

ALL THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES.

RADIO TIMES

THE

6d.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

By Joseph Kautfer



RADIO TIMES

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO LISTENERS.

*From The Earl of Clarendon,
Chairman of the Board of Governors.*

AS Chairman of the Governors of the B.B.C. I am glad of the opportunity of wishing readers of *THE RADIO TIMES*, and listeners generally, a happy Christmas and many years' enjoyment of the B.B.C. programmes. When the Constitution of the organization was altered at the beginning of the year there were various predictions of change, and many listeners thought that Big Ben had tolled the knell of the old familiar service at midnight on December 31, 1926. I am sure that by now they realize that these fears were ungrounded, and that there has been no alteration in Broadcasting except in the direction of progress and improvement.

The year has seen the opening of the new medium-wave high-power experimental station at Daventry, and the consequent provision of experimental contrast programmes. This new milestone in the history of Broadcasting points the way to the ultimate development of a new and better way of distribution. We expect to have taken another step forward by the end of next year, by which time the first instalment of the Regional stations should be established. The remaining steps will be taken as time and circumstances permit, and if the rate of progress with the Regional Scheme seems slow to any listener, may I ask him to remember that the work is all experimental, and that every advance must therefore, to a great extent, be tentative.

I cannot close without a reference to the recent development of the international aspect of broadcasting, particularly in the direction of short-wave transmission within the Empire. Here, again, we are still in the experimental stage, but I would like to make it clear that every effort is being made to bring the day nearer when satisfactory transmission and reception within the Empire will be a 'fait accompli.'

*From Sir J. C. W. Reith,
Director-General.*

THE staff of the British Broadcasting Corporation wish to extend their best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all their listeners.

In his message the Chairman has referred to the Regional Scheme. May we ask those of you who are adversely affected by any of the successive changes in distribution to remember that re-adjustments are necessary in the interests of listeners as a whole, and that this Scheme is based on the requirements of Broadcasting as a national service, and is subject to the limitations imposed by conditions both national and international, and further to remember that progress and change almost invariably entail inconvenience of one kind or another in the process?

'Good listening' is an important factor in Broadcasting, and this implies good reception, discrimination, and tolerance. We often wonder how many listeners have any idea what the quality of good reception should be. The average quality of reproduction appears to us deplorably bad. Good reception, incidentally, need not be any more expensive than bad. In this connection a B.B.C. pamphlet on 'Maintenance of Wireless Sets,' together with the new Oscillation pamphlet, will probably be helpful.

Discrimination means wise listening—listening to the programmes for which one is in the mood, not to those which one cannot expect to enjoy. Wise listening also implies an intelligent use of *THE RADIO TIMES*.

Tolerance involves a recognition of the tastes of other listeners—and it should be remembered that there may be 12,000,000 of them—and the endeavour to compile programmes to suit the taste of everybody is an obviously delicate and embarrassing business, requiring a resolute and steadfast policy of public service.



'THIS man,' said Dandy Lang, and impressed the point with the damper end of his cigar, 'is so rich that he's ill with it, and he's crazy about this wench. When a guy gets crazy on a bird, and he's got that much money, he practically camps in the Rue de la Paix. He never goes to Paris but he doesn't bring her back three years' keep, and he'll fall for this diamond clasp as sure as my name is what you think it is.'

He was a tall, dark, not ill-looking man, immaculately dressed. He at any rate looked the part, a well-proportioned man-about-town, as he sat under the soft shaded lights in the Arabelle Restaurant. Mr. Hokey Smith, his companion, hardly fitted the clothes or the setting. He was a quiet little man with a ragged moustache and a bulging shirt-front; his cuffs were a little too long, his black waistcoat a little too tight. And gentlemen, as Dandy explained, did not wear black ties when they wore tail coats.

'He's science,' said Hokey, huskily. 'I tell you, Dandy, I'm scared to death of science. Whatever you may say, it's been the ruin of our business. Look at wireless! Once a feller got clear of Southampton on one of them fast packets to America, he was home and dry! Now they pick you up in the middle of the sea and ask the captain the colour of your eyebrows. It looks an easy job, I grant you, but this Macready fellow's science, and once you get going after science you're finished.'

His companion looked at him with a calm and only slightly malignant eye.

'The trouble with you, Hokey, he said, gently, 'is that you're not educated. Macready is not more scientific than you and less than me. He goes in for all kinds of push-the-button gadgets, I admit, but we're not burgling his house. If we were, that would be another story. The minute you stepped on a mat you'd hear the "Soldiers' Chorus" from *Faust*.'

'Who's she?' asked Hokey, who never lost an opportunity of acquiring knowledge.

'And if you walked up the stairs, you'd probably fire six rockets from the roof. But he won't carry any of those contraptions on a railway journey, and it's a million pounds to fourpence that if we don't get him in France we'll get him between Southampton and London. He always comes back by Le Havre—travels by the midnight sleeper from Paris. Now are you on? We cut two ways, share and share alike. It's an

easier job than the emeralds we got from that American woman.'

Hokey hesitated, shook his head half-heartedly, sighed again.

'I don't like interfering with science,' he said, and as he saw the lips of his companion curl in a snarl he added hastily: 'I'll take you!'

MR. JOHN MACREADY had every reason to pay homage at the shrine of science. For had not a maternal uncle discovered a method of hardening steel, and his own father built up a fortune of fabulous dimensions out of organized electricity?

He was lamenting his own failure that very night when the enemies of society planned his undoing; and he had a sympathetic audience, for the pretty girl who sat beside him on the floor before a big fire in his house in Berkeley Square, and helped herself to cigarettes from his case with that proprietorial air which a woman acquires during the period of her courtship and loses so quickly after marriage, had no doubt at all that John Macready outrivalled his illustrious relations in inventiveness, brilliancy of intellect and financial genius.

'I don't want to come to you, darling, with nothing but money,' he proclaimed fervently. 'I want to bring Achievement. I want to find Something, exploit it, add a pound to every pound I've inherited; and I think I'm on the track of the Very Big.'

He was fair and tall, very good-looking, extremely enthusiastic. Her eyes kindled to that enthusiasm.

'I do understand that, darling,' she breathed. 'It is so perfectly ghastly to hear people say: "Oh, yes, if he hadn't inherited the money, he would never have made it."'

In gratitude and love he bent towards her, and for twenty-five minutes sane conversation was interrupted.

SHE came to earth by way of that interesting thoroughfare of Paris which Dandy Lang had mentioned.

'... It's the most gorgeous plaque you ever saw. Lecomte wants eighteen thousand for it, but I think he'll take less. You simply must have it beloved. It shall be your wedding present.'

'Oh, no,' she murmured; 'darling, it is so extravagant of you!'

She said this in that tone of gentle regret which women employ when they are accepting a present that a man cannot afford.

But John Macready could afford this and more.

'I'll combine business with pleasure,' he said. 'I've got to go over and see this man Arkwright, and he's going to be a pretty tough proposition. You know what these Americans are. If I can only get him to my way of thinking...'

At this point Mr. John Macready became really scientific, helped his lady love to her feet, and from now on they sat at a table, whilst he illustrated, with pencil and paper, the benefits and joys he hoped to bring to the world, and (in parallel columns) the steady accretion to his already bloated income which would thereby arise.

THREE days later Hokey Smith, shivering miserably, his face a pale apple-green, for the crossing had been a rough one, stood beside his more debonair companion and watched Mr. Macready pass rapidly along the rain-soaked platform at Calais and climb into a pullman. He was travelling alone, as was his custom.

'In you get, Hokey,' said Mr. Lang, under his breath. 'He's aboard.'

'Don't say "aboard,"' said Hokey with a shudder, and added, with a little spirit: 'I don't see how he could get to Paris any other way unless he walked.'

'He might have gone to Berlin, you poor fish!' said the guiding light of the enterprise. 'Ever since that broker got into the wrong train at Calais I've been careful.'

Dandy's knowledge of France and of French railways was a very extensive one—not a remarkable fact, since he had 'worked' the Continent for the greater part of twelve years, and was the most expert luggage thief in Europe. And, he would add complacently to his confidant, 'without a conviction.'

Paris he knew, French he spoke. To Hokey Smith all countries and languages were foreign and meaningless.

There were times when Mr. Lang regretted the necessity for bringing his companion; but Hokey was a clever 'mover'; it was said that he could take a pillow from under a sleeper's head without occasioning him the least discomfort or causing him to stir in his slumber. And he was a marvellous duplicator of bags. It was exactly for this quality that he had been chosen.

As a trailer he was valueless; spent most of his time while they were in Paris looking for improper pictures in the French illustrated newspapers, and hardly left his hotel.

The Jewel

BY EDGAR WALLACE

Dandy, on the other hand, only came in to sleep and report.

'He's been three times to Lecomte, the jeweller, and he's getting the stuff this afternoon,' he reported at last. 'I went into the shop while he was there and heard him say: "I want a very special case for this"; and here's a copy of the wire he sent from his hotel.'

He pushed a slip of paper across to Hokey Smith, who adjusted his pince-nez—for he was really a very respectable-looking man—and read:—

'Have got the jewel! Leaving Paris tonight. Keep your congratulations until I arrive.'

'I've booked sleepers for tonight,' said Dandy. 'I am depending on you.'

Hokey Smith rubbed his bald head and looked disconsolately out into the gloomy streets of Paris. It had not stopped raining since they arrived.

'If there's no science in it I'll get it,' he said. 'Do you know what his bag looks like?'

This was an important question. Mr. Smith carried with him a peculiar equipment. He was an expert bag-maker, and, given a little time, could manufacture an exact duplicate of any valise for which he had to find a substitute.

'I'll find out,' said Dandy, and the rest of the day he spent in intensive observation.

IN a sense Mr. John Macready was a very difficult man to trail. Perhaps 'boring' would be a better word, for he spent quite a lot of his time in the company of an American inventor named Arkwright, who was an interminable conversationist. He had a laboratory out towards Auteuil, and was, as the watcher discovered, something of a figure in the world of applied science. Dandy's observation and espionage, however, was profitable.

He missed Mr. Macready for an hour, but picked him up again outside his hotel, the Bristol, just before seven in the evening. His taxi came from the direction of the Rue de la Paix, and he was accompanied by a man who had the appearance of a French detective. He took from the cab, with the greatest care, an attaché-case of red morocco, and this he carried, refusing the porter's offer to relieve him of his burden, into the hotel. Dandy noted the size, shape and colouring,

and saw near the handle an inscription in gold lettering. And then Mr. Macready and his escort disappeared into the vestibule of the Bristol.

He came back quickly to Hokey and gave him the dimensions and appearance of the case.

'He had a French "busy" with him; if Macready takes the man to London with him, it's good-bye eighteen thousand quid!'

Hokey, who was no fool, though a bad sailor, pulled at his plump chin.

'A shot of morphia in a cigarette has been known to work wonders,' he said, and added: 'And it's scientific. I'll take care of the "busy."'

It was a wild night when the train pulled out of the Gare St. Lazare, and Dandy, looking through the window of the sleeping car, had the infinite satisfaction of seeing the bareheaded French detective left behind on the platform. If the energy and the humility of his parting salutations meant anything, he was the best-tipped detective in Paris that night.

Mr. Hokey Smith had not been entirely idle whilst the train was standing in the station. He came into a sleeping compartment which his friend shared, opened his big bag and put the finishing touches to a

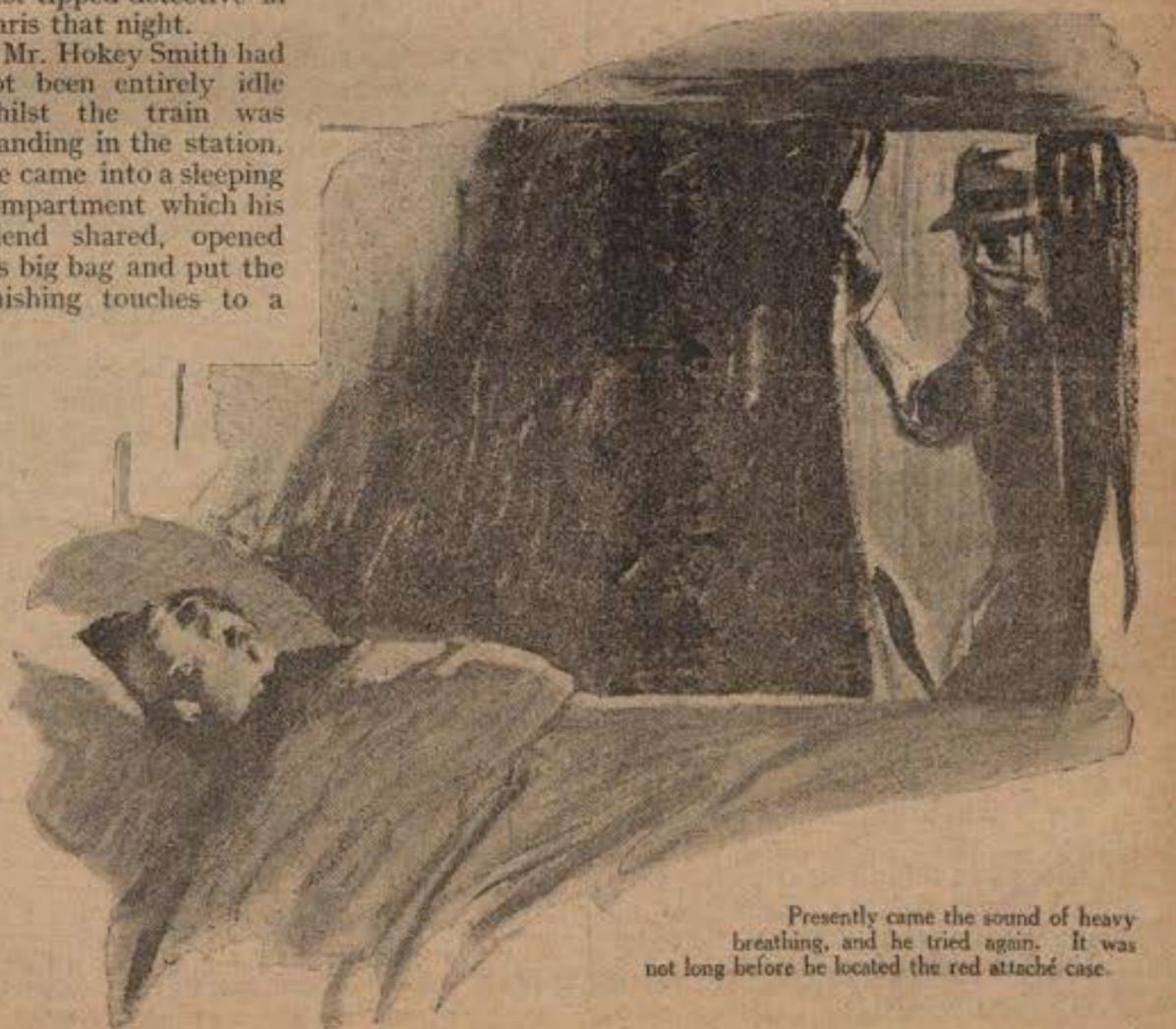
small red morocco case that he had been working on with such industry that evening.

'The size is right to the eighth of an inch,' he said complacently, 'and the lettering is usual.'

'Did you get it?' asked Dandy eagerly. Mr. Smith nodded.

'The Jewel,' he said; and, despairingly: 'You wouldn't think that a man of intelligence and science would put a label on a thing like that, would you?'

Whatever doubt they had as to the contents of the attaché-case was dispelled when they went into the supper car which was attached to the train. Mr. Macready came in, carrying the red morocco case, which he put between his feet when he sat down to the table. They followed him closely along the narrow corridor back to his sleeping berth. Macready occupied this alone, and presumably paid double fare for the privilege. Between his compartment and that occupied by the two adventurers



Presently came the sound of heavy breathing, and he tried again. It was not long before he located the red attaché case.

was a small wash-place, and it was possible, supposing he were careless and did not lock the communicating door, to pass from one compartment to the other. Mr. Macready was not careless, and when, in the dead of the night, Hokey tried the door he found it most securely locked.

To force it would not be a difficult matter, but it would make a great deal of noise. It was much easier to enter from the corridor, and after Hokey had gone along to keep guard outside the little compartment where the conductor was dozing, Dandy inserted a key gently, lifted the latch of the door, slid it back gingerly and stepped inside. As he did so he drew up a handkerchief which he had knotted round his neck, so that the lower part of his features was concealed.

He pulled the door close after him, gently unfastened the door communicating with the wash-place, as a quick way of escape, and began to make his investigations, with the help of a tiny electric lamp which threw a pin-point of light. The attaché-case was not on the luggage rack or on the spare seat. He heard Macready move and grunt, and switched off the light. Presently came the sound of heavy breathing, and he tried again, peering between the curtains which shielded the bed.

It was not long before he located the red attaché-case. It was humped under the bedclothes at the sleeper's feet. Gingerly he inserted his hand, and found a piece of cord firmly knotted to the handle. The other end was fastened round Macready's ankle.

He was feeling for his nippers when somebody rapped at the outer door and a voice in French demanded:—

'Is all well, *monsieur*?'

Dandy had only time to slip into the wash-place and softly fasten the catch from the inside, before he heard Mr. Macready's sleepy voice say:—

'All right, conductor.'

Evidently there was a working arrangement by which the conductor should call him at regular intervals.

WHEN he got to his own compartment he found Hokey already there.

