin.

There was another day, May's husband said, when he might have sold the largest single order of the season to a business man from out of town, had not Grandfather Gilpin, at the worst moment to be chosen, come stumbling in.

"I don't want to be unkind," May's husband told the family next day at supper, "but he's got to know that other people in the house have rights besides himself. He's getting worse each day."

"Why don't you try that radio and see what it'll do?" the second son suggested. "Give it to him for Christmas."

"Won't do any harm," agreed May's husband. "It may keep him interested for a little while. I don't know what's going to be the end of this. I've been a patient man for many years, but I tell you when things go on this way, day after day—"

And so Grandpa Gilpin got a Christmas present.

The wonders of science never cease. No man can predict its ultimate achievement. It was two months, now, since Grandpa Gilpin got his radio. And long after dark he would sit there fumbling with the three strange knobs and listening for an answer.

Eyes that had been watching life for fourscore years were still keen. How many men of eighty-one can count the shingles on a neighbour's roof, a good sixty feet and more away? But ears were another matter. Grandpa Gilpin didn't catch as much as he would have liked to, and so he sat down very close to this gift of his that brought the world back into his own life again. A great invention, he was sure—but a great invention still some way from perfect. For certainly it seemed to him a long time between reverberations in the air.

Only once did noise break suddenly upon his rapt attention. That was on a day when the Gardners, next door, had been enriched by the purchase of a gramophone. The street was quiet. It was a wintry afternoon, but warm enough, May thought, to have the windows open in the hall.

Grandpa Gilpin stumbled to the kitchen stairs, that day, and in his thin high voice piped to his daughter:

"Come up here, May! It's started coming! Music, May! Just think, right here at home—and them way off—why, mebbe a thousand miles and more! May! ain't you going to come?"

One triumph in a vigil of two months. Next day it was colder. May had the windows closed. One triumph: a slim reward for amateurs with less time to spare. But time was Grandpa Gilpin's great possession. Head turned sideways to the friendly horn, eyes fixed: he would spin those three round knobs that caught the ether by its heels.

Downstairs, peace and quiet reigned. Upstairs, underneath the eaves, a spent man with a spent machine was reaching for a world that lives and breathes.



MISTLETOE ATMOSPHERICS.

The Boy: "Rotten luck! Absolutely nothing doing—too much osculation."

## Laughter For Christmas.

(Continued from page 582.)

### DISCRIMINATION!—By JACK RICKARDS.



Mr. JACK RICKARDS.

I AM sometimes asked, regarding my radio entertainments, "How can you give a comedy turn without an audience?" This question always reminds me of a certain matinee I once played with a concert party in the Royal Pump Rooms, Bath. It was a hot summer's afternoon, and the audience was very small, very old, and very drowsy.

After I had "pattered" away for about ten minutes without getting a smile, an old woman with an ear-trumpet, in the front row, turned to a nurse at her side and said, in an audible voice: "This must be one of the comedians!"

### THEY BOTH AGREED.—By R. I. STEPHENSON.



Mr. R. I. STEPHENSON.

I WAS walking back to Glasgow from Ayr Races when I came across a Scotsman and his wife arguing in the road. I approached and said: "Look here, my good people, you must not quarrel like this on the public highway."

"Ach awa an' mind yer ain business; we're no' quarrelling at all."

"Oh! you must be; what's the dispute?"

"There's nae dispute at all I tell ye; we baith agree; we're baith o' the same mind; it's this way: I've got hauf a croon in ma pocket she thinks she's no gaun ta' get it an' I think the same."

## A Christmas Competition.

(Continued from page 583.)

months, I haven't," she says. "Yes, I'll marry the one that makes the best wireless—that is, providin' he'll throw in a loud speaker as well."

"Jake and Bill had always been pals, but things weren't the same between them after that. Sour looks they give each other on the street. Each was suspicious, too, wondering wot the other had been buying next. All the wireless papers they took in, hoping to read of some wonderful improvement they could fit on, to beat the other. Anything, they'd have done, to make his set the best.

"It was on Christmas Eve that Jake's set was finished. Just in the nick of time, he was. He sat there with the head-phones and tuned in. Oh, mister, it came through lovely! Clear as a bell. Then he fits on the loud speaker he had bought, bein' certain he was to be the lucky man. Mister, though you had been in the Albert 'All that night, you couldn't have heard better!

"Jake switched off and tore round to the 'Swan' wif the good news. On the way, he passed the house where Bill lived. He couldn't resist stopping just to tell Bill that Marie was as good as won.

"Come in," says Bill.

"Jake follered him into the room. A loud speaker was going. Mister, though you'd had a platform ticket beside the Prime Minister in the Albert 'All that night, you couldn't have heard clearer than through Bill's loud speaker.

"Not bad," admits Jake, listenin' to it.

"Not bad?" cries Bill. "The gel's mine."

"We'll see," says Jake. "We'll jest go round and 'ave her own opinion on the matter."

"At the 'Swan,' there was old auntie behind the counter, wi a glitter in her eyes Jake didn't-like.

"They arsked for Marie.

"Marie!" snaps the old woman. "Don't speak to me about Marie. Abandoned 'ussy, that's wot she is! Cracked, that's wot she is. Cracked, leastwise, on wireless. Gone and run off, she 'as, and married a bloke in Lumon wot keeps a wireless shop!"

"They totters out of the 'Swan,' them two, just wrecks. They couldn't bear it any more. Chucked up their jobs, they did, and left the district. That's wot comes o' women gettin' carried away wif wireless!"

The weary man paused and drew his hand across his eyes.

"I'm sorry for you," I said.

"Yus," moaned the weary man. "A heartless wretch, that's Marie. Two lives she wrecked. Two lives, not countin' mine."

"Yours?" I said.

"Yus. I'm the bloke wot kept the wireless shop! Kept, I said, mister! For there ain't no shop left. The swell gadgets I had to buy for the woman bust me! The brokers are there now. All I got left is half-a-dozen cat's whiskers. Half-a-dozen. A tanner each, mister. Just the thing for your little nevvies! Put them in a corner of their Christmas stocking. Look 'ere, mister, you've got a kind face. I'll take two bob for the lot... Thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee! God bless your little nevvies. May they 'ave a 'appier Christmas nor I'll 'ave."

He got down quickly from the tramcar and disappeared. When I opened the dirty envelope he had given me, it was empty.

THE New York University, recognizing the penetrating and far-reaching power of radio and its stimulating influences in presenting the popular arts and science, has established a Radio Educational Committee of well-known professors and other personalities of note. The term consists of fifty-four lectures, each of twenty minutes' duration. Eight different subjects are to be covered, and these will be broadcast every week-day evening from 8.10 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., New York time.

THE three chief wireless stations in Denmark have been placed under one control by the Government to avoid competition. Broadcasting is developing, and a new station being built near Copenhagen.



# Truly Rural Radio!

Christmas Wireless in Our Village. By F. MORTON HOWARD.

LAST Christmastide we had our first wireless entertainment in the village. It positively made us feel that we were getting more like London every day.

Mind you, you must not think that we are a really isolated village. We have a regular bus service to the nearest town, eleven miles away. The bus runs on Saturdays. Once each way.

The entertainment was given at the Reading Room. As far as I can understand, it is called the Reading Room because it is solely frequented for the purpose of playing bagatelle. But it is a very nice Reading Room, and it will be still nicer when they have mended the roof and stopped the fire from smoking and altered the windows so that they will open.

I don't suppose you've got a Reading Room anything like ours in London, but I'm not going to brag over you just for that.

Our curate managed the apparatus at our wireless concert. Our curate is very clever, you understand. He has been in the parish for five years, and he is still a bachelor.

The aerial was stretched from the roof of the Reading Room to a tall tree opposite. Mrs. Brown's little boy helped to fix the wire. But at first it wasn't fixed quite, so they had to get the doctor to fix Mrs. Brown's little boy. Mrs. Brown's little boy says he is not going to be a sailor now when he grows up.

The entertainment was opened by the vicar, who explained all about wireless to us. Then the curate explained the vicar's explanation, and fogged us worse than ever.

However, when we woke up again, the curate was twiddling knobs and trying hard not to look anxious. For a long, long time he kept twiddling the knobs, and he kept on saying: "That's got it; no, it hasn't!" And old Dan'l Purkiss, in the belief that this was all part of the performance, at length audibly expressed the opinion that this here wireless was very novel and up-to-date, but a bit too much the same.

But at length the curate gasped with relief, and he told us to listen and we would hear London. A loud spluttering and shrieking uproar arose.

"Just what I've always a-thought as London must be like," observed old Mrs. Purkiss, very sagely.

But her husband offered a profane remark to the effect that it sounded far more like another place to him.

Then suddenly we heard a voice telling us, as far as I can remember, the current price of young tapioca per dozen in Smithfield Market.

"There, that's London!" stated our curate, thankfully wiping his brow.

"Bogging your pardon, sir," objected Sam Jackson, our local sceptic, "but 'ow do you know it's London what's talking?"

"Because," explained the curate, "the announcer will tell you that he's speaking from London."

"Yes," returned Mr. Jackson, as one scoring a point, "and 'ow do you know 'e ain't a thundering liar?"

"Because," replied our curate, a little desperately, "because he is speaking from London."

"Well, prove it, that's all I ask!" challenged Mr. Jackson, and added, "Why, like as not, 'e's only speaking from 'alf way between 'ere and London, just to save the expense. Yes, and very likely laughing in 'is sleeve at us for being so silly as to be took in so simple."

Our curate said he was not going to argue the point. I don't think he wanted to. So he played another fantasia on the knobs in front of him.

"Now we're going to hear Cardiff," he proclaimed.

"Cardiff, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Billy Danks, sitting up with increased interest. "I've a-got a brother in Cardiff. Now wouldn't that be a funny thing if 'e was to suddenly walk up to the other end and say, 'Ullo, Bill, old man, 'ow are you getting on, eh?'"

We listened awhile to Cardiff and then the curate prepared to switch us off to Birmingham.

"Wait a bit, mister," begged Mr. Danks. "Give my brother a bit longer. 'E might not 'ave 'eard yet that we're listening out for 'im to-night."

At Birmingham an orchestra was playing

wasted 'all the evening, my gal. Let's be going now, without wasting more time."

They went, and the aged Mr. Tad buckle next claimed the curate's attention.

"Tnis 'ere's all 'lectricity, ain't it, sir?" he queried. "And 'lectricity's good for rheumatics, ain't it? Well, then, s'pose you was to see what you could do for mine, while we're a-waiting?"

Porforce dissatisfied, he sat down again and Joe Deacon arose inquiringly.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask, sir," he said. "Can they 'ear us at the other end when we're a-talking 'ere?"

"No," explained the curate, "this is only a receiving station. We can't send. We can only listen."

"Well, then, that's a pity," stated Mr. Deacon, disappointed, "because I've got a nice lot of young ducks for sale cheap, and I thought p'raps—'Owever," he conceded, resignedly, "I quite understands it ain't your fault, sir. But this 'ere wireless ain't exactly what you might call a commercial proposition, is it? And I'd a paid 'em tuppence apiece commission on them ducks, too!" he ended, quite wistfully.

The entertainment then began again. We had news items which included the results of horse races. These interested Joe Bloggings immensely, for he has been known to have as much as eighteenpence on a horse in a single race. But Joe, I fear, expected too much from wireless.

"I s'pose they don't ever 'appen to tell you the winners before'and, do they, sir?" he queried.

The curate smiled and shook his head. "Ah, now, that's a pity," declared Joe, regretfully. "A great pity!"

The curate next tried to go through to Aberdeen for us. Somehow he was a long, long, time about it. Aberdeen seemed very coy and some of the audience began to fidget, and little Tommy Purkiss dropped his penny for the collection on the floor. Curiously enough, Aberdeen came through immediately after that.

Aberdeen was giving local news, and the statements ended with the announcement that the time was now exactly a quarter to ten. And forthwith the majority of men in the Reading Room hurriedly rose and left the edifice.

"Tnis 'ere wireless cert'nly is useful," said Billy Danks, as he left. "If it wasn't for the expense, danged if I wouldn't 'ave one fitted up at 'ome specially to remind me. Most thoughtful I call it of 'em. Most thoughtful!"

The entertainment ended with a few minutes of dance music from London, and then we all departed. Old Dan'l Purkiss stopped to ask the curate how long the music kept on.

"Oh, sometimes till midnight," he was told. "Very well," said Dan'l, dardly. "If ever I gets to bed early and can't go off to sleep, I shall know 'oo to approach about damages! They ain't a-going to do just as they likes with my sleeping hours, and so I tells 'em!"

But despite all these comments and criticisms, the wireless entertainment was a big success. As a result, several sets have since been installed in the village, and we really can't understand why anybody goes on living in London now.

As the result of a children's service broadcast from St. Peter's Church, Granby Gardens, Leeds, the vicar received more than nine hundred letters. The collection, apart from that taken in the church reached a total of £225.

RADIO signals sent out east and west from the wireless exhibition at New York the other day cir- led the globe eastward in five seconds and westward in six seconds.



The curate was twiddling knobs and trying hard not to look anxious.

dance music. Young Charlie Gaskell, whose intellect is not of the highest, began to chuckle comically. He explained that he couldn't help laughing when he thought how surprised those Birmingham people must be when they couldn't hear the music they were playing because we'd slipped in and sneaked it from them.

We went to Newcastle from Birmingham, and from Newcastle back to London. At this stage, old Mrs. Purkiss sat back in her chair and closed her eyes, declaring that such rapid travel made her feel quite giddy.

London was broadcasting an address on—I rather fancy—"The Theatricality of Being Perfectly Natural" that evening. We listened carefully, but I think the subject was rather beyond some of us. At any rate, old Amos Cruppins suddenly stood up and announced that he would still vote blue at the next election, however long the speaker might go on arguing.

Taking advantage of an interval in the programme, the curate asked if any of us would like to put any questions to him.

Young George Tapper, who was in the back seats with his fiancée, Rosie Kettle, at once stood up.

"Bogging your pardon, sir," he said, respectfully but firmly, "but when do the lights go out?"

"They will not go out," replied the curate. "There is no need for them to go out."

George looked distinctly dashed.

"Why, I thought it would be something the same as the 'pictures,'" he stated, and turning to his fiancée, added, "I reckon we've as good as



# Voices from the Void.

A Christmas Fantasy. By A. B. Cooper.

I AM pretty sure Mars was responsible. When a man with a hard-working imagination has been reading, as I had, all sorts of speculations regarding the feasibility of communicating by wireless with Mars and the Martians—provided, always, there are any—and their communicating with us, his mind, having been attuned, as it were, to the spheres, he is apt to snatch messages out of the blue any moment.

That is the first fact. The second is that it was Christmas Eve; the third that I was snugly seated in my elbow-chair before a fire consisting mainly of a weak imitation of a yule-log; the fourth that I had made no move towards going to bed or even removing the ear-phones, although the programme was closed, and the fifth—Great Stratford-on-Avon! What's that?

## When Christmas Was Christmas.

"Parnassus calling! Good-evening everybody down there! Up here we have been talking about the Good Old Times when Christmas was Christmas, and the consensus of opinion among Parnassians would appear to be that, but for Radio the modern Christmas would be a washout. Will Shakespeare, for instance—but he's here, and I'll ask him and a few others to state their views."

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
This Yuletide, to my mind,  
Hath lost its savour;  
Its flame is not so bright,  
Its halls so fairly dight  
With holly's favour.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!  
Sweet customs pine and die  
In moil and worry;  
Yet, e'en should Yuletide go,  
You'll still have "2LO"  
To keep you merry!

## A Cynical Voice.

The song of the Swan of Avon suddenly ceased, and in its place came the voice of the original Announcer, whose identity had not been revealed thus far.

"Alexander Pope will now give you his opinion on things in general, and Christmas and Broadcasting in particular."

Customs, like costumes, longer they are worn,  
The more they are of nap and virtue shorn;  
Man's love of Pleasure varies in its zest  
One day he deems whatever is is best;  
His yesterdays will then hold all life's joy,  
Unless the Future's gold without alloy!  
To no conviction true, he fails to find,  
At length, a single thing to please his mind.  
Our Yuletide, sir, makes yours seem  
Dull and stale;  
'Tis Samian Wine compared with  
Muddy ale;  
Yet, even your degenerate days can show  
One thing our Greater Age ne'er learned  
to know,  
For, borne on Ether's star-invading  
wings,  
Now Ramsay speaks and now Dame  
Clara sings;  
Then, lest the Comic Muse should take  
offront,  
John Henry shall essay a lighter Stunt,  
Thrice blest that age, with Radio  
supplied,  
With all the ports of knowledge open  
wide,  
With Argosies of Wisdom from afar,  
With Weather Forecasts from the  
Northern Star,  
With news of Victory, or sad Defeat  
From fields where "hands" are not  
preferred to feet,



I was snugly seated in my elbow chair.

With learned discourse and the latest Jazz—  
That Syncopation all great Musick has—  
With news from Nova Sembla, Far Cathay,  
Where some bold flier landed t'other day,  
With turn of Fashion, and the Price of Shares,  
And now the Prince of Wales, now Owen Nares,  
With all—

The cynical voice of the 18th Century poet suddenly ceased. "I am sorry to stop Mr. Pope," said the Announcer, "but his time was more than up, and there is quite a queue of Celebrities anxious to speak. As this is his Centenary Year, I am sure you would like a word from

## "Lord Byron."

Cold is the heart that does not gladly beat  
As Christmas Day emerges from the Night!  
Dull are the eyes, and slow the laggard feet  
Which brighten not, nor hasten, as the light  
Breaks on this Day of Birth; triumphant  
Right  
Out-surgin' from that ancient world of  
Wrong  
Where shackled peoples bowed to cruel  
might,  
Crying to all their gods "How long? How  
long  
Shall weakness bear the loads laid on them by  
the strong?"

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
This world of nations bound by viewless  
Chains;  
Not arms alone, not peals of Victory,  
Not thundrous Guns nor battles' blood-red  
stains,  
But "Listen-in" to Music's magic strains,  
The voice of Humour, and the maiden's song,  
Where, orstwhiles, men inflicted hellish pains.  
Let Christmas make an end of ruth and wrong,



"What's the wave-length to Santa Claus, Eric?"

And bells ring in men's hearts, as well as steepled fanes.

"Now, as a pleasant change," said the Announcer, just when I was hoping Byron would give us another verse, "I am sure you would all like a word from

## "Charles Dickens."

What are the things best worth having? Money or mirth, lands or laughter, stocks and shares or song and dance, financial flotations or fun and frolic? Well, take your pick, my friends; I know what I'm going in for. For these you've got to pay a heavy price; for those there's nothing to pay. You can have 'em for nothing. Fancy that! Free, gratis—with a face free from wrinkles thrown in as a make-weight.

## A Radio Bag.

Now, let me see what I've got in my Christmas Radio Bag. Here we are. It's like Bill Sikes' swag-bag—pearls of wisdom, opals of song, diamonds of dance, rubies of opera, emeralds of humour—and a three-decker tiara of delight! The Children? Now, do you think I ever could forget the Children? The world wouldn't be worth keeping going but for them. My Radio Bag is simply bursting with good things for them. Oh, yes, this Radio Blessing is something after my own heart. It has Christmas in its heart. Isn't it a ray of sunshine in the attic and garret and mean street, as well as in Mayfair, and a cup of healing to sick folk? It'll give 'em a bit of Christmas even if everybody else forgets—a Carol, a Greeting, the sound of The Chimes. So don't you go for to let Good Old Christmas down. Keep it up to the Dickens Standard—yes, to the standard of Peace and Good Will and the Manger Babe.

"I'm afraid we shall have to postpone several of our Star Turns until next Christmas," said the Announcer at this point, "but the English-speaking race is not complete without an American, and here is one of the greatest and best.

## Cut Off!

### "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

Dwellers in the tribal wigwam  
Who have got the Radio Gadgets  
Make the most of them, My Brothers,  
Tune them to the proper loudness,  
Lest you miss the Orphean Musick,  
Or the songs of Norman Allin,  
Or the gags of John-john Henry,  
Or the loud cacophonostics  
Of the wonderful Havana,  
Of the great Savoy Havana,  
Or a Talk about a Teapot  
By a very wise Professor,  
Or a story from Aunt Sophie  
'Bout a Big an' Monstrous Creature  
Wot et up a Pet Canary,  
Or a scene from Rigoletto  
Followed by the Weather Forecast  
Telling of an Anti-Cyclone  
Bringing up the Better Weather,  
Christmassy and Christmas-Cardy,  
With a Robin, Carol Singers,  
Slides and Bumps and Merry  
Laughter,  
Such as I was used to when I  
Lived in dear old Massachusetts,  
But which, in your humid Island  
Is a very rare exception.  
But, at least, whate'er the weather,  
If you have a good Loud Speaker,  
Or a Valve-Set, or a Crystal,  
And you've set your Gadgets rightly,  
And the fire is burning brightly,  
You can say: "Pooh! Pooh! I'm  
happy,  
For I've had my fill of Pudding,  
And I've donned my Carpet Slippers,  
And—"

Hang that silly interfering Announcer, cutting poor Longfellow off just when he was getting into his stride! No! It isn't the Announcer—it's the DENOUNCER—my WIFE—asking me from the head of the stairs if I'm going to sit up all night. But—but, I wonder who else was in the queue? I might have heard them if I hadn't woke up!"



# Yogo Hama Visits a B.B.C. Studio.

## His Debt to "Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus."

[We understand that an interesting foreign visitor was shown round the London Studio the other day. In the following article he gives his impressions in what he fondly imagines to be literary English.]

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,—

No doubtlessly there continue to remain many innumerable ignoramus persons, foreigners and provincials, who are so abysmal they have not yetty acquired to understand wireless harmonies and other ethereal noises which reach us without any visible means of support. I therefore consider to myself how beneficent it should be if I make to investigate these atmospheric blessings in order to give goodish and lucid explanations of same suitable to the meanest intelligences, masc and fema. For achieving the excellent informations which shall follow vizly, my debts are due to Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus, 2LO, who has enable me to imbibe very complete understandings of this so profoundish subject, which I now seek to depict in almost his very words.

Responding to amiable invitations, I present myself in due order at B.B.C., where a uniform person made to examine my crednentials and other good conduct testimonials. He then inform I should ascend many innumerable stairs of stone because the machinery lift was not lifting to-day.

"What for are this so?" I demand to require.

"Because," he inform, "we have now a very stylish prime donna vociferating notes which it requires so much electrics to transport, we have not any volts left for the lift."

Therefore I climb fatigueshly many 1,000's of steps and arrive to the top with only short pants and gasps. Almost I have recovered them, when I observe to approach me a masc person in fashion garments.

"Kindly to inform the whereabouts, if any, of Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus, 2LO," I request.

"I have the unworthy honour to be him. Do I find myself adumbrating the Hon. Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I confess you, Sir Caractus, I are that very non-estimable person. Permit I should purvey you 2 or 3,000 apologetics for my so non-politeness."

"Kindly to spare your esteemed self so many awful pains, Mr. Y. Hama. I pray you suffer good healths and other carnal prosperities, also Hon. family, if any."

"Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir Uncle. Permit I should afford you some 1,000,000's of thanks for these so kindish regards, also to hope you do not enjoy any ills or other inflictions, but very to the contrary, with good feeding appetites and family, if any."

"Kindly to believe my insurances of the affirmative, Mr. Y. Hama. Also that if this should not even be so, the spectacular of your so non-undistinguished presences and delicious person would cause me to forget my griefs and other worldly misfortunes, if any."

"Permit I should declaim these so generous complimentings which you suffuse me, Sir Caractus. May I request of you some authentic informations concerning re your aerial harmonies and other wireless chords, if not impolite?"

"Indeedly I cannot achieve to imagine what should produce me more pleasurable palpitations. Kindly not to suffer hesitations, but consider me yours unworthily to command for 1, 6 or 9 hours as you should require."

"I must fail to sufficiently depict my non-speakable obligations and other liabilities, which I could not suffice to repay in 3 or 4,000 years, Hon. Sir Caractus. Henceforthly I shall profoundishly pray you may become a very worshipped and venerable ancestor."

"I cannot receive so stupendous complimentings because of my immeasurable non-worthiness of same, Mr. Y. Hama. Permit I should requit you these so goodish wishes with plus 10 or 15 %."

"Kindly not to suffocate me with so non-earned esteems, Sir Uncle. But you will impardon my so non-pardonable hastes, if I now see you to give me some wireless informations."

"O yes, Mr. Y. Hama, I will 1-stly take you to the electrics department where we imbottle and pass through pipes the vocal and other productions which we purvey."

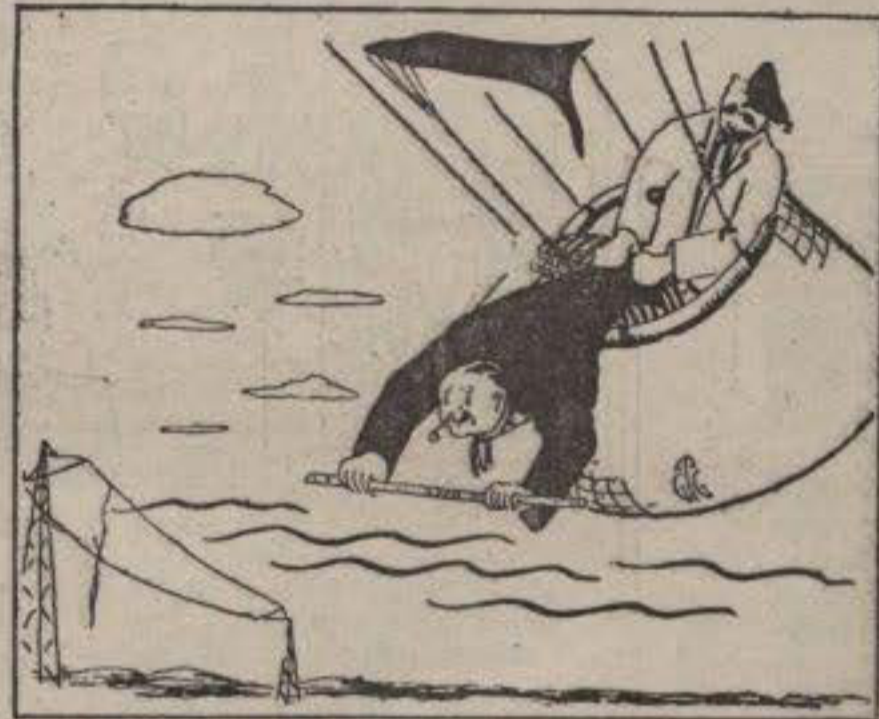
I follow Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus to a department choek with magnetos and other electric sparkings, very awful to non-initiates.

"Kindly to expound these so horrific apparatus," I request.

"This, Mr. Y. Hama, is where we transport our sounds to the outer and other hemispheres. They pass through our pipes and we then pump them to Hon. Sir Marconi's house, and he then puts them on a wireless magneto to shoot all over the civilized globes."

"How do you combat or ensnare the atmospheric and other aerial monsters who roar into your pipes, Sir Caractus?"

"Alasly we do not, Mr. Y. Hama, and you should feel very astonishments to know how altogether completely they elude our traps and baits. We would jump to pay 1,000 or more £'s to hunting persons who should bring us 1 of these aerial monsters, alive or defunct, or even for the skin of same."



"They catch the waves and measure their lengths."

"This are goodish rewardings very forsoothly, therefore I shall endeavour to make capture some atmospheric for you and reap perhapsly 2 or 5,000 £."

"Should you enjoy to observe a prime or other donna vociferating notes into Hon. microcosm, Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I should indeedly suffer exeruciating pleasures to witness this wireless feat," I repop.

I are then conduct to a very padded department where I witness a stoutish fair ejaculating into a metallic sausage on a perambulating box with very stupendous vigour. When saidly fair stopped to acquire fresh winds, Hon. Sir Uncle inform me very scientifically how the words and notes are propelled to the atmospheres.

"This, Mr. Y. Hama, are the microcosm which if you speak or blow songs into him, propels same to persons who have made purchase the legitimate 10' certificate. When I speak into this metal sausage, it pushes my words through pipes to Hon. Sir Marconi, who so kindly aerates them to our customers. Also by this so wonderful machine, our words do not grow stale or baddish in transit, but arrive as fresh as from an ice or other cold storage."

"Kindly to inform, Sir Caractus, how you suffice to measure the wave-lengths to requisite ft. and inches."

"This are very difficult business, Mr. Y. Hama, and must be accomplish by expert and specially prepared persons. We send them up on balloons or other wind-bags, so they catch the waves and measure their lengths."

"Would you kindly to permit I should divulge a small wireless ode, Sir Caractus?"

"By many means, Mr. Y. Hama. Perhaps we shall place it to music for blowing by our wireless band."

This are the cantatoc:—

Are it not sweetest joy to listen-in,  
To hear the pri uelsh donnas blow and sing?  
But mostly of all I do afore  
To hear atmospheric gently roar.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue to maintain above par, I remain

YOGO HAMA.



"Ejaculating into a metallic sausage."

WIRELESS is to be employed in the near future in a series of tests which scientists are making to discover the exact size of the earth. Measurements will be taken and the process repeated in a few years to ascertain whether the earth has changed in the interval.





Head of the House: "Mary, go and tell those waifs to go away. They are making such a row we can't hear these carols."

## RADIO RAYS.

OVER two hundred and fifty firms took part in the recent Berlin Wireless Exhibition. According to German estimates, this constituted a record, inasmuch as up to that time no other country had built a special hall for the purpose.

WORCESTER guardians are providing wireless sets for the workhouse.

DAVENTRY Rural Council has decided to install a wireless set at the Isolation Hospital.

SERIOUS damage has been done to L.N.E.R. property by people breaking open battery boxes and stealing dry cells and accumulators suitable for wireless sets.

M. MENARS, who lives at Le Blancat, Gan, near Pau, France, recently received signals from Sydney, Australia, in daylight hours. M. Menars is the first amateur to receive daylight signals from Australia. He was using a home-made three-valve set.

(Continued from column 3.)

Many of the great hospitals and institutions for the aged have already grasped the possibilities of wireless in this direction and have found means for installing the necessary apparatus. One Yorkshire newspaper, with commendable enterprise and imagination, has recently secured through its readers a sum sufficient to equip the homes of about three hundred invalids with the means for taking hold of the "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

May I suggest, in no way officially, that such of our listeners who are anxious to display the spirit of Christmas, but are so far unsettled as to the methods of giving expression to their feelings, should consider this idea of wireless sets for the aged or the invalid?

THE biggest attraction of the recent International Radio Week, as far as American listeners were concerned, was the chiming of Big Ben. In America there is no national timepiece, but the fame of the Westminster bell is world-wide, and it proved the most popular item of the European concert.

## Our Postbag.

By Arthur R. Burrows.

A FRIEND from Norway who is keenly interested in broadcasting looked in at the B.B.C. office recently. He told us that opposite his place of business in Christiania is a small kiosk for the sale of newspapers and periodicals. Every morning a queue of people forms up before the kiosk to purchase the current issue of *The Radio Times*.

If we look at the map of Norway, we shall find that Christiania, at the head of the fiord of the same name, is some sixty miles from the open sea and almost screened on the west and south-west by considerable ranges of mountains, yet at night the music from the several British studios floats over these mountains into many homes in the Norwegian capital, and is heard somewhere about one two-hundredth of a second after its performance. Fair-skinned, golden-haired Norwegian lasses in the pine-clad areas dance nightly with their swains to the music of the Savoy Bands.

### Picked up in Morocco.

A traveller recently returned from Italy informs us that in the northern cities of Milan and Turin, world-famous for their music, *The Radio Times* is also in demand so that the British broadcast programmes may be closely followed.

Boyd Cable, who was War correspondent in the Spanish-Riff War, found the Spanish troops in the first line trenches in Morocco being entertained by the Orpheans, "picked up" by the Army Radio Station and relayed to the smallest posts.

Here is a pleasant thought for Christmas, that such fun as we may get from the British broadcast programmes is being enjoyed simultaneously in all sorts of queer places and not only in this country, but in several distant countries to which we are indebted for many of the delightful customs which brighten this mid-winter festival.