'That French bird had an alarm clock. It buzzed off just after you'd got into the sleeper,' he said.

They waited for half an hour, and were preparing to make their second attempt when they heard the bell ring in the corridor, and a few moments afterwards a conversation between Macready and the conductor. Apparently the young man was restless. They heard him ask the conductor to make coffee for him.

'That lets us out,' groaned Dandy. 'The chance of getting it on the boat is one in a million. That man's got a devil of a conscience or he'd be able to sleep.'

But luck was not entirely against them. They arrived at Le Havre in the grey dawn; the wind howled and whistled round the bleak station building; the boat lying by the side of the quay pitched and tossed as though it were in mid-Channel rather than in calm harbour waters. There was an announcement on the platform that the boat would not sail, owing to the gale raging in the Channel.

For two hours they hung about the quayside; then they saw Mr. Macready drive off with his precious red case, and followed him. He went to an hotel, engaged a room with orders that he was to be called at midday. Dandy made a reconnaissance, and returned discouraged.

'This hotel's full of waiters who've got nothing else to do but look after Macready,' he said.

At three o'clock that afternoon the storm-tossed steamer wallowed and rolled her way into Southampton Harbour. She carried a small complement of passengers who did not care. Hokey Smith was dragged limply to firm land, propped against a wall. By the time he had recovered, Mr. Lang had got his meagre baggage through the Customs. He also carried a small attaché-case with a brown canvas cover. This was not remarkable, for he had carried the dummy case since he arrived at Le Havre.

They found a compartment for themselves and the train drew out.

'If ever I take a trip like this again,' said Hokey faintly, 'you can punch me on the nose and I'll say thank you. All this time wasted . . . and that ship . . . Oh, God!'

'Wasted *nothing*,' said Dandy, and there was a strange look in his eyes.

'What's science doing?' wailed Mr. Smith. 'They ought to have had a tunnel years ago—'

'Tunnels are no good to me,' said Dandy. 'Did you see Macready?' he demanded. 'They had to carry him, almost, to an hotel. He's greener

than you—and anything greener than you is blue. Look!'

He unsnapped the cover of the attaché-case, and Hokey Smith was not so sick that he could not see that the case was not the thing he had made.

'You got it!' he exploded, and Dandy smiled.

'When that fellow was lying in his state-room, waiting and hoping for death, I went inside and made the change. It was easier than biting butter! Let's have a look at a lot of money.'

He tried to unfasten the clasps, but they were firmly locked.

'It'll do in London,' urged Smith. 'If you chuck the case out of the window it'll only give 'em a clue.'

As the train was running into Waterloo Dandy took another look at the red morocco attaché-case. In the centre, between the locks, was a small dial which moved in his hand. He thought it was a combination lock, but he had no time to make further investigations. The train came to a standstill, and he hurried through the barrier, carrying the case in his hand. And then:—

'*And Uncle Rhinoceros shook hands with Lady Gra' and said he'd had a very nice tea, thank you—which was a strange remark when you come to think that all he had had to eat*

(Continued on page 656.)



Dandy stood paralysed. . . .
Everyone was staring at him.

Broadcasting and the Christmas Spirit.

By the Rev. John A. Mayo, Rector of Whitechapel.

The Rev. J. A. Mayo, one of the most popular men in London's great East End, is to give the Christmas Address from the London Studio this year. Mr. Mayo was one of the first of prominent Churchmen to associate himself with the religious side of broadcasting. He broadcast a Christmas Address in 1922, only a few months after the inauguration of the B.B.C.

SCROOGE was a 'squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner,' but it is hard to believe that these ugly variations of the vice of stinginess would have had any place in the old man had he possessed a good two-valve set, and been a listener when opportunity served, and occasionally had tried to 'get' Berlin, Copenhagen, or Moscow! And as for applying such an epithet as 'humbug' to Christmas, Scrooge instead would have remarked with enthusiasm on the excellence of the Christmas programmes and demanded of his nephew if he had 'heard Australia' last month!

I am sure Dickens would have been a warm friend to broadcasting. He always stood for anything that made for sociability and home pleasures. What a modernizing of the imperishable story, had the Spirit of Christmas Present, in addition to being enthroned on a pyramid of turkeys, sausages, plum-puddings and oysters, held aloft the magic box, and filled the dismal house with music! But there would have been no Spirit of Christmas Past or Present, for there would have been no Marley's ghost! Consider. Scrooge enters his room, puts on dressing-gown and slippers, lifts his basin of gruel to the table, switches on the loud-speaker, and instantly the meagre room is flooded with divine melody—The First Nowell—the B.B.C. choir singing in Whitechapel Church, less than a mile away! Or if Jacob Marley had returned from the shades, nothing of the unearthly visitor would there have been about him. No gruesome clanking of chains, no ringing of bells by unseen hands, no groans and moans and all the etceteras of the ghost that knows its business; but from Scrooge an eager 'You've arrived just in time for the second news bulletin!'

My subject is 'Broadcasting and the Christmas Spirit.' All the world knows what broadcasting is, but does all the world know the meaning of the Christmas spirit? The editor, in wishing me to discuss the Christmas spirit, chose not only a topical subject, but an acquirement that is a powerful factor in the lives of those possessing it and one which might be infinitely more widespread and powerful.

What is the Christmas spirit? Hard to analyse, but swift to recognize. I have never read any attempt to define it. Take a measure of thankfulness, add a portion of pleasure in others' happiness, put a good draught of unselfishness, and fill up with sociability.

In all literature I know no better illustration of the Christmas spirit than is contained in Dickens's immortal account of Bob



Cratchit's Christmas dinner. It is perfect. Example, parable, narrative, sermon—it is all these, and however you look at the story, the Christmas spirit transcends all. (Ah! Tiny Tim, how you would have loved father to put the crystal set on the table with the apples and oranges and 'hot stuff in the jug,' and, fixing on the ear-phones, let you listen to the fun of the Children's Hour!)

You will agree that a growth of the Christmas spirit is vastly desirable. Let us have more and still more of it. You can see how broadcasting has helped and will help enormously in bringing this happy transformation to many homes. The family is the foundation of the Christmas spirit on which the building compact of love, unselfish care, interest in others, desire to please, is set up. Alas, only too often it is a poor sort of structure after all. The essence of the beautiful festival is the presence of unity and peace. And cannot this wonderful broadcasting do something towards the spreading of a spirit of good will, friendliness and brotherhood? For the Christmas spirit is not confined to association with one's family or even friends, but is common at

this time between the veriest strangers. Courtesies forgotten for most of the year are now remembered, charity makes its appeal and purses are willingly opened. Neglected acquaintances are remembered by letter or Christmas card.

Where then can broadcasting come in and give its willing aid in promoting the joy of Christmas? There is the supreme gift—music. It is lavished on us. It brightens the home, moves the heart to merriment, sets the tongue to singing, the feet to dancing. 'Variety' gives to many a hearty laugh, while the broadcast play, with accompanying 'noises,' gives scope to the imagination and possibly food for discussion. The 'Christmassy' tone of so much that at this season is put out from Savoy Hill and the many other stations is full of suggestiveness of good humour, gaiety and merrymaking.

One thinks with sympathy at this time of year of lonely people, and assuredly it must be Broadcasting that will help to increase the Christmas spirit for them. On go the ear-phones and at once they are in the company of millions, borne away from solitude on the wings of opera, carols, symphony. They know they are enjoying what is a pleasure to others; in a word, they are members of a Christmas party.

So with solitary dwellings, isolated villages, Broadcasting brings the life, the music, the geniality of the big town, and folk in lonely homesteads and out-of-the-way spots enjoy their share of orchestra, songs or broadcast pantomime.

To the listener it is a big world to which he belongs, in which are many kindly souls of similar tastes, appreciating as he appreciates the fare provided, and in equal sympathy with the joyous festival.

And it will do us good to think of men in lighthouses and lightships, living amid the ceaseless thunder of the seas, who in good fellowship pledge one another, with a special toast to the goddess Radio who is doing so much for them this Yuletide in making and keeping the spirit of Christmas. It will do us good to remember the sick in hospitals, the aged and infirm in workhouses, for as they listen to the programmes how they must bless the wondrous spirit of music and merriment that steals through the air and sings to them of Christmas joy!

Truly, none can tell what broadcasting has done and will yet do for the nations. For of what does the world stand in need beyond anything that can be devised by the wit of man?—the heart, the kindness, the friendship, the unselfishness, which men to-day speak of as the Spirit of Christmas. And if broadcasting helps towards that—then God bless broadcasting!

Programmes You Will Hear on Christmas Day.

- 3.30 p.m. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*
- 7.0 p.m. A Christmas Service (address by the Rev. J. A. Mayo)
- 7.55 p.m. (Daventry Only) An appeal by the Very Rev. the Dean of York
- 8.0 p.m. The Royal Opera Trio
- 9.5 p.m. A Military Band Concert



LET us admit—for no one can deny it—that if there is one place where men tell each other more lies than anywhere else, that spot is the smoking-room of a big liner. Let us admit also—for it is irrefutable—that such lies attain their finest and fruitiest flavour on the last night of any given voyage. And let us further admit—for the fact is as indisputable as it is regrettable and strange—that of all the voyages in the year, that which produces the richest crop of last-night mendacity is the one immediately preceding Christmas.

Yet the curious thing is that though I certainly didn't believe the sallow stranger's story at the time, the faint possibility that it might be based on something—however remote from his version—has worried me at intervals ever since. After all, it is true and trite enough that the miracles of yesterday are the commonplaces of today, and when one looks back and sees the strides that this infant science has made in a few short years, he would be a rash member of the public who should say that anything was impossible.

Improbable, though? Why, certainly; but then so, a few short years ago, were aeroplanes, and telephotography, and even electric hares. Yet here they all are, and you can bet your boots that there are even more improbable things coming.

It was the twenty-third of December, just a year ago, and I was coming home from America on a big liner. We were to dock at Southampton early on the twenty-fourth, and in consequence of this fact, and of the particular season, a spirit of mild revelry had spread over the ship's company. We had thrown paper streamers at each other, we had danced and pulled crackers. The band had played *Rule, Britannia*, and the English passengers had gulped; and it had played *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the American passengers had gulped; and, later still, it had played *Auld Lang Syne*, and everybody had gulped together—holding each other's hands, and swaying to and fro, and assuring each other that at some unknown period in their previous history they had united in paddling in the burn—not to mention pulling the gowans fine.

But bed after this? Not in the early morning of Christmas Eve, with a smooth sea, and England barely eight hours away; not so long as one could find a companion with whom to lean over the rail, or to tramp the long decks, or to share something in the nature of a right guid willie-waucht in the very comfortable smoking-room; not so

long as anyone would listen to one telling him or her the story of one's life, and throwing a mist of optimism over it which, for the time being, almost deceived the narrator; not so long as one could exchange cordial invitations with complete strangers—though



'My elder girl, that is, the very image of my first wife. You wouldn't think, to look at her, that she's the most popular girl in the town. But I'll say she is.'

both parties would cut each other dead in the grim reality of the customs-sheds.

Personally, I believe I did all these things, and so would you if you had been present. But it was the smoking-room which claimed me in the end—perfectly sober, you will please understand, but determined to postpone the reaction as long as I could—and there, because it was still so full of good fellows and wassailers, I was forced to take a seat in a small alcove next to the sallow stranger.

'Not at all, not at all,' he said, in answer to my courteous look of inquiry. 'Plenty of room here. Steward!'

He was hospitable in both senses of the word, and in both senses of the word I joined him. But you will please understand—oh, I've said that before, have I? Well, never mind. It's just as true as it was last time.

'Steward!' I said.

And so on. A powerful impulse was urging me to tell him the story of my life—and never does that story sound more romantic or beautiful than at 1.30 a.m. on Christmas Eve—but he was an American, and I didn't have a dog's chance. Not only did he possess one of those dry, rasping, unconquerable voices with which the citizens of the Great Republic make themselves heard above their own traffic, and silence all opposition from other races, but he was also supplied with a capacious wallet or pocket-book containing documentary evidence to support every statement that he made. He kept handing me letters and photographs and pamphlets and newspaper-clippings, and then removing them firmly just as I was trying to connect them with what he was saying—by which time, generally speaking, he was already saying something else.

'My eldest girl, that is. The very image of my first wife. You wouldn't think, to look at her, that she's the most popular girl in the town. But I'll say she is.'

He went on saying so, and, of course, it was impossible for me to contradict him, however accurately he had read my thoughts. I stared at his eldest girl—since for once he had omitted to snatch her away—and saw, apparently, a clean-shaven man, with a very high collar, a shock of fuzzy hair, and an expression which I can only describe as suggesting violent insanity. I can remember those eyes still, with the whites showing all round the irises, and a look of queer, tortured intensity such as you may see in a dog that is trying to communicate an important idea, or, if it comes to that,

in a visionary who has been born in the wrong century. At once pathetic and anti-pathetic. Childish, but infinitely worn. Yet there are plenty of faces like that when once you start noticing them.

'Here,' said the sallow stranger. 'I'll show you what she put on the back.'

Out came his talon, and I prepared to surrender the photograph.

'Well, I declare,' he said. 'Here, what am I thinking of? That ain't my eldest girl at all. That's my brother-in-law—Charles van Winckler. You remember, eh?'

I couldn't say that I did, though I was considerably relieved.

'Poor Charlie,' said the stranger, more to himself, I thought, than to me. And I was glad of this, for I couldn't be sure from the tone of his voice whether poor Charlie were dead or in a padded cell—though it clearly hinted at one fate or the other.

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY

by DENIS MACKAIL



'Wore himself out,' added my companion. 'Never knew when to stop.'

He was dead, I decided.

'He's dead, then?' I asked.

The stranger gazed at the photograph again.

'Well,' he said, and never had I heard that alleged monosyllabic longer drawn out, 'that's just what some of us would like to know.'

A mystery. Tired as I was I pricked up my ears.

'He disappeared, you mean?'

'Like smoke,' said the sallow stranger.

'Yes, sir. Like something being wiped off a blackboard. But where to? Can you tell me that?'

Naturally I couldn't. Naturally, also, I was struck and startled by what I had just heard. For men don't, as a rule, disappear either like smoke or like something being wiped off a blackboard. Sometimes, it is true, they go away and don't come back, but in that case such comparisons sounded altogether out of place.

Unless, of course, Mr. van Winckler had been tracing an escape of gas with a lighted candle; but in that, even it should have been pretty obvious where he had gone. Speaking materially, I mean.

'Like smoke?' I repeated.

'Yes, sir. Just faded away—in front of us all; and then—phut!'

Phut? No, it couldn't have been a wasting disease, then. There's no phut about that, and besides, there'd always be something left. The thought may have been gruesome, but it was eminently reasonable.

'But how——' I began.

'Surely,' interrupted the sallow stranger, 'you've heard of the van Winckler Circuit?'

I hadn't, but there was no need to say so.

'Let me see, now. That was——'

'Invented by my brother-in-law, Charles van Winckler. You can't have forgotten already? Why, it was in all the papers at the time, though a lot of folks said it was just another news-story. You know what I mean? Something to fill the space during the slack season. Eh?'

I hadn't just returned from his great country without knowing exactly what he meant—up to a point.

'Yes,' I said. 'But——'

'And my poor sister was so upset—being of a religious nature, if you follow me—that she wouldn't contradict them. Jumped right in, too, and burnt all Charlie's papers and smashed his instruments before any of us could stop her. Well, what could we say to anyone after that? Where was the proof that Charlie hadn't just cleared out and left her—for everyone knew how she kept bothering him? Mind you, a few of us had seen

his experiments—though he'd never tell us how he fixed them—and there was half-a-dozen of us there when he disappeared. But it was easy enough to knock holes in our stories when nobody knew what had really happened; and, anyway, who's going to believe you when it's just your word against theirs? Eh?'

Here the sallow stranger directed a sallow look at me which, on subsequent reflection, I find just as ominous and ambiguous as I did in that smoking-room. Yet, if on the one hand, the circumstances of time and place were all against the accuracy of his story, on the other hand, America is a very large and curious country; and the more one learns about it, the more reluctant one becomes to judge what can happen there by any ordinary standards of credibility. I'm only a three-valve man myself, and I have never yet discovered why or how those three valves perform the miracles that they do. Yet, if I can swallow them—speaking immaterially this time—is there any reason why I shouldn't swallow Charlie van Winckler and his remarkable Circuit?

I'll leave that question unanswered, if you don't mind. What I believe or don't believe can make no difference to what the sallow stranger told me, and that's all that I'm going to tell you. Van Winckler, whose moon-struck visage still gazed up at me from the little table in our alcove, had discovered and achieved the wireless transmission of matter.

It was this that he had demonstrated in those experiments which 'a few of us' had attended in the workshop at the back of his garage. 'But at first,' said my sallow informant, 'not one of us looked on it as more

than an amusing sort of trick. That was Charlie's way, you see. He wasn't a showman; he didn't care two hoots what we made of it all. All he wanted was some witnesses whom he could quote in the book he was writing—the book that my poor sister burnt. And for that purpose, I dare say, the less we knew about it all, the better. We couldn't possibly give away his secret.'

'But these experiments,' I said, 'what were they? What did he do?'