### A Seeming Impossibility.

We are repaying, after much delay, a small measure of our indebtedness. Another year we will show within the Christmas programmes themselves the origins, as far as they can be traced, of many Christmas observances and musical items.

It is the business of the Programme Department not merely to prepare various forms of entertainment and see that they are performed "according to plan," but to follow, as it were, into the homes of listeners and learn something of the manner in which they are received.

This seeming impossibility is carried out by a close questioning of all persons likely to have been listening, and more especially through a detailed examination of a very heavy correspondence.

### Hope for the Deaf.

The general trend of this correspondence is indicated now and again in the broadcast talks under the title "Our Postbag," but amongst the appreciative letters received is an ever-growing number from invalids who often regret their inability to find words capable of expressing the joy which the wireless medium has brought into their lives.

Many persons who by the affliction of partial deafness have been less fortunate than the blind in their ability to enjoy good music are now unexpectedly, after a number of years of barren silence, able to share the pleasure conveyable by musical sounds. Not merely hundreds, but thousands of old folk who had accepted the line in Hood's ballad: "What can an old man do but die?" have discovered in the evening of their life a new interest and comfort.

(Continued in the previous column.)



# "Our Lizzie" Calling!

By Helena Millais.

[Miss Helena Millais is one of the best known and most popular of wireless entertainers. In the character of "Our Lizzie" she has brought amusement into thousands of homes.]



Miss HELENA MILLAIS.

"ULLO, me ducks! I was tickled to death when the Heditor asked me to rite a bit for the Christmas number. I says to 'im: "Go Hon, wot shall I rite about?"

"Oh," 'e says, "anything hinterestin."

I says: "LUV?"

"No," 'e says, "The Radio Times his not a technical paper." Well, I didn't know wot 'e meant; anyway, it was Christmas, and there was some excuse for 'im.

You know 'ow Bert made hus a set some-time ago, and hever since we've been broad-blastin' mad, and hevery Friday when Bill (my old man) brings 'ome The Radio Times we 'ave a free fight to see wots hon the nex' week. Mind yoh, I don't always 'old with the programmes; they're too 'ighbrow. I like the comics, and the Saverloy Band, and some of the Hentertainers aint bad; but them sim-funny concerts and them virtuoso stunts! Of course, I'm glad to 'ear the singers is virtuous, but I'd like 'em to be a bit brighter about it.

### It Must Be Right.

Still, as Huncle Arthur says: "We 'ave to please Heverboddy." Don't 'e speak pretty? Our Bert tries to copy 'im, and 'e don't 'arf sound a swanker; but, as I tell 'im, hif the huncle's do it, it must be hall right. Ain't they got a lot of huncles now? But they are nice chaps.

'Ere, I'm forgetting all about my riting. I wish the Heditor 'ad said wot I was to rite about. I don't know 'ow to begin. I can say: "Dear Readers, I 'ope you are quite well as it leaves me at present," or begin like Mr. Burrows does—you know, 'ighbrow, like: "Let me recall three main hobjects in hour heperiments."

### A "Mangled" Limerick.

Or I can start like John 'Enery does: "Ullo, Heverboddy! Lizzie calling!"

Or wot about starting with a Limerick? 'Ere' goes:—

"There once was a Radio fan  
'Oo made a set out of a can.  
'E said: "Ain't I clever?  
I can't 'ear nothing hever;  
But my motto's still san fairy Han."

'Ere, there's a feller come 'in while I'm riting this hon the mangle. Wait a minute.

Lummy! 'E says the Heditor says I mustn't rite more than five hundred words, or some-think. I don't know wot 'e means, so I shall give 'im this with my luv'. So, good-bye, old dears; a merry Christmas to you hall, and may you live long and prosper, and don't ferget to drink the 'ealth of the B.B.C., The Radio Times and

Yours Radiontly,

LIZZIE.

IN Calcutta the owners of a two-valve receiving set are able to pick up, under favourable conditions, portions of the programmes broadcast in England from the B.B.C., and recently, when Big Ben was striking 7 p.m., it was clearly heard in Calcutta at about 12.30 a.m.

# PEOPLE IN THE PROGRAMMES.

## Dinner and De Groot.

I do not think that there is anyone in the world who has not heard the old, old chestnut of the restaurant diner who asked the leader of the orchestra: "Do you play things by request?"

The musician was extremely flattered. "Certainly, sir," said he.

"Then," said the diner, "would you mind playing dominoes till I've finished my dinner?"

There could not be a more complete contrast to this story than the case of De Groot. I am sure that if you asked everyone you saw dining at the Piccadilly Hotel which they would rather give up, their dinner or their De Groot, many would answer unflatteringly: "Dinner!"

## Christmas Fare.

AMONG the many Christmas features being provided by the B.B.C., none is likely to be more popular than the "Dream of Christmas Day," which is to be related by Sir Hall Caine on the 25th.



Sir HALL CAINE.

It was as a teller rather than as a writer of stories that Sir Hall really began. Forty years ago he was staying with Rossetti in a Cumberland

farmhouse, and since Rossetti was a sleepless man, Sir Hall used to beguile the nights by relating old local legends.

"Do you know, my boy," said Rossetti, as they went up to bed one evening, "you are a natural story-teller, and I shouldn't be surprised if that is the direction in which your future life will lie. To be the Manx bard—that would be something." It has been something.

## Same Name.

SIR HALL CAINE has, by the way, often got into trouble through inadvertently using the names of real people, of whose existence he was completely ignorant, in his stories.

The namesake of one of his characters, who committed manslaughter, wrote to complain of "a wicked and scandalous libel." The namesake of a character who ran away from his wife wrote to say that it was a lie. "And a lady who had been jilted," says Sir Hall, "by somebody named Victor Stowell said I should earn her undying gratitude if I would hang him in the very next number of the magazine in which 'The Master of Man' was being published."

So if you hear your own name used in the "Dream of Christmas Day," be lenient. There won't be anything personal intended.

## Seeing Things!

A GOOD story about Sir Hall Caine is told in "Old Pink 'Un Days," by J. B. Booth (Grant Richards): One evening he was with Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane Theatre, and walked over from a rehearsal at the Lane to the Tivoli, and passed through the crowded promenade to listen to Fragon. Said one racing gent to his pal:—

"Charlie, have I had six Scotches too many, or is it that I'm runnin' in the 'Dreams an' Visions Stakes'? Here comes old Bill Shakespeare in a top-hat!"

## Caine No. 2.

TALKING of namesakes, another Caine—William of the ilk—is to broadcast hints on Buying Christmas Presents, from London, on December 22nd.

William Caine is no relative of Sir Hall. He is, as most people know, the English humorist.

There are many brands of humour, but none more popular in this country just now than the brand of Caine.

## Something for Herself.

HERE is Miss Nellie Walker, the well-known contralto, who will broadcast again from London on December 24th.



Miss NELLIE WALKER.

One of Miss Walker's best stories is of an appearance at a certain club off Bond Street, where she was asked by Lady Blank to sing.

"A lot of well-known Society people will be there," Lady Blank had said, "and, of course, we pay an expense fee."

Miss Walker bought a new hat. Miss Walker turned up at the club. Miss Walker sang—eleven songs.

And as Miss Walker left, Lady Blank handed her an envelope, bearing her crest. "Everyone is charmed and delighted," said Lady Blank. "You must come again."

On her way home Miss Walker opened the envelope. Inside was a two-shilling-piece!

Miss Walker says she did not mind. She was so pleased to find it wasn't a counterfeit!

## The Child Idea.

FEW living authors know more funny stories than Mr. Pett Ridge, who is to talk on "The Good Christmas and the Perfect Boxing Day," from London, on December 26th. One of his best is the following. A school teacher had been reading the chapter in "Oliver Twist" wherein Oliver "asks for more," and the children were told to write the story in their own words.

One little girl's description included the sentence: "there was a statue of a policeman at the end of the room."

"What do you mean?" asked the teacher.

"It says there was a stone copper, doesn't it?" replied the little girl.

## Popularities.

LAYTON and JOHNSTONE. Duettists.

From London, December 24th. Not, as so often happens with duettists, two soloists, each playing their own lone hand, but artists who are really hand-in-glove with each other.

J. H. SQUIRE, Conducting the "Peter Pan" Orchestra from London, December 21st. Often declared the sweetest 'cellist of our time, and undoubtedly one of the most magnetic conductors.

## Edinburgh's Chamber Music Programme.

A PERFORMANCE of Dvorak's "Bagatelles" for two violins, violoncello, and harmonium; Beethoven's "Serenade" for violin, viola, violoncello; Schumann's "Quartet" for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, and Mozart's Pianoforte Quartet in G Minor will be given at Edinburgh to-night, December 19th, when an evening of Chamber Music will be transmitted. Mr. Colin McKenzie, Mr. Arthur W. Dace, Mr. Chester Henderson and Mr. A. E. Burke will take part in the programme. "OYEZ."

## Liverpool Listeners.

LIVERPOOL listeners are laughing at the story of the man who visited a friend. The host was called away for a short time, and told his guest to amuse himself in the interval by listening. When he returned he asked: "Well, hcv's it going?"

The friend, afraid to admit that he could hear nothing, started to express the pleasure that the programme was giving him. At that moment the son of the house came in, glanced at the set, and remarked, casually: "I'm glad you're enjoying it. It isn't switched on."





## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY THE  
AUNTS AND UNCL'S

Here are some lovely games  
and tricks collected for you by  
the Aunts and Uncl's, who all  
wish you a merry Christmas  
and a happy New Year.



### "THE KING OF FRANCE HAS LOST HIS CROWN."

By Uncle Ee, of London.

Here is a game that will keep you on the alert. Any number from four upwards can play it.

One is chosen as a leader and all the rest of you are numbered. The leader then says: "The King of France has lost his Crown—did you find it, Number 3?" Number 3 must then jump to his feet and say: "Who, sir! I sir?"

The Leader: "Yes, sir, you, sir!"

Number 3: "Not I, sir!"

The Leader: "Who then, sir?"

Number 3: "Number 5, sir."

Up jumps Number 5 and goes through the same questions and answers with the Leader, eventually naming another number who has to do the same in his turn.

If the Leader succeeds in repeating the statement "The King of France has Lost his Crown" before the last-named player can jump to his feet and reply, the latter must become Leader. Also, if any player fails to say "sir" in the proper place he must become Leader.

It doesn't do to go to sleep in this game!

### "POSTERS."

By Uncle Pat, of Birmingham.

To play this game several popular advertisements are taken out of any old magazine or newspaper. The name of the firm is cut away from the advertisement itself, this leaving just the plain picture. These pictures are hung or fastened in some way round the room and a number is placed against each one. All your friends are given a list, numbered, corresponding with the advertisements, together with a pencil for writing. They are then brought into the room and are asked to guess the name of the firm which each advertisement stands for. The name of each firm is written against the number on the white slip of paper, the person getting the most correct winning a small prize.

It is suggested that each party in the room is only allowed a certain time limit, say ten minutes, for the guessing of twenty-five advertisements.

### SOMETHING ASTONISHING.

From Uncle Fred, of Nottingham.

Here is a trick which will greatly interest your friends if you have a children's party. It is very simple, and requires nothing but a good hard wall, and a little boy's or a little girl's arm.

Stand one of your friends about a foot away from the wall, and tell him to press the back of his hand, keeping the arm straight out, as hard as possible against the wall for ten to fifteen seconds. Then if the muscles above the elbow begin to ache, let him step away from the wall and see what happens.

He will find that his arm suddenly begins to rise up into the air until his hand nearly comes into line with his shoulder.

This is a most fascinating and interesting trick and causes much merriment.

### ARE YOU THERE?

By Cousin Lilian, of Manchester.

Two boys are blindfolded, and they are each given a roll of newspapers. One boy asks: "Are you there?" and the other must answer immediately: but directly he has done so, he must try to dodge away from the blow which he knows is coming. It is very amusing to watch the two boys endeavouring to get away from each other.

The game should be played in a "ring," which is quite free from any obstacles.

### TWO TRICKS IN ONE.

By Uncle Rob, of Bournemouth.

Get a long, light hair, fairly thick (ask mummy for one), and a tiny piece of cobbler's wax, or soft candle-grease might do, and a penny (ask daddy for that); also a glass of water (get that yourself). Tie the hair on to a piece of your clothing, or a button high up by your neck, then fix the other end of the hair to the penny by means of the wax. Now you are ready. Go in and make your bow to mummy and daddy, put the glass of water on the table, show them the penny, then drop it in the glass of water (you will have to bend over the glass, of course, otherwise the hair will break). Then slowly raise yourself up, calling the penny at the same time, and up it will come from the glass. The hair is not seen, and you will be hailed as a magician of the first order—at least, I hope so.

Lastly, walk away with glass and penny, and if you are a member of the Fairy League, explain to daddy that you are keeping that penny for a better trick—making it into a hospital cot—then send it to Uncle Jack for his Cot Fund.

### BLIND-FOLD OBSTACLE RACE.

By Uncle Joe, of Stoke-on-Trent.

This game is great fun, provided too many people do not know it.

First turn the room into a steeplechase course by making lines of obstacles with chairs, footstools, cushions, etc., so that it is impossible to cross the room without stepping over them.

Now collect some of the people who do not know the game, and explain to them as follows:

"Take a good look at these obstacles, as the game is to get from one end of the room to the other blindfold, without touching any of them."

Give them a few minutes to take all this in, then make them go out of the room.

Now very quietly move all the obstacles out of the way, so that the floor is quite clear. Then blindfold the competitors in turn and lead them into the room one at a time, and watch the fun.

They start to cross the room, which they imagine is still full of obstacles, very carefully, and stepping very high so as not to touch anything, and having got to the end, they think they have done it beautifully, as they could not feel they had touched a single thing.

Then take off the handkerchief and let them see the room.

Now it is their turn to laugh at the next one to come in.

### "THE MAGIC POKER."

By Uncle Les's, of Edinburgh.

Here is a trick which will mystify your friends at your Christmas party. It must be performed by a boy who is wearing black clothes. He sits on a chair with his knees apart and a piece of black thread tightly stretched between them, which will be invisible to the audience. He then asks an accomplice to hand him a poker, which he announces that he will cause to stand vertically without any means of support.

To do this, he must take the poker and put it between his knees in a vertical position so that the upper portion of it rests against the thread, where it will remain stationary. By moving his knees slightly, it will be possible to move the poker about without any visible means of support.

### BALLOONS.

By Aunt e Gwen, of Dundee.

Who does not like balloons? Everybody, surely! You can have such fun at a party by pairing off boys and girls for dancing, and tying to the ankle of each little girl, a well-blown-up balloon.

Tie it with a piece of wool about twelve inches long, so that the balloon will bob and fly behind her as she dances. If anyone steps on her balloon, she and her partner "sit-out." The same happens to the next couple whose balloon is burst, till only two couples are left to decide the winner.

Quite often someone tries to "pop" another balloon and accidentally steps upon that of his own partner!

### "DONKEY."

By Aunt e Jean, of Plymouth.

"Donkey" is a game of secrecy in which any number can take part. You all sit round in a circle facing the centre of the room and the leader stands in the middle. He explains that he is going to give each player the name of an animal, and the player must make a noise representing this particular animal, mentioned to him in secret, of course, when the leader has counted one, two, three.

The leader secretly decides which of the circle is to represent the donkey, and having decided this, he begins with the player nearest the fireplace and whispers in the ear of each one, "Don't say a word," until he comes to the one who is to represent the donkey and to this player he whispers, "Make a noise like a donkey, Hee-haw, hee-haw!" And so, when the leader has given these secret instructions to the whole of the circle, not one of them knows what the other is going to do. The leader then says, "Now, with all your might and as loud as you can, make the noise of the animal you are representing, one! two!! three!!!!" And, of course, everybody keeps silent as they were told to do except the one who yells "Hee-haw!" and everyone is very much amused.



**GENTEEL LADY.**

By Uncle Norman, of Cardiff.

A circle is formed and the leader says to the neighbour on his left: "I am a genteel lady always genteel, and I, a genteel lady, always genteel, have been to London to buy a genteel rocking chair," at the same time the speaker rocks to and fro. The neighbour then says: "I am a genteel lady always genteel, and I, a genteel lady always genteel, have been to London to buy a rocking chair and a fan." This time the speaker both rocks and fans himself.

This is repeated all round the circle, each person adding another article to the list. By the time it has passed round the circle twice, the players will find themselves growing more muddled every minute, and for each mistake must have a long paper spill or "horn" stuck in their hair.

At the end, the person who most resembles a hedgehog pays a suitable forfeit!

**POST.**

By Auntie Winn, of Sheffield.

Here is a jolly game for a large party. The party is seated in two rows facing each other down the room; one person is left chairless, and becomes Postman. He, or she, holds a piece of paper and pencil, and asks each person to take the name of a post town, English or foreign, which he writes down.

When everyone is seated, the Postman calls out: "The post is going between London and York," or any other two towns chosen as names by the players. The moment he speaks, the persons so named exchange seats rapidly, the Postman, of course, trying to get one of their seats. When he says: "The general post is going out," everybody changes seats, and in the scramble he manages to get one; but, as there is always one chair less than the number of players, somebody else is left out, and becomes Postman.

Any "town" not answering to its name pays a forfeit.

**"RADIO BUZZER."**

By Uncle Clarence, of Plymouth.

Boys and girls of all ages can play "Radio Buzzer," and any number can take part. It's such a fascinating game. You all gather together sitting on chairs in a circle, facing the centre of the room, and you count round the way of the clock—one, two, three, four and so on, beginning with the one nearest the fireplace. At figure seven, or any multiple of seven, such as fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-eight, and so on, the one whose turn it is, says "Buzz"; so as you sit in the circle, when the one on your immediate right has shouted his, or her, figure, say five, you shout the next figure—six—and the one on your immediate left, would ordinarily say "seven," but should say "Buzz."

If the one whose turn it is to call out "seven," or any multiple of seven, does not call out "Buzz" instead of the actual figure, he or she must pay a forfeit. Of course, you arrange what the forfeits shall be before you start. It might be the case of kissing another boy or girl according to the demands of the remainder of the circle.

It is great fun when the numbers are called out in rapid succession like soldiers on parade shouting their numbers, one, two, three, and so on. I hope you will like this game of "Radio Buzzer" which should make special appeal to radio nieces and nephews.

I nearly forgot to say that when you have counted up to 105, which is a multiple of seven, you must say "Buzz" twice; that is, "Buzz, buzz," because you are in the second hundred, and if you go beyond the second hundred, in the third hundred you say "Buzz" three times; but the game stops at 301, and then the player must "Buzz" four times and then all start at number one again.

**THE MYSTERIOUS SAUCERS.**

By Auntie Gladys, of Birmingham.

Get as many white saucers as you like and into each put a little of some white substance, such as salt, sugar, flour, powdered starch, etc. Number the saucers from one upwards. Then give each player a pencil and a sheet of paper and tell them to write down the names of the various materials, allowing them a certain time to do it according to the number of saucers you have. The competitors are allowed either to smell or feel between their finger and thumb the contents of the saucers, but must not taste them.

The winner, of course, is the one who guesses the correct contents of the greatest number of saucers.

**"POOR PUSSY CAT."**

By Auntie Betty, of Cardiff.

I am beginning to think that there isn't one really new game, but I do like this one ever so much, and Tiny Kiddiewinks, Big Kiddiewinks, Mothers, Fathers, Uncles and Aunts usually like to play it too. It is called "Poor Pussy Cat" and I will tell you how to play it.

Everybody sits down on chairs, in a circle, if possible, except one Kiddiewink who must be "Poor Pussy Cat."

"Poor Pussy Cat" kneels down in front of one of the others who is sitting down and looking up into the sitter's face, says: "Miaw" very sadly.

The Kiddiewink on the chair must stroke poor pussy's head and say: "Poor Pussy Cat." Three times they must do this, but—whatever happens—the Kiddiewink in the chair must not even smile. If he does he must be Poor Pussy Cat himself.

It does sound easy, but when you try it, you will find how difficult it really is to reply without smiling—even more difficult than it is with someone making funny faces at you.

**WHICH HAND?**

By Auntie Rosalind, of Manchester.

One person goes out of the room, but before doing so, says to a member of the party, "If you hold up one of your hands whilst I am out of the room, and put it down when I tell you to, just before I come into the room, I will tell you which hand you held up."

If you come into the room quickly, you will see one hand is paler than the other. That is the one which was held up.

**"LODGINGS TO LET."**

By Uncle Will, of Belfast.

This is a game that requires able-bodied players and strong furniture. Arrange as many chairs as there are players (there should be not less than ten) in a circle, each chair touching the next. All the players sit down except one, who stands in the ring; this leaves one empty ring.

The object of the game is for the seated players to prevent the one in the middle from getting a seat by moving round very fast and in either direction, so that the empty chair is always in a different part of the ring.

**WORD PROBLEMS.**

By Uncle Eric, of Dundee.

Here are some little problems, children, for your parties at Christmas time.

"Can you make one word out of CART HORSE?"

You can have people going about for a long time with pencil and paper trying all sorts of things, but every letter must be used and none left out.

After a while, you can give them the answer, which is "ORCHESTRA." Easy, isn't it?

When all are satisfied with this, then give the following: "Please make one word out of 'New Door.' Again pencils are busy with the problem. But you've actually told them the answer. "What?" Yes, that's it—just *one word*.

Oh, yes, it's quite fair.

**FOUR AT ONE BLOW.**

By Uncle Victor, of Manchester.

Put four small pieces of paper on the back of your hand, and say that by blowing at all of them at once you will make one piece leave the hand while the others remain there.

To do this trick, you put the tips of the fingers on the pieces that are to remain and then blow.

**SPEECHES.**

By Aunt Evva, of Belfast.

One member stands in front and makes a speech, preferably a funny one. Whenever he raises his left hand, all his audience must clap their hands once; when he raises his right hand, they must clap twice; when he raises both hands, they must shout "Hear, hear!"

Any member omitting to do this correctly is penalized by being made to come out and make the speech himself.

(Continued in column 1, page 593.)

**CAUGHT!**





The Christmas Party Up-to-Date. Fairy Tales by Radio.

## A Radio Cracker Party.

### Christmas Fun for Children of Six or Sixty-Six!

**B**UY a box of Christmas crackers and listen! This advice may sound illogical to many, but it is by no means so far-fetched as it seems. True, you cannot establish contact with a broadcasting station with the aid of crackers, but the ingenuity of the cracker manufacturers makes it possible for anyone to enjoy good fun this Christmas with a wide variety of wireless toys.

Recently I was invited to a novel party at the great London factory of Tom Smith, the Cracker King of world-wide fame, at which "Listening" crackers played a large part.

This particular set of crackers contains tiny aeriols, earphones, valve sets, loud speakers, and, of course, the inevitable selection of punning rhymes and jokes, without which no box of crackers would be complete. With this set of miniature instruments one can broadcast as well as receive, though the messages that go out are vastly different from those incorporated in the familiar heading, "Time Signal and News Bulletin."

#### Broadcasting with Feather Darts.

What, I wonder, should we think of an "uncle" if we heard him saying:—

The telegraph and telephone  
We've no need of, you must own,  
Since no broadcasting can eclipse  
The mute conveyance of your lips!

But any fair enthusiast who listens with earphones from this amusing box of crackers may at any moment receive a thrilling message of this kind, for the verses are broadcast by means of prettily coloured feather darts! Every one of the little toys, it should be noted, is correct in detail, a point which is observed so scrupulously that each complete box passes through the hands of nearly twenty craftsmen.

Naturally, music figured prominently in the party programme, and much of it was supplied from boxes of crackers. For instance, there was a "Jazz" box, containing a selection of cleverly-made miniature instruments—saxophones, trumpets, syrens, banjos, whistles, and others, with suitable hats and caps and paper sashes. There was also a "Troubadour" box, which supplied us with mandolines, multi-coloured streamers, and appropriate mottoes and riddles. A succession of hearty laughs was caused by a "Jester" box, which provided the company with merry jokes as well as grotesque hats and masks.

#### A Fancy-Dress Parade.

Then someone thought it would be good fun to have a musical fancy-dress parade. The Cracker King, most genial of hosts, produced a box of beautiful "Cavalier" crackers, from which we helped ourselves to hats and cloaks of the Stuart period, together with toy lanterns and pistols. Two of the guests aroused much mirth by garbing themselves, also from a box of crackers, as Darby and Joan; while others appeared in the costume of pierrots, Chinamen, sailors—from a box called "Pride of the Navy"—Indian princes, Dutch children, fairies, Boy Scouts, niggers, clowns, and so on, all the necessary "properties" being taken from boxes of crackers devised specially for the coming Yuletide.

The range and variety of the costumes was, indeed, astonishing, and the scene, as the procession wound round the room, was a brilliant one. No less remarkable was the accuracy of the various items represented; every dress and hat was correct, being based on designs executed by authorities on the costumes of the different

countries and periods. This accuracy, so far as the making of a box of crackers goes, is too often overlooked by merrymakers, the majority of whom do not realize the skill and labour involved in the production of even a single cracker.

An amusing interlude was a performance by Christmas waits, who, like the rest of us, had dressed themselves from the Cracker King's gorgeous wardrobe. The musical accompaniment to the carols was, perhaps, a trifle squeaky in places, but the well-known airs were rendered none the less heartily, everyone joining in with gusto. There followed a grand display of parlour pyrotechnics, the fireworks being taken from the "Fireworks" box of crackers, which also contained some artistic headdresses of various types.

#### Greetings to the Stations.

The Cracker King, as kindly an Uncle as ever lived outside a broadcasting studio, thought it would be a friendly act to broadcast greetings to some of the other stations, so recourse was again had to the "Listening" box, the crackers being pulled, and the verses read out, much to the mirth of the company. One verse ran:—

From Manchester an anxious voice  
Is asking me to make my choice.  
Just wait a moment, 2ZY,  
It needs a YZ 2 reply!

To the Empire's second city he read:—

A call for me from 58C  
To listen-in, I'm glad.  
Don't let it go, for it's, I know,  
My bonnie Glasgow lad.

I have been to many Christmas parties in my time, but I remember none that was more pleasurable or more entertaining, or where the fun was more spontaneous, than at this novel gathering under the Cracker King's spacious roof. The best that can be wished listeners this Christmastide is: May you all have as good a time, wherever you may be!



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

(Continued from page 591.)

## "THE MAN AND THE OBJECT."

By Uncle Edgar, of Birmingham.

Have you ever played a game called "Man and His Object"? It's one of those thrilling games where two people have to go out of the room. One of them has to decide to be a man, or a woman, of note—someone who has figured in history, or is a popular statesman, actor, or soldier; and the other has to be some object connected with him or her.

For instance, you might have as the man Mr. Lloyd George, and as the object, the nib of the fountain pen with which he signed the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Now then, having decided this, the two who have been out of the room come back and tell the rest of the party which is the man and which the object; then those that remained in the room have got to cross-examine them by asking alternate questions—first of the man—until they have discovered his identity, and then of the "object" till they find out what he represents.

But the only replies that can be given are "yes" and "no."

Like this:

Question 1.—Are you living?

Answer.—Yes.

Question 2.—Are you a soldier?

Answer.—No.

Question 3.—Are you a Statesman?

Answer.—Yes.

Question 4.—Are you the Prime Minister?

Answer.—No.

etc., until it is discovered that he is representing Mr. Lloyd George.

Then you start on the "Object," thus:

Are you animal?—No.

Are you vegetable?—No.

Are you mineral?—Yes.

Are you something which he wore?

—No.

Are you something which he used?

—Yes.

See the idea? You try it, and I hope it will help to make your Christmas jollier and happier than ever.

## A DIFFICULT FEAT.

By Aunt's Molly, of Edinburgh.

This is a game which will cause roars of laughter at your Christmas party. A bottle and a board are required, and it is done as follows: An ordinary, or other, bottle is placed upon the floor and over it a small board sufficiently large to sit on.

Each guest is then invited to sit on the board, keeping his, or her, legs stretched out in front, and then told to pick up a box of matches which has been placed on the right-hand side, strike a match, pick up a candle lying on the left-hand side, and light it.

You will find that it is an extremely difficult feat to perform, for you keep rolling in all directions on account of the bottle under the board.

## "OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE."

By Auntie Elsie, of Plymouth.

A jolly good game for Christmas parties is called "Oxford and Cambridge," and if you follow these instructions, you will enjoy it immensely.

To begin with, you all sit down on two rows of chairs facing each other; one side Oxford and the other side Cambridge. Two children stand out. These two take a handkerchief and run around his or her side of chairs. When she has been around, she (or he) passes the hanky to the next child, who does the same. This game is won by the side which uses up all its own side first.

## The Christmas Spirit in Song.

## Is the Carol out of Date? By Herbert Parker.

RECENTLY, I read in a weekly paper catering for the conservative mind, a lament upon the passing of many quaint customs from English social life. Christmas and some of its customs were mentioned in a pathetic plea for a revival of their old-time celebration. The writer particularly instanced the quickening decay of carol-singing: how no longer small groups of "waits" sang glad tidings of great joy beneath one's window on a frosty Christmas morning.

Whether this assertion is true in substance and in fact I am not going to say. If it is true, Nature herself may be responsible, having of late years denied us the traditional and surely necessary frost and snow for the "waits" to give us our Christmas greeting! Carol singing may be dying—if it is—through an entirely different reason. Is it not in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" that we get a possible explanation if the fact be proved? Does he not describe how old William Dewy and the choir of Mellstock Church set out with lighted lanterns just before the clock struck twelve on a starry Christmas Eve to sing carols to members of the church and tell with what appreciation they met, particularly from Farmer Shinar?—

## Devonshire "Waits."

"Now to Farmer Shinar's, and there replenish our insides, father," said the tranter.

"Wi' all my heart," said old William, shouldering his bass-viol.

Farmer Shinar's was a queer lump of a house, standing at the corner of a lane that ran obliquely into the principal thoroughfare. . . . The front of the building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

"Forty breaths, and number thirty-two—Behold the Morning Star," said old William.

They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up bow-stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when, without a light appearing, or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed:—

"Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here. A feller wi' a headache enough to split likes a quiet night."

"Hullo, that's an ugly blow for we artists!" said the tranter, in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

"Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony," said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

"Forty breaths, and number nineteen!" said William firmly. "Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner!"

A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

"Drown en!—drown en!" the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. "Play fortissimy and drown his spaking!"

"Fortissimy!" said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

"Very unseemly—very!" said old William, as they retired. "Neter such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice—never! And he a churchwarden!"

If that were the usual treatment of the old-time "waits," one can see a possible reason for the alleged decay of carol-singing!

Popular affection for Christmas carols never diminishes, and many hundreds of thousands of people will hear the midnight carols and waits, broadcast from London on Christmas Eve.

No country in the world celebrates this Festival with greater rejoicings than does our own, yet it is a strange fact that not one of our

greatest composers has devoted attention to the carol.

It is true that "Christians, Awake!" and "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" were written by Englishmen, but that does not alter the above fact. The former carol was written as a Christmas gift to his daughter, by a John Byrom, of Kersall, near Manchester. She found it written on a small sheet of paper lying on her breakfast plate on Christmas morning, 1745. A few years later it was sung as a Christmas Carol by the choir of Kersall Church, the leader of which, it is said, composed the music for the words.

An interesting fact about the latter carol is that in Wesley's manuscript the opening lines read:—

Hark! how all the welkin rings  
Glory to the King of kings.

No one appears to know who altered the words to their present form:—

Hark! the herald Angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

From the manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, it is clear that carol-singing for alms was not an unknown practice in Norman times. This might have had its origin in the period when carols were little more than roistering drinking songs; the carol "Seigneurs ore entendey à nus" certainly seems to indicate this.

One of the happiest spring carols in the thirteenth century was "Tempus adest floridum," the tune of which, even this Christmastide, will be sung by thousands, to the words of "Good King Wenceslas"; though the legend of this good person has no connection at all with the original Latin verse. This carol is not exceptional in that respect, for most of those sung to-day have been handed down to us chiefly by tradition. Tunes such as the above, including that of "God Rest You, Merrie Gentlemen," are traditional melodies, coming from the same, or similar sources, as English folk song.

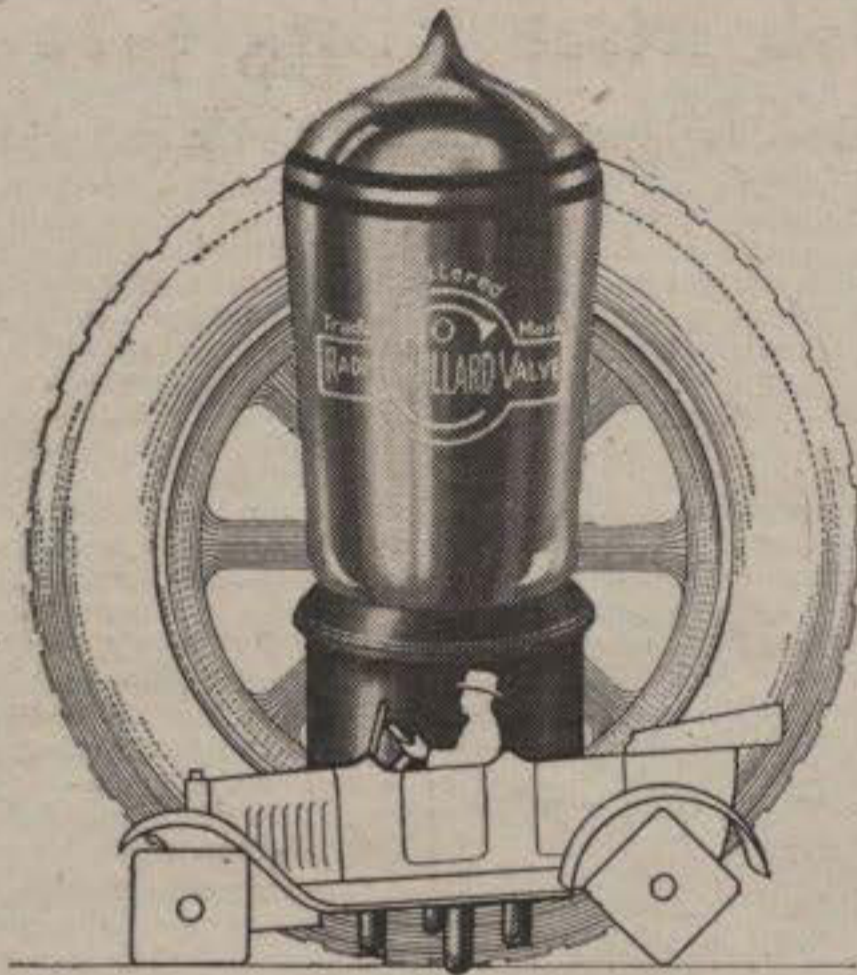
## What is a Carol?

The original meaning of the word carol is obscure, though now it means a hymn of praise associated with Christmas rejoicings. Strictly speaking, the word should be applied to lyrics written to dance tunes, for in mediæval times when Christmas dancing around the "crib," or manger, of the Saviour took place in the Churches, some of the most famous of Latin Christmas hymns were set to such music! In the mystery plays of the Nativity at this time, carols were an important and often essential element. As early as the twelfth century we know that at the Feast of the Circumcision held at Beauvais and Sens in France, carols formed part of the ceremonial connected with this popular festival in which a gorgeously decorated ass, bearing upon its back a maiden and child, was led through the streets, thus commemorating the Flight into Egypt; the procession finally wending its way to the Cathedral.

The earliest printed collection of carols was published in 1521 by Wyntyn de Worde, "in Flete Strete at the signe of the Sonne." It contained the famous Boar's Head carol, "Caput apri defero" which, in only a slightly altered form, is yet sung yearly at Queen's College, Oxford, where every Christmastide a gaily bedecked boar's head is carried on a silver salver with much state and ceremony.

With a history so closely related to the Church, and to the people, carol-singing cannot be a decaying tradition. Its form may change, old William Dewy and his village choir may cease to carol beneath the windows of Farmer Shinar, or even beneath those of our own; but the devotional and happy spirit of Christmas will always be expressed through carols.





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## Listeners' Letters.

[All letters to the Editor to be acknowledged must bear the name and address of the sender. Anonymous contributions are not considered.]

### A Strange Experience.

DEAR SIR,—During the recent International Radio Week, I decided to attempt to listen to America. I set my alarm clock for 3.45 a.m., and on waking up put on my head-phones. Then I went to sleep again, and had the strange experience of being awakened by the voice of an American announcer. The reception was at great strength.

Yours, etc.,

Stamford Hill.

F. D.

### Was "Carmen" a Failure?

DEAR SIR,—How far your contributor is correct in his account of the difficulties which beset the production of *Carmen* at Her Majesty's Theatre, I cannot tell. But he is surely incorrect in saying that a certain performance of *Faust* was put off owing to the non-fulfilment by Adelina Patti of her engagement to sing, for never once did she sing in opera at that theatre. Perhaps the writer intended to write the name of Patti's no-less-distinguished contemporary, Christine Nilsson? Then, I am disposed to take with a grain of salt his statement that *Carmen* in this country "spelt failure." Bizet's work was first produced in England on June 22nd, 1878, and thenceforward was performed so frequently, both in Italian and in English that, I believe, the history of "grand" opera here contains no similar record except in connection with the introduction of Gounod's *Faust* in 1863. It is not the way of opera house managers repeatedly to perform operas which do not pay and spell failure.

Yours, etc.,

Hampstead.

L. L. N. C. R.

### Good Reception in the Fens.

DEAR SIR,—Right in the heart of the Fens, in the village of Sutton St. James, is a little band of listeners whose dreary winter nights will be gladdened by the splendid programmes from "5XX." We are eighty-two miles from Chelmsford, or, for that matter, from anywhere, and yet on simple crystal sets we are getting perfect reception nightly. How is it that our reception is so perfect at such a distance? Without any accessories our sets will run four sets of earphones perfectly.

Yours, etc.,

Wisbech.

A. P. S.

### Chelmsford Heard in Switzerland.

DEAR SIR,—I am getting much enjoyment from my wireless set. Vevey is fortunately situated from a radio standpoint, as we are able to listen to so many countries. Among us, we speak Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English, so we tune in to stations in all these countries, except Spain, which we have not as yet been able to pick up. Rome is always excellent, and the results from Paris are not quite so good. But our greatest satisfaction is from the Chelmsford station, the speech from which is as clear as if we were listening to someone seated by our side.

In connection with our pleasure in listening to your station we have had an uncomfortable feeling of being "spongers," since, though we pay a licence fee here, we pay nothing that goes in the pockets of the B.B.C., to whom we owe our greatest satisfaction.

I should be glad to pay the English licence fee.

Yours, etc.,

Vevey, Switzerland.

J. D. W.

(Continued in column 1, page 615.)



## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

## SUNDAY, December 21st.

LONDON, 3.0.—The Music of "Peter Pan." S.B. to Newcastle.  
 BIRMINGHAM, 3.0.—Carols by the Children's Choir of Sir Josiah Mason's Orphanage.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, 3.0.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert.  
 MANCHESTER, 3.0.—"The Christmas Oratorio" (Bach).  
 ABERDEEN, 9.0.—"Jubilee Cantata" (Weber).  
 GLASGOW, 9.5.—Carols and Christmas Music.

## MONDAY, December 22nd.

ALL STATIONS, 7.30.—The Fairy Opera "Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdinck).

## TUESDAY, December 23rd.

LONDON, 7.30.—"Dips in a Christmas Bran Tub."  
 BIRMINGHAM, 7.55.—"A Christmas Carol" (Dickens). S.B. to London.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, 7.30.—Chinese Night.  
 CARDIFF, 7.30.—Vocal and Instrumental Evening.  
 MANCHESTER, 7.30.—Symphony Concert.  
 NEWCASTLE, 3.45 and 7.30.—5NO Birthday Programme.  
 GLASGOW, 7.30.—Choral and Orchestral Evening. The Scottish Orchestra, conducted by Sir LONDON RONALD.  
 ABERDEEN, 7.30.—Pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty." Relayed from the Palace Theatre.

## WEDNESDAY, December 24th.

LONDON, 7.30.—"Christmas Eve." Recital by JOHN COATES. S.B. to other Stations.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, 3.0.—The Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra: Conductor, Sir Dan Godfrey. Relayed from the Winter Gardens.  
 NEWCASTLE, 7.30.—French Operetta.  
 BELFAST, 7.30.—Oratorio, "The Messiah" (Handel).

## THURSDAY, December 25th.

LONDON, 7.0.—Sir HALL CAINE reading "A Dream of Christmas Day." S.B. to all Stations.  
 LONDON, 7.30.—A Light Orchestral Programme of Christmas Fare. S.B. to all Stations except Aberdeen.  
 ABERDEEN, 7.30.—Oratorio, "The Messiah" (Handel).

## FRIDAY, December 26th.

LONDON, 7.30.—Special Boxing Night Programme: Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards. S.B. to Bournemouth.  
 9.40.—Mr. W. PETT RIDGE: A Seasonable Talk. S.B. to all Stations.  
 BIRMINGHAM, 7.30.—Wireless Pantomime.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, 3.0.—The Municipal Orchestra: Conductor, Sir Dan Godfrey. Relayed from the Winter Gardens.  
 CARDIFF, 7.30.—"Christmas with the Immortals."  
 MANCHESTER, 7.30.—"Darkies Lead a Happy Life."  
 NEWCASTLE, 7.30.—Excerpts from Revues, past and present.  
 ABERDEEN, 7.30.—Part Songs and Madrigals.

## SATURDAY, December 27th.

LONDON, 7.30.—"Old Mother Two Shoes" or "Dick Riding Hood and His Goose"—a Pantomime by "The Roosters" Concert Party. S.B. to other Stations.  
 BIRMINGHAM, 7.30.—Oratorio, "The Messiah" (Handel).  
 BELFAST, 7.30.—Band of 1st Batt. The Seaforth Highlanders.

## The First Radio Inventor.

A Tragedy of the Bronze Age. By C. L. Everard.

HARD, as Professor Stumff remarks in his immortal treatise (the title of which escapes me for the moment), hard is the lot of the pioneer. The professor, as usual, said a mouthful. I think we may take it for granted, for example, that the first man to discover the difference between mushrooms and toadstools, as the result of a hearty lunch on the latter, died unhonoured and probably unstrung.

Who first found out that the difference between a shark and a goldfish was not merely one of size, but was rather what one might term a matter of taste? We know nothing about him, though we can conjecture that, whoever he was, he wished he had not gone so deeply into the subject.

Gunpowder, we were told at school was discovered by Roger Bacon, somewhere towards the end of the Dark Ages. But it is permissible to believe that Roger, far from being the first to light upon this gift to humanity, was merely the first to survive the experiment. And quite a lot of intelligent observers like you and me wish he hadn't!

Who knows but what the first motorist drove the first motor-car on its maiden trip ages ago and, barging into a brontosaurus in a weak moment, was blotted out from the memory of mankind? Were there no Marconis before Marconi, no Edisons before Edison, no Watts before Watt? What? Anyhow, their records are lost in the mists of the ages and their names forgotten. Even Zug's.

Who was he? I thought as much. The name conveys nothing to you. Yet Zug came very near to pulling off a big thing, which would have made the B.B.C. look like an ancient survival. It was way back in the Bronze Age that Zug distinguished himself. And extinguished himself in the long run, as you shall hear.

The Bronze Age was some little time back, as you know. Even the oldest inhabitant of Little Mippleton remembers distinctly that he cannot remember it. It was the Age when, if you asked a man for ten shillingworth of silver, you were more likely to get five bobs' worth of copper. Solid. In the neck.

Yes, it is a long cry ("cry" is the "word"!) from the Bronze Age through the Iron Age to the present, or Scrap-iron Age. That is why, I suppose, the name of one of the earliest martyrs on the altar of scientific research conveys nothing to you.

He was, you must know, a studious chap, was Zug. Rather a highbrow, too, and a trifle unfond of work. He never went out hunting with the rest of the tribe, except when the income-tax man was due to call and collect Zug's cash or Zug's corpse—an alternative which never appealed to him overmuch. Thinking was Zug's long suit. And talking.

For one thing, Zug was weather-wise. He could tell you, for example, the exact difference between millibars and saloon-bars in quite simple, if somewhat forcible, language. He could—and would, if you gave him half a chance—talk about anti-cyclones by the hour. He could tell you what sort of weather it was going to be to-morrow, by the simple process of reading the official forecast and saying the opposite.

His fellow-tribesmen appreciated his services. When they were going on a fishing expedition, for instance, they would assemble their rods and their lines, their beer and their bait. Then they would glance at Zug's bulletin and order the women to fetch their umbrellas and gum-boots, or not, as the case might be.

But, in an evil hour, he made the mistake of getting Gug's back up. Now Gug, being the duly accredited Wise Man of the encampment, was a nasty customer to offend. As official witch-doctor and medicine-man-in-ordinary, it was his job to hand out magic and spells as and when required. He studied the stars every night. And he didn't like Zug.

Gug regarded Zug's studious habits with suspicion. One Tribe one Wise Man, was his motto. He scented competition and he didn't like the scent. Fortunately for him, Zug wasn't

exactly popular. He was the prize bore of the outfit. He would speak in the councils of the tribe for hours on end and as there were no Blue Books to chuck at him the others had to stand for it. They could, of course, have registered their disapproval by slaying him; but they remembered his weather reports, which were frequently correct.

One day Zug had a brain wave. About 350 metres. The tribe took counsel once a week. Zug had tried to get them to meet nightly instead, but his proposal had excited no enthusiasm. Zug in weekly doses was as much as they could endure. It was while ruminating over this problem that he got the Big Idea.

Why not devise some gadget whereby the tribe could be given the benefit of his wise orations wherever they might happen to be at the time, whether hunting the succulent diplococus, or bashing their neighbours? For the next few months Zug worked to give the idea shape.

He collected his wife's stray hairpins when she wasn't looking and an enlarged ear on one occasion when she was. With these, plus a couple of fishing rods, some discarded condensed milk tins, sundry other odds and ends and much thought and labour, Zug at last brought his dream to fruition. Or very nearly. All he needed was a dynamo; but dynamos were few and far between in the Bronze Age.

Still, Zug felt very satisfied with himself. That was always one of his strong points. But he had reckoned without the crafty Gug. That venerable necromancer had been watching Zug's activities with some interest. Also with some misgiving. Passing the latter's cave one morning, he saw the industrious inventor gazing at his masterpiece.

"What's the idea?" asked Gug. "Erecting a fly-trap or something?"

"Nothing of the sort," replied Zug scornfully. In his most superior manner he proceeded to explain to the monger of magic that, by means of the apparatus in question, he hoped shortly to be able to deliver speeches every day and all day, if necessary. And the important point was that the other members of the tribe, wherever they might happen to be, would be able to listen to him.

"In my humble opinion," added Zug, whose humility was not what you might call obvious, "and speaking with a full sense of my responsibility, I think it will do them good. It will make them take life seriously."

"It will!" said Gug, with conviction, and strode off to tell the others of the great treat in store for them. It must have been Zug's unlucky day. His weather forecast had come unstuck, for one thing.

Hence the unhappy weather-expert was by no means in good odour, and by the time the Wise Man had broken the news of the new invention, he was in worse. Led by the astute Gug, the irate tribesmen descended en masse upon Zug. They found him reciting his next speech.

"What's all this stuff Gug's been telling us?" demanded Ugh, fiercely. Ugh was the leader of the tribe, the Big Noise. Also, which is more to the point, the Big Stick. Zug explained in his blindest tones. When he had finished—or, more correctly, when he had paused for breath—the enraged Ugh broke in.

"Dogfish and dinosaurs!" he roared. "Do you mean to say that, in addition to having to listen to curtain lectures every night from our womenfolk, we shall have to listen all day to your infernal meanderings? Is that it?"

"It will induce you to take life seriously," returned Zug complacently.

"You've said it, kid!" thundered the well-nigh demented Ugh. "We've got to put up with a lot of things in this rotten Bronze Age, but we're not standing for that!" Whereupon, amid the acclamations of the other members of the tribe, Ugh smote him with his club and Zug was forthwith gathered to his fathers.

Pioneers, as Walt Whitman so sapiently remarked, O pioneers!



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Dec. 21st.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

**2LO LONDON. 365 M.**

The Music of  
**"Peter Pan."**  
 The favourite Children's Play by  
*Sir James Barrie, O.M.*  
**THE PETER PAN ORCHESTRA**  
 from the  
 Adelphi Theatre, London.  
 Conducted by **J. H. SQUIRE.**  
 Vocalists Assisting:  
**KATE WINTER** (Soprano).  
**LEONARD GOWINGS** (Tenor).  
*S.B. to Newcastle.*

8.0. "Peter Pan."  
 The Nursery and Forest Scenes.

3.30. Kate Winter.  
 "The Virgin Slumber Song" ... *Max Reger*  
 "Saint Nicholas' Day in the Morning"  
*Easthope Martin* (5)  
 Leonard Gowings.  
 "O Mistress Mine" ..... *Quilter* (1)  
 "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"  
*Quilter* (1)  
 "Angels Guard Thee" ..... *Godard*  
 (With Violin Obligato by  
**MAYER GORDON.**)

"Peter Pan."  
 The Underground Scene.

4.10. Kate Winter.  
 "Time, You Old Gipsy Man"  
*Maurice Besly* (1)  
 "Dainty Little Maiden" ... *A. Somervell* (1)  
 "Ecstasy" ..... *Rummel*  
 Leonard Gowings.  
 "Down in the Forest" *Landon Ronald* (5)  
 "An Eriskay Love Lilt" *Kennedy-Fraser* (1)  
 "Ici-Bas" ..... *M. V. White*  
 "Down Vauxhall Way" *Herbert Oliver* (8)

4.30. "Peter Pan."  
 The Ship Scene.  
 Home Again! (The Second Nursery Scene.)  
 Outside the House.  
 The Tree Top.

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B.*  
*from Cardiff.*

8.30.—Carol-Anthem, "Now Once Again"  
*Percy E. Fletcher*  
 Hymn, "O Come, O Come, Emanuel"  
 (A. and M., No. 49).  
 Religious Address by **THE REV. J. MORGAN**  
**GIBBON**, of Stamford Hill Congrega-  
 tional Church.  
 Hymn, "Lo! He Comes With Clouds  
 Descending" (A. and M., No. 51).

9.0. **DE GROOT**  
 and  
**THE PICCADILLY ORCHESTRA.**  
**BETTY BOWEN** (Soprano).  
 Relayed from the Piccadilly Hotel, London.  
*S.B. to other Stations.*

9.0. Orchestra.  
 Selection, "Manon" (by Request)  
*Massenet*  
 Betty Bowen.  
 Aria from "La Wally" ..... *Catalani*  
 Orchestra.  
 "La Fileuse" ..... *Raff, arr. Gubilaro*  
 "Chant Hindou" (By Request)  
*Rimsky-Korsakov*  
 Betty Bowen.  
 Aria from "Manon Lescaut" .... *Puccini*  
 Orchestra.  
 Grande Fantaisie, "Othello" ..... *Verdi*

10.0.—TIME SIGNAL. WEATHER FORE-  
 CAST and GENERAL NEWS BULLE-  
 TIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*  
 Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra  
 (Continued).

Unfinished Symphony (1st Movement)  
*Schubert*

10.30.—Close down.

**5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.**

3.0-5.0. **THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR**  
 of Sir Josiah Mason's Orphanage:  
 Conducted by **J. H. DANIELS.**  
**H. DONALD SPARROW** (Solo Organ).  
**H. D. CLEAVE, B.A.**  
 (Address and Explanatory Remarks).  
 Relayed from the Orphanage, Erdington.  
 Organ.

The Pastoral Symphony, ("The Messiah")  
*Handel* (11)

AUDREY OWEN (Recitatives).

"There Were Shepherds  
 Abiding in the Field" .....  
 "And Lo, the Angel of the  
 Lord" .....  
 "And the Angel Said Unto  
 Them" .....  
 "And Suddenly There Was  
 with the Angel" .....  
 Choir (Carol).  
 "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" (A.  
 and M., No. 60).

ENID JONES (Soprano).  
 "How Beautiful are the Feet" *Handel* (11)  
 Choir (Carols).  
 "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"  
*Old Air*

"Hark, the Christmas Bells are Ringing"  
*Clementine Ward* (2)  
 Organ.

"Noel" ..... *Wolstenholme*  
 Choir (Carols).

"O Come All Ye Faithful" (A. and M.,  
 No. 59).  
 "How Far is it to Bethlehem?"  
*Geoffrey Shaw*

"See Amid the Winter's Snow" ... *Old Air*  
 Organ Solo.

"Nazereth" ..... *Gounod*  
 Choir (Carol).

"I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"  
*H. A. Chambers* (11)  
 EDNA PYE (Contralto).

"Legend" ..... *Tchaikovsky*  
 Choir (Carols).

"An Old Christmas Lullaby" ..... *Corner*  
 "In the Bleak Midwinter" ..... *Old Air*  
 Organ.

The Pastoral Symphony, Christmas Ora-  
 torio ..... *Bach* (11)  
 Choir (Carols).

"Silent Night" ..... *Haydn* (25)  
 "Good Christian Men Rejoice"  
*arr. Walford Davies*

"Noel" ..... *French Air* (25)  
 "I Saw Three Ships" ..... *Old English Air*  
 "What Child is This?"  
*Old English Air* (25)

"The Cedar of Lebanon"  
*Old English Air* (25)  
 "The Holly and the Ivy" *Old English Air*  
 Organ.

"Hymn of Seraphs" ..... *Gulmiant*  
 Choir (Carols).

"Bethlehem" ..... *Gounod* (2)  
 "Blessed Virgin's Cradle Song"  
*Bairstone* (11)

"The Rose and the Lily" ... *Rowley* (11)  
 Duet.

"He Shall Feed His Flock" ... *Handel* (11)  
 Choir.

"Jerusalem" ..... *Parry* (2)  
 5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from*  
*Cardiff.*

8.30-9.0.—Hymn, "Christians Awake, Salute  
 the Happy Morn" (A. and M., No. 61).  
 The Rev. F. REDWOOD, Holy Trinity  
 Church, Bordesley: Religious Address.  
 Hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful" (A.  
 and M., No. 59).

9.0.—DE GROOT AND THE PICCA-  
 DILLY ORCHESTRA. *S.B. from Lon-*  
*don.*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra  
 (Continued).

10.30.—Close down.

**6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.**

HERBERT HEYNER (Baritone).  
 DORIS VANE (Soprano).  
 REGINALD S. MOUAT (Solo Violin).  
 THE "6BM" CHOIR.  
 THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA:  
 Conducted by Capt. W. A.  
 FEATHERSTONE.

3.0. Orchestra.  
 "A Children's Overture" ..... *Quilter*

3.15. Herbert Heyner.  
 "An Old French Carol" ... *arr. Liddle* (1)

3.20. Reginald S. Mouat.  
 Romance from Concerto in F ..... *Lalo*  
 Hungarian Dance ..... *Hubay*  
 Dream Song ..... *Ackerly*

3.30. Herbert Heyner, Choir and Orchestra.  
 "Fantasia on Christmas Carols"  
*Vaughan-Williams*  
 "Christmas Day" ..... *Holst*

3.50. Doris Vane.  
 "Lullaby" ..... *F. Keel* (14)  
 "Carol of Jesus Child" ..... *H. Hughes* (5)

3.55. Orchestra.  
 Excerpts from the 12th Mass ..... *Mozart*

4.10. Herbert Heyner and Doris Vane.  
 "Good King Wenceslas" ... *Traditional*

4.20. Reginald S. Mouat.  
 "Caprice" (for Violin alone) ..... *Fiorillo*  
 "Third Mazurka" ..... *Lydla*

4.30. Doris Vane.  
 "A Carol of Bells" ..... *C. V. Stanford* (5)

4.35. Orchestra.  
 Suite, "St. Agnes' Eve" ... *Coleclidge-Taylor*

4.45. Herbert Heyner.  
 "New Year's Song" ..... *Mallinson*  
 "The Mahogany Tree" ..... *H. Sharp* (1)

4.50. Choir and Orchestra.  
 "The Hallelujah Chorus."

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B.*  
*from Cardiff.*

8.30. ARTHUR MARSTON (Solo Organ).  
 Relayed from the Arcade, Boscombe.  
 Overture, "St. Cecilia's Day" ..... *Handel*  
 "Serenade" ..... *Gounod*

8.40. RICHMOND HILL CONGREGATIONAL  
 CHURCH CHOIR:  
 Choirmaster—ENOS J. WATKINS.  
 Hymn, "O Come, All Ye Faithful" (Tune:  
 "Reading"—with descants) *J. Cloves*

8.45.—The Rev. J. GURR READ, Richmond  
 Hill Congregational Church: Religious  
 Address.

8.55. Choir.  
 Chorus, "And the Glory of the Lord"  
*Handel* (11)

Anthem, "Good King Wenceslas"  
*Traditional* (11)

9.0. Arthur Marston.  
 "Phantaisie" (on an Ancient Carol) *Grison*

9.10.—DE GROOT and THE PICCADILLY  
 ORCHESTRA. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra  
 (Continued).

10.30.—Close down.

A number against a musical item indicates the name  
 of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on  
 page 619.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Dec. 21st.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

3.0-4.30. Dr. F. HARRINGTON (Baritone).  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor—WARWICK BRAITHWAITE.  
Orchestra.  
Overture, "1812" ..... *Tchaikovsky*  
Baritone Songs.  
"So We'll Go No More a-Roving"  
*M. V. White*  
"Adelaide" ..... *Beethoven*  
"In the Silence of the Night"  
*Rachmaninov*  
Orchestra.  
Suite, Four Pieces for \*rings ..... *Bach*  
Baritone Songs.  
"Spring Sorrow" ..... *John Ireland*  
"Go Not, Happy Day" ..... *Frank Bridge*  
"Songs My Mother Taught Me" ..... *Dvorak*  
Orchestra.  
"Norwegian Rhapsody," No. 1. .... *Svendsen*  
Baritone Songs.  
Three Shakespearean Songs ..... *Quilter* (1)  
"Come Away, Death"; "O Mistress  
Mine"; "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter  
Wind."  
Orchestra.  
Suite, "Chelsea China" ..... *Besly* (1)  
Curtain; Minuet; Pastoral; Piper.  
March, "Yankee Grit" ..... *Holzmann*

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. to all Stations.*

6.30-8.0. RELIGIOUS SERVICE  
relayed from  
TREDEGARVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Preacher—The Rev. B. GREY GRIFFITH,  
B.D.

9.0.—DE GROOT and THE PICCADILLY ORCHESTRA. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra (Continued).

10.30.—"The Silent Fellowship."

10.45.—Close down.

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M.

3.0-5.0. "THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO"  
*Bach* (11).  
NELL DAVIS (Soprano).  
RACHEL HUNT (Contralto).  
ARTHUR WILKES (Tenor).  
LEE THISTLETHWAITE (Baritone).  
THE "2ZY" AUGMENTED  
ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor—T. H. MORRISON.

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Cardiff.*

8.0.—SIDNEY G. HONEY: Talk to Young People.

8.25.—Hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" (A. and M., No. 60).  
Religious Address by the Rev. W. J. MOULTON, M.A., Principal, Didsbury Collegé.

Hymn, "O Come, All Ye Faithful" (A. and M., No. 59).  
Hymn, "While Shepherds Watched" (A. and M., No. 62).

9.0.—DE GROOT and THE PICCADILLY ORCHESTRA. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra (Continued).

10.30.—Close down.

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

3.0-5.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Cardiff.*

8.30. THE "5NO" CHORAL SOCIETY OCTET.  
Hymn, "Hark, a Thrilling Voice is Sounding" (A. and M. No. 47).  
The Rev. L. S. HUNTER, Canon of Newcastle Cathedral: Religious Address.  
Octet—Anthem.

9.0.—DE GROOT and THE PICCADILLY ORCHESTRA. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.15.—De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra (Continued).

10.30.—Close down.

## 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

3.0. THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor, NANCY LEE.

Overture, "Ruy Blas" ..... *Mendelssohn*  
"Träumerei" ..... *Schumann*  
"Schön Rosmarin" ..... *Kreisler*  
"Kermesse aux Lanternes" ..... *Razigade*  
"Près de la Vieille Chapelle" }

3.30. ELA T. WALKER (Soprano).  
"Father Eternal" ..... *Luigi*  
"Turn Thee To Me" ..... *Dvorak*  
DOROTHY CHALMERS (Solo Violin).  
"Havanaise" ..... *Saint-Saens*  
"Fugue" ..... *Tartini-Kreisler*

4.0. Orchestra.  
Symphony No. 1 in C ..... *Beethoven*

4.30. Ela T. Walker.  
"Halleluja" ..... *Hummel*  
"Hear My Prayer" ..... *Dvorak*  
Dorothy Chalmers.

"Lotus Land" ..... *Scott-Kreisler* (4)  
"Praeludium," "Gavotte" ..... *Bach-Kreisler*  
Ela T. Walker.

"A Legend" ..... *Tchaikovsky*

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Cardiff.*

8.30. LEAGUE OF NATIONS SUNDAY.  
Rev. J. ESSLEMONT ADAMS, D.S.O., M.A., B.D., on "League of Nations."

9.0. "JUBILEE CANTATA."  
*(Weber.)*  
(Thanksgiving Ode for Chorus, Soloists and Orchestra.)

MARY TOPP (Soprano).  
JESSIE DAVIDSON (Contralto).  
ALEX. LEITCH (Tenor).  
W. F. GARDENER (Baritone).  
ABERDEEN MADRIGAL CHOR.  
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor, ARTHUR COLLINGWOOD.

9.40. Madrigal Choir.  
"Adeste Fideles" ..... }  
"In the Ending of the Year" ..... } *arr. Boughton*

"Joseph and the Angel" ..... *Terry*  
Carols "On a Night" ..... *Collingwood*  
"Sussex Mummers' Carol" ..... *arr. Lidzey*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.15. Orchestra.  
Selected Hymns.

10.25.—Close down.

## 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

PAUL DELLA TORRE (Solo Pianoforte).  
ELSIE BLACK (Contralto).  
DAVID F. MCCALLUM (Solo Violin).  
ARCHIBALD ARMSTRONG (Baritone).

3.0. Piano Solos.  
Bourrée from Sonata for Violin only  
*Back-Saint-Saens*

Sonata Pathétique ..... *Beethoven*

3.25. Contralto Solos.  
"O Thou That Tellest" ("The Messiah")  
*Handel* (11)  
"Into Thy Hands" ..... *Bach* (11)  
"Inflamatus" ("Stabat Mater")  
*Dvorak* (11)

3.30. Violin Solo.  
Concerto in D Minor ..... *Wieniawski*

3.45. Baritone Solos.  
"Sailor's Song to the Dioscuri" }  
"Death and the Maiden" ..... } *Schubert*  
"Chronos the Charioteer" ..... }  
Aria, "Yes, Yes, Thy Foes I Soon Will  
Conquer" ..... *Bach*

4.0. Piano Solos.  
"Spring" ..... }  
"Butterfly" ..... } *Grieg*  
"Pensée Fugitive" ..... *Della Torre*  
"Waldesrauschen" ("Forest Murmurs")  
*Liszt*

4.15. Contralto Solos.  
"He Was Despised" ("The Messiah")  
*Handel* (11)  
"Woe Unto Them" ("Elijah")  
*Mendelssohn* (25)

"Prepare Thyself, Zion" (Christmas Oratorio) ..... *Bach* (11)

4.30. Violin Solos.  
Fugue in A Major ..... *Tartini-Kreisler*  
Waltz ..... *Weber*  
Introduction and Tarantelle ..... *Sarasate*

4.45. Baritone Solos.  
"The Chief Centurions" *W. G. Whittaker*  
"Vagabond" ..... *John Ireland*  
"Hame" ..... *Walford Davies*  
"O Nancy's Hair"  
*Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser* (34)

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Cardiff.*

8.30-10.30.  
*Programme S.B. to Dundee.*

8.30. Choir.  
Hymn No. 36 (C.H.). (Tune, "Springfield").

8.35.—The Rev. A. PENDER CHRICHTON, B.D., Gairbraid United Free Church, Maryhill: Religious Address.  
Hymn No. 363 (C.H.).  
Prayer.  
Hymn No. 529 (C.H.).