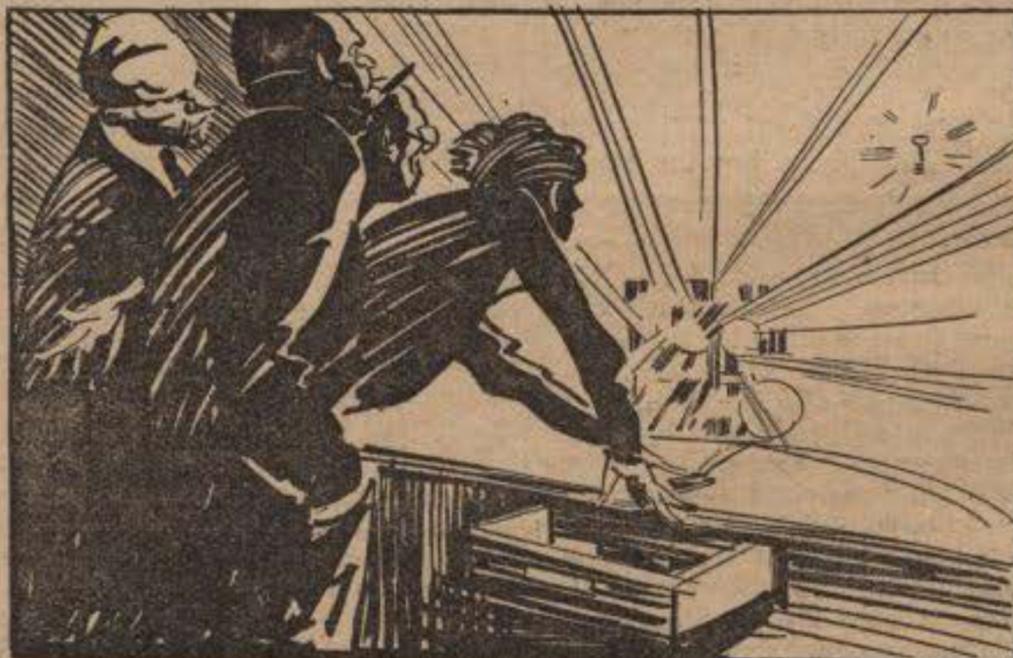
'Well——' Again the word was stretched out until you'd have thought it would snap. 'Well, sir, he'd use just anything at first. Anything small, that is, because of the size of the apparatus. He'd borrow something from one of us boys. A bunch of keys, or a letter, or a dollar bill. He'd make us mark it, though there didn't seem much point in that. Then he'd put it on a frame at one end of his workshop, and then whizz, crackle, splutter! You'd see it melt away like so much hot butter, and then we'd all chase over to the other end—about fifteen yards away—and there you'd see it coming through on the receiving set. All faint at first, and kind of transparent; but in a matter of seconds the whole thing would be there as solid and as real as it had started. Well, naturally; it *was* real; and the transmitting set was as empty as—well, as that glass there. Steward!'

But I wanted to hear more.

'Fifteen yards,' I said. 'Was that the limit, then?'

'No, sir. That was the length of Charlie's workshop. With more power, he'd increase the distance. With bigger apparatus he'd tackle larger objects.'

'But did he?'



'Then he'd put it on a frame at the end of his workshop, and then—whizz, crackle, splutter!'

'Did he not! I'll never forget the evening when he took the transmitting set out in his auto, with one of the boys to see where he went, and the rest of us stayed behind to watch what would happen. And if you'll believe me, just as we were all saying: "Well, he's slipped up this time"—zoom! and there was his spare wheel—or the ghost of it—coming through like one o'clock. But it wasn't a ghost for long. No, sir. Inside a minute we'd taken it down and tested the tyre pressure and everything; and Charlie got a blow-out, and had to walk home. Ten miles, that time. Well?'

It was astonishing, and I said so.

He'd talk to me about it sometimes,' continued the sallow stranger. "'This is a big thing," he'd say, "and I'm only at the beginning of it so far. But I'll tell you one effect it's going to have. This is the end of road transport, and rail transport, and sea and air transport and everything else. In five years there won't be a train running or a ship leaving the docks. There'll be van Winckler stations all over the world, and men'll have time for a little peace and quiet.' Yes, sir; that was how Charlie looked at it. Peace and quiet, he said; but I wasn't so sure.

"Why, Charlie," I said, "if you speed everything up like that, there'll be more hustle than ever. Besides," I said, "think of all the good fellows you're going to throw out of work."

"I know that," he says. "But this is the end of work. This is the golden age, old son, and remember I said so. Just you wait till I start broadcasting."

"What!" I said.

"Yes," he said. "That's the next stage. I haven't worked it out yet, but I will. And when I have, there'll be no more factories. Just one sealed pattern in charge of the State, and when you want anything you tune in and get it. If you want a dozen, you go on till you've got them. If you want a million—all over the earth—then—"

"Steady, Charlie," I said. "What about livestock? What about human beings?"



'He just disappeared like a fade-out at the movies, and there was the machine and nothing else.'

You're not going to run excursions through that machine, are you?"

'I've wondered sometimes, since then, if that was what put the idea into his head.

"Oh, ain't I?" he said. "I've said no more boats and trains, and I mean it. You wait till I've finished this new set, and I'll show you something. *I'm going through it myself!*"

'Well, sir, that worried me. If it wasn't plain suicide, it was a great deal more like it than I cared about. The idea of a man dissolving into a billion atoms, and whisking through the ether, and coming together again. I didn't take to it. But if I didn't take to it, then you ought to have heard my poor sister.

"It's against the Book," she said. "It's sinful, Charlie, and I won't have it. Just you leave it alone and go back to your listening-in. I don't mind a bit of music, but this other idea gives me the horrors. I won't stand for it."

'But you couldn't shift a fellow like my brother-in-law.

"Mrs. van Winckler don't like it," he said, "because she thinks it ain't safe."

"No, Charlie," I said. "It's more than that." For I knew what a religious nature she'd got.

"But once I've done it," he said, "she won't want to put the clock back, and what's more, she can't. Now, here's what I'm going to do. I'll have the receiving set in the parlour, and you and the boys will

come along to my workshop, and the first thing Mrs. van Winckler will know is that I'm there in the room with her. Book or no Book," he says, "she won't be able to argue about that."

'I must say I wish he hadn't chosen her birthday, but he'd always got a streak of sentiment somewhere. He'd built a regular platform this time, and he got on it, and we wished him luck, and he smiled at us and waved his hand.

"All ready now?" he said. "Just throw over that switch, if you don't mind."

'One of us threw it over, and the thing began to crackle and spit. And Charlie waved his hand

again, but we could see right through it by now. And he tried to say something, I'll always believe, but we couldn't hear him. He just disappeared like a fade-out at the movies, and there was the machine and nothing else.

'We waited a bit—I don't quite know why. And then, as he didn't come in at the door—as we'd expected—I made a move. "Stay there, boys," I said, "and I'll just run around to the parlour. Maybe he's given Mrs. van Winckler a bit of a shock."

'But he hadn't. She was sitting there by herself in the rocker, knitting and reading a tract.

"Hello," she said. "Where's Charlie?"

'By Gosh, I didn't know what to say.

"Well," she said, "if you see him, you can give him a message from me. Just you tell him I meant what I said about his leaving his junk in my parlour, and I've disconnected that set of his and put it down in the furnace-room. And tell him if he'd mended that bottom step like I told him to, I shouldn't have dropped it. Have you got that?"

'I'd got it. I found the receiving set in smithereens at the foot of the cellar stairs, but we never saw my brother-in-law again, and I'm afraid we never shall. Dead? No, sir. Bumping against the Heavieside layer somewhere, like a radio Flying Dutchman. Poor Charlie, I reckon he's learnt something about marriage up there. Steward! . . .

Stephen Leacock.

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK, who has a string of academic distinctions after his name, is Head of the Department of Economics and Political Science at McGill University, Montreal—and one of the most popular humorous writers of the day. The list of his writings mingles works on Political Science with such less serious books as 'Nonsense Novels,' and 'Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy'—which recalls the story of Lewis Carroll, who, when asked by Queen Victoria for 'a copy of your book' (by which the Queen meant the famous 'Alice in Wonderland'), respectfully forwarded to her one of his treatises on mathematics.

A NOTE ON SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Victor France.

VICTOR FRANCE, a young man of twenty-five, is the author of two of the most original 'mystery stories' of the day—'The Carved Emerald' and 'The Naked Five.' He speaks several languages, and, after extensive travels as a journalist, knows Europe as well as any man alive. He is at present settled in London as a member of one of the leading publishing houses. A new book of his will shortly be appearing.

Edgar Wallace.

THE literary career of Edgar Wallace may be regarded as one of the most sensational on record; for, though he has been for thirty years well known as a journalist and war correspondent, it is only during the past few years that he has sprung surprisingly into fame, not only as a novelist but as a playwright and dramatic critic. Mr. Wallace's outstanding gift is his ability 'to tell a story.' In construction and invention this versatile writer rivals Dumas and Jules Verne—and for an author so prolific it is amazing how high a standard of actual writing he consistently maintains. He is now interesting himself in British Films.

'I'll Be Seein' Ye Wednesday Nicht!'

By Sir Harry Lauder.

Was there ever such an artist as 'Harry Lauder' (one forgets to use his title when one recalls evenings in the past when, on the stage or through the loud-speaker, this most genial of Scotsmen with the chuckling laugh incited one to 'jo'in in the chorus')? He is shortly starting on a tour of America. Before leaving, he is to give an hour's farewell broadcast—on Wednesday evening next, December 28. In this short personal article Sir Harry wishes listeners a Merry Christmas and tells them why he so favours the medium of Broadcasting.

A guid New Year will soon be here,
But what though distance sever,
The friendship we made lang lang syne
Is just as strong as ever.

LOOKING back, I am reminded that more than a year has rolled on since I gave my last radio programme. How time flies! You have already learned from *The Radio Times* that I am giving another broadcast performance on Wednesday, December 28. I would like to tell you something about it because I shall, I suppose, have an audience of five millions or more on that night.

But, first of all, let me wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. You must forgive me if I introduce a personal note. Some of us, I know, cannot make this festive season all we should like it to be. Like myself, you have had your ups and downs during the past year. To some of us it will be difficult to be happy, with our trials and tribulations that must inevitably come. Can we regard them as a test of our mettle—a test to see if there is anything in us? I think we must. For five months I have been floundering about in a misty channel, and this Christmas will be the first I have spent alone for 37 years.

Now I know I must work. Yet, while I feel that I can get a job, my heart goes out to my countrymen who cannot. I know the terrible experience of enforced idleness. There is perhaps nothing so distressing as the position of a willing man looking for work. Let us hope that things will take a turn for the better in 1928.

WE must not be sad or despondent. However great may be our burden, we must keep on. However large and seemingly overwhelming the magnitude of our task, we must put our shoulders to the wheel—'a stoot he'rt to a stey brae.*' Nothing has assisted me so much as the realization of the truth that, come what may, I must

Keep right on to the end of the road,
Keep right on to the end;
Though the way be long, let your heart be strong,
Keep right on round the bend.
If you are tired and weary, still journey on,
Till you come to your happy abode,
Where all you love and you are dreaming of,
Will be there at the end of the road.

It is in this spirit that I have tried to get back to my work and have been busy preparing my programme for next Wednesday. The planning of a broadcast programme is a very exacting task when I am to be in front of the microphone for nearly an hour on end, and every song and joke must dovetail together. Even when the programme is finished it must be rehearsed over and over again, and perhaps altered here and there

* 'Stey brae' = steep hill.



until it is as good as I can possibly make it. That is what I have been doing in trying to get back into harness.

I should like to mention incidentally that my broadcast programme will be my only performance in this country until I sail from Southampton on January 18 for a three months' tour in America. On my return I

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY DANCING

There will be Dance Music as follows:—

Christmas Eve

2LO and 5XX. 10.30-12.0 p.m. The Savoy Bands
5GB. 8.0-10.0 p.m. 'Dancing Time.'

Boxing Day

2LO and 5XX. 11.0-12.0 p.m. Debroy Somers Band
5GB. 10.15-11.0 p.m. The Coeliars
11.0-11.15 p.m. Debroy Somers' Band

December 27

2LO and 5XX. 10.30-12.0 p.m. Jay Whidden's Band

New Year's Eve

2LO and 5XX. 10.30-11.30 p.m. The Savoy Bands
5GB. 8.0-10.0 p.m. 'Dancing Time.'

shall make another film and then tour the provinces.

Let me tell you how much I am looking forward to renewing acquaintance with my listeners. How could it be otherwise when all my previous appearances have brought me thousands of letters from all kinds of people in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland? I appreciate every one, as I do also those from listeners in other countries. Nothing is more wonderful than that broadcasting enables me to be heard by people in Norway, Sweden, Belgium, France and Germany, in the south of the Pyrenees, in Valencia and Constantinople. I had letters from all these places.

I know it is the thoroughness and efficiency of our British broadcasting system, as this can be found only in a perfect scheme of centralization, which makes it possible for a single artist to be heard by millions of people over such a large area. Broadcasting as we know it is designed to do the greatest good to the greatest number. It will enable me to be heard in the cities and towns and in the villages, in the industrial districts of the Midlands, the North and in Wales alike, all through the provinces and in the scattered hamlets. I shall be heard in mansions and other places where the servant lasses are, and my thoughts turn, too, to my own folk—the shepherds and crofters in the distant, silent glens, in Skye, Harris and Lewis and Islay, Rum and Call and Eigg, in far St. Kilda and all the 'wee hooses' among the heather, not forgetting the hoary fishermen on the dark tide and the lonely lighthouse keepers.

I SHALL give you a happy laughing and singing programme, full of choruses in which everyone can join. Several of the songs have never been broadcast, while I shall also revive some of my successes of twenty years ago. It will of course be a programme of typically Scots ballads and will begin with *My Heart is in the Highlands* and finish with *Back to Where the Heather Grows*. I hope you will like it.

There is just one other point I should like to mention. Many people have asked me if I am going to broadcast when I get to America. My answer is that I don't think so. I know that what I am going to say will probably evoke a lot of criticism, but frankly I do not like the American system of broadcasting. I say this simply from my experience of what I have heard. I have listened to wireless programmes on many occasions in America, and often I have heard a dozen people singing and jazzing at the same time. In other words, it was a muddle of a listen, and I don't like muddles. So, rather than do a thing under those conditions, I would rather not do it at all, no matter what the fee I was offered might be.



A BROADCAST

It is not a strange thing that men have made poems about Broadcasting, for this new magic, which pours the music of the concert room into the stillness of the cottage and brings the song of nightingales into the heart of Town, is of the very stuff of poetry.

BROADCASTING AT CHRISTMAS.

WHAT is it, fleetier than the bird,
That flies unfluttering far and near,
And is not seen, and is not heard,
Until it finds the listening car?

It is the multitudinous voice,
That brings the good news far and wide
And bids good people to rejoice
In town and in the countryside.

Of old, the angels bore the great
Tidings of joy from the high skies,
But here's a messenger of late
Bears Christmas tidings as he flies!

And through the speech and violin
There is a lovelier message swells,
And they have broadcast Christmas E'en,
The voices of the Christmas bells.

Katharine Tynan.

IN THE STUDIO.

FORTH from the narrow room, O words
of mine!
Go, pulsing in the fog and smoke of
cities

Where monstrous flashing signs supplant the
stars

And motor-hoots the call of birds at night.
Pulse in the autumn quiet of country towns
And hidden farms where flowers may linger
still.

Pulse on, and ever on, and overhaul
The trains that creep along the lonely valleys,
The white-hulled liners on the endless oceans
Eastward and westward, and the ships that
steam

In tropic sun or fields of arctic ice.
Pulse in the wires of aeroplanes that skim
In upper air above the sheeted clouds.
Pulse in the sea, and touch the metal armour
Of divers in a world of shadowy fish.

Forth from the narrow room, O words of mine!
And greet at home the clerk from bank and
bourse

Spent in the body, overwrought in brain
With figures and with shocks of gain and
loss;

And greet the workman coming in at last
From mine or soulless workshop, in whose ears
The clang of steel and iron echoes still;
And greet the lady reading over tea,
A little bored, from some old favourite,
And greet the palefaced girl who, day by day,
Sits at a typing table, or, maybe,
Orders the maddened dance of telephones.
And greet the scholar and the artist too,
Inventor, scientist, and every man

Who tries to bind a present ecstasy
In forms enduring for a better future.

Forth from this narrow room, O words of mine!
Through brick and stone, through glass and
lifeless wood,

So to be words again and sound for ears;
And through the bodies of the men I love;
And on and on, through town and country-
side,

And over lands and rivers and the sea.
On, with the rhythm that I impart to them,
Bearing the love conceived in loneliness
Outward afar into the universe.

And I . . . I thank thee, Radio, through whom
The voices of my heart have conquered
Space!

Robert Seitz.

(Translated from the German by C. F. Atkinson.)

THREE RADIO POEMS.

I.

THE SHEPHERD HEARS A SYMPHONY.

LIVING in solitude, he had not dreamt
That music could be such, that all he
loved—

The noise of running water, and the wind
Among the heather; tempest in the pines;
The piping of the curlew; flying light
And flying shadow over snowy fells;
The tremulous pale dawn; the evening
splendour;

Rain after drought; and thunder in the
night;

Moonlight upon the lough; lone Hesperus;
The thronging lucencies of midnight stars;
The loneliness, the ecstasies, the laughter,
And all the dreams and passions of his heart—
Could thus be woven in a magic web
To hold him rapt, while it revealed the secret
Of life and death and immortality.