9.5-10.0. Carols and Christmas Music.

THE WESTBOURNE CHURCH CHOIR.  
Conducted by A. M. HENDERSON.  
(Organist to the Glasgow University and Westbourne Church.)

Chorale, "Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light" (Christmas Oratorio)  
*Bach*

Old Christmas Carol, "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" ..... *Traditional*  
Christmas Music from "The Messiah"  
*Handel*

Recit., "Comfort Ye"; Chorus, "And the Glory"; Air and Chorus, "O Thou That Tellest."

Old Carol, "Adeste Fidelis" *arr. Boughton*  
Song for Bass Voice, with Chorus, "Nazar-eth" ..... *Gounod*

Three Carols ..... *Gustav Holst*  
Air for Soprano, "Come Unto Me" ("The Messiah") ..... *Handel*

Three Motets for Unaccompanied Choir.  
"We Worship and Praise Thee" (in 8 Parts) ..... *Rachmaninco*  
"Come Unto Him" (in 6 Parts)  
*Gounod*

"Kyrie Eleison" (in 8 parts) ..... *Henschel*

10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.15. Choir.  
Old Carol, "Good Christian Men, Rejoice"  
*Traditional*

10.30.—Close down.

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.



# Tune the Table-Talker with the "Matched Tone" Headphones



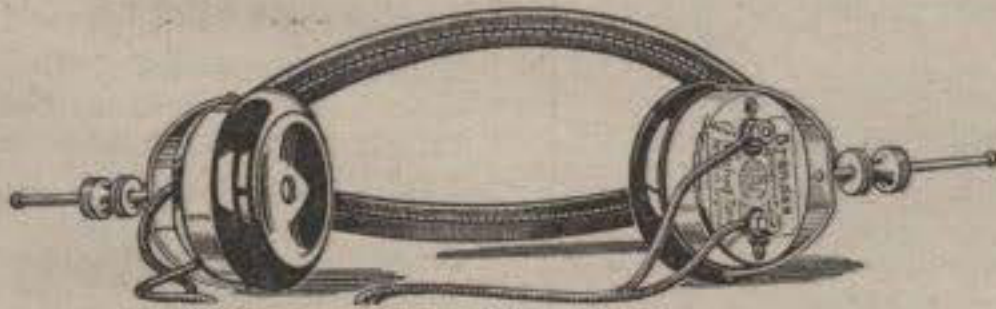
The Brandes Family Series.

**G**RANDPA is well content with the comfortable companionship of the Brandes "Matched Tone" Headphones and their clear, full-blooded tone. He watches the joyful exuberance

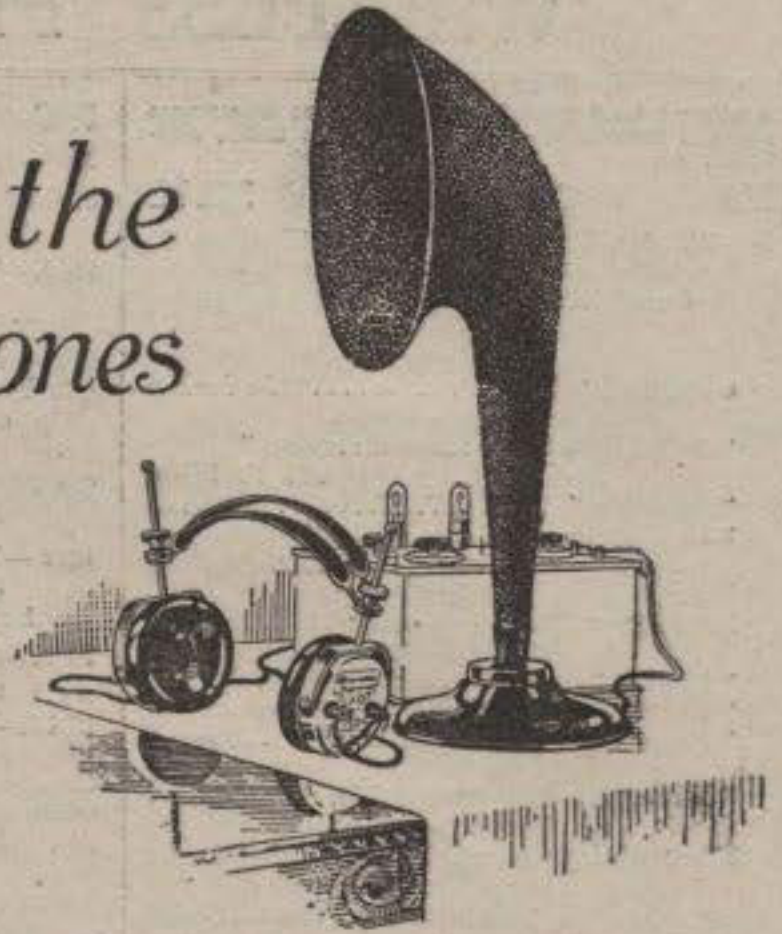
of the younger members of the Brandes family under the influence of the Savoy Orpheans in amusedly tolerant mood. The *Table-Talker* brings the rhythmical vigour of this famous dance band with intoxicating naturalness, and nothing loath, he will join in the frolic. They'll have a jolly time at Christmas. Amaryllis artfully defies him. Grandpa will then execute a gay *pas seul* with paper cap at rakish angle, to the intense amusement of all. He says he is as young as any of 'em.

Ask your Dealer for Brandes.

British Manufacture (B.B.C. Stamped).



Crown Farm House, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.  
19-11-24.  
Dear Sirs,  
It may interest you to know that I received Australia on your 'phones. I consider that they are the most sensitive 'phones that I have used, and I am much pleased with their general performance.  
Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) F. WALKER.



All Brandes products carry our official money-back guarantee, enabling you to return them within ten days if dissatisfied. This practically constitutes a free trial.

The "Matched Tone" series was embodied as the distinctive characteristic of Brandes Headphones in 1905, and it was that time your ears heard a new sound at the same instant—and you learn a new beauty of tone. They are tested and selected for just this one vital point, and in addition their strength, long-wearing comfort and reliable efficiency make them undoubtedly superior. .. **25/-**

The *Table-Talker* is a Brandes quality product at a moderate price. The non-reflectant, specially constructed horn is matched to the unit so that the air resistance produced will exactly balance the mechanical power of the diaphragm. This means beautiful sound-balance and remarkable tone qualities. It is twenty-one inches high, and is finished a shade of neutral brown. .. **42/-**

## For Christmas!

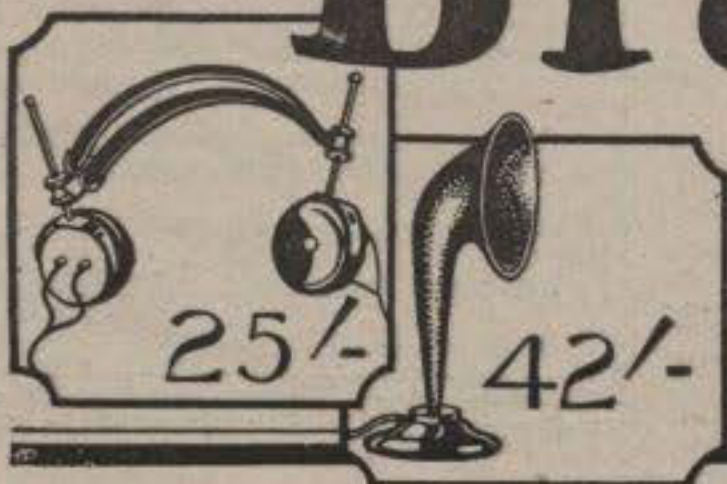
An excellent family gift to the family—Club together and get yourselves Brandes Products for the receiver. They provide good fun during Christmas festivities and all the year round.

# Brandes

Result of  
16 Years  
Experience

The name

to know in Radio





# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—MONDAY (Dec. 22nd.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 2LO LONDON. 365 M.

4.0-5.0.—Time Signal from Greenwich: Concert: The "2LO" Trio and Edith Athey (Soprano). Mr. William Caine, "Buying Christmas Presents." "Christmas Overseas," by Annette M. Adams.

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. "The Queen Who Came to Town" (1), by Dulcinea Glasby. Auntie Marie's French Chat: "Christmastime in France."

6.40-6.55.—Mr. S. JACKSON COLEMAN: "Christmas in other Lands."

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN. WEATHER FORECAST and 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Mr. STEWART DICK: "The Nation's Pictures—Later 15th Century Painters." *S.B. to other Stations.*

Local News.

7.30.—All Stations Programme. (For particulars see centre column.)

9.30.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST and 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Capt. P. P. ECKERSLEY: "Technical Topics." *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London. *S.B. to all Stations.*

11.0.—Close down.

## 5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.

3.30-4.30.—The Station Wind Quintet. David Williams (Baritone).

5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S CORNER: Mr. Sidney Rogers, F.R.H.S., "The Gardener's Christmas." Marjorie Bates (Solo Piano-forte).

5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.30-6.45.—Teens' Corner: Fred J. Clifford, L.R.A.M., "Musical Appreciation—The Sonata and Symphony."

7.0-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

## 6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.

3.45-5.0.—The Wireless Orchestra: Conducted by Capt. W. A. Featherstone.

5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: "Stamp Talk," by Uncle Neville. Adventure Talk to Boys.

7.0-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

## ALL STATIONS PROGRAMME.

Relayed from London.  
7.30-9.30.

### "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

A Fairy Opera in Three Acts by E. Humperdinck.

Peter (a Broom Maker) **FREDERIC COLLIER**

Gertrude (his Wife) **ELSY TREWEEK**

Hänsel (their Children) **MAY BLYTH**  
Gretel (their Children) **EDA BENNIE**

The Witch (who eats Children) **ELSY TREWEEK**

Sandman (the Sleep Fairy) **SYBIL MADEN**

Dewman (the Dawn Fairy) **VIVIENNE CHATTERTON**

First Act: Home.

Second Act: The Forest.

Third Act: The Witch's House.

### THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.

Conducted by **PERCY PIIT.**

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

3.0-4.0.—Falkman and his Orchestra, relayed from the Capitol Cinema.

4.45-5.15.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS": Talks to Women.

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.45-7.0.—Mr. F. J. Harries, "Tennyson and Wales."

7.0-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

## IMPORTANT TO READERS.

LETTERS FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to "The Radio Times," 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

LETTERS FOR THE B.B.C., containing programme suggestions or criticisms, should be sent to the Organiser of Programmes, 2, Savoy Hill, W.C.2.

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Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., have now prepared a handsome case in red cloth with gilt lettering for "The Radio Times," complete with cord down the back to hold a copy of this publication. A pencil is indispensable to the listener during the course of the programme, and this is included conveniently in a slot at the side. Listeners should order this to-day from any Newsagent. It is published at 2s. 6d., or send 4d. extra to cover postage for a case from the Publisher, 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M.

3.30-4.30.—Music relayed from the Oxford Picture Theatre: Conductor, S. Spurgin.

4.30-5.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR: Gwendolyn Clarke (Soprano).

5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.30-6.55.—Farmers' Corner: Mr. W. A. C. Carr, N.D.A., Lecturer in Agriculture to the Cheshire County Council, on "Farming in Smoky Areas."

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

7.15-7.30.—Interval.

7.30-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

3.45-5.15.—R. Mark (Solo Violoncello). Gertrude Edgard (Mezzo-Soprano). Montagu Criddle (Tenor). Weekly News Letter (Mrs. Latham). William Caine, "Buying Presents for Christmas."

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.0-6.30.—Scholars' Half-Hour: Mr. T. W. Moles, B.A., B.Sc., "The Rise of English Drama—(2) Morality Plays and Interludes."

6.45-7.0.—Mr. Charlton Deas, F.R.Hist.S., F.L.A., "The Capacity and Possibilities of the Blind."

7.0-11.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

3.30-5.0.—Dance Afternoon: The Wireless Dance Orchestra. R. G. Harvey and Gordon Malcolm (Duettists). Feminine Topic: Miss Burgess on "Queen Margaret of Scotland."

5.30-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.30-6.50.—Girl Guides' Bulletin. Boy Scouts' Bulletin: District Commissioner Col. Robert Bruce, D.S.O., M.D., on "The Ambulance Badge."

7.0-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

## 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

3.30-4.50.—Popular Afternoon: The Wireless Quartet. Anne Ballantine (Contralto). Afternoon Topics.

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Our Weekly Poets' Corner: "The Poet," by Marion Henderson.

6.0-6.5.—Weather Forecast for Farmers.

7.0-11.0.—*The entire Programme S.B. from London.*

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers can be found on page 610.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—TUESDAY (Dec. 23rd.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 2LO LONDON. 365 M.

- 1.0-2.0.—Time Signal from Greenwich. Concert: The "2LO" Trio and Sybil Scanes (Soprano).  
 4.0-5.0.—Time Signal from Greenwich. "Books to Read," by Ann Spice. Organ and Orchestral Music, relayed from Shepherd's Bush Pavilion. "Historical Pictures—(3) Sir Christopher Wren and his Churches," by Alice Cunningham.  
 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Capt. H. G. Mansfield, late of the Royal North West Mounted Police, telling us about Christmastime in the Backwoods. "The Little Fir Tree" from "Stories to Tell to Children," by Sara Coase Bryant. Songs by Frances Gerardi (Mezzo-Soprano).  
 6.40-6.55.—An Appeal on behalf of the Metropolitan Hospital Nurses' Home, by The Rt. Hon. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.  
 7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN. WEATHER FORECAST and 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY: Literary Criticism. *S.B. to all Stations.*  
 Local News.

### Dips in a Christmas Bran Tub.

- 7.30.—MANCHESTER.  
 7.55.—BIRMINGHAM.  
 8.25.—CARDIFF.  
 8.50.—BOURNEMOUTH.  
 9.30.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST and 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., F.R.S., "Listening Instruments." *S.B. to all Stations except Glasgow.*  
 Local News.  
 10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London. *S.B. to all Stations except Aberdeen.*  
 11.0.—Close down.

## 5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.

- 3.30-4.30.—Lozell's Picture House Orchestra. Minnie Hamblett (Solo Pianoforte).  
 5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S CORNER: Florence M. Austin: A Fireside Story for Christmas. Stanley Finchett (Tenor).  
 5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: William Macready, Reading from "Treasure Island."  
 6.30-6.45.—Teens' Corner: Dr. Humphrey Humphreys (of the Birmingham Natural History and Philosophical Society), "Palestine and its People."  
 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY, *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.

### A Jolly Programme.

- THE STATION ORCHESTRA.  
 THE "5IT" OCTET (Carols).  
 PERCY EDGAR (Recital).  
 MABEL FRANCE (Character Studies).  
 NELSON JACKSON (Entertainer).  
 7.30.—Orchestra.  
 Selection, "Melodious Memories" ... *Finck*  
 Character Study.  
 Aunt Maria on "Getting Ready for Christmas."  
 7.55.—"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"  
 (Dickens).  
*S.B. to London.*  
 Carol: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" (Old Air).  
 Scene I: Before the Dream.  
 Scene II: The Dream.  
 Carol: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."  
 Scene III: After the Dream.  
 Carol: "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn" (Old Air).

- 8.25.—Orchestra.  
 Entr'acte, "The Darky's Dream" *Lansing*  
 Humorous Monologues.  
 "My Friend Tackleton."  
 "A Cockney's Dream of Wealth"  
*Nelson Jackson (13)*  
 Orchestra.  
 Suite, "Three Hungarian Dances" *Brahms*  
 9.0.—Character Study.  
 Aunt Maria on "Our Christmas Bazaar."  
 Humorous Lecture.  
 Poetry and Punk ... *Nelson Jackson (13)*  
 Orchestra.  
 Waltz, "Ball Room Echoes" ... *Strauss*  
 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.  
 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*  
 11.0.—Close down.

## 6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.

- 3.45-5.0.—Olly Oakley and Julia Larkins (Entertainers). THE ROYAL BATH HOTEL DANCE ORCHESTRA, relayed from King's Hall Rooms. Musical Director, DAVID S. LIFF.  
 5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: A Fairy Play.  
 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.

### Chinese Night.

- Major COOPER HUNT.  
 THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA:  
 Conducted by  
 Capt. W. A. FEATHERSTONE.  
 A personally conducted Tour of the Chinese City of Canton, with Illustrations of Native Music, Street and Temple Sounds.  
 7.30.—Short Foreword.  
 Orchestra.  
 Characteristic Quasi-Chinese Music.  
 "Chinese War March" ... *Michaelis*  
 "Danse Chinoise" ... *Tchaikovsky*  
 "Chin Chin Chinaman" ... *S. Jones*  
 First Part of Tour.  
 8.15.—Orchestra.  
 "In a Chinese Temple Garden" *Ketelbey*  
 Interlude, "A Chinese Festival" *Pickard*  
 Second Part of Tour.  
 Orchestra.  
 Selection from the Chinese Play, "San Toy"  
*S. Jones*  
 8.50.—*Eighty Years Ago.*  
 The Squire holds his Annual Party.  
*S.B. to London.*  
 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.  
 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*  
 11.0.—Close down.

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

- 3.30-4.0.—The Station Trio.  
 4.0-4.45.—The Carlton Orchestra, relayed from the Carlton Restaurant.  
 4.45-5.15.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS":  
 Talks to Women.  
 5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
 6.45-7.0.—Lt.-Col. R. H. COLLIER, D.S.O., on "Motoring Hints."  
 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.  
 CONSTANCE WILLIS (Contralto).  
 THE BIRMINGHAM STRING QUARTET.  
 THE ECLIPSE PRIZE SINGERS.  
 THE STATION ORCHESTRA:  
 Conductor, WARWICK BRAITHWAITE.

- 7.30.—Orchestra.  
 Overture, "Leonore," No. 3 ... *Beethoven*  
 Constance Willis.  
 "Over the Mountains" ... *Quilter*  
 "Wood Pigeon" ... *Liza Lehmann*  
 "Yellow Hammer" ... *Liza Lehmann*  
 Eclipse Prize Singers.  
 "To Arms" ... *Mauder (2)*  
 "Jack Sprat" ... *Blackburn (2)*  
 "Good-night, Beloved" ... *Pisanti (2)*  
 Orchestra.  
 "Suite Lyrique" ... *Tchaikovsky*  
 8.25-8.50.—Eclipse Prize Singers.  
*S.B. to London.*  
 "Song of the Sea" ... *Veazie*  
 "Simon the Cellarer" ... *Halton (2)*  
 "Mulligan Musketeers" ... *Atkinson (2)*  
 8.50.—String Quartet.  
 Variations from Quartet in C ... *Haydn*  
 Andante Cantabile ... *Tchaikovsky*  
 "Molly on the Shore" *arr. Percy Grainger*  
 Constance Willis.  
 "Monkey's Carol" ... *Filkins Stamford*  
 "Go Down to Kew in Lilac Time" *Peel*  
 "Gipsies" ... *Peel*  
 Orchestra.  
 "Petite Suite de Concert" *Coleridge-Taylor*  
 String Quartet.  
 Gavotte and Musette (*Bach, arr. for Violin and Cello only by Percy Hodgson*) (15)  
 "Drink to Me Only" (Old English)  
*arr. Pochon*  
 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.  
 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*  
 11.0.—Close down.

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M.

- 12.30-1.30.—Organ Music by H. Fitzroy Page, relayed from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre.  
 3.30-4.30.—Concert by the "2ZY" Quartet.  
 4.30-5.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
 5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.  
 Symphony Concert.  
 MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano).  
 ALBERT SAMMONS (Solo Violin).  
 WALTER HYDE (Tenor).  
 THE "2ZY" AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA:  
 Conductor, T. H. MORRISON.  
*S.B. to London.*

- 7.30-7.55.—Orchestra.  
 Overture, "Carnaval" ... *Dezak*  
 Tone Poem, "Vltava" ... *Smetana*  
 Soprano Song.  
 "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" ... *Bishop*  
 (Flute Obligato by JOE LINGARD.)  
 Tenor Songs.  
 "Oh, Sun, Return" ... *Tchaikovsky*  
 "The Crying of Water" *Campbell Tipton*  
 7.55.—Violin Solo.  
 Adagio and Fugue for Violin alone (1st Sonata in G Minor) ... *Bach*  
 Orchestra.  
 Symphony No. 8 in F, Op. 93 ... *Beethoven*  
 Allegro Vivace e con brio; Allegretto Scherzando; Minuetto and Trio; Finale, Allegretto Vivace.  
 Soprano Songs.  
 "Little Brown Owl" ... *Sanderson (1)*  
 "Rose Softly Blooming" ... *Spohr*  
 Tenor Songs.  
 "I Love Thee" ... } *Grieg*  
 "A Dream" ... }

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—TUESDAY (Dec. 23rd.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.
- 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 11.0.—Close down.

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

- 11.30-12.30.—Relay of Tilley's Orchestra.  
 Ralph Baulks (Solo Flute). R. J. Gasken (Tenor).
- "5NO" Birt'day Programme.**
- 3.45-3.55. THE STATION STAFF.  
 Some of Our Earliest Artists:  
 W. A. CROSSE (Solo Clarinet and Piano).  
 JAMES GRIFFITHS (Solo Cello).  
 MAY OSBORNE (Mezzo-Soprano).  
 ELSIE DOWNING (Soprano).  
 LAMBERT HARVEY (Tenor).
- 3.55. Clarinet Solo.  
 Fantasia, "Marlborough" ..... *Petit*
- 4.5. Mezzo-Soprano Songs.  
 "If I Might Love You" ..... *Ronald*  
 "Love Thoughts" ..... *Schumann*  
 "When All Was Young" ..... *Gounod*
- 4.15. 'Cello Solos.  
 Irish Melody ..... *Horrocks* (15)  
 Caprice ..... *Whitehouse* (15)
- 4.25. Tenor Songs.  
 "Love Sounds the Alarm" ... *Handel* (11)  
 "By the Sea" ..... *Schubert* (11)  
 "The Rose of Perfect Love" ..... *Sanderson* (1)
- 4.35. Mezzo-Soprano Songs.  
 "Three Songs of Old London" ..... *Herbert Oliver* (8)  
 "Strawberries"; "Lady Betty";  
 "The Nightingales of Lincoln's Inn."
- 4.45. Pianoforte Solos.  
 "Remembrance."  
 "Hobgoblins."  
 "Hope."  
 "Anxiety."
- 5.0-6.0. THE UNCLES' TEA-PARTY.  
 Children's Choir.  
 Children's Trio (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello).  
 The Uncles.
- 6.0-6.30.—Scholars' Half-Hour: Mr. Charles Wain, "Nature and the Poets—(4) Scott."
- 6.40.—GUY A. BROWN on "Santa Claus."
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.

### Further Festivities.

- 7.30. Listeners are asked to imagine the Studio *en fête* for this evening, the following Artists assisting in the revels:  
 MAY GRANT (Contralto).  
 PHYLLIS HOWE (Soprano).  
 H. M. PELL (Solo Cornet).  
 ARCHIBALD FAIRBAIRN (Elocutionist).  
 W. J. STARKEY (Solo Banjo).  
 ROBERT STRANGWAYS (Baritone).  
 MICHAEL KELLY (Solo Saxophone).  
 THE "5NO" CHORAL SOCIETY:  
 Conductor, RICHARD C. PRATT.  
 At 8.15 there will be a Sketch entitled  
 "5NO" FROM WITHIN."

- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.
- 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 11.0.—Close down.

## 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

- 3.30-5.0.—Operatic Afternoon: The Wireless Orchestra. Constance Souter (Soprano). Feminine Topics.
- 5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Carols by the Rosemount Choir.
- 6.40-6.55.—Mr. Robert M. Neil, M.C., M.A., Lecturer on Zoology, Aberdeen University, on "The Beasts of Mythology."
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.
- 7.30.—Pantomime, "HUMPTY DUMPTY." Relayed from the Palace Theatre.
- 8.30. **Aberdeen Students' Night.**  
 Part I.  
 "THE GAUDEAMUS GINKS."  
 Meander through a medley of music, mandibular and manual; present Peptonised Plays and Paralytic Poetry; and retire exhausted for massage and a small milk.  
 Part II. will follow immediately if possible—if not, as soon as possible.
- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.
- 10.0. **Aberdeen Students' Night.**  
 Part II.  
 (Adults Only.)  
 "STELLA THE BAJANELLA."  
 A New Musical Play of Varsity Life as we have never seen it. ("Bajanella"—Noun, Singular (very), Feminine (hopelessly)—a First Year Student (occasionally).  
 HYDRARGYRI SUBCHLORID ... gr. ii.  
 PULVERIS RHEI RADICIS ..... gr.v.  
 FIAT PULVIS.  
 SIG.—CAPIAT Unum Hora Somni.  
 GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.
- 11.0.—Close down.

## 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

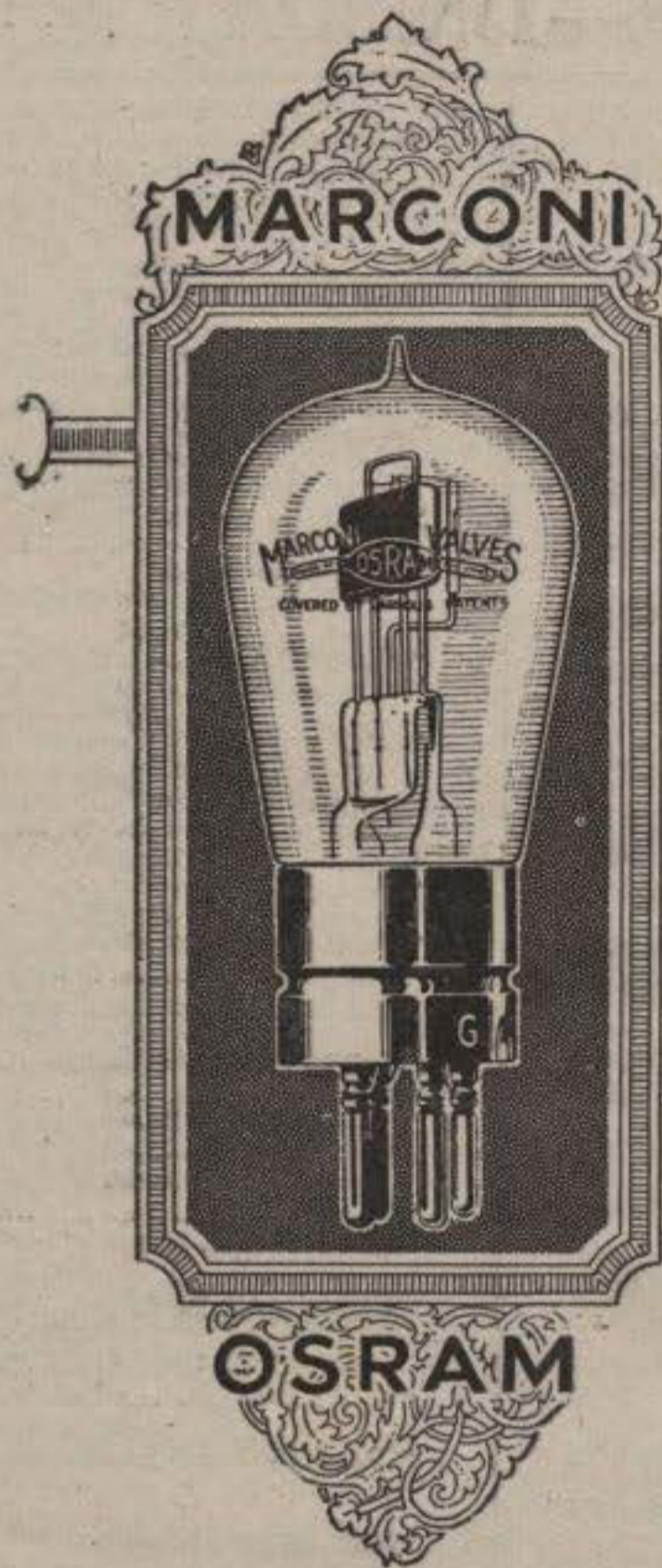
- 3.30-4.50.—Request Afternoon: The Wireless Quartet. Jean Norwell (Solo Violin). Afternoon Topics. Mr. J. R. Peddie, M.A., of Glasgow University, on "Modern Poets."
- 5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 6.5-6.10.—Weather Forecast for Farmers.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
 JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
 Local News.
- Choral and Orchestral Evening.**  
 THE GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR:  
 Conducted by HUGH S. ROBERTON.  
 PIANOFORTE RECITAL by  
 JOHN CONNELL,  
 Professor of Music and Dean of Faculty  
 Transvaal University College.

**CHAPPELL**  
 and  
**WEBER**  
 pianos are in use at the  
 various stations of the  
**B.B.C.**

- THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA:  
 Conducted by Sir LANDON RONALD.  
 Relayed from St. Andrew's Hall.  
*The entire Programme S.B. to Dundee and Edinburgh.*
- 7.30. Choral.  
 Psalm Tune, "Ballerna"  
*adapted by R. Simpson*  
 (Faux Bourdon by Hugh S. Robertson.)  
 "O Can Ye Sew Cushions?"  
*arr. Granville Bantock* (11)  
 "Scots Wha Hae"  
*arr. Granville Bantock* (2),  
 AGNES MCGREGOR (Soprano).  
 "Oh, Where, Tell Me Where"  
*arr. Helen Hopekirk*  
 "Chasing the Breeze"  
*arr. Hugh S. Robertson*  
 Choral.  
 "Annabel Lee" ..... *Hugh S. Robertson*  
 "Sledge Bells" (Women's Voices)  
*Hugh S. Robertson* (2).  
 "My Bonny Lass, She Smileth"  
*Morley* (11)  
 ALBERT FROGGATT (Baritone).  
 "Heart o' Fire Love" ... } (Songs of the  
 "Dance to Your Shadow" } Hebrides).  
 Choral.  
 "Oh, Open the Door."  
*arr. Hugh S. Robertson*  
 "Annie Laurie" *arr. Granville Bantock* (2)  
 "Willie Wastle" ..... *William Moodie*  
 "Blue Bonnets Over the Border"  
*arr. Hugh S. Robertson* (2)  
 MARGARET FERGUSSON (Contralto).  
 "Aillie" ..... } (Songs of the  
 "To People Who Have } Hebrides).  
 "Gardens" ..... }  
 Choral.  
 "Far Away" ..... *arr. José* (11)  
 "All in the April Evening"  
*Hugh S. Robertson* (2)  
 "O Come, All Ye Faithful"  
*arr. Rutland Boughton* (2)  
 WILLIAM HAMILTON (Tenor).  
 "O, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose"  
*arr. Helen Hopekirk*  
 "There Are Twa Bonnie Maidens"  
*arr. Wulfred Senior*  
 Choral.  
 "Wi' a Hundred Pipers"  
*arr. Purcell J. Mansfield*  
 "Bonnie Peg" ..... *Gerrard Williams*  
 "Now Tramp O'er Moss and Fell"  
*Bishop* (2).
- 9.0. The Scottish Orchestra.  
 Rhapsody, "Brigg Fair" ..... *Delius*
- 9.10. Piano Solos.  
 "Italian Concerto" ..... *Bach*  
 "The Three Hands" ..... *Rameau*  
 "Toccata" ..... *Purcell*  
 "Où l'on entend une vieille boîte à musique"  
*de Severac*
- 9.30. The Scottish Orchestra.  
 Prelude to Act I. .... } ("The  
 Dance of the Apprentices } Mastersingers")  
 Entrance of the Master- } *Wagner*  
 singers ..... }  
 Rhapsody, "España" ..... *Chabrier*
- 10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS  
 Local News.
- 10.15. Piano Solos.  
 Andante and Rondo Capriccioso *Mendelssohn*  
 Romance in G Flat ..... *York Bowen*  
 "Night in May" ..... *Palmgren*  
 Gavotte in D ..... *Sapellnikov*  
 "Noël" ..... *Balfour Gardiner* (24)
- 10.30.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 11.0.—Close down.

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.





## LEADERSHIP

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# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—WEDNESDAY (Dec. 24th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 2LO LONDON. 365 M.