II.

THE LONELY LISTENER.

INTO her lonely cottage every night
Comes music, played a hundred miles
away;

And now each dumb and solitary day
Melts into music with the dying light:

And as she hearkens, unto her it seems
That she is one with the vast listening throng
Held rapt together by the strains of song.
Made one in music, dreaming the same dreams;

And her old heart, not lonely any more,
Sweeps on ethereal melodies afar
Through aerial legions, and, a singing star,
Among the singing stars she seems to soar.

III.

MUSIC STOLE IN.

MUSIC stole in; and all the idle chatter
Of gossip tongues was stilled; and
for an hour

Our hearts were held by the ethereal power
Forgetful of the long day's fret and clatter.

No longer in a narrow track of duty
Each life moved dully in its little round;
Released from servitude by magic sound,
Our hearts were one with the eternal beauty.

Wilfrid Gibson.

I KNOW THAT NEAR THE STARS.

I KNOW that near the stars,
A god's arm-length beyond the golden
bars

O' the sun, the whisper of old wars,
Old loves and sorrows, triumph and despair,
Lingers for ever on the untroubled air—
The ghost of an Anthony's voice, the tremulous
sigh

Of a Cleopatra who knows that she must
die,

The almost vanished, still delightful words
Of Heloise, fluttering in space like birds,
The noise of winds among long withered
trees.

Of Tristan's lance against Palamides,
Galahad's piety, Guinever's wondering.

By chance one evening when the English
Spring

Across a thousand years joins its gay hands
With the spectral fingers of Spring in other
lands,

In other centuries, some Listener late
To the London concert, pouring its living
spate

Of music down the air, may come in tune
With the wave of Time and the Influences of
the Moon.

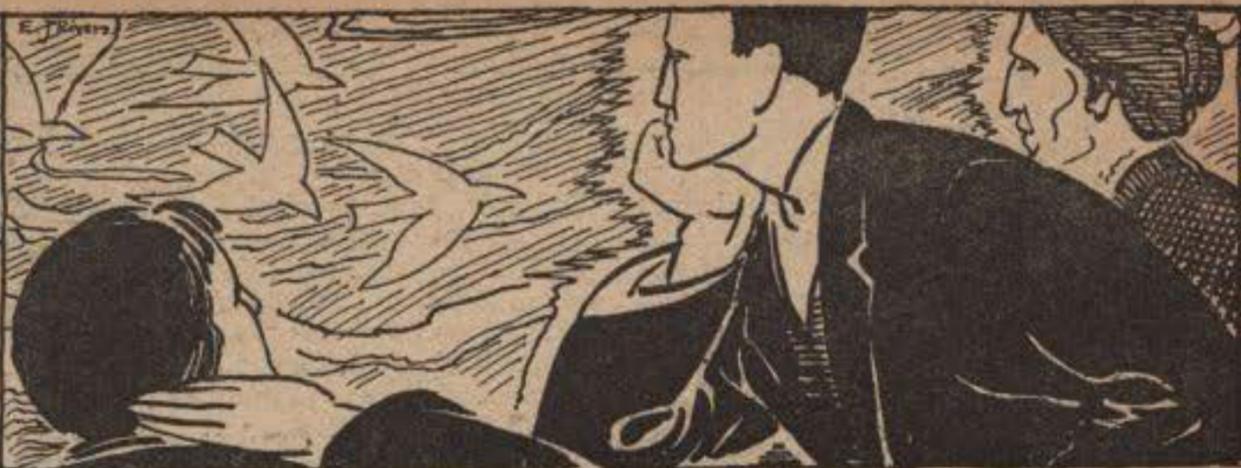
And catch beyond the music, faint tho' clear,
The words which once fell softer on the ear
Of lovers long gone earthward with the rose,
Hear voices dead a span of time disclose
The story of dead loves which truly must
Now be but ghosts, those lips being stopped
with dust—

Francesca's prayers and Ariadne's moan
At knowing Theseus gone and she alone;
The song of nightingales Catullus heard;
The laughter of that Helen at whose word
Of love for Paris, men come from afar,
For seven years' space made the world mad
with war.

Graham Eltham.

ANTHOLOGY

Of the poems collected in this brief anthology two—'In the Studio,' and 'I know that near the Stars' appear in print for the first time. The two poems by Robert Seitz, the German poet of Radio, have been specially translated for 'The Radio Times' by Charles Francis Atkinson.



A 'CELLO SINGS IN DAVENTRY.

OFFICE a long ten hours, and then the rush,
The nightly homeward struggle in the crush.

Train lights, sky signs,
Traffic lights, sky signs,
Scurrying crowds, sky signs,
Fortune-tellers, match-sellers,
paper-sellers—sky signs.

And then at last a quiet little street,
Down which one turns and walks with slower feet,
and is again an 'I.'

Indoors! And yet one marches up and down
And thinks unresting backwards into town.

Glare of Tube and 'bus and street—
everywhere
Publicity,
'Phoning, scribbling, casting up, dizzy with
Publicity,
Hustled thought and clattering keys—
strident-voiced
Publicity.

Whirl and asphalt, strain and din—
Berlin!

Over my cigarette tonight I cannot dream.

A book? Yes! No—to hell with it,
and that one too! I cannot sit,
but pace unresting,

And to my fevered self I seem
to be for ever breasting
the City's stream.

Coffee—cigarette! Cigarette—coffee! No!
Up and down, to and fro.
Suddenly, a 'cello! There
is music from my table in the corner swelling
clear!

The Radio!
I halt, alert—go nearer, listening,
And hear the 'cello sing—
and where?

Sixteen hundred—Daventry,
A 'cello sings in Daventry.

A 'cello—
Daventry! England!

Stranger who playest there, I know thee not.
Thy name, thy ways, thy home, I know them
not.

Between us lies the sea and alien land,
Each other's words we could not understand.
And if we met, it would not be a meeting,—
Unknowing, we should pass without a greeting.
But in this moment, sitting by me here
And playing for me, thou art very near.

A 'cello sings in Daventry
And that is all that matters now to me.
O, greater than all fancied wonderlands
This wonder that I hold in mine own hands!

A 'cello sings in Daventry,
A stranger plays my heart to rest and sets me
free!

A 'cello sings
From out beyond the sea. . . .
O Radio's mystery! . . .

A 'cello sings
And calls a greeting from a land afar to me, to
me.

Robert Seitz.

THE BLIND SET FREE.

THAT evening it was our desire
To sit and talk around the fire;
Loving the flame that lit each face

At instants, into time and place.
And you could hear us jest and laugh
Over some ancient photograph;
You had to sit and hear us say
How sweet the sunshine was today,
And how it painted all the old
Grey walls with tender rose and gold;
And that the spring would surely make
Those lingering green buds awake
Beside the river; then, how bright
Was that imperial gleam of white
And purple crocus in the grass.
How deep the dark old window-glass
Still dyed the church floor! And we said
We liked that last new book we read;
This watercolour we had bought
Would just hang over there, we thought.
And—should we go and have one peep
At Baby, now she was asleep?
I wonder what was in your mind
Who listened to us, being blind. . . .

And then (our thoughts had not quite gone)
Somebody switched the wireless on,
And made us, one and all, embark
Upon your ocean of the Dark.

At 'London calling,' you were free
Of the wide realms of minstrelsy;
The whole world's music-makers gave
Themselves to light your living grave;
And friendly voices from the night
To you, without the need of sight,
Brought news and greeting, laughter, song. . . .

And these to all of us belong—
We, blind in this republic too,
Made equal citizens with you

Morwenna R Lyne.

WIRELESS IN A SICK-ROOM.

A LITTLE isolation of four walls,
High in a sombre Glasgow tenement,
Is all his visible world, since battle bent
Its thieving shadow over him and stole
His sturdy manhood. Here at intervals,
Breaking upon his quietness, the roll
Of traffic comes from the suburban street.
And the companionship of passing feet;
While in the tyranny of weakness pent,
Like pools of water parted from the tide,
His days are set aside.

But he is not alone, for still, behind
The little window and the latched door,
Science is his, and power to explore
The world's tremendous continents of thought.
And though his limbs are helpless and confined,
To his remote imprisonment are brought—
Borne upon wings of air across the earth—
The breadths of intellect, the heights of mirth,
So that he still holds commune with his kind,
And in his narrow dwelling-place he hears
The movement of the years.

His comrades in the friendly evening
Are poet and musician—the beat
Of mighty music keeps his spirit sweet,
And the slow hours are made alive with song.
He will not walk again, and yet the swing
Of the dance comes to him and sets his long
Thin fingers keeping time. His little space
Of life is charmed out of the commonplace
Of mute monotony and suffering,
For the pageant of man with epoch-making
tread
Passes his quiet bed.

But best he loves the placid Sunday night.
After the bells have swung above the town,
Calling the people church-ward from the crown
Of star-framed steeples, and a sudden spell
Of rest has fallen. Then across the height
Of some great fane he hears the organ swell,
And voices joined in an exultant psalm,
Till deep within he feels a subtle calm,
And his unfettered spirit, rising light
Above the littleness of earth and sea,
Touches Eternity.

Nancy Pollok.

GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY!

GOOD night, everybody!
Young and old.
The play is over,
And the tale is told,
The dance is ended,
And the song is sped—
Good night, everybody,
Go to bed!

Eleanor Farjeon.

The Romance of our Christmas Hymns.

The Men Who Wrote Them and How They were Written.

THE most romantic of Christmas hymns is surely 'Christians, awake!' so universally sung at Yuletide. It was a Christmas present to Dolly Byrom, by its author, her father, and it shows a very pretty taste in Christmas gifts that Dolly appreciated it. Indeed, she had asked for it, for, when her learned father asked her what she would best like for a Christmas present, she said 'A new poem.' Sure enough the poem was on the breakfast table on Christmas morning, 1749. The manuscript is still to be seen at Cheetham's Hospital, Manchester, and it is headed: 'Christmas Day for Dolly.' Probably some of our Manchester readers have seen it.

There is no more truly poetical hymn for Christmas singing than Reginald Heber's 'Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning.' The manuscript of this and other hymns by the good Bishop of Calcutta, whom Thackeray singles out as a typical English gentleman, is in the British Museum, and has the 'family-man' written all over it.

The hymns are written in the bishop's beautiful calligraphy in a couple of cheap exercise books, which had evidently been discarded by his children, for the hymns are written cheek-by-jowl with problems from Euclid. Fancy the Pons Asinorum side by side with 'Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining.' That's romance.

Probably, if a ballot were taken, 'Hark! the herald angels sing' would come out top of the poll as the most popular of all Christmas hymns. That, and 'Whilst shepherds watched,' are the two unfailingly sung by children through our key-holes for pennies on the approach of Christmas.

Yet the first of these had a bad start. Yes, a bad start literally, for, as Charles

Wesley wrote it, the first line was 'Hark! how all the welkin rings,' and, although 'welkin' is good Anglo-Saxon, it is a word we can well spare, and the new line, only introduced fourteen years after the hymn's first publication in 1739, seems so inevitably right that we cannot bear to think of its absence. In H.A. and M. this great hymn appears in three eight-line stanzas, with the refrain:—

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

but as originally written it consisted of ten four-line stanzas.

'While shepherds watched' is the only Christmas hymn written by a Poet Laureate, but there are laureates and laureates, and Nahum Tate was neither a Wordsworth or a Tennyson. He belongs to that limited number of collaborators, like Beaumont and Fletcher, and Besant and Rice, where the individualities are so inseparable that it is impossible to tell 't'other from which.' His collaborator was one, Nicholas Brady, and Tate and Brady's metrical version of the Psalms had a wide popularity. Singularly enough the popular Christmas hymn is one of the few which is almost certainly the sole work of Tate. He was a somewhat bibulous individual, and apart from his hymns his poetical work is negligible.

The most majestic of all our Christmas hymns is undoubtedly 'Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes,' which we know as 'O come, all ye faithful,' and its ancient tune has the joyful and triumphant character which perfectly fits the words. Canon Oakeley's version is a triumph of poetical translation, and was made in 1841 for use at Margaret Street Chapel, four years before he joined the Roman Catholic Church. The original Latin hymn has been ascribed to Bonaven-

tura, but it is probably of French or German origin of a date not earlier than the seventeenth century. There are other good English translations, but Oakeley's is now universally sung.

Every Old Harrovian at least ought to join every Christmas in the singing of that very lovely Christmas hymn 'In the fields with their flocks abiding,' because it was written by Dean Farrar expressly for the boys of Harrow School when he was an assistant master there. It was, moreover, set to music by John Farmer, who made Harrow the pioneer of Public School singing.

A hymn by an insurance agent ought to be something of a novelty, although there need be no antagonism betwixt prosody and prudence! But William Chatterton Dix would have glorified any occupation, for he was a man of learning and culture and a true poet, and to him we owe not only that fine Christmas hymn 'As with gladness men of old,' but 'Come unto Me, ye weary,' and the harvest hymn, 'To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.'

The favourite Christmas hymn is one of many written by different hymnists in times of sickness. Mr. Dix was recovering from a serious illness in 1860, when one evening the lines took shape in his mind. He called for pen and paper lest the happy thought should escape him, and the result was one of the most poetical of all our Christmas hymns, as witness its concluding stanza:—

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

Algernon Blackwood.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD is one of the most retiring of writers. His stories seldom appear in the popular magazines. It is therefore something of an achievement to have persuaded him to write specially for the Christmas issue of *The Radio Times*. English literature is particularly rich in the 'ghostly' or 'queer' type of story—but no writer has brought to this special branch of writing a more subtly eerie invention or a more delicate style than he. His stories seldom deal with actual 'ghosts' (that is 'headless cavaliers' and 'grey ladies'), but rather with that intangible borderline between the Material and the Unknown, contact with which is part of the experience of more men and women than ever heard chains clank or skeletons rattle in a deserted manor-house. For the interest of those who are as yet unacquainted with Algernon Blackwood's books, we may mention here several of the most outstanding—'John Silence,' 'The Listener,' 'Julius Levalon,' 'The Centaur,' and the writer's autobiography 'Episodes before Thirty.'

THREE CONTRIBUTORS TO OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Denis Mackail.

AN inexhaustible gift for inventing humorous characters, combined with the power of shrewd observation, has during the past few years brought Denis Mackail into the front rank of contemporary 'best-sellers.' His latest book, 'The Flower Show,' has had a remarkable success, and aroused Press notices which leave no doubt as to the high opinion which the critics have of this young writer's work. There can be no doubt that the reading public devours humour more hungrily than any other form of writing, but there are few authors who have, like Mr. Mackail, been able to achieve the sheerly, gloriously humorous without straining the bounds of probability. One feels that everything he writes about 'might have happened'—and he thereby passes the severest test of all.

P. C. Wren.

THE background of Major P. C. Wren's Foreign Legion stories is that of his own experience as a Legionary in the famous French Corps. The passionate sincerity with which he depicts the many characters in his stories is that of a man who describes people whom he has known. It would have been almost impossible to create a character like Sergeant Lejaune, the evil genius of 'Beau Geste,' without first-hand acquaintance with the conditions which brought him into existence. 'Beau Geste' and 'Beau Sabreur' have enjoyed a phenomenal success, as stories of high romance and adventure must in an age weary of the staleness of sex novels. The third story of this trilogy, 'Beau Ideal,' is at present running as a serial and will appear in volume form during 1928. Major Wren has lived the life depicted in his books. After leaving Oxford he travelled all over the world, gaining a varied experience of life from many angles. As a soldier he has slaved in 'the Legion,' in a crack British Cavalry regiment, and, during the War, on the East African front.

The Land of Green Ginger.

By Algernon Blackwood.

A 'queer' story of a Chinese mirror found in a curiosity shop on the waterfront of a seaport town. Whosoever looked in that mirror—
Enough! The story awaits your reading. Let it suffice to say that the author of 'John Silence' and 'The Listener' has written
nothing finer in his own elusive vein.

IN his luxurious service flat the elderly Mr. Adam sat before the fire with a frown upon his face, a frown not of anger or annoyance but of perplexity. It was the cosy time between tea and dinner; about his armchair lay scattered a number of opened and unopened letters; he was scanning a brief typewritten note, wondering how he should deal with it, and this wonder was the cause of his frown.

'These newspaper symposiums,' he grumbled to himself, 'are a nuisance!' His secretary had gone home, taking away with her the dictated chapters of his book, his twentieth novel—his twentieth *successful* novel, he remembered with a smile that momentarily displaced the frown. "How I started," he read the typed sentence before him. 'What made me first begin to write?' The frown came back. Thought ran off into the mists of years ago. . . . He remembered quite well what made him first begin to write. 'But no one would believe me. . . . His face grew quite puckered. . . . He finally decided he would dictate in the morning a few commonplace paragraphs, giving facts, of course, yet not this queer incident that had first discovered his gift to himself. It had been due to a shock, this discovery; and a shock, some say, can bring out latent possibilities in the mind hitherto ignored. Circumstances, that is, are necessary for their appearance; unless life produces them, the possibilities remain unknown, inactive.

He remembered the shock in his own case, the queer experience it produced, and the first hint of his imaginative gift that appeared as a result. 'But they'd think I was romancing!' His pencil, meanwhile, scribbled a few words on the blank part of the letter. . . .

'It is interesting,' he paused a moment to reflect, 'how every important detail of the experience was due to something in my mind at the time. All the ingredients were in me. Something just used them, dramatized them. That's the imaginative gift, I suppose. . . . It shapes the raw material.'

He could see it all as though it were yesterday. . . . instead of thirty years ago. . . .

The shock, in his case, had been the sudden total loss of the comfortable fortune he had been brought up to expect. The trustee, his guardian, had played ducks and drakes with

it, and at twenty, an orphan, just down from Oxford with a prospect of £2,000 a year, he found himself instead with £50, perhaps less. Two details only bear importantly upon the story: his intense bitterness against the swindling guardian, whom he knew personally; and the question of what he could do to earn his living. These two, had he written the truth for the symposium, Mr. Adam would have stressed. For it was with these two, this thought and this feeling burning intensely in his mind, that he had gone for a walk to think things over. . . .

To him, at the age of twenty, the situation seemed intensely tragic; no one in the world before had ever been so overwhelmed by fate; his anger against the psalm-singing guardian was of that bitter kind that could have killed. The young man was stirred to an intense anger and hatred. He could have murdered Mr. Holyoake. The swindler deserved it. And Adam, dwelling upon the years of dishonest speculation that had left him penniless, meant this precisely. Not that he actually wanted to commit murder, but that he realized the possibility lay in him. He still remembered—with a smile today—how he finally dismissed the idea from his mind: 'What's the use?' he had reflected, bitterly. 'Even if I did murder him, the

State would only murder me in return. I should be hanged. Who murders is murdered in his turn.'

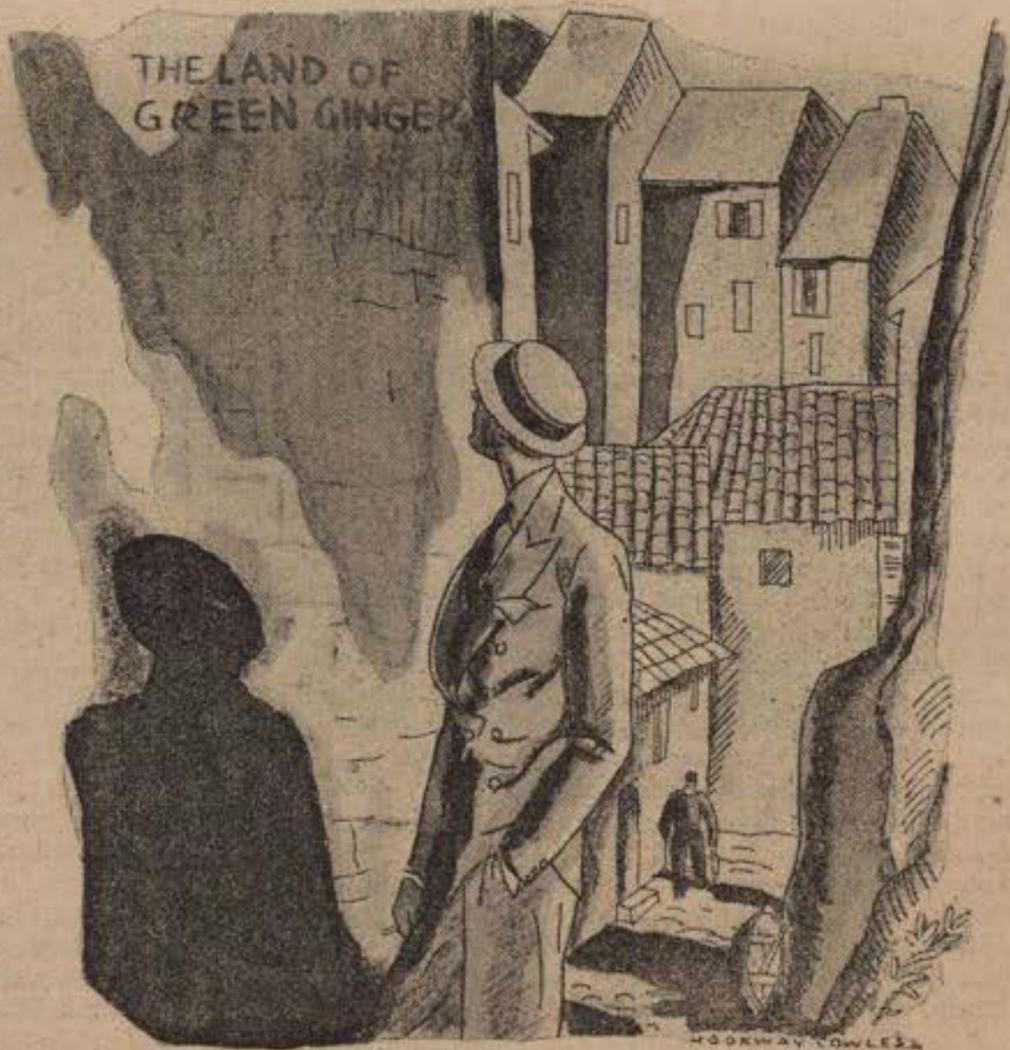
In this way the notion was—as he believed—dismissed from his mind.

The other 'important detail' concerned his immediate future. What could he do to earn his living? He dwelt upon it with eager concentration. He reviewed a dozen futures: the stage, journalism, the motor trade, then in its infancy; insurance, emigrating—he thought of many fields and callings, but realized he was trained for none. The choice of work, of something that he *could* do, troubled him obsessively. There were a hundred, a thousand possible futures open to a fellow, he discovered. It was the choice that he found impossible. At a given moment in anybody's life, he reflected, a number of possible things lie waiting—he can take only one, but the multiple choice is there.

He had been walking for some time, and in a circle apparently, for he now found himself wandering towards the water-front of the ancient port that was his home-town. It was after six o'clock on a summer evening, a Saturday, and few people were about. The sunshine fell slanting down the tangle of deserted alleyways. There was a smell of the sea, of tarred ropes, rigging, fish, and these

brought back the idea of emigrating. He thought of a cousin who had just gone to some job or other in China. . . . One notion chased another; his mind was a seething mass of wild ideas, with bitter, turbulent emotion behind them. Then, glancing up, his eye caught suddenly five little words, whose faded black letters shone in a patch of sunshine on the dull brick wall above his head. They were rather romantic little words, and they snatched at something in his mind. He stood and stared. It was merely the name of the alley, of course, yet thought took a new turn. A kind of enchantment stole over him, for the words, as the poet puts it, walked up and down in his heart. . . . There rose before him a picture of forgotten days when the old port traded with southern isles, when dark-bearded sailors gabbling foreign tongues thronged these narrow alleyways, and the high romance of gallant sailing ships was in the air. . . . The five little words were almost a line of poetry.

'The Land of Green Ginger,' was what he read.



Then, glancing up, his eye caught suddenly five little words, whose faded black letters shone in a patch of sunshine on the dull brick wall above his head.

Mr. Adam, the young one of thirty years ago, paused, his eyes fastened on the faded lettering in the yellow sunlight. Then he stared down the twisting alley, whose high walls now housed nothing more romantic than offices of shipbrokers, notaries, typists, packers, and commissioners of oaths, until his eyes noted suddenly an exception—an old furniture shop, with its queer wares overflowing on to the narrow pavement. They were a heterogeneous collection apparently. A circular mirror standing on a three-legged pedestal nearly six feet high reflected his figure, as he moved idly towards the shop a few yards lower down. He saw himself reflected, not without satisfaction, his smart flannel suit, his eye-glass, his straw hat with its Oxford colours. He also saw a bent, thin little old man with a skull-cap on his head standing among the shadows a few feet inside beyond the dingy doorway.

This figure now moved slowly towards him, scenting perhaps a possible customer.

'A fine piece,' said the wheezy voice. 'A perfect bit of glass, me lord! Cheap, too!' He rubbed his hands, nodding his ancient head in the direction of the article. 'It come from Chiney thirty year ago!'

Adam realized that he had been examining his own reflection for some minutes. He entered the shop, as an escape from troubling thoughts more than anything else, and as he did so the old man, bowing and scraping, moved, too, backing away before him. The interior was dark, and much larger than the small entrance promised. A single oil-lamp revealed a series of deep, narrow rooms, cluttered up with stuff, among which the bent figure now set down the mirror carefully, for he had carried it in with him.

In the dimness the young man found his own reflection more attractive than before, it was softened, more effective, he decided. The wheezy voice was mentioning a price, rather a trumpery price, considered Mr. Adam, a few shillings only. He did not want to buy it, but anything was better than being alone with his tormenting thoughts, and he went closer to examine it. He bent down, noticing an inscription cut deeply into the dark wood of the framework. It was in Chinese characters. He ran his finger over them, then looked up to ask:—

'Who looks in me,' translated the wheezy voice, 'murders—and is murdered.' And, carrying the mirror with him, the old man retreated a little further into the shadow of the room beyond.

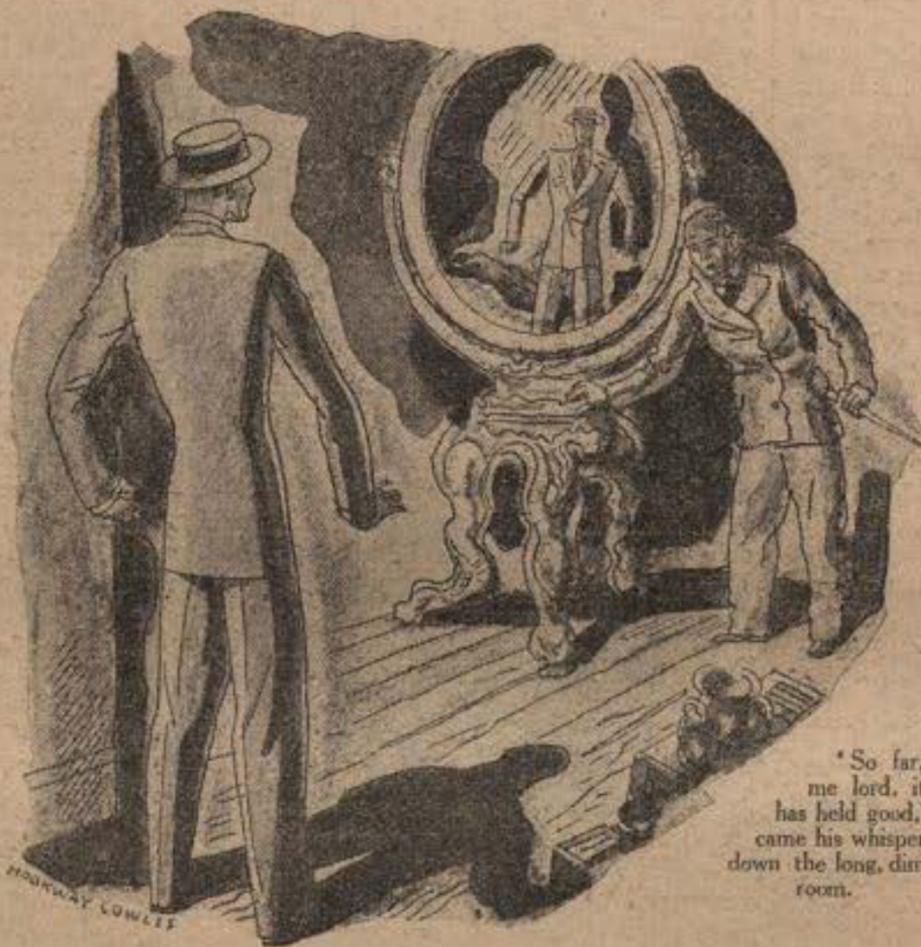
The young man was startled. He felt his body give an imperceptible twitch he was unable to suppress. His mind likewise gave a twitch. Was it uneasiness? It was, at any rate, surprise, while at the same time he was aware that something drew him, so that, almost involuntarily, he found him-

self following the retreating figure, who now, still carrying the mirror with him, was on the threshold of the next long room. It was the third extension of the premises, and it was considerably darker than the first two rooms. A chilliness hung in the fusty atmosphere. The place seemed lonely suddenly.

Aware of a faint tremor in him, though not yet of anything more than that, he spoke in a brusque, almost an aggressive, voice:—

'And what may such rubbish mean?' he inquired, sharply.

'Precisely what it says, me lord,' came the wheezy voice, much lower than before. There was an unpleasant hush in it. And there came a look into the face that hardly invited merriment, which was, perhaps, the very reason why Mr Adam chose the



'So far, me lord, it has held good,' came his whisper down the long, dim room.

moment for an audible guffaw. It betrayed him, he realized, when it was too late. He felt nervous. More of a chuckle than an actual laugh, it sounded unnatural among this piled-up paraphernalia from foreign lands that gave back no single echo. It sounded dead.

'Does it hold good?' Mr. Adam challenged, the tone of his voice again betraying him—to himself at least. For the tremor crept somehow from the body into the sound. 'If I buy the thing, for instance, d'you mean to tell me that I—that you already before me—?'

He could not finish the sentence. A shudder stopped his breath, and the voice died on his lips. While speaking he had been looking, not into the old man's face, but into the mirror, where he still saw his own reflection. But it was not this that stopped his speech, and froze his blood. It was something else he saw. With one wrinkled hand the old shopman still clutched the pedestal; in the other was an unsheathed knife.

'So far, me lord, it has held good,' came

his whisper down the long, dim room, and as he spoke he tilted the mirror to a slightly different angle. The young man saw himself in the glass as before, but he now saw something else behind him, too. It lay stretched upon the floor, motionless, crumpled, dreadfully, its position not quite natural. One arm was twisted about the face at an angle not possible to life. In the narrow fairway of the room behind him, the room he had already passed, this pitiful, repulsive body lay. To stand where he now stood, the young man realized, he must actually have stepped over it.

'You—did—that?' he gasped, in a voice that emitted hardly any sound.

'He looked in the mirror,' came the whispered answer. 'What d'you expect?'

'And before that—he in turn—?'

'It works that way.' The other gave with an awful grin.

Adam felt his body stiffen; yet the blood began to flow in tumult. He felt his fists clench tightly. With his eye fixed on the shopman and not leaving him for a single instant, he saw that the old man, letting go of the mirror, had begun to dodge. Light-footed he was, amazingly agile, quick, his movements convulsive, horribly alert. He dodged sideways, backwards, swift as a shadow round his customer, who watched the hideous dance with arrested muscles and with spell-bound eyes. The knife gleamed and flashed.

Adam made an effort that seemed to wrench his heart—and the muscles began to function again. Instinctively he picked up a heavy iron mace from a teak-wood table close beside him. With a strain he could just lift it.

'It's up to me then, now—is it?' he cried, his own feet shifting quickly.

'I can defend meself!' shrieked the shopman, dodging with incredible rapidity. 'If

that's any good to you, me lord!' he yelled, shooting across the floor as an arrow flies and brandishing the knife.

Moved by a sudden power that surprised himself, the young man leaped towards the pirouetting horror. He made one bound. He swung his heavy mace. The great weapon crashed down upon the ancient skull, driving the cap deep into the split bone. The figure stopped abruptly, uttered a tiny squeak, crumpled, and lay like a great mutilated insect where it fell. It did not move again.

'Murders and is murdered!' the other tried to scream, his voice, as in extreme nightmare agony, making no sound upon the air. 'I've done you in, at any rate. Then it's my turn next, is it—?'

He turned swiftly, with the feeling that someone watched him from behind.

A tall figure, sure enough, darkened the distant door into the street, the outline of a stranger who bent a little to examine something that stood upon the pavement

(Continued on page 652.)

2LH Calling!

Leslie Henson Tells the B.B.C. What It Has Done to Christmas.

HAVE you ever considered what an odd person a postman is? He will be a rather important person towards Christmas-time. I want to use him to examine what has happened to Christmas lately—since the B.B.C. took in hand that invention of Senatore Marconi's. For Broadcasting has made a difference to a great many things, and Christmas is not the least significant.

Let us examine a postman. At Christmas time he was once said to have worn a judge's robe and Mr. Shaw's beard, and to behave like a cat burglar with the chimney. That may have been—but the most advanced children, I am told, brought up on Nietzsche and the Use of the Valves, pooh-pooh the notion.

Wireless is responsible for this cynicism. All the same, the postman remains and is a fact. Though Santa Claus may be derided or be temporarily superseded by the Uncle who reveals hidden treasure every night at the Children's Hour without waiting for Christmas, the postman remains a quaint and anachronistic phenomenon linking us with a sane and ordinary world long ago, which walked to its destiny on two legs, or at the most four, instead of getting in its groceries, going to school, or going to war by turning handles; and which believed in Father Christmas, romance, the family, love and all the things which we are now taught to believe were quite absurd. Perhaps with the postman, whose bag the busiest business man still daily feeds in spite of the telephone at his elbow and the telegraph forms on his desk, human nature has purposely retained one last flagrant and desperate anachronism.

At any rate, the importance of the postman at this season of the year reflects some of the oddity of the season itself. It does seem that Christmas is very much in the same boat with the postman—a kind of odd habit, left over from the past.

Certainly, unless we have a real belief in the philosophy of the original Founder of it,

Christmas is utterly foolish. And Broadcasting has, I think, largely taken out of Christmas the *raison d'être* of some of its most essential features.

Take the central teaching of the faith whose birth the season celebrates: Fellowship. Christmas as our forefathers knew it was a

motives. The real thing is broadcast from the Albert Hall.