4.0-5.0.—Time Signal from Greenwich: Concert: The "2LO" Trio and Gladys Lack (Soprano). "My Part of the Country," by A. Bonnet Laird. More Letters of O Toyo, a Japanese School-girl, by C. Romanné James.

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: "The Story of Santa Claus," by Doreen Dry. "New Year Festivities in Japan," told by Pollard Crowther. Aunt Yvette's Christmas Poetry.

6.40-6.55.—Mr. LE BRETON MARTIN, "A Christmas Adventure in 1724."

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN, WEATHER FORECAST and 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS, "Investment and Insurance: Their Advantages to the Individual and the Community." *S.B. to all Stations.* Local News.

### "Christmas Eve."

*S.B. to other Stations.*  
A Seasonable Programme by

### JOHN COATES (Tenor).

NELLIE WALKER (Contralto).  
HECTOR GORDON ("The Canny Scot").  
THE "2LO" MILITARY BAND.  
Conducted by DAN GODFREY, Junr.

7.30.—The Band.  
March, "Colonel Bogey" ..... Alford  
Overture, "Ruy Blas" ..... Mendelssohn  
Nellie Walker.  
"A Summer Night" .. Goring Thomas  
"O, Ship of My Delight"  
Mortagne Phillips

7.55.—"From My Window," by Philemon.  
The Band.  
Intermezzo, "In a Chinese Temple Garden"  
Ketelbey  
"The Bull Frog Patrol" ..... Kern  
Hector Gordon  
Entertains.  
Nellie Walker.  
"Soul of Mine" ..... Ethel Barnes  
"O Western Wind" ..... May Brahe (5)  
"In Norley Wood" ..... May Brahe (5)  
The Band.  
Humorous Variations, "The Tearin' of  
the Green" ..... Shipley Douglas

## 8.40. JOHN COATES.

Recital of  
Christmas and Festive Songs,  
Old and Modern.  
"Welcome, Yule" (15th-Century Carol).  
"Once as I Remember" (1689)  
arr. Charles Wood  
"Greene Groweth Ye Holy" (Henry VIII.)  
Old  
"Balulalow" (16th-Century words)  
Peter Warlock  
"Tyrley Tyrlow" (16th-Century words)  
Peter Warlock  
"Entendez-vous le Carillon du Verre" (Old  
French) ..... Old  
"Qu'ils sont doux" (Charpentier 1672) Old  
"Maulte's Come Down"  
arr. H. S. Ryan (after William Byrd) (5)  
A Band Interlude.  
9.0. Selection, "Merrie England" .. German  
9.10. JOHN COATES  
Continues his Recital of Christmas Songs.  
"The Oxen" ..... E. J. Dent  
"New Year's Wassailing Song" (17th Cen-  
tury) ..... A. Mallinson  
"The Knight of Bethlehem"  
D. C. Thomson (11)  
"Tambourin en Rondeau" (Old French)  
Old  
Pavane (Old French) ..... Old  
Carol for the New Year (Tune: "Green-  
sleeves," about 1580)  
arr. J. F. Bridge—Old (11)  
"The Twelve Days of Christmas"  
arr. F. Austin (11)

9.30.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST and 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

The Week's Work in the Garden, by the Royal Horticultural Society. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Mr. DOUGLAS KENNEDY, of the English Folk Dance Society, "Song Dances and Carols." *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News.  
10.5-12.0.  
*Programme S.B. to all Stations, except Aberdeen.*

11.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. to Aberdeen.*

10.5.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London.

10.30.—TURNER LAYTON and CLARENCE JOHNSTONE (American Duettists).

10.40.—The Savoy Bands.

10.45.—Turner Layton and Clarence Johnstone.

11.0.—CAROLS and WAITS, relayed from somewhere in London.

11.30.—The Savoy Bands and the Selma Four.

12.0.—Close down.

## 5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.

3.30-4.30.—The Station Pianoforte Quintet.  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.

3.0-5.0. Winter Gardens Programme.  
THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor: Sir DAN GODFREY.  
Relayed from the Winter Gardens.  
5.0-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. Special Jolly Programme.  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

3.0-4.0.—Falkman and his Orchestra, relayed from the Capitol Cinema.  
4.45-5.15.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS."  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.45-7.0.—Mrs. De Courcy Hamilton: Reading from the Poem, "The Eternal Quest."  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M.

3.30-4.30.—Music relayed from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre: Conductor, Stanley E. Mills.  
4.30-5.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.30-6.55.—Prof. T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "What is Psychology?—(5) Can Human Nature be Altered?"  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

3.45-5.15.—Martin Henderson (Solo Concertina). Tom Danskin (Tenor). Jack Mackintosh (Cornet).  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.30.—Scholars' Half-Hour: Annie Shaw, "About Christmas."  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. *S.B. from London.* Local News.

### French Operetta.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor, EDWARD CLARK.  
JENNY FORSTER (Soprano).  
GEORGE TINDLE (Baritone).

7.35.—Orchestra.  
Selection, "Les Cloches de Corneville"  
Planquette

7.45.—Soprano Solos.  
"With Careless Eye" ("La Poupée")  
"I Can Dance" ..... J Audran

7.55.—Orchestra.  
"Mamzelle Nitouche" ..... Herve

8.5.—George Tindle.  
Selected Songs.  
Orchestra.

8.15.—"Josephine vendue par ses soeurs" Roger

8.30.—George Tindle.  
Selected Songs.  
Orchestra.

8.40.—"Girofle Girofla" ..... Lecocq

8.50.—Soprano Solos.  
"Fly Little Needle" ("Les Noces de Jeanette")  
"The Merry Cricket" ("La Cigale")  
Audran

9.0-9.50. CAROLS  
by the NEWCASTLE and GATESHEAD CHORAL UNION.  
9.30-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

9.0-9.50. CAROLS  
by the NEWCASTLE and GATESHEAD CHORAL UNION.  
9.30-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

## 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

3.30-5.0.—Irish Afternoon: The Wireless Orchestra. Winifred McLeod (Contralto). Feminine Topics.  
5.30-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. A visit from Father Christmas.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. *S.B. from London.* Local News.

### Special Popular Night.

ALICE M. FETTES (Soprano).  
REGINALD WHITEHEAD (Bass).  
Mrs. SHAND'S DANCE ORCHESTRA.  
"SOBAD THE SAILOR" (Pantomime).  
Dance Orchestra.

7.30.—Three Country Dances ..... arr. Kerr  
"Triumph"; "Flowers of Edinburgh";  
"Strip the Willow."

7.45.—Reginald Whitehead.  
"A Clinking Toast" ..... Wingrove  
"Four Jolly Sailors" ..... German  
"Contraband" ..... Gechl

8.0.—"SOBAD THE SAILOR."  
Written and Arranged for Broadcast by  
W. A. MANNERS, B.A.  
Lyrics by A. F. HYSLOP.

9.0.—Alice M. Fettes.  
"The Bluebells of Scotland" Jordan (34)  
"Comin' Thro' the Rye" Traditional (34)  
Orchestra.

9.10.—Quadrille, "Harry Lauder" ..... Kaps (7)  
Waltz, "Scottish Melodies" ..... Kerr

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Royal Horticultural Society Talk. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. DOUGLAS KENNEDY. *S.B. from London.* Local News.

10.5.—Orchestra.  
Eightsome Reel ..... Gleadhill  
Reel o' Tulloch ..... arr. Kerr

10.15.—Reginald Whitehead.  
"Bonnie Dundee" ..... Traditional  
"Down Among the Dead Men" ..... Old Air  
"I am a Roamer" ..... Mendelssohn

10.30.—Alice M. Fettes.  
"Ye Banks and Braes" } Traditional (34)  
"Robin Adair" ..... J

10.40.—Orchestra.  
Strathspeys ..... Gleadhill  
Reels ..... arr. Kerr

11.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*  
12.0.—Close down.

## 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

3.30-5.0.—Popular Programme: The Wireless Quartet. J. H. N. Craigen (Humorist). Afternoon Topics.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.5.—Weather Forecast for Farmers.  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.



# GLAD TIDINGS.

Key B $\flat$ . TRADITIONAL.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE. *1. Glad 2. Good-*

PIANO. *p con grazia. poco rit. mf*

tid - ings to the sons of men, On this bright Christ - mas morn;..... We'll  
will and love and joy and peace, On this bright Christ - mas morn;..... Have

sing the wel - come song a - gain - "A Sa - viour Christ is born;..... The  
come to earth, and ne'er shall cease, "The Sa - viour Christ is born;..... He

*f. f.* shap - herds heard with glad a - maze The ti - dings in an - gel - ic days: "The  
comes all sor - row to re - lieve, To com - fort all who Him re - ceive On

*poco rit.* Sa - viour Christ is born, The Sa - viour Christ is born;.....  
this bright Christ - mas morn, On this bright Christ - mas morn;.....

*poco rit.*

(Published by permission of Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew, Ltd., London.)



# CHRISTMAS COMES, THE TIME OF GLADNESS.

(THE WAIT'S CAROL.)

*Allegro moderato.* Key G.

VOICE. s : n . f | s : s

PIANO. 1. Christ - mas comes, the

time of glad - ness Which our fa - thers gave to mirth; Then no... hearts had room for sad - ness,

Joy - ous at the... Sa - viour's birth. Then each home - stead deck'd with hol - ly, Bay and i - vy

leaves were seen, Win - ter's brows of me - lan - cho - ly Cheer - ing with a... chap - let green.

*poco ritard.*

2. Then kind looks with pleasure beaming  
Blazing hearths and festive fare:  
Hearts with social feelings teeming  
Welcomed joy and banished care,  
While with early salutation  
Loud the parish bells were rung,  
And in tones of gratulation  
Many a village carol sung.

3. In our fathers' footsteps treading  
We this Christian morning greet,  
Fear not aught to evil leading  
Word unholy, thought unmeet,  
While dull care and anxious sorrow  
To the worldly wise we fling,  
At your windows hid good-morrow,  
And our yearly carol sing.

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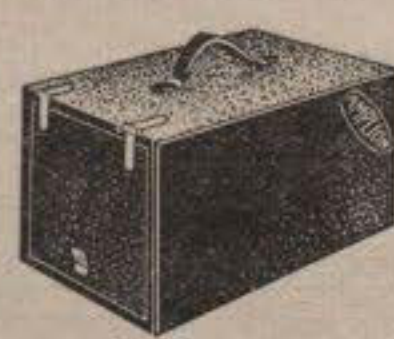
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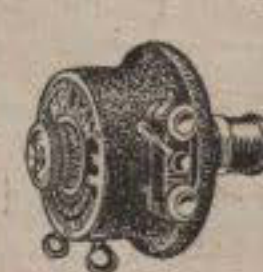
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# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—THURSDAY (Dec. 25th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

**2LO LONDON. 365 M.**  
7.0. **Sir Hall Caine**  
will broadcast  
"A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS DAY,"  
*S.B. to all Stations.*

**A Light Orchestral Programme of Christmas Fare.**  
*S.B. to all Stations except Aberdeen.*  
GWLADYS NAISH (Soprano).  
GEORGE BAKER (Baritone).  
MABEL FRANCE (Entertainer).  
NELSON JACKSON (Entertainer).  
THE WIRELESS CHRISTMAS ORCHESTRA.  
Conducted by DAN GODFREY, Junr.  
7.30. The Orchestra.  
March, "Stars and Stripes".....*Sousa*  
Waltz, "Jolly Comrades".....*Volstedt*  
Gwladys Naish.  
"Echo Song".....*Bishop*  
"Waltz Song" ("Romeo and Juliet")  
*Gounod*

8.0. George Baker.  
"Red Rose" ("Monsieur Beaucaire")  
*Messenger*  
"Four Jolly Sailormen" ("Princess of Kensington").....*Edvard German*  
The Orchestra.  
A Christmas Overture.....*Coleridge-Taylor*  
(First Performance.)  
Mabel France.  
Aunt Maria's Christmas in London.

8.30. The Orchestra.  
"Funeral March of a Banana" *arr. Chignell*  
Selection, "A Musical Switch".....*Alford*  
Gwladys Naish.  
"March Wind".....*Marjorie Meade*  
"Valse Cantabile".....*Venzano*

9.0. Nelson Jackson.  
In Items from his Repertoire.

9.15. The Orchestra.  
Waltz, "The Grenadiers".....*Wulfeufel*  
Patrol, "The Wee Macgregor".....*Amers*  
Mabel France.  
Aunt Maria Goes to a Party.  
George Baker.  
"Come to the Fair".....*Easthope Martin* (5)  
"There's Another Little Girl"  
*Sturdale Bennett*  
"The Floral Dance".....*Katie Moss*  
The Orchestral Players  
assert themselves in the Scherzo.  
"The Merry Musicians".....*Muscat*

10.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH.  
WEATHER FORECAST and  
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B.*  
*to all Stations.*  
Local News.

10.15.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and SAVOY  
HAVANA BANDS and SELMA FOUR,  
relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London.  
*S.B. to all Stations.*

12.0.—Close down.

**5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.**  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

**6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.**  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

**5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.**  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

**2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M**  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

**5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.**  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: A Christmas Party and Tea will be given by the Fairy League and Uncles to 300 children at the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge.  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

**2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.**  
3.30-5.0.—Dance Afternoon: The Wireless Septet. Feminine Topics.  
5.30-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.30-6.45.—Boys' Brigade Bulletin: "A Christmas Message to the Boys' Brigade."  
7.0.—Sir HALL CAINE. *S.B. from London.*  
7.30. "The Messiah."  
(Handel.)  
THE ABERDEEN CHORAL UNION.  
Conductor, GEORGE D. LAMONT.  
Relayed from the Music Hall.  
10.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Local News.  
10.15.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*  
12.0.—Close down.

**5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.**  
7.0-12.0.—*Programme S.B. from London.*

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.

## Santa Claus Calling!

### A Very Particular Message to all Children.

HALLO! Hallo! The North Pole calling every British child,  
Whether he dwells 'twixt Britain's shores or o'er the ocean wild,  
Whether he lives in Birmingham, Newcastle, Isle of Man,  
Or goes to bed in Pimlico, Belfast, or far Japan,  
Whether his school's in Ottawa, or on the banks of Tees,  
In Cape Town, or Johannesburg, or the far Antipodes;  
In fact, if he's "Amurrican," and lives in U.S.A.  
I've got a bit of news for him, a "few kind words" to say.  
So all you subjects of King George, and of the President,  
Just listen to this welcome news which Santa Claus has sent.

Dear Santa Claus desires me to say, on his behalf,  
That he has got rheumatics in the left knee and right calf,  
A touch of the lumbago in the middle of his back,  
And, once or twice, while hunting seals, has heard his backbone crack;  
He also says he's getting old—he doesn't know himself  
Exactly what his age may be—but he's not on the shelf,  
He still can crack his whip and drive his reindeer o'er the snow,  
And nothing in the world can stop him once he's on the "go";  
Great icebergs try to block his path, but Santa doesn't mind,  
And on he drives, o'er sea and land, his beard blown in the wind,  
But, should he feel a little chill, he draws his red cloak tight,  
And takes a sip of peppermint, and just a little bite

Of nicely roasted turkey, just as you or I might do,  
And perhaps a bit of Pudding, and a small mince-pie or two,  
And then, refreshed, and warmed as well, he hastens on his way,  
For he must put a circle round the earth ere Christmas Day.

I s'pose I need not mention that he's loaded up with toys  
For nice, good-tempered maidens, and nice obedient boys;  
There's everything that you could think or dream of, in his sack,  
And he intends to empty it before he journeys back;  
So, if you don't pull pussy's tail, say "Sha'n't!" and "Won't" and "Pig!"  
I think he'll call at your house, unless you've grown too big.  
He learns by Wireless, every day, how all you kids behave,  
And I'm afraid, for one or two, 'twill be a narrow shave.  
Don't jump to the conclusion that it's you, but careful be  
You don't smack little sister, or eat jam on the Q.T.  
Or whine and whimper 'cause you've got to go to bed at six,  
Or stamp, and scream like anything, when Ma puts by your bricks.

I don't suppose you ever do such naughty things, of course,  
And never push your sister Susie off her rocking-horse,  
And she would never—some girls do—give you an awful crack  
Right on the top of your poor head, when mother turns her back,

But, p'rhaps you don't like lessons, and, although you're pretty big,  
You do not know twice two are four, or d-i-g spells "dig,"  
And, though dear Santa Claus is kind, yes, kind as kind can be,  
He likes his boys and girls at least to know their A.B.C.

Well, now you know what he expects from all his boys and girls,  
Whether their hair is bobbed or cropped, or pigtails or in curls,  
Whether their noses are put on quite straight, or turned up,—so,  
Or whether their names are Betty, Jane, Matilda, Jack, or Joe;  
And I do hope you'll keep an eye on every tiny fault,  
And when a whine, or smack, or kick is coming, cry out "Halt!"  
And "Who goes there?" "An Enemy?" "Well, get out quickly—run!"  
Yes, that's the way to cure your faults, the way the battle's won!

But one thing I must mention; Santa Claus drives by the place  
Where dwells that Boy who will not wash his dirty hands and face,  
And where that little girl resides who cannot sew a stitch,  
And does not know her "pearl and plain," and can't tell which from which!  
But, on the whole, I've little doubt that Santa Claus will call  
On all the Children "listening"—I hope so, one and all,  
And I am sure he'll not forget the children who are sick,  
But, should you hear of any such, please tell him mighty quick!  
A letter sent to "2LO," North Pole, will often do  
As well as frequent messages to Santa up the Flue!  
A.B.C.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—FRIDAY (Dec. 26th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 2LO LONDON. 365 M.

4.0-5.0.—Time Signal from Greenwich. Concert: Dorothy Bennett (Soprano). Melven Yeats (Solo Pianoforte). Organ Music, relayed from Shepherd's Bush Pavilion.

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: A Christmas Party, including James Portland's Punch and Judy Show, Musical Chairs, Stories, Music, and Aunts and Uncles.

6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture's Fortnightly Bulletin. *S.B. to other Stations.*

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN. WEATHER FORECAST and 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

PERCY SCHOLES (the B.B.C. Music Critic). *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News.

### Boxing Night.

### Military Band Programme.

THE BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS.

(By permission of Col. B. N. Sergison-Brook, C.M.G., D.S.O.)

Director of Music:

Lieut. GEORGE MILLER.

KEIGHLEY DUNN (Tenor).

HELENA MILLAIS (Entertainer).

"BRET HAYDEN" (Entertainer).

A. E. NICKOLDS and ALBERT H. HOWE (Vocal, Instrumental, and Humorous Harmony).

*S.B. to Bournemouth.*

7.30. The Band.  
Quick Step, "Sunapee" ..... Goldman  
Ballet Music, "Sylvia" ..... *Delibes*  
Helena Millais.

In "Songs and Fragments from Life," including:—

"Keep a Little Time for Love" *Gideon* (7)  
Keighley Dunn.

"A Paradise for Two" ("The Maid of the Mountains") ..... *Tate*

"In Friendship's Name" ("La Poupée") ..... *Audran*

The Band.

Two Hungarian Dances ..... *Brahms*  
Polonaise ..... *Chopin*

Bret Hayden

Will Make a Few Remarks.

The Band.

Selection, "Samson and Delilah" ..... *Saint-Saëns*

A. E. Nickolds and Albert H. Howe.

In Vocal, Instrumental and Humorous Harmony.

The Band.

Bourrée and Gigue ..... *German* (11)  
Helena Millais.

"Father, Bob Your Whiskers" ..... *Lee and Weston* (7)

"Our Lizzie Loses Her 'Angbag'" ..... *Millais*  
Keighley Dunn.

"MacGregors' Gathering" ..... *Scotch*

"The Star of Bethlehem" ..... *Adams* (1)  
The Band.

Three Dances, "From Foreign Parts" ..... *Moszkowski*

Petite Suite ..... *Tchaikovsky*

9.30.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST and 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE: "The Good Christmas and the Perfect Boxing Day." *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News.

10.0. The Band.  
Overture, "Oberon" ..... *Weber*  
Bret Hayden

Makes More Remarks.

The Band.

Selection, "Lilac Time" *Schubert-Clutsam*

10.30.—A. J. ALLAN will tell a Christmas Ghost Story. *S.B. to all Stations.*

10.40.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and SAVOY HAVANA BANDS and SELMA FOUR, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London. *S.B. to all Stations.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.

5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Punch and Judy Show. Wireless Games and other Christmas Jollities.

6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. *S.B. from London.*

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

7.30.—

OUR SECOND RADIO PANTO-REVUE, entitled

"GOODY TWO VALVES."

In Six—or More—Stupendous Scenes (if the Valves don't blow out).

Book by Allan Sundry.

Lyrics by Juno Hoowitz.

Dresses by R. Apsen Bones.

Wigs by Hiram Hairem.

Scenery by I. Deubdit.

Atmospherics by Clerk O. F. Wether.

Oscillations by Any Olfoole.

Cast includes "The Whole Issue."

Chorus—Anybody—now and again.

Orchestra—Everybody—sometimes.

9.20.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.

3.0-5.0. "Winter Gardens Programme." THE MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor: Sir DAN GODFREY.

ERIC GODLEY (Vocalist).

JOHN HENRY (Entertainer).

Relayed from the Winter Gardens.

6.40-10.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

4.45-5.15.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS": Mollie Seymour (Entertainer).

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. *S.B. from London.*

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

### Christmas With the Immortals.

HARRY BRINDLE (Bass-Baritone).

THE "5WA" CHOIR.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA.

Conductor: WARWICK BRAITHWAITE.

7.30. Orchestra.

"Shepherds' Music" ("Christmas Oratorio") ..... *Bach*

"THE SHEPHERD."

A Christmas Play.

Choir.

Hallelujah Chorus ("The Messiah") *Handel*

Reading from the Hymn, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" ..... *Milton*

(Some of the verses sung by the Choir to a special setting.)

Harry Brindle.

"A Prayer to Our Lady" ..... *Donald Ford*

"Ring Out, Wild Bells" ..... *Gounod*

"Christ in His Garden" ..... *Tchaikovsky*

"The Little Road Through Nazareth" ..... *Carl Hahn*

Orchestra.  
Symphony ("Christmas Oratorio") ..... *Bach*

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(Charles Dickens.)

Dramatised Version.

Choir and Orchestra.

Carols.

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M

12.30-1.30.—Organ Music by H. Fitzroy Page, relayed from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre.

3.30-4.30.—Music relayed from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre: Conductor, Stanley E. Mills.

4.30-5.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR. Tom Sherlock (Baritone).

5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

### "Darkies Lead a Happy Life."

THE "2ZY" OPERA CHORUS

THE "2ZY" QUARTET.

MARJORIE BOOTH (Mezzo-Soprano).

DENNIS NOBLE (Baritone).

BEN JACKSON (Solo Banjo).

7.30. Baritone and Chorus.

"Playing on de Ole Banjo" } *Scott*

"Click, Clack" } *Gatty* (1)

"Darkies, Let Us Sing a Song" } (With Banjo Accompaniment.)

Banjo Solos.

7.40. "Darkies' Dream" ..... *Lansing*

"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" ..... *Fletcher*

"Mississippi Breakdown" .. *arr. Clifford*

7.50. Mezzo-Soprano Solos.

"Ma Curly-Headed Babby" .. *Clutsam*

"Fat Li'l Feller Wid His Mammy's Eyes" ..... *Gordon*

"Mighty Like a Rose" (accompanied by the Quartet) ..... *Nevin*

Quartet.

"That Coal Black Mammy of Mine" ..... *Myddleton*

"Coon's Dream of the Past" .. *Myddleton*

"Plantation Fantasy" ..... *Redford*

8.20. Baritone and Chorus.

"Far Away Ober Dere" .. *Scott Gatty* (1)

"Oh, Honey, Ma Honey" ..... *Caryle*

"De Ringtailed Coon" .. *Scott Gatty* (1)

8.30. Banjo Solos.

"The Coon Band Contest" ..... *Pryer*

"Darkies' Patrol" ..... *Lansing*

"Carolina Tar Heel" ..... *Liddiott*

8.40. Mezzo-Soprano Solos.

"Hush-a-bye, Ma Baby" .. *Knight Toggie*

"O Didn't It Rain" ..... *Burleigh*

Quartet.

"It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" ..... *Weidell Hall* (7)

Selection, "Plantation Melodies" *Clutsam*

9.10. Baritone Songs.

"Croon, Croon, Underneath de Moon" ..... *Clutsam*

"Little Alabama Coon" ..... *Clutsam*

9.20. Chorus.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

"Swanee River."

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—FRIDAY (Dec. 26th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

3.45-5.15.—L. A. Nicholson (Solo Violin). Robert Baulks (Solo Clarinet). Margaret McQueen on "Mary Slessor." E. B. Appleyard (Solo Pianoforte).  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. *S.B. from L.O. don.*  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from L.O. don.*  
PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

### Revue.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA:  
Conductor: EDWARD CLARK.  
DORIS MILLER (Soprano).  
HELENA CECILE (Entertainer).  
WILLIAM TAYLOR (Baritone).

7.30. Orchestra.  
"The Punch Bowl" ... Norman O'Neill  
Doris Miller.  
7.40. "I'm Running Wild" ... Harrington Gibbs  
"A Kiss in the Dark" ... Herbert  
"California" ... A. Johnson (6)  
7.50. Helena Cecile.  
In Selections from her Repertoire.  
8.0. Orchestra.  
Selection, "The Music Box" Irving Berlin  
8.10. W. J. Taylor.  
"My Motto" ... Howard Talbot  
"George Washington" Lionel Monckton  
"Any Old Night" ... Jerome Keen  
8.20. Helena Cecile.  
In further Selections from her Repertoire.  
8.30. Doris Miller.  
"Oh, Baby" ... Walter Donaldson  
"It Had to Be You" ... Isham Jones  
"What D'you Do Sunday,  
Mary?" ... Stephen Jones  
8.40. W. J. Taylor.  
"The Only Way" ... Paul Rubens  
"Every Day" ... William Daly  
"The Winding Road" ...  
Gilbert Spross

8.50. Orchestra.  
"Stop Flirting" George Gershwin  
9.0.—What other Stations are doing.  
9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and  
NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from  
London.*  
Local News.  
Announcement by Station Director  
of next week's chief events.  
10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B.*  
*from London.*  
12.0.—Close down.

## 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

3.30-5.0.—Light Popular Programme;  
The Wireless Septet. George  
S. Wilson (Baritone). Feminine  
Topics.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER:  
Auntie Dodo in "Bird Songs."  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture  
Bulletin. *S.B. from London.*  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and  
NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from  
London.*  
Local News.

### Vocal Night.

THE PERTH  
MADRIGAL SOCIETY:  
Conductor, DAVID T. YACAMINI

7.30.—Part Songs—  
"The Flowers of the Forest"  
arr. Hatley (25)

"The Angelus" ... Elgar (11)  
"I Loved a Lass" ... Dyson (2)  
Madrigal, "All Creatures Now Are Merry  
Minded" ... Benet (11)

7.50 CATHIE CAMPBELL (Soprano).  
Selected Song.

8.0.—Part Songs—  
"Heraclitus" ... Stanford (14)  
"Ca' the Yowes"  
arr. Vaughan-Williams (2)  
"King Arthur" ... H. S. Robertson (2)

8.15. CHARLES STUART (Tenor).  
Selected Song.

8.25.—Part Songs—  
"A Cradle Song" ... John Ireland (14)  
"On Jordan's Bank" ... Max Bruch (25)  
"The Wee Cooper o' Fife"  
arr. H. S. Robertson (2)

8.40. Cathie Campbell.  
Selected Song.

8.45.—Part Songs—  
"Eriskay Love Lilt"  
arr. H. S. Robertson (2)  
"A Franklyn's Dogge Laped Over a  
Style" ... G. C. Mackenzie (11)  
"Serenade" ... Elgar (11)

9.0. Charles Stuart.  
Selected Song.

9.10.—Part Songs—  
"Baloo Baloo" ... arr. John Cullen (34)  
"The Deil's Awa'" ... arr. Whittaker (2)  
"Scots Wha Hae" ... arr. Bastock (2)

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*  
12.0.—Close down.

## 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

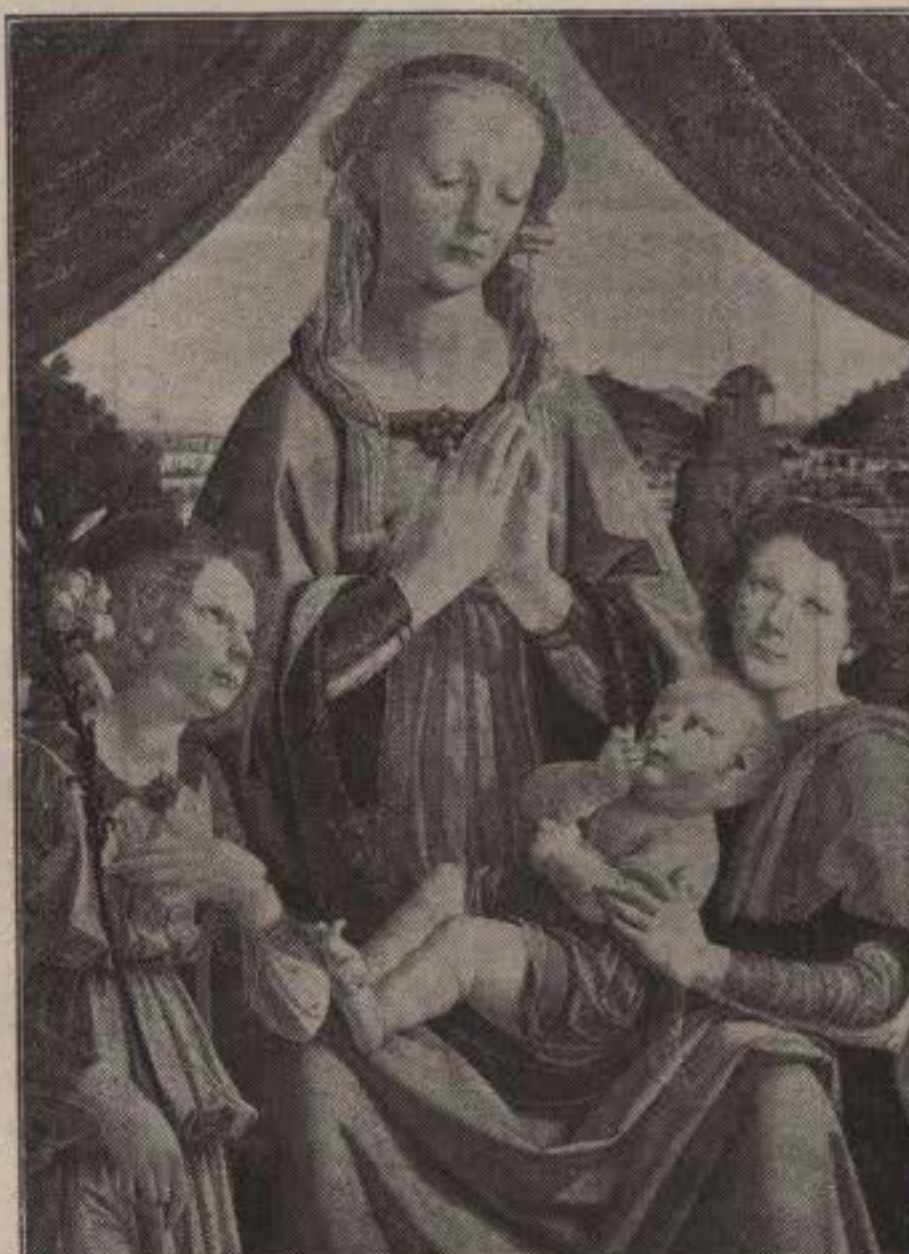
3.30-5.0.—Popular Afternoon: The Wireless  
Quartet. Mary Ferrier (Soprano). After-  
noon Topics.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: "Old  
Favourites" from Chorusland.  
6.0-6.5.—Weather Forecast for Farmers.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin.  
*S.B. from London.*  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS  
*S.B. from London.*  
PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

### Novelty Dance Night.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA:  
Conducted by  
HERBERT A. CARRUTHERS.  
Vocal Numbers and Choruses by  
DANIEL SEYMOUR (Tenor).