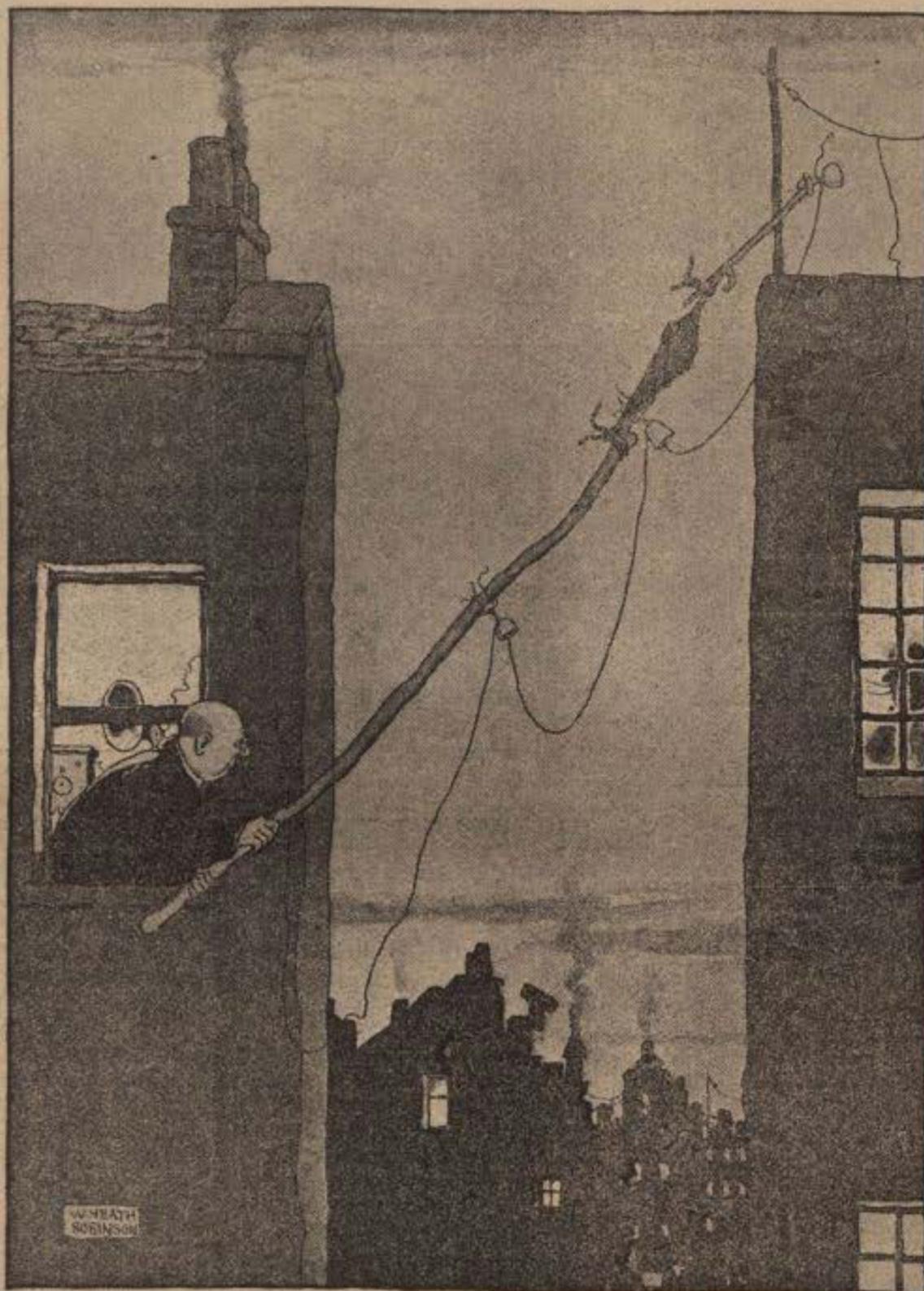
The Christmas chimes, that quintessential symbol on the Christmas card, belong to a time when the people had no clocks to tell it by. But now not only have they the five-shilling variety guaranteed to last for ever, but they can put it right by Big Ben, even if they live in Wigan. People got together at Christmas time to feel and realize the kinship of the race, which is the message of the great birthday Christmas is. But today, by turning a button, the latest revolution in Mexico is so much a matter of intimate and auditory acquaintance to the farmer in Worcester as to make the brotherhood of man, and the well-known pugilistic propensities of relatives among themselves, a platitude no longer needing any special emphasis.

Now this is not necessarily bad. If Christmas means anything at all, it means not pies and turkeys, but that great idea of human fellowship. And this is not merely good fellowship in holiday-making, but co-operation and goodwill in the work of the world and the business of the world. Here Broadcasting appears to me to dismiss the red-robed myth of Father Christmas only to substitute a grander reality.

Just take your mind back to those fishermen of Galilee rallying their forces for the inauguration of that movement which was not only to give us our Christmas pudding, but largely to remodel the world. Lonely, not very educated, men had been commanded to 'go out into all the world.' They did not even know the confines of it, and the small patch they did know was,

by their means of transit, endless, and because of the conditions then existing, even under the great Roman administration, fraught with peril. Saint Paul broadcast Christianity with his own lips. One genius who adopted that cause, and whom torture and imprisonment might at any moment

(Continued at foot overleaf.)



A FLAGRANT CASE OF RADIO PETTY LARCENY.

A wireless enthusiast stealing the use of a neighbour's aerial.

concentration of the outward signs and symbols of that teaching. The 'waits' trudged the snow to break down the stronghold of the Englishman's insularity by loudly singing at him inside his garden gate that he was to be merry and rest him and not be dismayed at anything. Nowadays only dirty little urchins do this from the most sordid

(Continued from page 650.)

just outside. The young man stared and stared. Though in semi-darkness himself, the outline was clearly defined in the evening light. But was it a stranger? He wore a smart flannel suit, a straw hat with Oxford colours. As he straightened up, an eye-glass became visible.

Mr. Adam shot round and stared at the crumpled heap upon the floor at his feet. It was *not* the shopman. What he stared down at was a neat flannel suit, a straw hat with Oxford colours.

He shrieked. He raced headlong down the room. He darted at top speed along the next narrow room as well, straight towards the street door, towards the stranger with the tall outline. And this tall outline now came gliding to meet him, very swiftly gliding, silently too, making no sound upon the boarded floor, just as he had seen his own reflected image gliding towards himself in the mirror before. Closer it came and closer, something oddly, dreadfully familiar about it, something that he almost recognized. It came remorselessly nearer, he could not have stopped it if he tried, while, curiously, he felt that he did not want to, even *must* not, stop it. Like Fate—his own fate—he must meet it; he could not avoid it—because he somehow welcomed it.

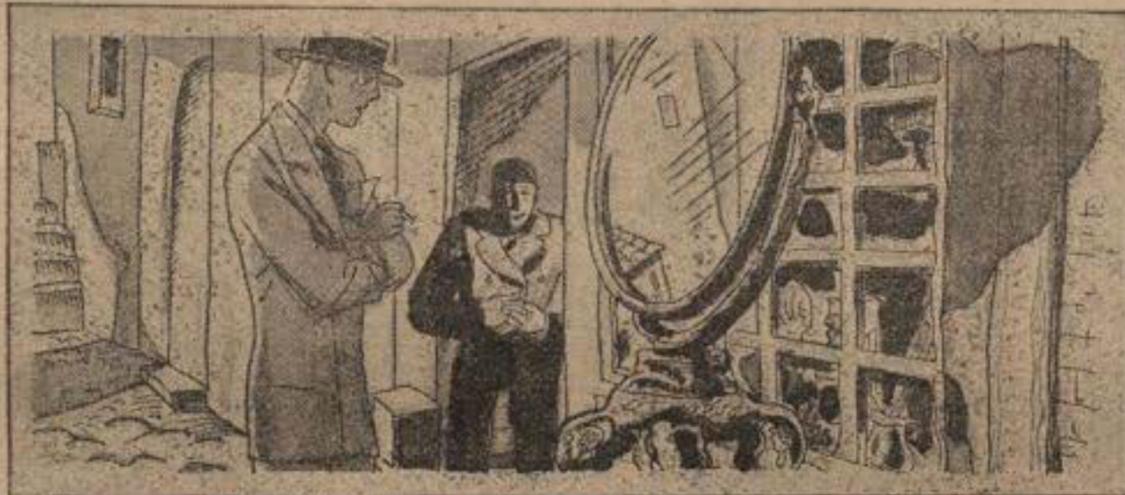
He did not pause himself; he even moved faster, till there was but a foot between them. Terrified he was, yet at the same time his courage rose. They met, they slipped

into one another, they emerged, and instantaneously though this came about, he had time to recognize—himself . . . and that same second to find himself standing on the pavement outside, gazing at a mirror on a high three-legged pedestal, while a little, thin, bent old man faced him, wearing a skull-cap and rubbing his hands. It was the shopman evidently, scenting a possible customer.

'A fine piece,' the old man wheezed. His eyes pierced like gimlets. 'And cheap, too. It come from Chiney thirty year ago.'

A wave of pleasant, even delightful, emotion fluttered through the young man's heart, as he bent to read an inscription carved in Chinese characters upon the wooden frame. He ran his finger over them, then looked up to ask.

'To each,' the wheezy voice translated, 'ten thousand futures. Yet each must choose,' and went on to explain how a learned gentleman had once kindly deciphered the words for him—only the young man was no longer listening. He was staring intently at the upper part of the frame.



'But—the frame's empty!' he cried aloud. 'There is no mirror!' And again that marvellous emotion passed fluttering across his heart.

'It got broke,' he heard the wheezy voice explaining, 'got broke on the vige over. But it's easy put in again, me lord. A fine old piece.' He mentioned a trumpery price, a few shillings merely.

Young Mr. Adam bought it and took it home with him. . . . In due course, he entered his cousin's insurance office as a clerk, and one evening he scribbled an account of his adventure in the Land of Green Ginger. Later, he wrote other, longer adventures, too. He had inside him, it seems, some queer gift of scribbling imaginary, possibly imaginative, adventures. . . . A shock had brought it to the surface.

Next morning the elderly Mr. Adam dictated to his secretary a few commonplace paragraphs about 'How I started to write.' They began: 'At the age of twenty I entered an insurance office as a clerk . . . They were extremely dull. Send it to the editor,' he told his secretary, 'with a line

to say I hope it is what he wants; he need not use it otherwise, of course.' And as he dictated the paragraphs, his eye wandered from a long shelf, holding some twenty adventure books, to a mirror on a high three-legged pedestal which, oddly, had no glass, and which, the elderly Mr. Adam knew, had never had one, nor ever would.

2LH CALLING!

(Continued from previous page.)

have removed from the planet, almost alone tackled a seemingly impossible publicity campaign which rarely has been surpassed.

Broadcasting at last has come to the rescue of churches and governments by disseminating the thoughts of men expressed not only in literature—that was Caxton's contribution through the multiple press—but also by the colloquial human voice.

Of course just as the first film was a demonstration of people getting out of a train to show how clever it was, with little botherment about a 'plot,' and the Movietone likewise merely shows Lord Birkenhead making a speech without bothering with what that speech is about, so wireless began by a few people at Savoy Hill with a new medium in their hands, saying: 'What shall we say to the World?'

'Lord!' replies British modesty. 'We mustn't say anything. It might be controversial. Let's give them a tune on the piano.' We were all, I think, a little sceptical of the future of broadcasting—until the General Strike took place.

Then the wireless came into its own. The drama of that modest university accent

telling the nation to keep its head has never before been equalled in the history of the world. It undoubtedly had an incalculable effect on the result of that crisis, which won for our country universal admiration.

Contributions from
PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY
RAYMOND GRAM SWING
 and
LION FEUCHTWANGER

will be featured in *The Radio Times*
 early in 1928.

Why not take out an Annual Subscription
 now?

Long, however, before we can look to the time when government will be done through the loud speaker on a general scale, I, at any rate, look to the early inauguration of regular addresses from the King to his people, of the Prime Minister to his electors, and the Archbishops to the nation and the world.

Wireless loud speakers ought to be erected

at every village green—even instead of a Cenotaph—to make, instead of the call of sentiment from the dead, the living voice of the Empire to exhort us to the ideal for which the Empire stands, and for which those dead laid down their lives.

So you see what I think about the effect of wireless upon Christmas—and a lot of other things. I am afraid I have no patience with the people who say: 'Oh, our cleverness is getting frightening; all this wirelessing and motoring and button-pressing will destroy us,' or with that clergyman who recently begged Parliament to stop the scientists from discovering anything else until human nature had become fit to use its knowledge rightly. In knowledge alone is a true hope planted for the human race; and any means of communicating this knowledge, and bringing the minds of men closer together in the pursuit of it, is a thing to glorify.

Therefore we should be truly grateful this Christmas to the B.B.C. for the beautiful thing it has given to the world.

Good-bye, everybody, 2LH closing down. A merry Christmas to the Solar System!

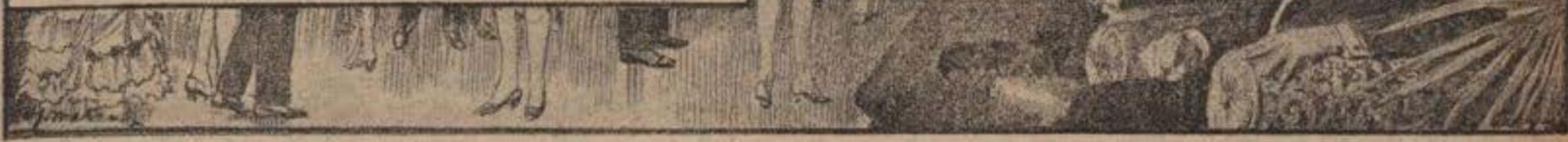
Mad Murphy's Miracle

A Tale of 'The Legion'

By P. C. WREN

Author of 'Beau Geste,' etc.

Illustrated by Malania



No book, for many years, has leapt to popularity with such startling suddenness as Major Percival Christopher Wren's *Beau Geste*. The characters in this tale of adventure in the Foreign Legion—the Geste brothers, Sergeant Lejaune, Boldini, the Americans Hank and Buddy—have been still further familiarized by the widely exhibited film version of the story.

LORD MONTAIGLE, like King Bruce of Scotland, sat himself down in a lonely mood to think—the more lonely because he was in the crowded ballroom of the world-famous Majestic Hotel in the hub of the metropolis which is the hub of the universe.

What was he doing there at his time of life, he asked himself. Rotten new-fangled rubbish—this modern dancing and dance-music. . . . Jazz! . . . Damned row. . . .

Well, at his hostess's earnest request, he had looked in, and now he'd jolly well look out again. . . . Run along to his club and finish the day in peace and quiet and comfort with a book, and a cigar, and a drink—and so to bed.

Hullo, here was dear old Pop, more widely known as Sir Popham Ronceval. Lady Anstruther had dragged him here, too, eh!

As the music stopped, Sir Popham Ronceval seated himself in the arm-chair beside that of his old friend, among the palms, near the band.

'Hear oneself speak, now that row's stopped,' he observed. 'What are you doing here, Monty?'

'Same as you, Pop—going away. . . . Coming?'

'Only just arrived. Let's stick out another dance, and then I'm with you.'

Lord Montaigle suppressed a yawn.

'Sad about Tommy Vane,' observed his friend, almost casually, though a look of concern shadowed his handsome eyes.

'What about him?' asked Lord Montaigle, his rubicund and cheery countenance unresponsive as yet, to the other's concern.

'Died this morning. . . .'

'No? Did he? . . .'

Well, nothing very sad about that—not for her, anyhow. Nor for Long John. Best day's work Tommy Vane ever did. I should say,' pondered Lord Montaigle.

'Oh, I dunno. . . . I was rather fond of old Tommy,' said Sir Popham Ronceval—'when he wasn't mad, that is.'

'When he wasn't!' objected his friend.

'But he was. . . . Born mad, lived mad, died mad—like his father before him—and his grandfather, too, and his great-grandfather by all accounts.'

'His father shot himself, didn't he?' mused Sir Popham.

'Yes, and his father was killed by the man he attacked. Attacked the feller in his own smoking-room, and he knocked Vane out with a bronze figure, or ornament, or something, that stood handy. And Tommy's great-grandfather was hanged—on a silken rope—for unjustifiable homicide.'

'Poor old Tommy,' repeated the baronet.

'What did he die of?' asked Montaigle.

'Killed himself,' was the short reply.

'Just that.'

Lord Montaigle nodded his head slowly, and made no further comment than:—

'There's a son somewhere, isn't there?'

'A son,' agreed the other, with meaning emphasis, and added: 'Not Tommy's.'

Montaigle smiled.

'Long John, eh? . . . The wild Irishman. . . . Aren't we a pair of scandal-mongering old devils?'

'Look here, Claud, I wouldn't talk like this to any other living soul. I'm Long John's executor, and I don't mind telling you for a fact what everybody else knows for a guess. . . .'

'Guessed it myself,' admitted Montaigle. 'I saw the boy once at Speech Day—Long John to the very life! . . . Tall, red-haired, blue-eyed, freckled, regular red Celt.'

'Yes, I suppose Long John will come home now. . . . Now there's no fear of his murdering Tommy Vane.'

'I doubt it. Why should he? He's got a splendid place in East Africa, and it isn't as though Lady Vane were alive,' replied Ronceval.

'Died when the boy was born, didn't she?' asked Montaigle.

'Yes. . . . Long John nearly went out of his mind. . . . I tell you I had all I could do to get him away. He was all for shooting Tommy Vane first, and himself afterwards. Rotten position for me. I was the friend of both of them. Promised Long John I'd keep an eye on the boy. . . . Her boy. . . . His boy. . . .'