7.30. Orchestra.  
Eightsome Reel; Fox-trot,  
"Whistle" (9); One-step, "Oom-  
Pah"; Waltz, "Three o'Clock  
in the Morning" (23); Fox-  
trot, "Granny's Song at Twilight"  
(9); Novelty, "The Clock is  
Playing" (31); Petronella; Waltz,  
"Heather Bells" (31); Fox-trot,  
"Kitten on the Keys" (7);  
One-step, "All Scotch" (23);  
Fox-trot, "Down on the Farm"  
(31); Highland Schottische,  
"Mountain Dew"; Blues,  
"Wann Blues" (9); Waltz, Saxo-  
phone Solo, "Sleep" (9); One-  
step, "Mr. Gallagher and Mr.  
Shean" (9); Fox-trot, "Mer-  
chets"; Tango, "Spain" (7);  
Polka, "The Jolly Blacksmith";  
One-step, "Why Does a Chick-  
en?" (10); Fox-trot, "Horsey,  
Keep Your Tail Up" (6); Fox-  
trot, "Felix Kept on Walking"  
(9); Waltz, "Honeymoon Chimes"  
(31); One-step, "Who Threw  
the Water on the Tom Cat's  
Back?" (7); Fox-trot, "It Ain't  
Gonna Rain No More" (7);  
Blues, "Rock-a-Bye, My Baby"  
(31); One-step, "Handel  
Wakes"; Fox-trot, "Tweet  
Tweet" (7).

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and  
NEWS. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from  
London.*  
Local News.  
10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B.*  
*from London.*  
12.0.—Close down.



Reproduced by permission of the National Gallery Authority.  
**MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS**  
(School of Verrocchio.)

This picture is among those to be described by Mr. Stewart Dick  
in his talk from London on "The Nation's Pictures," on Monday,  
December 22nd.

A number against a musical item indicates  
the name of its publisher. A key list of pub-  
lishers will be found on page 610.



# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SATURDAY (Dec. 27th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

## 2LO LONDON. 365 M.

4.0-4.30.—The Wireless Orchestra. A Garden Chat. Lady Alexander interviewed in the London Studio by Jane Barrington.

4.30-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER,  
"Hänsel and Gretel."

A Fairy Opera in Three Acts by  
E. Humperdinck.

Peter (a Broom Maker)

FREDERIC COLLIER

Gertrude (his Wife) . . . ELSY TREWEEK

Hänsel { (their Children) . . . MAY BLYTH

Gretel { . . . EDNA BENNIE

The Witch (who eats Children)

ELSY TREWEEK

Sandman (the Sleep Fairy)

SYBIL MADEN

Dewman (the Dawn Fairy)

VIVIENNE CHATTERTON

First Act: Home.

Second Act: The Forest.

Third Act: The Witch's House.

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA,  
Conducted by L. STANTON JEFFERIES.

6.40-6.55.—Mr. ALLEN S. WALKER, <sup>2</sup> Priory of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield (XII Century)."

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL FROM BIG BEN. WEATHER FORECAST and 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Capt. H. G. MANSFIELD, M.C., F.R.G.S., late of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, "A Prairie Policeman's Beat." *S.B. to Cardiff.*

Local News.

7.30. "THE ROOSTERS"

Present

An Almost New and Certainly Original Pantomime.

"OLD MOTHER TWO-SHOES" or  
"DICK RIDING HOOD AND HIS GOOSE."

In Four Un-Seens.  
*S.B. to other Stations.*

Book and Lyrics by WILLIAM MACK and PERCY MERRIMAN.

Music Composed by DAN GODFREY, STANFORD ROBINSON, and GEORGE WESTERN.

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA:  
Conducted by DAN GODFREY, Junr.

"The Roosters" comprise:

ARTHUR MACKNESS (Tenor).

SEPTIMUS HUNT (Baritone).

PERCY MERRIMAN (Entertainer).

WILLIAM MACK (Humorous Entertainer).

GEORGE WESTERN (Pianist and Entertainer).

Un-Seen 1. A Woodland Glade (Very Green).

Un-Seen 2. An Enchanted Island (Complete with Aerial (vide "The Tempest").

Un-Seen 3. The Kitchen. (Mojif—"Why Forget Food at Christmas?")

Un-Seen 4. The Palace.

No effort has been spared to make the scenery as adequate as possible, although authoritative photographs cannot be supplied to listeners. Gorgeous costumes have been designed by Madame Pini Tupp. Noises, interruptions and general effects by Holla and Hannabone. Thunder by Jove; everything else by Accident.

In order that the whole subtlety of this amazing production may be thoroughly grasped by the listener, he is entreated

to have by him a complete edition of all nursery rhymes, past, present and future, together with a pronouncing dictionary and all the current directories, together with *The Radio Times* dated February 29th, 1925.

Do not be distressed. It has to be finished by—

9.30.—TIME SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST and 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

Major L. R. TOSSWILL: "Rugger—England v. New Zealand." *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News.

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, and SELMA FOUR, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London. *S.B. to all Stations.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 5IT BIRMINGHAM. 475 M.

3.30-4.30.—The Station Pianoforte Quintet.

5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S CORNER: Mabel France, "Christmas Shopping—Some Reflections and a Moral."

5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Auntie Phil and a special Christmas Adventure with Snooky.

6.30-6.45.—Teens' Corner: Uncle Pat in a Recital of Favourite Songs.

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. GIL EVANS (Welsh International and Oxford and Cambridge Inter-Varsity Referee): "Rugby Football."

Local News.

7.30.

Choral Concert.

"THE MESSIAH"

(Handel) (11).

Relayed from the Drill Hall, Wolverhampton.

GERTRUDE JOHNSON (Soprano).

DOROTHY CLARKE (Contralto).

HAROLD WILLIAMS (Bass)

and  
JOHN COATES (Tenor).

### KEY LIST OF MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

1. Boosey and Co.
2. Curwen, J., and Sons, Ltd.
3. Herman Darewski Music Publishing Co.
4. Elkin and Co., Ltd.
5. Enoch and Sons.
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9. Lawrence Wright Music Co.
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15. Williams, Joseph, Ltd.
16. Cavendish Music Co.
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18. Beal, Stuttard and Co., Ltd.
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33. A. J. Stasney Music Co., Ltd.
34. Paterson, Sons and Co., Ltd.
35. Reid Bros., Ltd.

(On page 368, London Programme, in our issue dated November 21st, we gave the incorrect indication number of the publishers of "Romance and Two Dances" from "The Conqueror" (Edward German). This work is published by Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd., 50, New Bond Street, W.1.)

## THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS.

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Major L. R. TOSSWILL. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Football Review.

10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

## 6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385 M.

3.45-5.0.—The Wireless Orchestra: Conducted by Capt. W. A. Featherstone. The Bourne Revellers: Sidney Waller (Tenor), Ernest Eady (Baritone), Winifred Ascott (Soprano), Annie Hatchard (Contralto), Nellie Winslade (at the Piano).

5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Music Talk, by Uncle Franklin.

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. G. BERNARD HUGHES: "An Imaginary Conversation with Du Barry." Local News.

7.30-12.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

## 5WA CARDIFF. 351 M.

3.0-4.0.—Falkman and his Orchestra, relayed from the Capitol Cinema.

4.45-5.15.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS": Talks to Women.

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.40-6.55.—Mr. H. Kendrick, "All About the Flying Homer."

7.0-12.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

## 2ZY MANCHESTER. 375 M.

3.30-4.0.—Music relayed from the Oxford Picture Theatre: Conductor—S. Spurgin.

4.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Fun and Fairy Tales.

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. F. STACEY LINTOTT, on "Sport." Local News.

7.30-12.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

## 5NO NEWCASTLE. 400 M.

3.45-5.15.—The Station Septet: Conductor—Edward Clark. J. Wilson Beveridge (Tenor). Miss Easton on "Jean Ingelow," with Recitations.

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.

6.0-6.30.—Scholars' Half-Hour: J. J. Todd, B.Sc., "Christmas Customs."

6.35-6.50.—Farmers' Corner.

7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Mr. JOHN KENMIR, on "Association Football." Local News.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA:

Conductor—EDWARD CLARK.

OLLY OAKLEY (Solo Banjo) and JULIA LARKINS.

ARTHUR ACKERMAN and JENNY WYNNE (Duettists).

7.30. Orchestra.

Selection, "The Pearl Fishers".....Bizet

7.40. Arthur Ackerman and Jenny Wynne. Old English Songs and Folk Lore Duets

7.55. Ollie Oakley and Julia Larkins. In a Humorous and Musical Interlude,

featuring

Banjo Solos.

Songs at the Piano,

Duets and

Child Impersonations.

(Continued on facing page.)

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on this page.



## Saturday's Programme.

(Continued from the facing page.)

- 8.10. Orchestra.  
Selection, "The Last Waltz" .... O. Straus
- 8.20. Arthur Ackerman and Jenny Wynne.
- 8.35. Olly Oakley and Julia Larkins.
- 8.50. Orchestra.  
Selection, "Falstaff" ..... Verdi-Tavas
- 9.0. TILLEY'S DANCE ORCHESTRA.  
Relayed from the  
Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge.
- 9.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

### 2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M.

- 3.30-5.0.—Light Programme: The Wireless Septet. Netta Ledingham (Mezzo-Soprano). Feminine Topics.
- 5.30-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Choruses by the Uncles.
- 6.40-6.55.—This Week's Interesting Anniversary; "Thackeray—died December 24th, 1865."  
(Prepared by John Sparke Kirkland.)
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
Mr. G. R. HARVEY, M.A., Reading of Poetry of To-day.  
Local News.

#### Scottish Evening.

- 7.30. THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.  
Patrol, "The Wee Macgregor" ..... Amers  
"Eightsome Reel" ..... Kerr
- 7.45. JESSIE LIVINGSTONE (Soprano).  
"Flora Macdonald's Lament" ...Dunn (25)  
"Skye Boat Song" .....Traditional  
"Think On Me" .....Scott (34)
- 8.0. Orchestra.  
Selection, "The Thistle" ...arr. Myddleton
- 8.15. "THE MANSE PHONE."

A One-Act Comedy in Scots by J. M. Smith.  
Cast:  
The Rev. Donald Gallies (Minister of Whinford) .....G. R. HARVEY  
Janet Armstrong (his Housekeeper)  
CHRISTINE CROWE  
Dorothy Dryburgh (Schoolmistress of Whinford) .....BETTY ROSS  
Weelum Webster (Village Joiner)  
A. M. SHINNIE  
Scrutton of Greyhums (a Farmer)  
MALCOLM GORDON  
Dinty Dunville (a Visitor)  
DAISY MONCUR  
Maggie (the Manse Maid)  
EDITH BRUCE  
The Scene is laid in North-East Scotland.  
Arranged for Broadcast by  
A. M. SHINNIE.

- 9.0. Jessie Livingstone.  
"Weaving Song" .....Traditional  
"Turn Ye to Me" .....Lees (25)
- 9.10. Orchestra.  
Overture, "Rodrigue Dhu" .....Valli
- 9.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

### 5SC GLASGOW. 420 M.

- 3.30-5.0.—The Wireless Quartet. Jupiter Mars (Entertainer). Afternoon Topics.
- 5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: An Operetta for Small Children, "Wait a Minute," Played by Members of "5SC'S" Radio Circle.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
Glasgow Radio Society Talk.  
Local News.
- 7.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.

## Pieces in the Programmes.

A Weekly Feature Conducted by Percy A. Scholes.

### BACH'S "CHRISTMAS ORATORIO." (MANCHESTER, SUNDAY).

NOT only is Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* one of the most beautiful works of music in existence, it is unique as being the only extended choral work written expressly for Christmas-tide. The individual Movements may be broadly classified thus:

- (1) *Free Choruses*, generally accompanied by a fairly large Orchestra.
- (2) *Chorales*, generally set in the style of a hymn, and having their voice-parts doubled orchestrally. (For further remarks on the "Chorale," "Recitative," and "Continuo" see last week's description of a Bach Cantata. *Sleepers, Wake!*)
- (3) *Recitatives* (accompanied by "Continuo," sometimes with Strings or one or two solo instruments).
- (4) *Free Solos, Duets, etc.*

#### PART I.

1. CHORUS, *Christians be joyful*. The Orchestra consists of three Trumpets, Kettledrums, two Flutes, two Oboes, Strings, and Continuo.
2. RECITATIVE, ALTO, *See now the Bridegroom*. In addition to the Continuo, two Oboi d'Amore are used. (The Oboe d'Amore is a sort of Mezzo-Soprano Oboe. It is prominent throughout this work.)
3. SOLO, ALTO, *Prepare thyself, Zion*.
4. CHORALE, *How shall I fitly meet Thee?* The tune is well known in English churches. One hymn to which it is often sung is *O sacred head, sore wounded*.
5. SOLO, BASS, *Mighty Lord*. This is one of the most invigorating songs in existence.
6. CHORALE, *Ah! dearest Jesus*.

#### PART II.

7. SYMPHONY. This is a beautiful orchestral picture of the "shepherds abiding in the fields." Flutes and Strings alternate with two Oboi d'Amore and two Oboi da Caccia (=practically Cors Anglais, or Alto Oboes).
8. RECITATIVE, The EVANGELIST, *And there were shepherds*.
9. RECITATIVE, The EVANGELIST, *And the Angel said to them; and the ANGEL (Soprano), Be not afraid*.
10. RECITATIVE, BASS, *What God to Abraham revealed*.
11. SOLO, TENOR, *Haste, ye shepherds*. A solo Flute is here prominent.
12. SOLO, ALTO, *Slumber beloved*.
13. RECITATIVE, The EVANGELIST, *And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude*.

#### PART III.

14. DUET, SOPRANO and BASS, *Lord, Thy mercy . . . comforts us*.
15. RECITATIVE, ALTO, *Yes, yes, my heart will keep and ponder*.
16. CHORALE, *Thee with tender care I'll cherish*.
17. RECITATIVE, The EVANGELIST, *And the shepherds returned*.
18. CHORALE, *Rejoice and sing*.

#### PART IV.

19. CHORUS, *Come and thank Him*. Two CORNS are heard for the first time.
20. DUET, SOPRANO and BASS, *Immanuel*.
21. SOLO, TENOR, *'Tis Thee I would be praising ever*.
22. CHORALE, *Jesus, Who didst ever guide me*. This is a more elaborate Chorale setting.

#### PART V.

23. CHORUS, *Glory be to God*. This is a fine, vigorous chorus, but the Orchestra is small.
24. SOLO, BASS, *O Lord, my darken'd heart enlighten*.
25. RECITATIVE, ALTO, *My Lord is King*.

26. CHORALE, *This proud heart within us swelling*. The tune of this should be familiar.

#### PART VI.

27. RECITATIVE, The EVANGELIST, *Then Herod called the wise men; and HEROD (Bass), Go your way, and enquire*.
28. RECITATIVE, SOPRANO, *Thou Traitor*.
29. SOLO, SOPRANO, *Nought against the power He weideth*.
30. CHORALE, *Now vengeance hath been taken On all the foes of man*. This is a massive Chorus; the Chorale tune is the familiar one used as the first of all (No. 4).

### HUMPERDINCK'S "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

(LONDON, Monday Evening.—S.B. to all Stations. Also Saturday Afternoon.)

*Hänsel and Gretel* is a delightful Grimm's Fairy Tale Opera; it is, of course, always popular with the children.

The "action" should be followed without difficulty, from the following description.

#### ACT I.

SCENE 1, *At Home*. In a poor room the boy HÄNSEL (*Mezzo-Soprano*) and his sister GRETEL (*Soprano*) are (despite the pangs of hunger) seen singing and playing.

SCENE 2. When the fun is at its height, in comes their MOTHER (*Contralto*)—Sudden quiet! She scolds the children for neglecting their work, and in her anger accidentally overturns the jug of milk which was to have provided the family supper.

Weary and distracted, she drives the children out to gather wild strawberries, and, with a prayer for help, drops asleep, exhausted.

SCENE 3. A gay song is heard, and there enters the FATHER (*Baritone*). He has at last sold the brooms he had made, and brought provisions in plenty.

When he learns that the children have gone into the forest, he is alarmed. He sings an eerie song of a "gobbling ogress."

With a cry, the Mother rushes out of the door to save her children.

#### ACT II.

SCENE 1, *The Forest, Sunset*. The children are in the forest, gathering strawberries and wild roses. As darkness falls, they take fright.

SCENE 2. THE SANDMAN (*Soprano*) comes and strews sand in their eyes, singing his song. Half asleep, they sing their evening prayer. They fall asleep in one another's arms. Utter darkness has fallen.

SCENE 3, *A Scene without Words*. A light shines through the mist, which rolls together into a staircase, down which ANGELS descend. They group around the children, and move in a stately dance. The Curtain falls.

#### ACT III.

SCENE 1, *Lawn*. The DEWMAN (*Soprano*) comes, singing *I'm up with early dawning*. The children wake.

SCENES 2-3. As the mist finally clears, they find themselves in the haunts of the WITCH (*Mezzo-Soprano*); who in these Scenes shuts Hänsel in her cage (to fatten him for eating) and transfixes Gretel, but is eventually pushed into her own oven by the children.

The oven flares up, then crashes to the ground. Spells are broken, and "gingerbread children" all round turn into real ones.

SCENE 4. General dance and song of all the children. The Father's "Tra-la-la" is heard, and he and their Mother appear.

LAST SCENE. One after another expresses joy, then all solemnly sing:—

"When past bearing is our grief  
Then 'tis Heaven will send relief."  
CURTAIN.



# THE NEW HOBBY.

Miss Lillah McCarthy Describes the Pleasures and Benefits of Scientific Mind - Training.



(Forsham and Benfield.)  
Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY  
(Lady Keeble).

everyone who has taken it up is amazed at its simplicity, its fascinating character, and the wonderful results it produces. It is an ideal Evening or Spare-time study and a perfect Mental Recreation.

## What Miss Lillah McCarthy says.

"Pelmanism," says the famous actress, Miss Lillah McCarthy, "is now my Sunday recreation. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best.

"That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes you do your best; and, moreover, it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be. I am now a Pelman enthusiast, and am prescribing my remedy wherever and whenever I encounter a friend who would be better for it—there are many who would.

## A Most Absorbing Game.

"And," she adds, "Pelmanism is a most absorbing game, and one which each player can learn for himself or herself. At any moment one may take up the 'Little Grey Books' and enjoy real mental recreation—to employ that word in its proper sense.

"Surely, when pleasure and instruction can be combined—when, in addition to acquiring knowledge which will stand us in good stead throughout our lives, we can also find the most intense enjoyment in its study—a double purpose is served.

"But, in my experience, Pelmanism does more than educate in the ordinary sense of the term.

"It recreates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration."

## The "Little Grey Books."

The "Little Grey Books," twelve in number, which, together with the exercises and examination papers, constitute the famous Pelman Course, are extremely interesting from the first page to the last.

The very first book grips your attention, and as you continue the Course the deeper becomes your interest and the more efficient becomes your mind. Each book in turn prepares you for the next, and the exercises become more and more absorbing as the Course proceeds.

These exercises have been carefully devised and selected by expert psychologists, and are in themselves a delight to those who practise them. Not only do you take a

HUNDREDS of readers are spending delightful (and profitable) half-hours at the present time with the "Little Grey Books" issued by the Pelman Institute. Pelmanism, in fact, has become the "New Hobby," and

delight in practising these exercises, but you experience at the same time the deep gratification of knowing that your mind is rapidly becoming more efficient.

## "The Perfect Feel of a 'Fourer.'"

Just as a cricketer experiences an intense feeling of gratification when at last, as the result of skilful coaching, he is able, with the minimum of effort, to crack the ball to the boundary, so you, after practising Pelmanism for a few months, feel the same gratification at finding yourself able to do things easily, smartly, and efficiently, which formerly were beyond your powers.

There is perhaps no sensation quite equal to the feeling of perfect mental mastery and intellectual fitness developed by Pelmanism. With your mind working accurately, clearly, and rapidly, and with all your intellectual powers co-ordinated, and acting under the full control of your will, work becomes a pleasure because you know you are doing it well; doing it, too, with plenty of time to spare. You are the master of your surroundings and of your work.

All this Pelmanism helps you to do and to be, and by the time you have finished the Course, you will have secured a complete mastery of the science of mental training, which you will then be able to apply immediately for your own personal advantage.

By means of this system you can quickly and permanently eliminate all such weaknesses and failings as—

- |                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| —Forgetfulness  | —Timidity           |
| —Mind-Wandering | —Weakness of Will   |
| —Brain Fag      | —Lack of System     |
| —Indecision     | —Indefiniteness     |
| —Dullness       | —Lack of Initiative |
| —Shyness        | —Mental Flurry      |

that handicap so many people to-day.

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- |                   |                            |
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| —Concentration    | —Directive Ability         |
| —Observation      | —Forcefulness              |
| —Perception       | —Self-Confidence           |
| —Judgment         | —Self-Control              |
| —Initiative       | —Driving Power             |
| —Will-Power       | —Tact                      |
| —Decision         | —Reliability               |
| —Ideation         | —Salesmanship              |
| —Resourcefulness  | —Rightly-directed Energy & |
| —Organising Power | —A Reliable Memory         |

that are indispensable if you wish to achieve success in any sphere of life.

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Sir.—Please send me, free of charge or obligation, a copy of "The Efficient Mind," together with full particulars of the Pelman Course, and particulars showing how I can enrol on especially convenient terms.

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# WIRELESS PROGRAMME—BELFAST (Dec. 22nd to Dec. 27th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

2BE 435 M.

## MONDAY.

- S. S. SPENCE (Tenor).  
LILLIE MORRISON (Solo Violin).  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 3.30. Orchestra.  
March, "The Man Behind the Gun"  
*Sousa*  
Overture, "Raymond".....*Thomas*  
Suite, "Woodland Pictures".....*Fletcher*
- 3.58. S. S. Spence.  
"O Vision Entrancing" ("Esmeralda")  
*Goring Thomas* (1)  
"I Hear You Calling Me".....*Marshall* (1)  
"Hatfield Bells".....*Easthope Martin* (5)
- 4.10. Lillie Morrison.  
Andantino.....*Martini-Kreisler*  
Scherzo.....*Dittersdorf-Kreisler*  
Hungarian Dance in G Minor  
*Brahms-Joachim*
- 4.22. Orchestra.  
"Reminiscences of Ireland".....*Godfrey*  
Selection, "Merrie England".....*German*  
Fox-trot, "Oh, Eva."  
One-step, "English Medley".....*Somers* (9)
- 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Mr. STEWART DICK. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 7.30.—"HANSEL AND GRETEL." *S.B. from London.*
- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Capt. P. P. ECKERSLEY. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 11.0.—Close down.

## TUESDAY.

- MILDRED ROBERTS (Soprano).  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 3.45. Orchestra.  
March, "Sons of the Brave" .. *Bidgood*  
Overture, "A May Day".... *Haydn Wood*  
Selection, "Sally"..... *Kern*  
Suite, "My Lady Dragon-Fly".... *Finck*
- 4.20. Mildred Roberts.  
"The Valley of Lilies"..... *Oliver* (8)  
"When the Swallows Home-ward Fly".....  
"Let Us Forget".....  
"Good-Morrow, Gossip Joan" *Old English*
- 4.38. Orchestra.  
Entr'acte ("Love Bells" .... *Dorel* (1)  
"The Butterflies"..... *Hume* (1)  
"Pas des Fleurs" ("Naïfa")..... *Delibes*  
Fox-trot, "Hard-Hearted Hannah" .. (9)
- 5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
JOHN STRACHEY. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.

- 7.30. "Charlie's Christmas Party."  
Our Reproduction of  
"THE ULSTER CEIDLITH."  
THE BELFAST RADIO PLAYERS.  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Sir WILLIAM BRAGG. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 11.0.—Close down.

## WEDNESDAY.

- 4.0-5.0.—The "2BE" Trio.
- 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 7.30. "The Messiah,"  
Christmas Portion of (*Handel*).  
EVA KERR (Soprano).  
CHRISTINA MOORE (Contralto).  
JOHN VINE (Tenor).  
JAMES HOLMES (Bass).  
THE STATION CHORUS.  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.  
Conductor: E. GODFREY BROWN.
- 8.50. DICKENS' RECITAL.  
THE BELFAST RADIO PLAYERS.
- 9.20. THE STATION MIXED VOICE QUARTET.  
Carol, "Good King Wenceslas."  
Carol, "Listen, Lordlings, Now to Me."
- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Royal Horticultural Society Talk. *S.B. from London.*  
Mr. DOUGLAS KENNEDY. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 10.5.—THE SAVOY BANDS. } *S.B. from London.*  
LAYTON and JOHNSTONE. }  
WAITS and CAROLS. }
- 12.0.—Close down.

## THURSDAY.

- NORMAN GRAHAME (Baritone).  
Mrs. ROONEY, of Belfast.  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 3.30. Orchestra.  
March, "The B'boys of Tipperary" *Amers*  
Overture, "The Arcadians"  
*Mouckton and Talbot*  
Selection of Haydn Wood's Songs.
- 3.58. Norman Grahame.  
Selected.
- 4.8. Orchestra.  
"Voice of the Bells"..... *Luigini*
- 4.15. Mrs. Rooney.
- 4.25. Orchestra.  
"Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy" ("Casse Noisette" Suite)..... *Tchaikovsky*
- 4.30. Norman Grahame.  
"The Corporal's Ditty"..... *Squire* (1)  
"The Mistress of the Master"..... *Phillips*  
"Here's Health Unto His Majesty"  
*Savile—1670*
- 4.40. Orchestra.  
Entr'acte, "In a Fairy Boat"  
*Brian Hope* (4)
- 4.45. Mrs. Rooney.
- 4.55. Orchestra.  
Fox-trot, "Oh, that Mistletoe Bough" (10)
- 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0-12.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

## FRIDAY.

- 4.0-5.0.—The "2BE" Quartet.
- 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
PERCY SCHOLES. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.  
WILLIAM ANDERSON (Baritone).  
REGINALD DOBSON (Solo Violoncello).  
THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 7.30. Orchestra.  
"Marche Militaire"..... *Gounod*  
Overture, "Plymouth Hoe"..... *Ansell*
- 7.48. William Anderson.  
Selected Song.
- 8.0. Reginald Dobson.  
Rêverie..... *Dunkler*
- 8.10. Orchestra.  
Intermezzo, "Canterbury Chimes" *Ancliffe*
- 8.20. William Anderson.  
Selected Song.
- Dance Programme.
- 8.35.—One-step, "English Medley" (9); Fox-trot, "Oh, That Mistletoe Bough" (10); Fox-trot, "Fido Followed Felix" (10); Waltz, "Half-past Ten" (7); Waltz, "Waltz of Long Ago"; Fox-trot, "Maybe" (6); Fox-trot, "How's Bonzo?" (10); One-step, "Oh, Doctor" (10); One-step, "Why Does a Chicken Cross the Road?" (10); One-step, "Irish Medley" (9).
- 9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. *S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 10.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
- 12.0.—Close down.

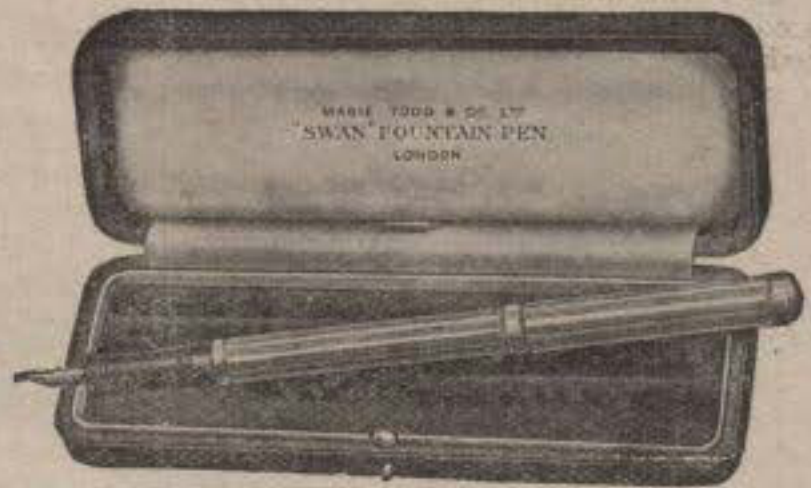
## SATURDAY.

- 4.0-5.0.—The "2BE" Trio.
- 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
Local News.
- 7.15-7.30.—Interval.
- Band Night.  
BAND OF 1ST BATT. THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.  
(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. H. F. Baillie, D.S.O., and Officers.)  
Bandmaster, Mr. EDWARD GRAYSON.  
JACK McLEAN (Bass).
- 7.30. Band.  
Grand March, "The Spirit of Pageantry"  
*P. Fletcher* (1)  
Overture, "Euryanthe"..... *Weber*  
Excerpts from "Parsifal"..... *Wagner*  
Jack McLean.  
"Young Diewich"..... *G. Henschel*  
"Kashmiri Song" .. *Woodforde-Finden* (1)  
"Youth"..... *Allitsen* (1)
- Band.  
Suite for the Combined Band and Piper  
*arr. Grayson*  
(Solo Piper, Pipe-Major J. HAYWOOD.)  
"Petite Suite de Concert," *Coleridge-Taylor*  
"Three Irish Pictures"..... *Ansell*  
Jack McLean.  
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"  
*J. Serjeant* (1)  
"Invictus"..... *Bruno Huhn*  
"Tis I"..... *Pinsuti*
- Band.  
Allegro Moderato from Symphony in B Minor..... *Schubert*  
Selection of Scottish Airs..... *arr. Godfrey*  
Waltz from "The Swan Lake" Ballet  
*Tchaikovsky*
- 9.30-12.0.—Programme *S.B. from London.*

A number against a musical item indicates the name of its publisher. A key list of publishers will be found on page 610.



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to ————— ?*



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**Listeners' Letters**

(Continued from page 594.)

**A Question of English.**

DEAR SIR,—I wonder why so many of the B.B.C. announcers say the Band *are*, the Orchestra *are*, the Trio *are*, the Choir *are going* to sing, or play as the case may be. Band, Orchestra, Trio, Choir are all singular, the plurals being Bands, Orchestras, Trios, and Choirs. It seems to me that as broadcasting goes out all over the land, and admittedly is a great educator, it is just as well that what is broadcast should be correct English, as far as possible. Many listeners would think it correct to say *are*, because it is "said on the wireless." I noticed that the announcer at Cardiff recently had a much more correct way of putting it. He said "the orchestra will now play us" such and such an item. While the announcement complained of is a very common way of putting it, it should be remarked that the band is not *going*, but *staying* to play.

The Cardiff announcer's announcement is not only more correct, but much more pleasing to the ear.

Yours, etc.,

Imminster.

D. G. T.

**The Good Old Times.**

DEAR SIR,—In "Official News and Views" you say you may "revive happy memories" of old pantomime favourites of the 'eighties and 'nineties. I, for one, and there may be many more, would like to go back to the years '65 and '70. Can you give us an evening of the "good old times" at the Drury Lane, the Effingham, under Morris Abrahams, and the Pavilion?

Yours, etc.,

Bristol.

J. C.

**Relaying Foreign Stations.**

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to suggest an interesting experiment? That is, the relaying of Continental Transmissions from stations such as Petit Parisien, Radio Iberico, Radio Belg. SBR, Hamburg, Stockholm, and so on. All these stations are transmitting on or near the B.B.C. wave band, and therefore, when one of our stations is receiving a "round the stations" programme these Continental stations could be included.

Yours, etc.,

Loftus, Yorkshire.

N. B.

**Brighter Radio.**

DEAR SIR,—I am an enthusiastic listener; but I must confess that I think that the broadcast programmes should contain more of entertainment and less that is instructive.

When I come home tired after a long day's work, I don't want to listen to talks, or News Bulletins. I am then ripe for entertainment, and I only take up the earphones with the idea of being amused.

Among my friends I am considered a bit of a high-brow, for I like classical music and "deep" books; but the wireless is not the proper medium for "high-brow" works.

Give us a brighter radio, I say. It would do much to help the ideal of a "brighter London"—and also of brighter Provinces.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.

T. J. M.

THERE is no wireless installation in the Channel Islands, although the neighbouring coasts are notoriously dangerous. A distress signal would have to be picked up in England and relayed by cable. All the post offices in the islands are closed at 10.30 a.m. on Sundays, and after this time no telegrams are delivered! A scheme for erecting a radio station in Jersey is being considered.

**Dundee Programme.**

2DE 331 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
8.30-10.30.—Programme S.B. from Glasgow.

**MON., Dec. 22nd, and WED., Dec. 24th.**

2.30-3.30.—Music relayed from the Kinnaird Hall.  
5.0-5.15.—WOMEN'S TOPICS.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0 onwards.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-7.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
7.30-11.0.—Programme S.B. from Glasgow.]

**THURS., Dec. 25th, and SAT., Dec. 27th.**

3.30-4.30.—Kinnaird Hall Picture House Orchestra.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

5.0-5.15.—WOMEN'S TOPICS.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London. Local News.

**Dundee Choir :**

Conductor, H. MARSHALL.  
7.30. ELEANOR MOFFAT (Soprano).  
"There Were Shepherds" ...  
"And Lo, the Angel of the Lord" ... ("The Messiah")  
"And the Angel Said Unto Them" ... Handel  
"And Suddenly There Was With the Angel" ... (11)  
Chorus.  
"Glory to God" ("The Messiah") Handel  
Two Chorales.  
"Brightest and Best" ... }  
"For the Beauty of the Earth" ... } Bach (34)  
J. SHEPHERD.  
"I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" ... Cloy  
MAY BRYSON.  
"A May Morning" ... Denza  
Part Songs.  
"O Hush Thee, My Baby" ... Sullivan (11)  
"Kitty of Coleraine" ... arr. Lloyd  
J. J. SMITH.  
"I Fear No Foe" ... Pinski  
LINA TALBOT.  
"Sing, Break Into Song" ... Mallinson  
Part Songs.  
"Song of the Vikings" ... Fanning (11)  
"Simple Simon" ... Macey (2)  
"Glory and Love" ... Gounod (25)  
J. B. WILL.  
"On With the Motley" ("Pagliacci")  
Leoncavallo  
Eleanor Moffat.  
"Flora Macdonald's Lament" ... Hogg (25)  
Part Songs.  
"Coronach" ... Macfarren (11)  
"O Lovely May" ... E. German (11)  
"Hey! Diddle Diddle" ... Herbert (2)  
J. C. FYFFE.  
"The Vicar's Song" ("Sorcerer")  
Sullivan  
ANN COUPER.  
"The Ships of Arcady" ... Head (1)  
Part Songs.  
"The Land o' the Leal" ... (34)  
"The Wee Cooper o' Fife" arr. Robertson (2)  
"Scots Wha Hae" ... (34)  
9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. S.B. from London. Local News.  
10.0-12.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from London.

**Edinburgh Programme.**

2EH 328 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
8.30.—Rev. J. A. McClymont, D.D. Address: "League of Nations." Hymns by the Choir.  
9.5-10.30.—Programme S.B. from Glasgow.

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-7.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
7.30-11.0.—Programme S.B. from Glasgow.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio: Special Christmas Concert.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: Christmas Play by Auntie Molly.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London. Local News.

**Local Programme.**

7.30-9.30 and  
10.0-10.30.—Something cheerful to dissipate that after-Christmas feeling.  
REGINALD WHITEHEAD (Bass) in a Recital of Rollicking Songs.  
"Tavern Song" ... Fisher (1)  
"Jolly Old Cavalier" ... Dix (1)  
"Warwickshire Wooing" ... James  
"Me and My Jane" ... Sterndale Bennett (5)  
"If I Were" ... D. Richards (1)  
"Devonshire Wedding" ... Lyall Phillips (1)

**THE BRITISH LEGION MILITARY BAND**

will perform the following programme of popular numbers.  
March, "Colonel Bogey" ... Alford  
Waltz, "Nights of Gladness" ... Ancliffe  
Fantasia, "A Hunting Scene" ... Bucalossi  
March, "Afton Water" ... Dought  
One-step, "Leave Me With a Smile" ... Bidgood (6)  
Bandmaster: J. DOUGHT (Late R.M.S.M.).  
JAMES MURRAY'S HAWAIIAN ORCHESTRA.  
Recital of Carols by BOYS' CHOIR:  
Under the Direction of A. T. LEE ASHTON.

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. S.B. from London. Local News.  
A few words by the Station Director.  
10.30-12.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from London.

**SATURDAY, December 27th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Station Pianoforte Trio.  
5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.



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*Song of Hybrias, the Cretan (Elliott)*
- L1466 *Edward (Loewe, 1818)*  
*Myself When Young, from "In a Persian Garden"*  
*(Fitzgerald and Lehmann)*
- L1474 *The Midnight Review (Neumarch-Glinka)*  
*Blow! Blow! Thou Winter Wind (Shakespeare-Ketelbey)*
- L1504 *Song of the Volga Boatmen (Et Ukhnem)*  
*(Buck and Chaliapine-Koenemann)*
- L1568 *When a Maiden Takes your Fancy, from "Il Seraglio" (Mozart)*
- L1568 *The Seminarist (Moussorgsky)*  
*The Solitary One (Der Ernsume) (R. Strauss)*

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**Hull Programme.**

6KH 335 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30. } Programmes S.B. from London.  
8.30-10.30. }

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

3.0-3.30. (Music relayed from the Majestic  
4.0-4.30. ) Picture House.  
3.30-4.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

3.0-3.30. ) Claude Duval's Dance Orchestra.  
4.0-4.30. )  
3.30-4.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

3.0-3.30. (Music relayed from the Majestic  
4.0-4.30. ) Picture House.  
3.30-4.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.

Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. S.B. from  
London. Local News.

**7.30. Christmas Eve.**

Ye Christmas Waytes Wille Discourse  
Swete Musick. Master Harold Kellington  
Wille Rede Histories of Bygone Christmase  
Feastes.

Ye Brethren of Ye Guilde of Ye Breed-  
casters of Kynstowne-upon-Hull bolpen By  
Cheire Quire of Swete singeres With Musick  
Wille On Ye Viaille of Christmase At Ye  
houre of 8 o' Ye Clocke Righte. Plaie Cheire  
Plaie of Ye Adoration of Ye Shepherdes.

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.

Royal Horticultural Society Talk.  
Mr. DOUGLAS KENNEDY. S.B. from  
London.

Local News.  
10.5-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

3.0-3.30. (Music relayed from the Majestic  
4.0-4.30. ) Picture House.  
3.30-4.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin.  
S.B. from London.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**SATURDAY, December 27th.**

3.0-3.30. ) Claude Duval's Dance Orchestra.  
4.0-4.30. )  
3.30-4.0.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
Local Talk. Local News.  
7.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**A. R. BURROWS**

the Director of Programmes

and

**JOHN HENRY**

the Wireless Humorist

Write in

**"TIT-BITS"**

(Every Monday — 2d.)

**Leeds—Bradford  
Programme.**

2LS 346 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30. } Programmes S.B. from London.  
8.30-10.30. }

**MONDAY, December 22nd, and SATURDAY,  
December 27th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
2.45-3.45.—Queen's Hotel Orchestra, Leeds  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0. onwards.—Programme S.B. from London.  
10.0-11.0.—CLIFFORD ESSEX'S DANCE  
BAND, relayed from the Grand Hotel,  
Scarborough.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

2.30-4.0.—Charles Freedman and his Orchestra  
relayed from the Theatre Royal Cinema,  
Bradford.

4.45-5.15.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Talk to Motorists, by Major A. E.  
Beattie. M.I.A.E., M.Inst.T.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Bensley Ghent and his Orchestra,  
relayed from the Tower Picture House.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-10.0.—Programme S.B. from London.  
10.5-11.0.—CLIFFORD ESSEX'S DANCE  
BAND, relayed from the Grand Hotel,  
Scarborough.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Bensley Ghent and his Orchestra,  
relayed from the Tower Picture House.  
5.15-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin.  
S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London.  
Local News.

**Carnival Night.**

ALICE COCKCROFT (Soprano).  
MARY DALE (Contralto).  
WILFRED HUDSON (Tenor).  
HARRY BURLEY (Bass).  
PERCY FROSTICK (Violin).  
WALTER SPINKS (Violoncello).  
MYER MOSS (Pianist).  
GEORGE LISTER (Humorist).  
JACK ALLERTON } ("The Three  
HARRY RANKINE } Tykes")  
EDGAR ROBINSON } (Entertainers).  
CECIL MOON at the Piano.

7.30. The Passing Show.  
"Motley's the only wear"  
("As You Like It").

Under the Stars.

"If Music be the Food of Love, Play On"  
("Twelfth Night").

With Cap and Bells.

"Virtue's Its Own Reward, So's Jollity"  
("Martin Chuzzlewit").

Here We Are Again.

"There is nothing in the world so irresistibly  
contagious as laughter and good humour"  
("A Christmas Carol").

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. S.B. from London.  
Local News.

10.0-11.0.—CLIFFORD ESSEX'S DANCE  
BAND, relayed from the Grand Hotel,  
Scarborough.

**Liverpool Programme.**

6LV 315 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
6.30.—Bach's Christmas Oratorio, relayed from  
the Ulett Road Church.

8.30-9.0. Religious Service.  
Hymn, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."  
Anthem, "Arise, Shine" . . . . . Darnton  
Address, The Rev. H. J. TAYLOR.  
Hymn, "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful."  
9.0-10.30.—Programme S.B. from London.

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

3.30-4.30.—Gaillard and his Orchestra, relayed  
from the Scala Super Cinema.  
5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

4.0-5.0.—The "State Brighter Liverpool"  
Band, relayed from the State Café.  
5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

3.30-4.30.—Gaillard and his Orchestra, relayed  
from the Scala Super Cinema.  
5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.

Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. S.B. from  
London. Local News.

"Pile on the logs, the wind blows chill,  
But let it whistle as it will  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

DORIS GAMBELL (Soprano).

AGNES JONES (Contralto).

ALBERT E. BATTEN (Tenor).

S. MAHER (Bass).

CLARKE DAVIES (Entertainer).

THE STATION ORCHESTRA:

Under the direction of FREDERICK

BROWN.

7.30.—March, "The Peacemaker" . . . . . Lotter  
"A Children's Overture" . . . . . Quiller

7.50. Clarke Davies.  
"Wimmen, Oh, Wimmen" . . . . . L. Phillips  
"Leave it to Father" . . . . . Sterndale Bennett

8.0. Orchestra.  
Selection, "Fallen Fairies" . . . . . German

8.15. Our Vocalists will Revive some Old  
Memories.

9.5. Clarke Davies.  
"Ragman" . . . . . Buchanan  
"The Mermaid" . . . . . Barratt (1)

9.15. Orchestra.  
Pot-Pourri, "A Musical Jig-Saw"

9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.

Royal Horticultural Society Talk.  
Mr. DOUGLAS KENNEDY. S.B. from  
London.

Local News.  
10.0. Orchestra.

Waltz, "Christmas Roses" . . . . . Waldteufel

10.15.—A few words from the Station Director.  
10.25.—"Auld Lang Syne."

10.30-12.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from  
London.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

4.0-5.0.—The "State Brighter Liverpool"  
Band, relayed from the State Café.

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. S.B.  
from London.

7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

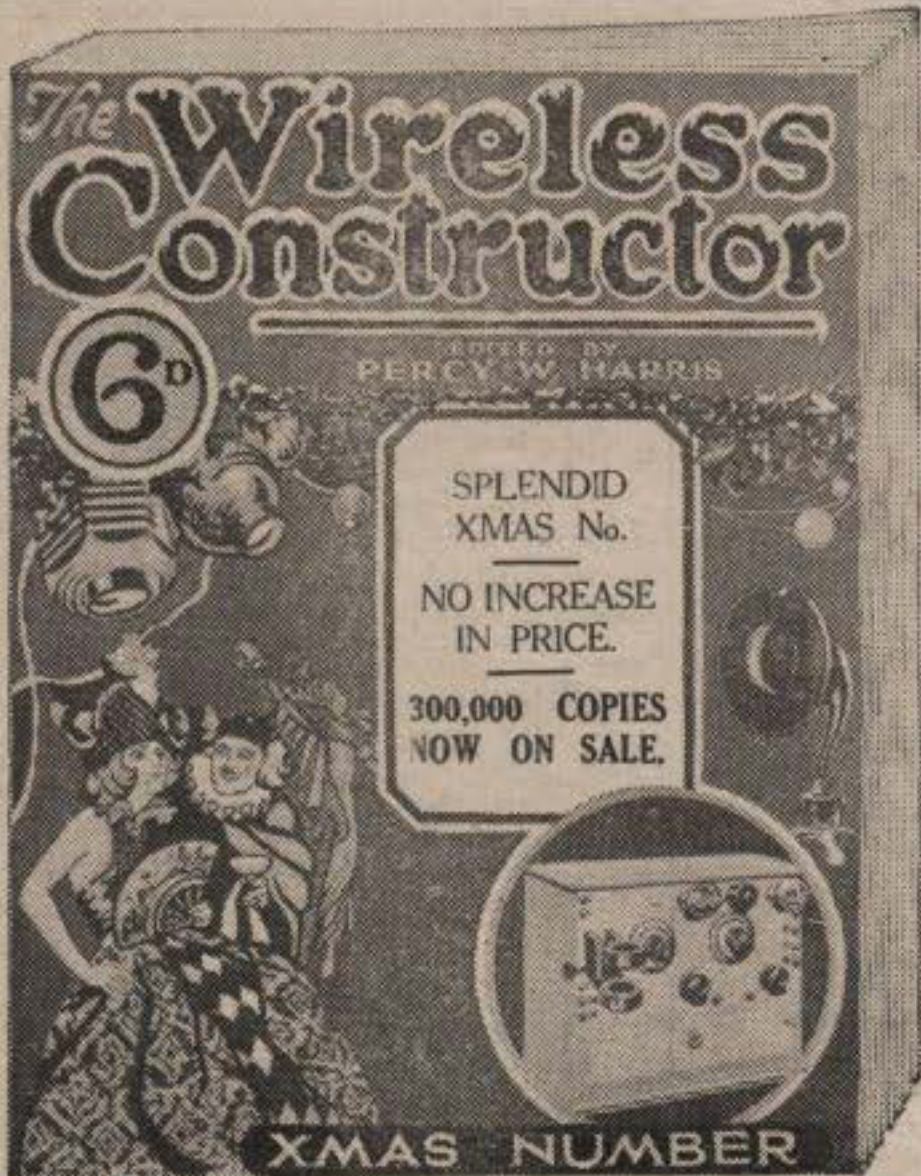
**SATURDAY, December 27th.**

3.30-4.30.—Gaillard and his Orchestra, relayed  
from the Scala Super Cinema.

5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

(The article entitled "Yogo Hama Visits a B.B.C. Studio" is  
published by arrangement with the Proprietors of "The  
Bystander.")





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wireless. There are so many constructional articles and so much sound advice, hints and tips that absolutely every reader is catered for individually, and regular readers will be obtaining a progressive course of wireless that will place them well ahead of those friends who, in the earlier days, they went to for advice.

Simple to read, while crammed full of useful and interesting articles and notes, it has exercised a fascination never approached by any other magazine. "The Wireless Constructor" has not only the largest circulation of any magazine in the world, but its circulation is very much greater than that of any other British magazine of any kind whatsoever. The extraordinary value given for its ridiculously small price of 6d. has helped, but its actual contents have an appeal which no reader can resist once he has seen a copy. For the absolute beginner, the crystal or single valve user, it is ideal, while some of the contents will appeal equally to the experienced experimenter.

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**Nottingham Programme.**

5NG 322 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30 } Programmes S.B. from London.  
9.0-10.30 }

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

3.30-4.30.—The Scala Picture Theatre Orchestra: Musical Director, Andrew James  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.15.—"Teens' Corner."  
6.35-6.55.—Prof. H. H. Swinnerton, D.Sc., on "The History of Nottingham Scenery."  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

3.30-4.30.—Lyons' Café Orchestra: Conductor, Brassey Eyton.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.15.—"Teens' Corner."  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records of the Week.  
3.30-4.30.—Lyons' Café Orchestra. Conductor, Brassey Eyton  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.10-6.55.—Prof. R. Peers, M.C., M.A., "Economics and Welfare" (3).  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS. S.B. from London. Local News.

**Christmas Eve Concert.**

THE HUCKNALL EXCELSIOR PRIZE BAND:

Bandmaster, J. HARRISON.

THE ORPHEUS MALE VOICE CHOIR:

Conductor, E. STONE.

IDA SARGENT (Songs at the Piano).

ARTHUR W. HAYES, O.B.E. (Recitations from Dickens).

From 7.30 to 9.30 and 10.0 to 10.30 p.m. we shall endeavour to reproduce the ancient spirit of Christmas Eve, and will entertain you with Merry Music, Christmas Carols and Songs, and Recitations from Dickens' famous Masterpiece, "The Christmas Carol"

From 9.30 to 10.0 p.m. you will receive the Weather Forecast and News, a Royal Horticultural Society Talk, and a Talk by Mr. Douglas Kennedy on "Song Dances and Carols" from London, and again after the close of our concert at 10.30 p.m. you will hear the Savoy Bands, Turner Layton and Clarence Johnstone, and Waits and Carols broadcast from London up till midnight.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER: We shall entertain a number of War Orphans in our Studio with a Punch and Judy Show and a Christmas Tree.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

3.30-4.30.—Lyons' Café Orchestra: Conductor, Brassey Eyton.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.15.—"Teens' Corner."  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin S.B. from London.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**SATURDAY, December 27th.**

3.15-4.15.—The Scala Picture Theatre Orchestra: Musical Director, Andrew James.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.0-6.15.—"Teens' Corner."  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

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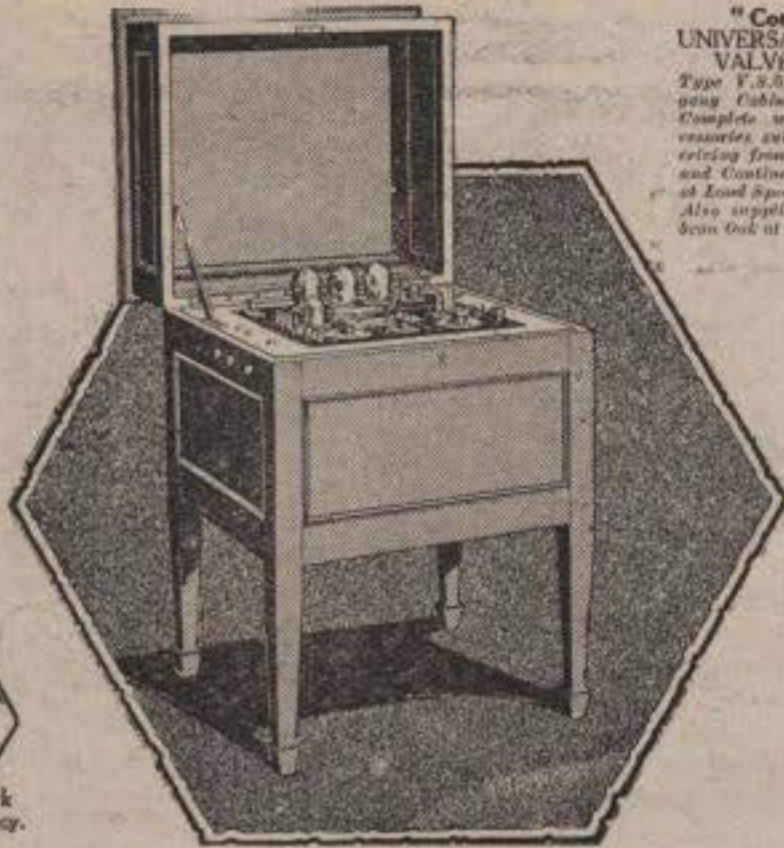
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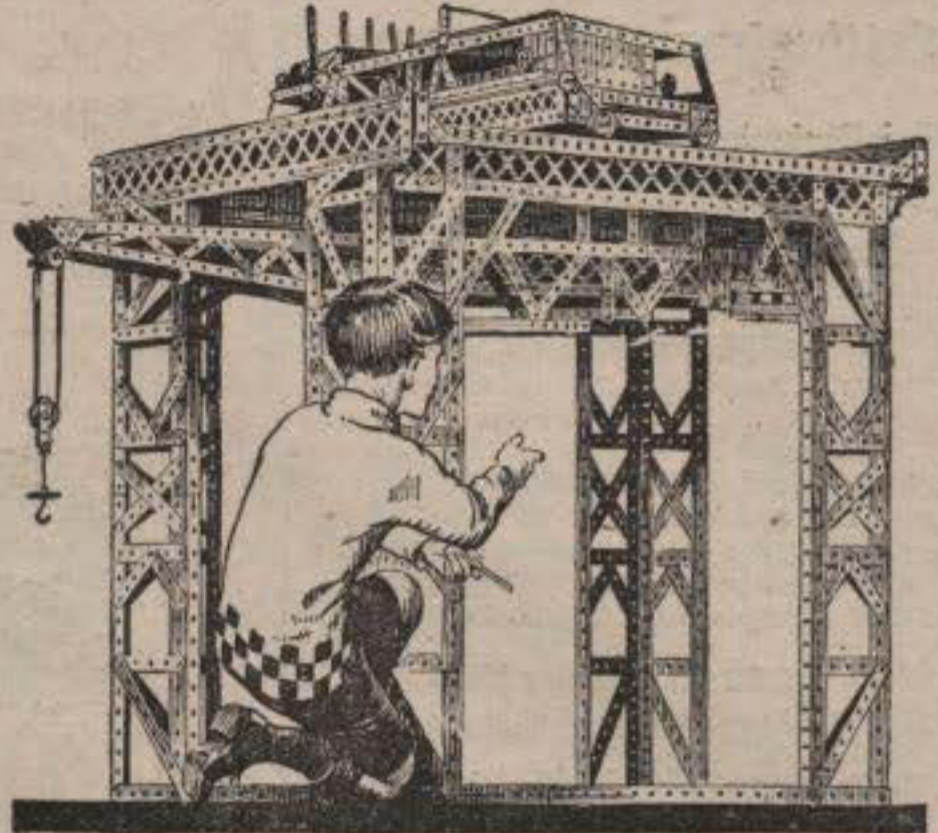
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MECCANO LIMITED BINNS ROAD LIVERPOOL



**Plymouth Programme.**

5PY 335 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30. } Programme S.B. from London.  
8.30-10.30. }

**MONDAY, December 22nd, TUESDAY, December 23rd, and WEDNESDAY, December 24th.**

3.30-4.30.—Ernest Manning and his Orchestra relayed from the New Palladium Cinema. Vocalist: Dorothy Lincoln (Soprano).  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0 onwards.—Programme S.B. from London.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

4.0-5.0.—Albert Fulbrooke and his Trio, relayed from the Royal Hotel.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London. Local News.

**Boxing Night Popular Programme.**

- ELSIE PEARCE (Soubrette).
- THELMA REISS-SMITH (Solo Violoncello).
- CISSIE SEATON (Dialect Recitals).
- GEORGE STRATHON (Baritone).
- FRED PITT (Entertainer).
- 7.20. Sonata, G Minor ..... H. Eccles
- 7.45. Elsie Pearce. "Woman Costs Less than Man" Reg. Low (7)
- "They Always Put the Blame on Me" Elliott (7)
- 8.0. George Strathon. "Nazareth" ..... Gounod
- "The Sergeant's Song" ..... Holst
- 8.10. Cissie Seaton. Dialect Recitals.
- 8.20. Fred Pitt. "Imitation of Our Christmas Party" Pitt
- 8.40. Thelma Reiss-Smith. "Le Cygne" ..... Saint-Saens
- "Solemn Movement" ..... Sammartini
- 8.50. Elsie Pearce. "Tommy Boy" ..... Arthur Du Soir (7)
- "That's What Daddy Does" ..... Sellars (7)
- 9.0. George Strathon. "Old Clothes and Fine Clothes" ... Shaw
- "The Rolling Stone" ..... Hamblen (1)
- 9.10. Fred Pitt. "Silly Ass" ..... Leigh (7)
- "Proposals, Etc." ..... Squiers (7)
- 9.25. Thelma Reiss-Smith. "Menuet" ..... Handel
- 9.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**SATURDAY, December 27th.**

4.0-5.0.—Arthur Fulbrooke and his Trio, relayed from the Royal Hotel.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**An Entirely New Animal Book**

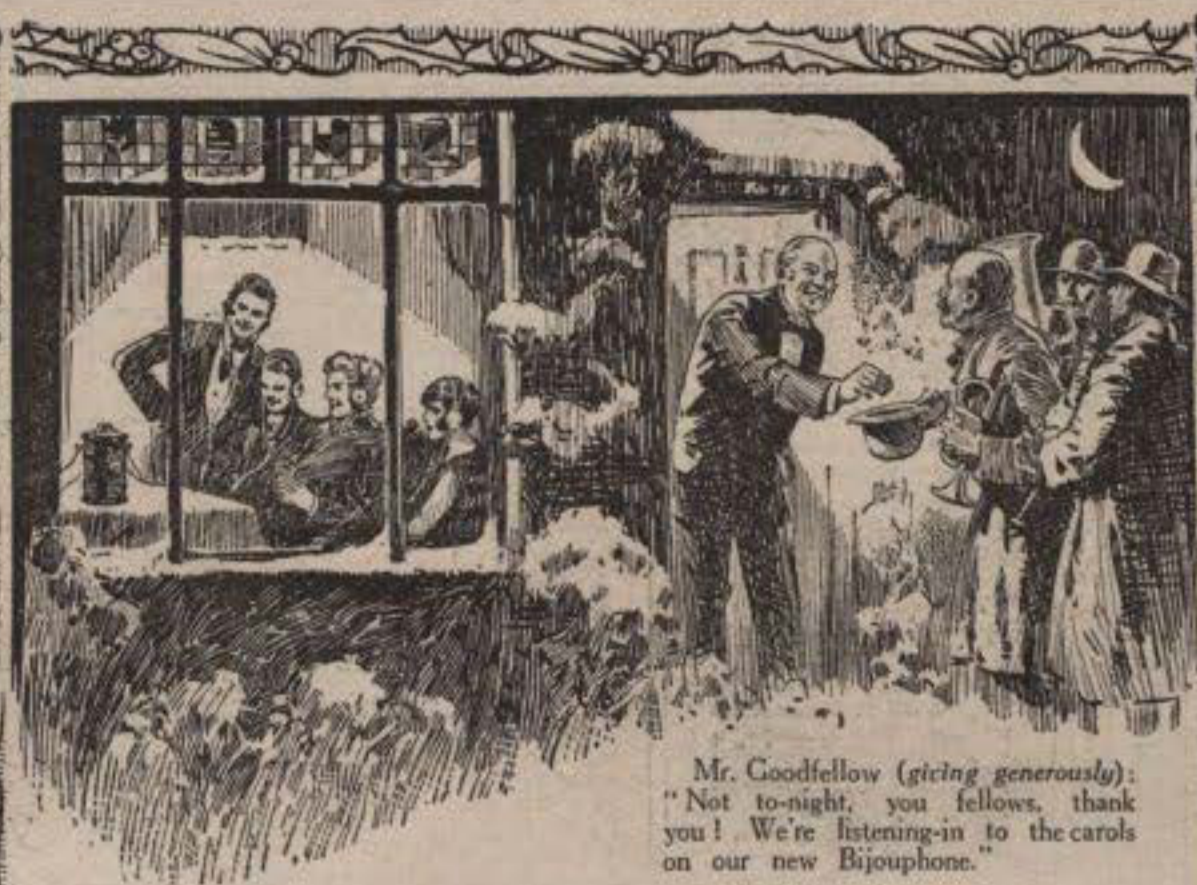
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Mr. Goodfellow (giving generously): "Not to-night, you fellows, thank you! We're listening-in to the carols on our new Bijouphone."

**The Olde Waits and the New Waits.**

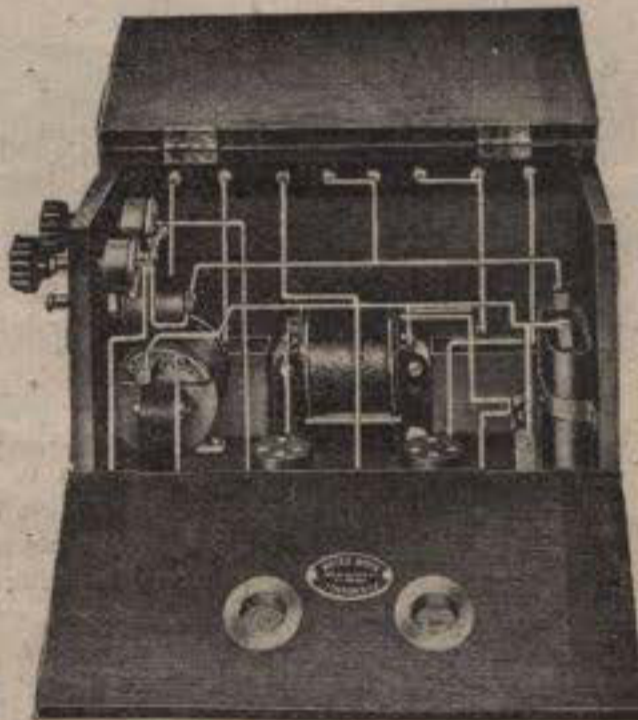


Christmas is here again; the Christmas atmosphere is essentially one of happiness and joy, to which Broadcasting will this year make a large contribution. But to enjoy to the full the Carols and other special fare the B.B.C. are going to provide, you must have clear, pure, reception. The Bijouphone is a wonderful little crystal set giving true-to-life reproduction. Its variometer tuning makes it surprisingly selective. The enclosed detector is fitted with best quality tested crystal, and the moulded ebonite top and base ensure perfect insulation. All metal parts are nickel-plated, the set being extremely smart in appearance—an Ideal Xmas gift. Model No. 1 is for local station, while model No. 2 receives the high-power station also.

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  - 2 Mansbridge Condensers.
  - 2 Valve Windows.
  - 83-5-Y pull-push switch for filament circuit.
  - Negative grid bias.
  - Modulating resistance.



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MAKE SURE OF GOOD RESULTS

From all Electricians and Radio Dealers

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Advertisement of The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd.

**GENERAL PURPOSE VALVES**  
**Type R . . . 1/6 each**  
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 Filament Current . . . . . 0.7 amp  
 Maximum plate voltage 100 volts  
 Plate resistance . . . . . 27,000 ohms

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 Filament Current . . . . . 0.35 amp  
 Maximum plate voltage . . . 90 volts  
 Plate resistance . . . . . 37,000 ohms

**Type B5 . . . 2/6 each**  
 Filament Voltage . . . . . 2.3 volts  
 Filament Current 0.09 amp (at 1 v)  
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 Plate resistance . . . . . 17,000 ohms

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 Maximum plate voltage 130 volts  
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 Filament Current . . . . . 0.12 amp  
 Maximum plate voltage 130 volts  
 Plate resistance . . . . . 5,000 ohms

**Type B7 . . . 3/6 each**  
 Filament Voltage . . . . . 6 volts  
 Filament Current . . . . . 0.06 amp  
 Maximum plate voltage 130 volts  
 Plate resistance . . . . . 5,000 ohms

\* For use with Dry Cells.

2173A

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B.T.H. Loud Speakers are soundly constructed, both mechanically and electrically, and reproduce speech and music without distortion or undue resonance. They give the greatest volume of sound that it is possible to obtain without impairing the tone. The Form C instruments are provided with adjustable air gaps. The magnets, of cobalt steel, retain their magnetism permanently, and are unaffected by change of polarity.

<p><b>FORM C1</b> The ideal Loud Speaker for a small room</p> <p>Price . . . . . <b>£2 10 0</b></p> <p><b>FORM C2</b> A beautifully finished instrument designed for general use in or out of doors</p> <p>Price . . . . . <b>£5 0 0</b></p>	<p><b>FORM C3</b> A gramophone attachment having the same element as the Form C1 Loud Speaker</p> <p>Price . . . . . <b>£2 2 0</b></p> <p><b>FORM D</b> A super-sensitive electro-dynamic pattern suitable for large halls or outdoor use.</p> <p>Price . . . . . <b>£9 10 0</b></p>
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 Use a "Tungar" and charge your batteries at home



Form C1



Form C2



Form C3



Form D

2176A



**Sheffield Programme.**  
6FL 301 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
8.15-9.0.—SERVICE relayed from the  
NETHER CHAPEL.  
Address by the Rev. JAS. WALLACE, M.A.  
9.0-10.30.—Programme S.B. from London.