'What became of him?' inquired Lord Montaigle.

'Wish I could tell you. . . . He was going up to Oxford for his first term, and never got there. Simply vanished into thin air. Tommy Vane didn't give a damn. But I was frightfully worried. . . . I wish to God I knew what happened to him. . . . I would. . . .'

A burst of music from the band cut short the gossip. . . .

BEAU GESTE strode into the barrack-room at Ain Dula, between Douargala and El Rasa, in search of his brothers Digby and John. In his well-fitting, dark blue tunic, with its red facings, green-topped, red-fringed epaulettes, his smart white-covered kepi, brilliantly-polished buttons, belt and bayonet



'Heredity! Isn't six generations enough for you? It may be sixty for all I know.'

well-ironed white trousers, and highly-polished boots, he was as smart a figure of a soldier as any in his regiment, famous in the 19th Army Corps for its smartness.

Digby was lying upon his bed, clad in a white shirt and trousers, and engrossed in the study of Arabic, while John sat on the opposite cot writing a letter to Isobel.

Both looked up as Beau Geste approached.

'Ho, pups,' quoth he. 'Rise up, and stand to attention. Thumbs in a line with the seams of the pyjamas, the weight of the body resting on the chin strap. . . . And listen. . . . My orders to you are "Keep an eye on Mad' Murphy," as they call him. The poor chap's up against it badly. 've just had a dose of him. I left him on the bench there by the *entrée de la redoute*.''

'Poor beggar gets madder every day,' observed Digby. 'He'll be as mad as John soon.'

'Well, two of a kind never agree,' observed John, 'so you go and play with him, Dig . . . and keep him out of *la village nègre*. . . . I'm writing to Isobel.'

'Righto!' agreed Digby, and, rising from his bed, began to dress.

'He's got as far as talking to himself aloud,' continued Beau, 'and, unlike most mad people, he knows he's mad, or very nearly so. His great terror, among a thousand terrors, is that he'll go quite finally insane, and kill somebody—probably his best friend. He's just begged me to drive my bayonet through his throat if he ever so much as raises his fist or snarls at me.'

'And you want *me* to go and play with him,' observed Digby. 'Both of you lend me your rifles—I've only got one.'

'What we want is a scrap,' observed John. 'Poor old Mad Murphy and all the other loonies would soon work their *cafard* off on the Touareg, if they came for us.'

'Yes, scrapping is the prescribed cure for *cafard*,' agreed Beau. 'A bayonet charge must be a wonderful soother. . . . Meantime Mad Murphy is to be kept from using his bayonet on himself or anyone else. . . .'

'We *are* our brother's keeper. We *are*, we *are*, we *are*,' chanted Digby, as he buckled on his belt, and straightened his tunic.

MAD MURPHY was sitting alone on the bench outside the entrance to the fort, his blazing red head supported upon his clenched fists, his blazing, blue eyes glaring at the ground in front of him. His mouth was set in a grim line, and a heavy frown marred his haggard, handsome face.

Digby Geste seated himself on the bench without speaking, leant forward with his elbows on his knees, took his head between his clenched fists, frowned heavily, set his mouth grimly, and stared ferociously at the ground in front of him.

By and by Mad Murphy sat up and stared at his neighbour.

'Go and moult somewhere else,' he growled. . . . I'm dangerous. . . . I'm going mad.'

'So am I,' replied Digby. 'I'm dangerous, too. Please don't let me bite you. . . . Mad as a hatter.'

Mad Murphy stared at him, suspicion mingling with anger in his glare.

'Wonder why hatters *are* mad,' continued Digby.

'Go mad making hats for fools like you, perhaps,' suggested Murphy.

'Why, of course,' agreed Digby. 'Who's your hatter? . . . Madame la République at the moment, of course. . . . She must be *quite* mad, or she'd make you and me generals at once. . . . Then there's March hares. Why are *they* mad? March too much, I suppose, like us. I think I'll be a won't-march hare in future, then Lejaune'll get mad. Yes, I can honestly say it was marching made me mad. . . . Lot of times.'

Silence.

'La Cigale is a grasshopper, I'm a hare; what are you going to be? A hatter? Depends on what drove you mad, of course. What was it, if one might ask?'

'Are you being funny?' growled Mad Murphy.

'I should think so,' replied Digby. 'I feel very funny. Mad, you know. Like a hare. By Jove, though, I'm not so sure that I *will* be a hare. La Cigale is a grasshopper, and that makes him hop about on all fours, as you know. It would be a frightful thing if I became a March hare, and simply couldn't stop marching. That would make Lejaune just as mad as if I wouldn't march at all. It's a problem.'

MURPHY eyed him with less of suspicion and something of concern.

'Any madness in your family?' he asked.

'No,' replied Digby. 'None apparent, I believe. I'm the first—'hare apparent,' so to speak.'

'You are lucky, then,' said Murphy. 'If you take a grip on yourself, there's some hope for you. My trouble is that I come of diseased, rotten, tainted, filthy, mad stock. . . . Father a mad beast who tortured my mother. . . . Isn't any man mad who ill-treats or hurts a woman in any way?'

'Obviously a criminal lunatic,' agreed Digby.

'I've a good mind to go and shoot him before I shoot myself,' continued Mad Murphy. 'I would, if my mother were alive. She died in giving birth to me. I'm a pretty thing for her to have given her life for, good God!'

'She'd probably think so,' observed Digby, and there was now no simulated insanity in his voice.

'Think so?' said Murphy. 'She's dead, I tell you.'

'Nobody's dead,' said Digby.

'No,' agreed Murphy, 'not *really* dead. . . . and fell into a moody silence, which Digby broke with the remark:—

'But, of course, your father may have had a whang on the head, or some illness. I believe some forms of meningitis leave you a bit balmy on the crumpet, and batty in the belfry.'

'Illness be damned!' spat Murphy; 'he is a *madman*, I tell you. A criminal lunatic. . . . And, my lad, so was my grandfather—mad and evil. Best thing he ever did was when he shot himself. . . . And if that's not enough for you, may I mention that my great-grandfather was a homicidal maniac, and was killed by his best friend, whom he murderously assaulted?'

Digby's face grew yet more thoughtful. This was a pretty tale indeed.

'And if you'd like a little more family history, *his* father, after a quiet sojourn in Newgate Gaol, was hanged on Tyburn tree—and for a very dirty crime. Not even a decent highwayman job. How's that for a family record? And you want to know what drove me mad, do you? Nothing! I was born mad. . . . mad for generations. . . . "Unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me." . . . Haven't I some cause to hate Him?'

Silence.

'Look here, Murphy. You're evidently not up to date. Don't you know that this heredity business is an absolutely exploded fallacy? Nothing in it at all. A child isn't tuberculous because its parents are, but because it grows up in the same conditions that made them tuberculous. . . . We inherit family likenesses, traits, tastes, and habits sometimes, and *only* sometimes, but we don't inherit microbes, and mental and physical diseases. . . .'

'You yourself admit that nothing has driven you mad, and, so far as I can see, you are just a poor weak, feeble ass who is simply inducing the very thing he fears. . . . *Fears*—that's it. You aren't so much an ass as a coward. . . . A cowardly ass, shall we say?'

'Begod, you'd better not,' growled Murphy rising to his feet.

'Oh, sit down, man,' said Digby. 'It's too hot to fight. Besides, an ass, if that's what you're going to be, couldn't fight a hare. It would be all round him. Though, to tell the truth, I think you're more like a broody hen than an ass, really. Yes, you sit here all huddled up, and frightfully concerned with yourself, exactly like a broody hen in a dusthole, counting her itchings before they are scratched. Yes, a broody hen. We'll be the Hare and Hen. Good name for a public-house! Let's leave the Legion and open one. . . .'

'Isn't there a fable about them? The hare taught us—not to sleep on our posts. Not that one *could* sleep on a post, if you come to think of it.'

MURPHY sat down again, a very puzzled man.

'Talk sense,' he requested.

'I can't,' replied Digby. 'I'm *mad*.'

'You were talking sense enough just now—about heredity,' objected Murphy.

'Oh, yes, that was sense all right,' admitted Digby. 'There is no such thing as hereditary taint.'

'And will you then tell me, you damned fool,' shouted Murphy, 'why I'm the sixth in direct line of homicidal maniacs, of beastly, bloodthirsty madmen; evil, malignant, murderous lunatics? Heredity! Isn't six generations enough for you? It *may* be sixty, for all I know.'

'I don't care if it's six hundred, interrupted Digby. All I know is I wouldn't make the six hundred and first. That's just weak-mindedness, not madness. . . . Just giving way to an *idée fixe*, and deliberately carrying on a family tradition—like that of going into the Army or Navy. Now, I'm a proper madman—off my own bat—not a miserable copy-cat like you want to be. If your people have been madmen, why not

(Continued on page 656.)

If History could but repeat itself!



NOAH WOULD BE AN ANNOUNCER —



HORATIUS WOULD BROADCAST "HOW I CROSSED FATHER TIBER." (RELAYED FROM ROME)

"CURSE ON HIM! QUOTH FALSE SEXTUS, WILL NOT THE VILLAIN DROWN?"



AUNTIE ANNE —



— AND AUNTIE JANE



AUNTIE CATHERINE —

— WOULD CONDUCT THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

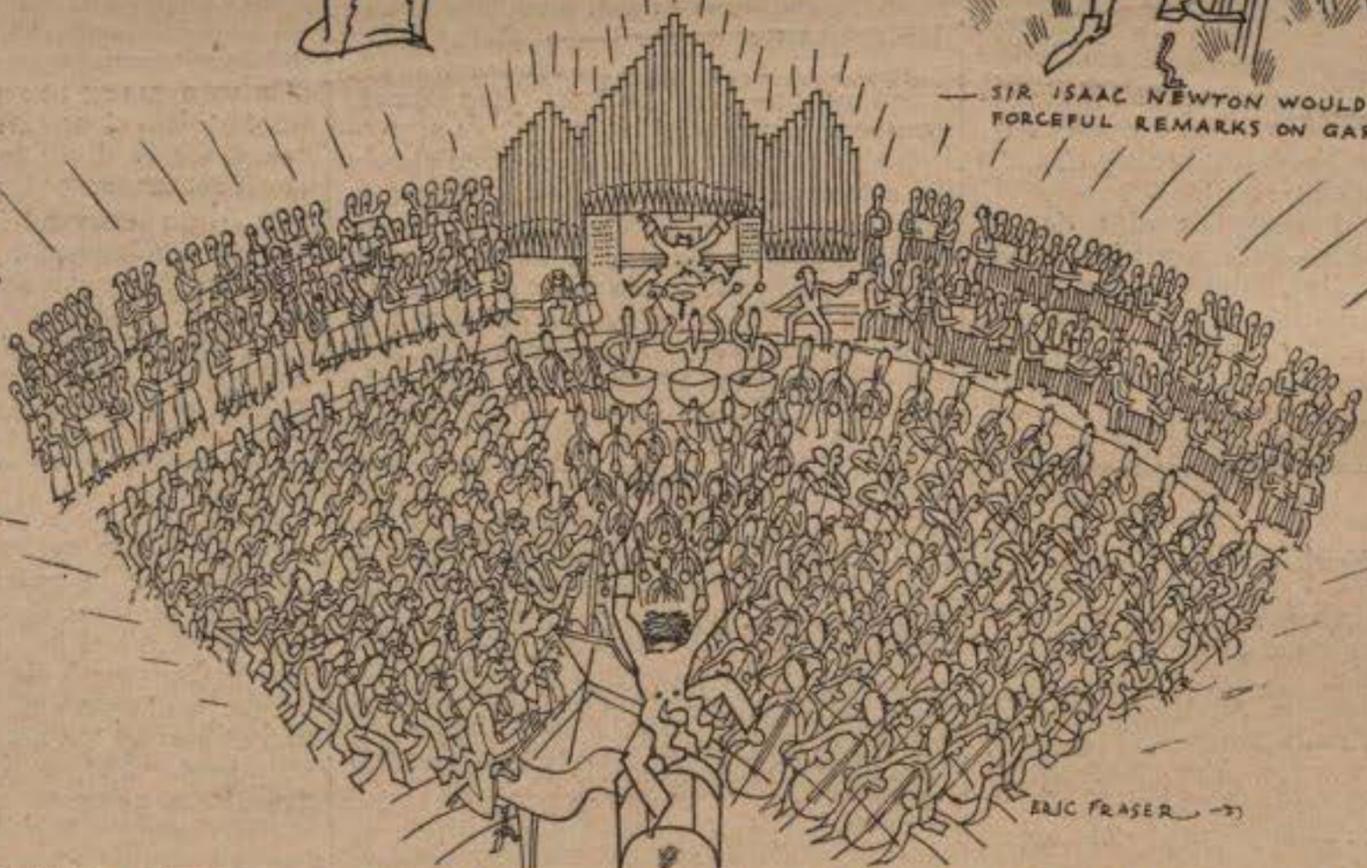


UNCLE HENRY —

HOW IS THE TIME TO POT OUT YOUR "OLD MAN'S NIGHTSHADE"



— SIR ISAAC NEWTON WOULD GIVE SOME FORCEFUL REMARKS ON GARDENING



ERIC FRASER —

WHILE BEETHOVEN WOULD BROADCAST ONE OF HIS LATEST SYMPHONIES

(Continued from page 654.)

start something original, and be a sane person? My people have all been sane for six generations—or sixty—or six hundred perhaps, but I'm going to be mad. Would you mind addressing me as Monsieur M. Hare, in future?'

'I say, old chap, do you really think you're going dotty?' asked Murphy, with anxious concern.

'Well, it's like this,' replied Digby. 'I've been watching you a lot lately, you know, ever since your detachment joined ours at Douargala, and I fluctuate with you. When you give way to this madness, I do, and when you pull yourself together, I buck up like anything. I wish you'd help me. Can't you drop this heredity idea?'

'Look here, Jones,' said Murphy, laying his hand upon Digby's knee, 'you're sane enough—if you don't give way. You must pull yourself together, and keep a tight hold on things. Now, listen—you're all right—tell me . . . what would you have done in case like this? Just when I left school, I realized I was in love with the most glorious, wonderful girl in the whole world. The best, and loveliest, and dearest, and sweetest woman that ever lived . . .'

'Her name's Isobel,' observed Digby.

'No, Mary—Mary Ronceval, daughter of Sir Popham Ronceval, my guardian . . . I was up in town getting some kit . . . on my way to Oxford . . . and went to a dance at their house . . . And do you know what devilish thing I did? Could you imagine it; guess it; dream it? I lost my head in the moonlit garden, and told her that she was all the world—and all heaven—to me, and that I had loved her for years . . . And I kissed her, and heard her say that she had always loved me . . . !'

'How's that, for the last of a line of malignant maniacs—foul, homicidal madmen? . . . Oh, God, Mary! Mary! . . .'

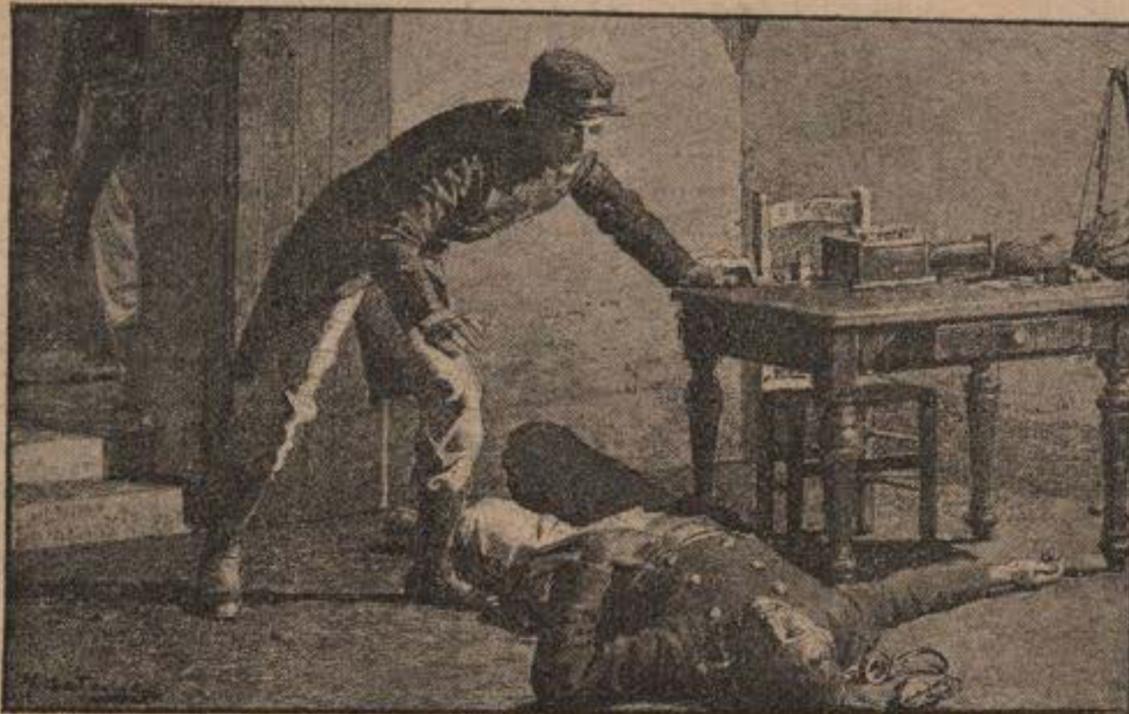
And Mad Murphy bowed his head, and covered his face.