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Programme S.B. from Manchester.  
5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Albert Hall Orchestra.  
5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24th, SATURDAY, Dec. 27th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Concert.  
5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.10.—Station Director's Talk. (Dec. 27th.)  
7.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**THURSDAY, December 25th.**

7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

11.30-12.30.—Gramophone Records.  
3.30-4.30.—Albert Hall Orchestra.  
5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S HALF-HOUR.  
5.30-6.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin  
S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London.  
Local News.

**Local Concert.**

**THE SHEFFIELD STATION  
ORCHESTRA.**

Under the Direction of COLLIN SMITH.  
OSWALD SMITH (Solo Violoncello).  
BLANCHE NAPIER (Contralto).  
HAROLD BUXTON (Reciter).  
STAINLESS STEPHEN.

7.30. Orchestra.  
Suite, "Gabrielle"..... Rosse  
Contralto Solo.  
"The Twelve Days of Christmas"  
arr. F. Austin (11)  
Reciter.  
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL."  
(Charles Dickens.)  
(Adapted for Broadcasting by Harold  
Buxton.)  
Act I. Scrooge's Office—Christmas Eve.  
Act II. Scrooge's Bedchamber.  
Act III. Christmas Morning.  
8.30-8.50. Orchestra.  
Selection, "The Miracle"..... Humperdinck  
Violoncello Solos.  
"The Holy Boy"..... Ireland  
Spanish Dance..... Popper  
9.0. Stainless Stephen.  
9.10. Orchestra.  
Suite of Dances, "Carnival"..... Ring  
Contralto Solos.  
"Daffodil"..... Sydney Rosenbloom  
"Morning"..... Oley Speaks  
"Little Bunch of Snowdrops"  
Montague Phillips  
9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
S.B. from London.  
Mr. W. PETTRIDGE. S.B. from London.  
Local News.  
10.0. Orchestra.  
"Three Light Pieces"..... R. Somerville  
"Gipsy Suite"..... E. German (11)  
Contralto Solos.  
"My Son," "The Merry Heart," "Sink,  
Red Sun"..... T. del Biego  
Orchestra.  
Waltz Suite..... Coleridge-Taylor  
10.45-12.0.—THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from  
London.

THE WORLDS WIRELESS SERVICE LTD.



**"All the fun of the fair"**

Here we are once more at the Christmas season. Everyone intent upon hospitality; everyone thinking out how best to give their friends pleasure and make this the jolliest of all Christmases.

There never was so successful a wireless season, and it is difficult to see how there could be a better.

This Christmastide everybody is thinking wireless, everybody is talking wireless, and thousands are making mental notes to give wireless presents. I can say with no little pride that nowhere will you find such a wide range of gifts as you will amongst my range.

There are crystal sets; one, two, three and five-valve sets, with their corresponding separate amplifiers, two types of Loud Speaker, head telephones, valves, and a complete set of components such as coils and transformers for you to select from—all the fun of the fair, in fact. And the one feature that distinguishes them all is that we have taken pains over the inner "works," rather than make the cost high by the inclusion of gadgets and expensive outside finish.

Go to the world's wireless stores, examine them for yourselves and you will understand what I mean by

**"Quality Apparatus at Low Cost."**

The merriest of Christmases to you all from

*Muel's Fellows*



**FELLOWS  
WIRELESS**

Super-2 Valve set, complete with H.T. Battery, Accumulator, 100 ft. 7/22 stranded copper aerial, 2 insulators, 1 pair 4,000 ohm Headphones £11 0 0  
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**B**ERKELEY Comfort is broadcast throughout the entire country and has indeed added to the greater enjoyment of wireless by providing ideal conditions for “listening-in.” What can be more delightful than to rest in the luxurious deep-seated comfort of a Berkeley and “listen-in” to the broadcasting concerts and the wireless news?

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## Stoke - on - Trent Programme.

6ST 306 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

### SUNDAY, December 21st.

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from London.  
 8.30. Religious Service.  
 A Christmas Carol.  
 Address by The Rev. A. E. BROWETT,  
 Vicar of All Saints', Hanley.  
 A Christmas Carol.  
 9.0-10.30.—Programme S.B. from London.

### MONDAY, December 22nd, to WEDNESDAY, December 24th, and FRIDAY, December 26th.

3.30-4.30.—The Majestic Cinema Orchestra:  
 Musical Director—Thomas Beckett.  
 5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
 6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin.  
*S.B. from London (Dec. 26th).*  
 7.0 onwards.—Programme S.B. from London.

### THURSDAY, December 25th.

7.0-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.  
**SATURDAY, December 27th.**  
 3.30-4.30.—The Majestic Cinema Orchestra:  
 Musical Director—Thomas Beckett.  
 5.0-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
 6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin.  
*S.B. from London (Dec. 26th.)*  
 7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS.  
*S.B. from London.*  
 Capt. H. G. MANSFIELD, M.C., F.R.G.S.  
*S.B. from London.* Local News.

#### Local Programme.

CHARLES COLLIER (Solo Harp).  
 MADGE BURTON (Soprano).  
 FRANK EDGE (Tenor)  
 GEORGE V. WOOLLEY (Solo Violin).  
 NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME HAND-  
 BELL RINGERS.  
 (W. A. ALLMAN and ERNEST KING.)  
 7.30. Harp Solos.  
 Ballade ..... } ..... *Hasselmanns*  
 Patronille Militaire }  
 7.40. Tenor Songs.  
 "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen" ("La  
 Bohème") ..... *Puccini*  
 "Love, I Have Won You" ("The Cycle  
 of Life") ..... *Landon Ronald (5)*  
 7.50. Handbell Ringers.  
 Christmas Chimes.  
 Variations on "The Blue Bells of Scotland."  
 8.0. Soprano Songs.  
 "The Smile of Spring" ..... *Percy E. Fletcher (11)*  
 "Damon" ..... *Max Strange*  
 8.10. Violin Solos.  
 "Souvenir" ..... *Franz Drdla*  
 Allegretto ..... *Boccherini-Kreisler*  
 8.20. Harp Solos.  
 "Autumn" ..... *John Thomas*  
 "Conte de Noel" ..... *Hasselmanns*  
 8.30. Tenor Songs.  
 "Lohengrin's Farewell" ..... *Wagner*  
 "Eleanore" ..... *Coleridge-Taylor (11)*  
 8.40. Handbell Ringers.  
 "Darling Nellie Grey."  
 "Home, Sweet Home."  
 8.50. Soprano Songs.  
 "Be Still, Blackbird" ..... *Sanderson (1)*  
 "The Shafts of Cupid" ..... *Percy E. Fletcher*  
 9.0. Violin Solos.  
 "Au Mois D'Avril" ..... *W. Henley*  
 "Le Cygne" ..... *Saint-Saëns*  
 9.10. Harp Solos.  
 Mazurka ..... } ..... *Chas. Collier*  
 Waltz in D Flat. }  
 9.20. Tenor Songs.  
 Three Shakespearean Songs  
 ..... *Roger Quilter (1)*  
 "Come Away, Death"; "O Mistress  
 Mine"; "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter  
 Wind."  
 9.30-12.0.—Programme S.B. from London.



# THE VALVE

## FOR XMAS VOLUME

**W**HY not have good dance music this Christmas? You will need increased volume and clarity from your loudspeaker for the special festive broadcasting programmes. **THEN TAKE OUT YOUR LAST L.F. STAGE VALVE AND INSERT A MULLARD D.F.A.**

You will be delighted with the immediate increase in pure volume of your reception.

The special construction of these Master Valves gives powerful and pure amplification and yet requires **LESS** current than your present valves.

Ask for a Mullard D.F.A.O. price 30/- if you use a 4-volt battery.

Ask for a Mullard D.F.A.1. price 35/- if you use a 6-volt battery.

Leaflet V.A.4 gives full information.

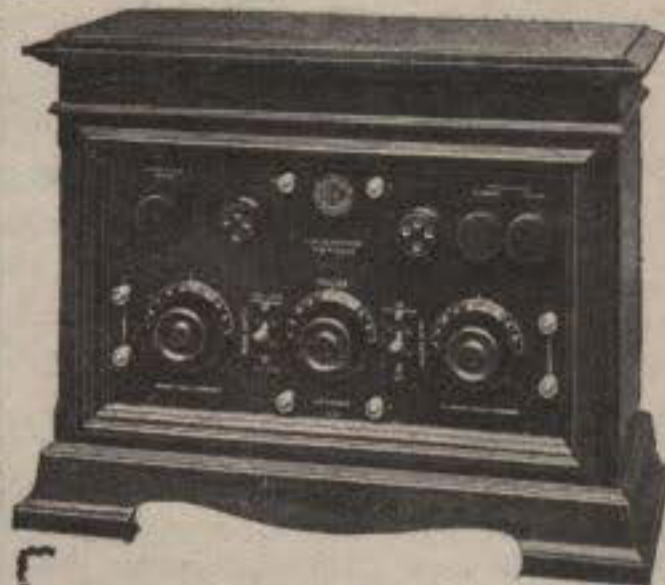
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# Mullard

## THE MASTER VALVE

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Good reception at minimum expense and without trouble is the aim of all. Complete satisfaction will result from using an M.H. Receiver as employed in every quarter of the Globe owing to their reliability, ease of operation and moderate cost.

#### TWO-VALVE BROADCAST RECEIVER.

An excellent and highly efficient set suitable for all reception purposes is now offered to the public, and the home in which one of these is installed will be able to thoroughly enjoy the excellent entertainments supplied by not only British Broadcasting Stations, but also those of our Continental neighbours.

The general appearance of the set is compact and pleasing. All fittings are lacquered, the panel is of highly polished ebonite and all controls are clearly engraved. The containing cabinet is of polished mahogany, highly finished.

PRICE £15. Marconi Royalty 25s.

**L.M. MICHAEL LTD**

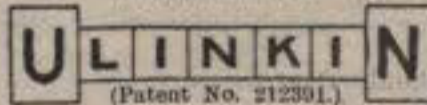
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RADIO CORNER, 179, Strand, London, W.C.2.

### WHAT ABOUT YOUR 'JUICE' FOR XMAS—?

There's no need to run the risk of being left without accumulators during the holidays, for you can keep them fully charged in your own home, FREE OF ALL COST, not only during the festive season, but for all time.

If you have a Direct Current supply of electricity of any voltage in your house, either for lighting or heating purposes, all you need to charge your own accumulators at home is the



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which charges your batteries automatically whenever you have lights, radiators, electric irons or vacuum cleaner in use in any part of your house, without consuming any extra current, and therefore free of cost.

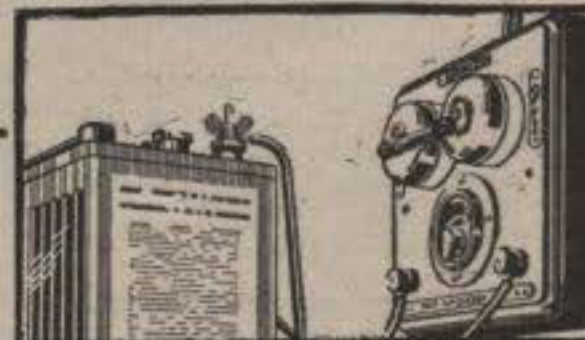
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Trade Enquiries Invited.





**Swansea Programme.**

5SX 318 M.

Week Beginning Sunday, December 21st.

**SUNDAY, December 21st.**

3.0-5.30.—Programme S.B. from Cardiff.  
6.30-8.0.—Religious Service. S.B. from Cardiff.  
9.0-10.30.—Programme S.B. from London.

**MONDAY, December 22nd.**

3.0-4.0.—The Castle Cinema Orchestra, Musical Director: William Arnold.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0-11.0.—Programme S.B. from London.

**WEDNESDAY, December 24th, and SATURDAY, December 27th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Castle Cinema Orchestra, Musical Director: William Arnold.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
7.0 onwards.—Programme S.B. from Cardiff.

**TUESDAY, December 23rd, and THURSDAY, December 25th.**

3.0-4.0.—Gramophone Records . . . . . } Dec. 23rd  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER }  
7.0 onwards.—Programme S.B. from London.

**FRIDAY, December 26th.**

3.0-4.0.—The Castle Cinema Orchestra, Musical Director: William Arnold.  
5.15-6.0.—CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
6.40-6.55.—Ministry of Agriculture Bulletin. S.B. from London.  
7.0.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
PERCY SCHOLES. S.B. from London.  
Local News.

LOTT LEWIS (Contralto).  
JOHN WALTERS (Baritone).  
ARCHIE SIMPSON (Entertainer).  
KESKERSAY'S BAND.

7.30. Band.  
Dance Music.  
7.45. John Walters.  
"O Ruddier than the Cherry" *Handel* (11)  
"Who Carries the Gun?" *Needham* (1)  
7.55. Band.  
Dance Music.  
8.5. Lott Lewis.  
"A Summer Night" *Goring Thomas*  
"Arise, O Sun!" *Day*  
8.15. Band.  
Dance Music.  
8.30. Archie Simpson.  
"In Love" *Lohr*  
"The Little Wooden Whistle" *Von Tizler* (16)  
"O' Cedar Mop" *Sterndale Bennett* (7)  
8.40. Band.  
Dance Music.  
8.50. John Walters.  
"Ireland, Dear Ireland" *Trotiere*  
"Mary's Choice" *Leigh* (8)  
"Mentals Given" *Traditional*  
9.0. Band.  
Dance Music.  
9.10. Lott Lewis.  
"Break, break" *Carey* (1)  
"Sink, Red Sun" *Del Riego*  
9.20. Band.  
Dance Music.  
9.30.—WEATHER FORECAST and NEWS. S.B. from London.  
Mr. W. PETT RIDGE. S.B. from London.  
Local News.  
10.0. Band.  
Dance Music.  
10.10. Archie Simpson.  
"Maire, My Girl" *Aitken*  
"I've Got Another Sweetheart" *Maitland and Schreiber* (16)  
"The Bulls Won't Bellow" *Hocking* (8)  
10.20. Band.  
Dance Music.  
10.30.—THE SAVOY BANDS. S.B. from London.  
12.0.—Close down.

S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd. S. G. B. Ltd.

# Brown

## Xmas Gifts

### Brown Q-type Loud Speaker.

An exceptionally handsome Instrument recognised as the Loud Speaker de-luxe. Prices in all resistances

**£15 15 0**

### The Crystavox.

The only Loud Speaker in the world that will work direct from a Crystal Set without Valves or other amplifiers. Will also give excellent results from a 1-Valve Set

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**Brown Loud Speakers.**

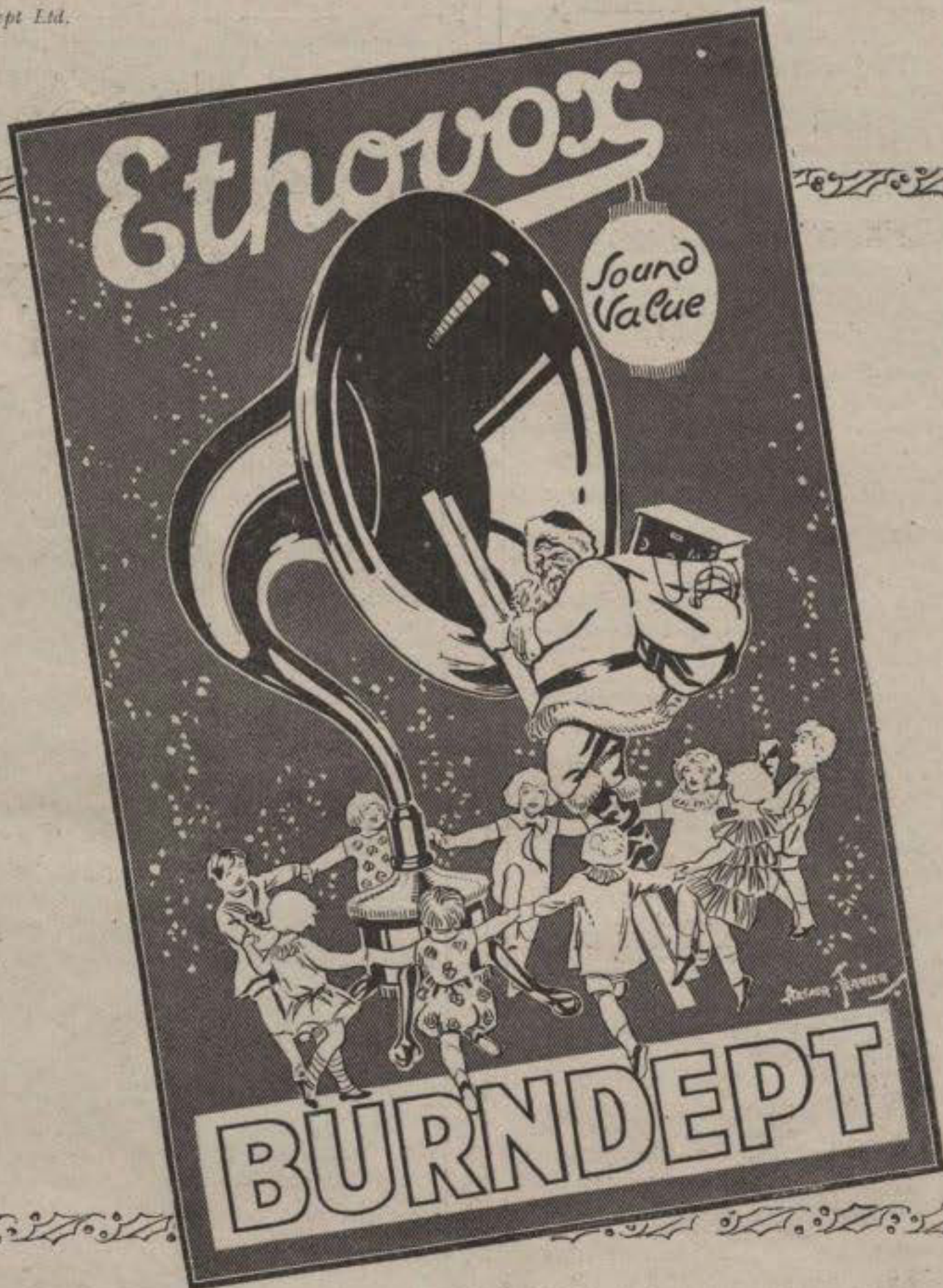
Type H.1, 21 in. high:	
120 ohms	£5 5 0
2,000 ohms	£5 8 0
4,000 ohms	£5 10 0
Type H.2, 12 in. high:	
120 ohms	£2 5 0
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S. G. B. Ltd.



Issued by the Publicity Department of Burndept Ltd.

A  
Radio  
Xmas  
and a  
Happy  
New  
Year!



Burndept Limited wish all their customers a Merry Radio Christmas and perfect reception in the New Year.

*Purchase Burndept by its name—substitutes are not the same.*

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Chloride Batteries for House Lighting.

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The Long-life Battery.

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Mr. H. Bacon, Sutton Scarsdale, Chesterfield, who in 1923 received a complete programme from W.G.Y., writes:

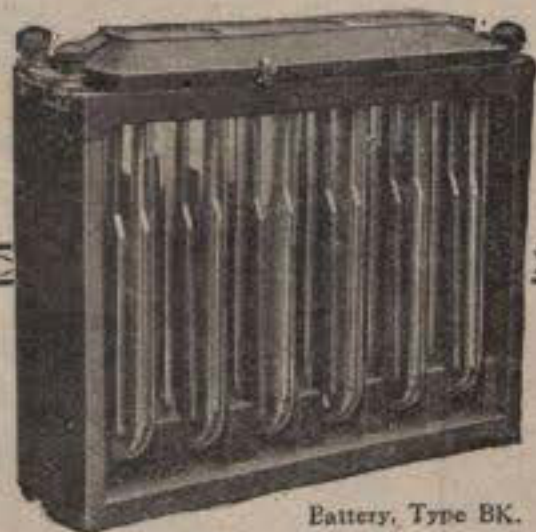
"I have tested with Dry Batteries, but there is not the clearness or sharp tuning I can get with your batteries."

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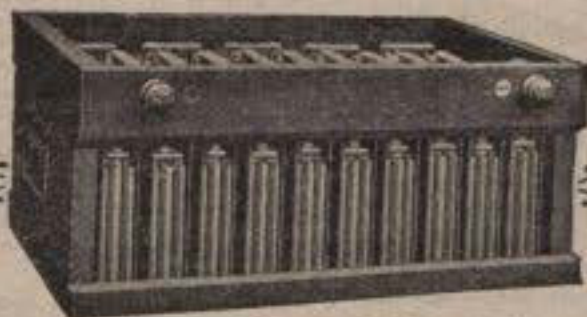
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Type BK in units of 24 volts, costs 1/- a volt. Types AYG and RG1 cost:—

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RG1	£4 10 0	£6 10 0	£8 0 0
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Battery, Type BK.



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Type RG 1.

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Gil-Ray Crystal gets the signals, and they "stay put." You abolish searching for "sensitive points" the minute you put Gil-Ray in your detector; for Gil-Ray is all sensitive, and is proved and guaranteed so by the Producers.



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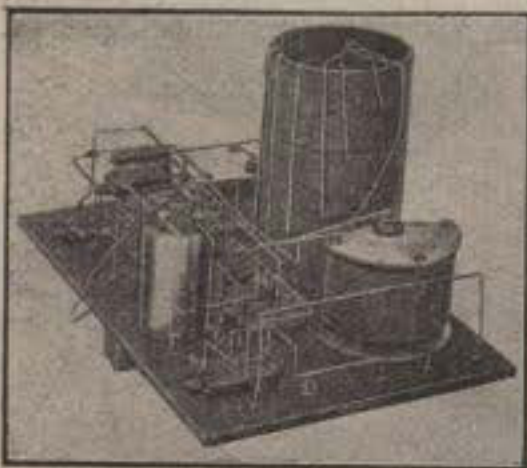
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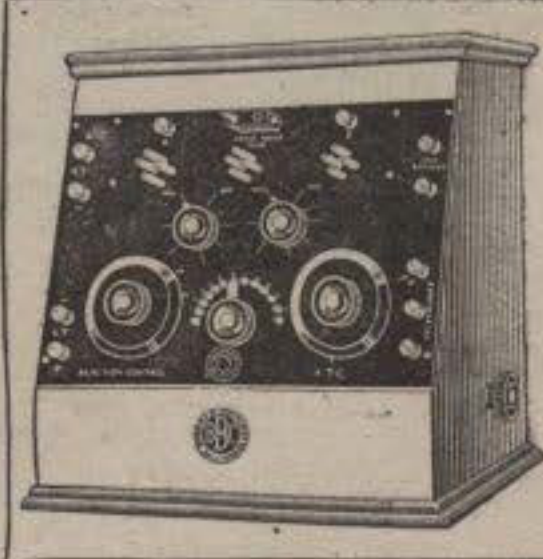
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Will cure Weak signals, Intermittent signals, Electric main disturbance, Local set interference, Muddy reception.

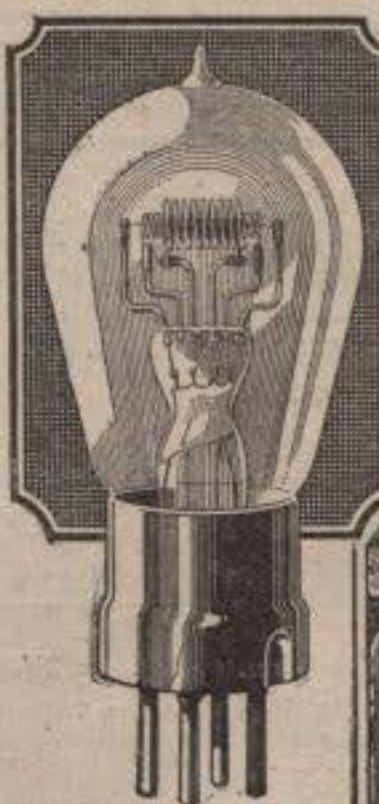
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Why not give a

### C.A.C. Receiver ?

No gift can be more acceptable.

#### The C.A.C. Duo-Valve Receiver

costs only £5.  
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"... I am an absolute novice at Wireless, yet so far I have had Belfast, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Birmingham, Chelmsford, Manchester, five German Stations (unknown), Radio Paris, and Madrid.

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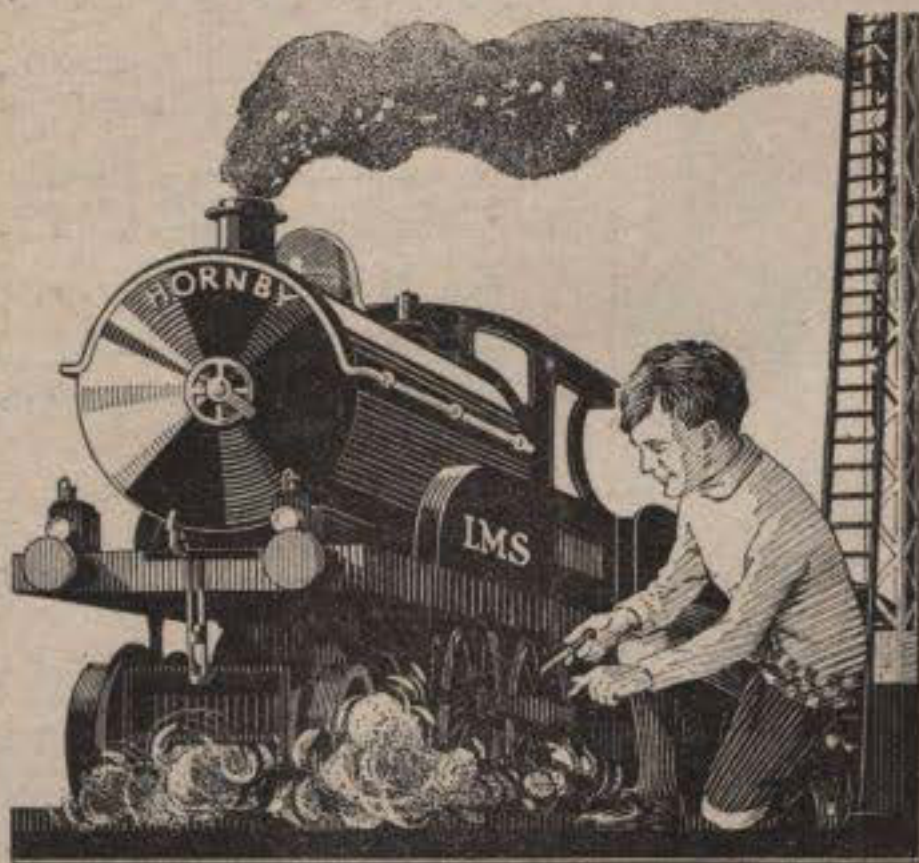
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RADIO SET  
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TUNGAR  
FOR BATTERY  
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## NEW MODELS

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Polished Walnut Cabinet of handsome appearance, sloping front and hinged top, which contains all connecting wires and terminals. Best quality ebonyite Panel, matt finish; plated fittings. Filament Resistances to each Valve. Valve Switch for Low-Frequency Valves. Best quality Valves of well-known make. 100-Volt H.T. Battery. 60 ampere-hour, 6-Volt L.T. Battery in polished wood crate for 2 and 3-Valve Sets. 50 ampere-hour 6-Volt L.T. Battery in polished wood crate for 4-Valve Set. Ebonyite Lead-in Tube. One long terminal each end. 7.22 best quality copper Aerial Wire. Special Shell Type Insulators. Brackets "Matched Type" Headphones.

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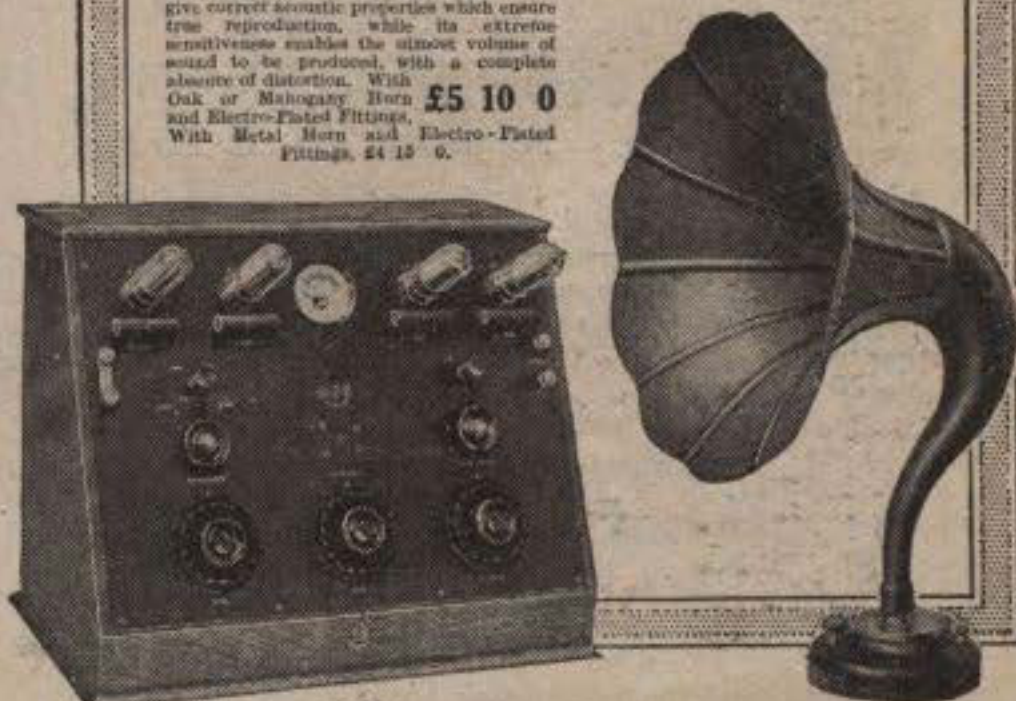
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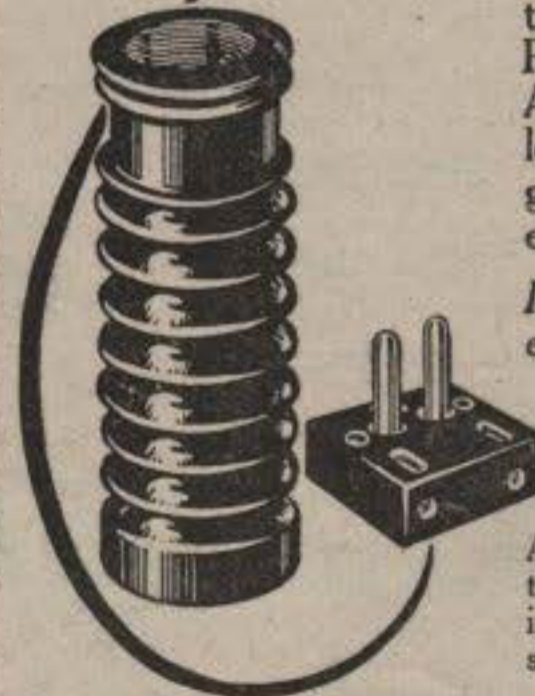
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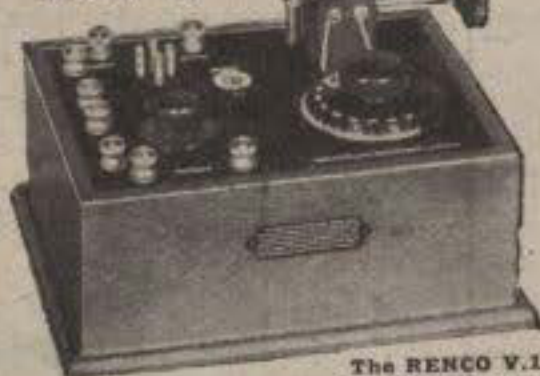
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