Digby Geste swallowed . . . Had it been he and Isobel! . . .

'And so you bolted to the Legion!' he said, and, rising, laid his hand on Murphy's shaking shoulder.

'Keep sane, for her sake, old chap,' continued Digby. 'You can, you can! Of course you can; and go back to her when you've conquered . . . I and my brothers will help you, and you can help me to . . .'

'Sixth of the line,' groaned Murphy.



To the consternation of the watching Digby Geste, he fell to the ground unconscious.

'Sixth to my certain knowledge . . . Homicidal maniacs . . .'

LEUTENANT DEBUSSY was *au fond* a kindly person, though a strict disciplinarian, and very popular with his men, especially when on active service. They saw far more of him than they did in barracks.

As he stepped, that evening, from his lighted room, mud-walled, mud-floored, and furnished with nothing but a table, a chair, a bag, and a radio set, he saw three of his *Légionnaires*—three brothers, Englishmen, of whom he approved.

'Ah, *mes enfants*,' said he as they sprang to attention. 'I've just been listening to something which would interest you—a band playing in one of your London hotels. . . . Would you like to hear it for a few minutes? I shall be gone for about half an hour. Have it for ten minutes each. . . . All most irregular, improper, and contrary to discipline, so don't get caught.'

And with a laugh the gay and debonaire young man descended the steps into the courtyard of this outpost that he commanded.

'Quick! Fetch Mad Murphy,' whispered Beau Geste, as their hands dropped from the salute. 'Do him a world of good. "His need is greater than ours."'

'Rather,' agreed John. 'Let him have the whole half-hour. We three can "keep cave." . . .'

BUT Mad Murphy did not have his full half-hour.

For a few minutes he listened with a tortured smile on his face, as his foot unconsciously beat time to the music.

The music stopped, and with its stopping the chatter and applause of the crowd on the *Majestic's* dance floor came through the headphones with a distinctness which to the listening exile painfully bridged the gulf between London and the desert around him. 'Rotten position for me,' said a voice above the murmur of the ballroom. 'I was

the friend of both of them. Promised Long John I'd keep an eye on the boy. . . . Her boy. . . . *His* boy.'

'What became of him?'

'Wish I could tell you. . . . He was going up to Oxford for his first term, and never got there. Simply vanished into thin air. Tommy Vane didn't—'

And then he started up.

The smile left his face, and a look of astounded wonder and bewilderment took its place. Soon his face wore the expression of a man gazing at the foreman of a jury, whose '*Guilty*' or '*Not Guilty*, my Lord,' means life or death to him. He paled beneath his tan, gasped, and suddenly cried:—

'God in Heaven! . . . Long John . . . Sir John Fitzgerald . . . the great sportsman and big-game shot. *My father!* . . . *Mary!* . . .'

He swayed, staggered, sagged at the knees, and, to the consternation of the watching Digby Geste, fell to the ground unconscious.

(Continued from page 640.)

was a roasted coconut and two filleted snakes and—'

Dandy stood paralysed. The voice was coming from the attaché-case. Everybody was staring at him.

'A Happy Birthday to Mary Jones of Walthamstow; Dennis Lyons of Tonbridge; May and Ellen Gorston, Hampstead (Best of luck, twins!)

Somebody took Dandy Lang by the arm.

'Going quietly?'

Dandy looked round slowly into an inspeccorial face not unfamiliar.

'It's a cop! What's the idea?'

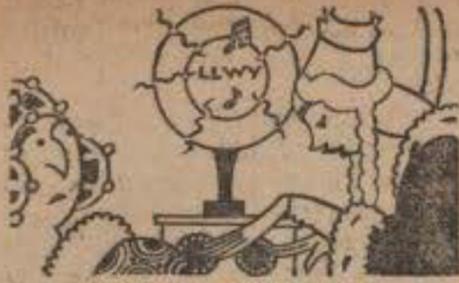
The inspector looked at him reproachfully. 'If you will go pinching portable wireless sets you must expect to get into trouble,' he said.

In the cab that carried them to Rochester Row Police Station Hokey Smith made one comment.

'This comes of messin' about with science,' he said.

'I missed the case the moment I got to the hotel,' John Macready told his bride-to-be, 'and I was simply frantic, and wired the police in London. I had given this

inventor fellow a bond that the instrument should not pass out of my hands until the patents were in order. It's the loudest-speaking portable that the world has ever known. I called it "The Jewel," darling. Oh, by the way—he put his hand in his pocket and took out a flat case which he had carried all the way from Paris—here's the clasp. But, as I was saying, "The Jewel" is going to make history in the wireless world. You can get London, you can get Berlin, Rome . . . all you've got to do is to turn this little switch on the outside . . .'



The Battling Saxon v. William the Dook

How the Big Fight came to Normandy.
By Stephen Leacock.



The author of 'Nonsense Novels' and 'Literary Lapses' has been silent too long. We are delighted to have been able to persuade him to write, specially for our Christmas Number, the tale of those two 'Fight Fans,' Lady Guesshard de Discard and Margaret of the Rubber Neck. Mr. Leacock has seldom written anything more sheerly entertaining than this.

THE scene is laid in the castle of Count Guesshard de Discard of Normandy, one of the companions of William the Conqueror. It takes place in the 'bower' of Lady Angela de Discard, a stone room with open slots for windows, rather inferior to a first-class cow-stable. There are tapestries blowing against the walls, sheepskin rugs on the floor and wooden stools. But in one corner of the room there stands a radio receiving apparatus, and on the wall is a telephone.

In the bower are Lady Angela de Discard and her daughter Margaret of the Rubber Neck.

LADY ANGELA speaks: I wonder when we shall have news from England and hear whether Cousin William has killed Cousin Harold.



'Now, folks, this is Senlac Hill and we're going to put a real battle on the wire for you—'

LADY MARGARET OF THE RUBBER NECK: By my halidame, mama, I think there ought to be something on the radio this morning. Papa said that Cousin William and Cousin Harold had both agreed to get the broadcast on as early in the day as possible.

LADY ANGELA: Is it so, by Heaven! Then I pray you, by God's grace, turn on the radio.

(Lady Margaret of the Rubber Neck goes to the radio and starts turning the dials. There ensues a strange sound as of someone singing and wailing, and the music of a harp.)

LADY ANGELA: Heaven's grace.

LADY MARGARET: I'm afraid, mama, it is one of those Welsh bards. I think he is singing the sorrows of his country. I must have got Plynlimmon or Anglesea by mistake.

LADY ANGELA: Heavens! Shut him off. I thought that Cousin Harold promised to have all the Welsh bards killed. I know that Cousin William, just as soon as he has killed Cousin Harold, means to kill the bards. Do try again. I am getting so interested to know whether your father gets killed or not.

(Lady Margaret tries again. There is this time a wild and confused rush of sound. She shuts off the radio at once.)

LADY ANGELA: Odds Bones! What's that?

LADY MARGARET: I'm so sorry, mama; I think it was a Scottish concert. I'm afraid I really don't know from what station the battle is to come. You see, Cousin William and Cousin Harold were to select the ground after the landing.

LADY ANGELA: Then, for the love of Moses, call up on the telephone and find out.

LADY MARGARET: I'm so sorry, mama. So help me Mary, I never thought of it.

(Lady Margaret of the Rubber Neck goes to the telephone. As she talks the answering voice of the operator can be heard, rather faintly, in the room.)

Hello!

(Hello!)

Is that the Central?

(In God's truth, it is!)

Wilt thou kindly impart information touching a matter on which I am most anxious to receive intelligence?

(In certain truth I will an so be it is something of which this office hath any cognizance.)

You will certainly put me under a deep reconnaissance.

(Speak on then.)

I will.

(Do.)

That will I.

(What is it?)

It is this. I am most curious to know if any broadcast or general exfusion of intelligence is yet received of the expedition of Duke William of Normandy.

(Truly indeed, yes, by Heaven, certainly. Even now the exfusion is about to come over the radio.)

(Lady Margaret with a few words, not more than a hundred, of hasty thanks, hangs up the telephone and again turns on the radio)

This time a clear voice with a twentieth-century accent is heard beginning to announce:

ANNOUNCER: Good morning, folks! Gee! You're lucky to be on the air this morning.

LADY ANGELA: Tune him a little more; I don't get him.

LADY MARGARET (fumbling with the radio): It's because it's an Announcer. I heard Father Anselm say that the announcers are born a thousand years ahead of their time, though how that can be I know not. In any case it is agreed, they say, that the Saxons are to have the broadcasting rights, and Cousin William is to have the moving

pictures. Now, wait a minute—Heavens' grace, that's that Welsh bard again.

LADY ANGELA: To hell with him.

LADY MARGARET: There, now, I've got it.

(The Radio begins to talk again. The voice that speaks is as of the twentieth century like the voice of one 'announcing' a football game.)

ANNOUNCER: Now, folks, this is Senlac Hill, and we're going to put a real battle on the wire for you, and it's going to be some battle. The principals are Harold, King of England—lift your helmet, Harold—and William, the Duke, or as some call him, the Duck, of Normandy. Both the boys are much of a size, both trained down to weight, and each has got with him as nice a little bunch of knights and archers, as you'd see east of Pittsburg. Umpires are: for Harold, the Reverend Allbald of the Soft Head, Archbishop of Canterbury; for William, Odo the Ten-Shot, Bishop of Bayeux. Side lines, Shortly Sigismund and Count Felix Marie du Pate de Foie Gras. Referee, King Swatitoff of Sweden, ex-Champion of Scandinavian League. Battle called at exactly ten a.m. They're off. The Norman boys make a rush for the hill. Harold's centre forwards shoot arrows at them. William leads a rush at the right centre. Attaboys, William! That's the stuff! Harold's boys block the rush. Two Norman knights ruled off for interference. William hurls his mace. Forward Pass. Ten year penalty. Quarter time.

(The radio stops a minute.)



—Both the boys are much of a size, and each has got with him a nice little bunch of knights and archers.

LADY MARGARET: How terrifically exciting. Do you think we are winning?

LADY ANGELA: It's very hard to tell. I've often heard your father say that in the first quarter of a battle they don't really get warmed up.

(The radio starts.)

ANNOUNCER: Battle of Senlac. Second quarter. Change of ground. Duke William has won the west end. The Normans make a rush against the left centre. Hand-to-hand scrimmage with Harold's

(Continued on page 685.)

The Strange Story of The Howler.

IT was Christmas Eve—and, in the way of post-war Christmas Eves, raining. There had been feeble snow earlier, but in the afternoon this had turned to rain, so that the streets were slushy and the lights of the shops and of the dim street lamps were blurred. Hackney lay under a pall of rain.

The public bar of the Trooper's Arms at the corner of Mare Street and Gilfillan Street was almost empty. Its usual patrons had failed to appear, either on account of the miserable weather, or because some atavistic sense of the domesticity of Christmas kept them at home.

The bored man behind the bar yawned, wiped glasses, and stared out of the corner of his eye at his two customers, who sat half a dozen tables apart in opposite corners of the narrow bar-room. He spat disgustedly, having little use for men whose beer-consumption rated itself at a pint to the hour. Unusually for him, he glanced at the clock with impatience. Only a quarter to nine.

Under the clock in one corner, the collar of a steamy tweed coat turned up above a chin that had long been stranger to a razor, slumped a tall, thin man with a sharp, bony face. He had been a week off Dartmoor. In a tousled copy of the *Star* he was reading with sardonic amusement of the Home Secretary's visit to a prison. He had walked home from Plymouth to London. His boots were uppers no more. He had had no food in him for three days. The coppers he had given in exchange for a glass of bitter had been pushed into his hand by an old lady in Hammersmith, and the only reason why he had come back to Hackney was because that was where he had lived before.

With the sharpened eyes of a man used to hardship, he had taken in the details of his surroundings—the damp sawdust on the floor, the heavy gold Albert of the man at the bar, his companion in drink, sitting, chin in hand, at the table opposite.

The other drinker was small, puny, pale, little more than a boy. He sipped his beer as a boy would, wrinkling his mouth after each gulp. He, too, was wet to the skin—though his clothes were better cut and worn than the other's. He did not seem aware of the cold level gaze fixed upon him over the newspaper, nor of the barman's scornful expression. His eyes were blank and unseeing.

The quiet murmur of voices beyond the glass partition of the saloon bar was unable to break the silence which hung over these two men and the yawning bar-tender. The clock on the wall ticked metallically behind its fly-blown glass.

The geography of the Trooper's Arms was simple. A private bar, all gilt and frowsy claret-coloured plush, with its entrance in Mare Street. A public bar, all neutral paintwork and dirty linoleum with its

entrance in Gilfillan Street. And, between these, a 'jug and bottle' counter with a narrow approach, like the entrance to a pawnbroker's, on the very corner of the two streets. It was the opening of the door of the 'jug and bottle' which first introduced movement into the public bar. The barman swung round with relief, welcoming intrusion. Tweed Coat turned his eyes a fraction to the left. The sallow boy by the door jerked up his head with a scared movement.

'Evenin', Ike,' said the barman. A small bent figure came to the counter on which



'Ullo!' grinned Tweed Coat. 'Oo were you expecting?'

it placed a brown jug. The eyes of Tweed Coat saw the wizened face and hooked nose of an elderly man—a Jew, obviously. They saw a pair of peering eyes, a greying beard, a thin hand which let fall a few coppers beside the jug. They did not look away.

'Treatin' yerself!' said the barman, pulling a pint into the jug.

'Yeth!' said the newcomer in a high voice.

'Christmas Eve, eh?'

'Yeth!' The Jew took the jug and turned away to the street.

When he had gone the barman stared after him reflectively. 'Rum bloke!' he said to the bar at large.

'Him?' said Tweed Coat. 'What's 'is gime?'

'Ike Ferney? It's easy to see you ain't been round 'ere before—not for a long time!'

'Not for a long time!' echoed Tweed Coat.

The barman smiled with the reflective pleasure of one who has a tale to tell. 'You need another 'arf pint,' he said generously.

'Well, it bein' Christmas Eve—!'

'Thanks,' the other grunted and, going to the bar, leaned there watching his glass filled with cold, tired eyes.

'Ike Ferney,' said the barman, 'is a character. That's what 'e is. In the rag and bottle line. Been in Gilfillan Street since the war. No one knew where 'e come from. Some thought 'e was a Fritz—but 'e ain't.'

'Often come in 'ere?'

'No. Not once in a month o' Sundays. Don't often treat 'imself. Not but what 'e couldn't afford to.'

'Got the dibs?'

'So they say. It ain't easy to tell—not with a business like rags and bottles. But Ginger Martin, what's one of the regulars 'ere, used to live in the same 'ouse with 'im at number sixteen, and says 'e seen 'im through the basement window counting money and 'iding it away in a sock.'

'Poor man's bank.'

'You ain't drinking!' said the barman.

Tweed Coat took a pull at his glass. 'Does 'e live on 'is own?' he asked, 'that old bloke? It doesn't sound safe for 'im and 'is money!'

'Old Ike's all right. 'E's liked round these parts. 'E may be mean, but 'e gives a fair deal.'

Tweed Coat nodded reflectively—and they both looked round at the boy in the corner who had pushed his glass away from him and edged over to the door.

'What's wrong with 'im?'

Tweed Coat asked, hoarsely.

'The pip, I should say. 'Is girl let 'im down maybe.'

The boy had disappeared out into the rain.

'E didn't ought ter be left on 'is own,' said Tweed Coat hurriedly.

'You know what young lads are. Looks as though 'e might chuck 'imself into the canal. So long, chum, and thanks for the beer.' He turned quickly from the bar and pushed his way through the street door, leaving his host staring aggrievedly. Half a pint was half a pint.

Gilfillan Street, mean and ill-paved, was all shadows and lamplit puddles. The rooftops, with their straight, ugly chimneys and spindling wireless masts, showed up against a murky sky. Tweed Coat, glancing quickly up the street, could see the huddled figure of the boy sloping along the wall away from the traffic of Mare Street.

A dozen swift steps brought him to the other's side. He laid a hand on his shoulder.

The boy started round, stifling an exclamation.

'Ullo!' grinned Tweed Coat. 'Oo were you expecting?'

'You let me alone.'

Tweed Coat jerked him into the entrance of a builder's yard.

'What's the trouble, chum?' he asked—and as the other piteously hesitated, added,

'You don't 'ave to be afraid to tell me. I

By Victor France (Author of 'The Carved Emerald').

ain't the perlice. Besides, I've 'ad my own troubles.'

The boy looked at him for an uncertain moment. Then, with the tumultuous frankness of someone on whom a secret has weighed heavily, poured out his story. 'Promise me you won't tell no one—promise. I ain't really done nothing. It was the grey'ounds done it. Me and a pal used to go over to Harringay. We made bets. I 'ad a chance to make a packet 'n so I—I took four pound what was in the till where I work—Haynes, the gas fitter's in Lea Bridge Road, and—'

'And yer lost, eh?' laughed Tweed Coat. 'Well, there's mugs an' mugs, my lad!' He looked speculatively at the other, then, with a nod of decision, went on: 'You'd like to put it back, wouldn't you? Get it off yer chest and be able to look the old man in the face. Nasty feeling, being a thief—even though you didn't mean to, eh?'

'My Gawd, yes.'

'Perhaps I could tell you 'ow.' Tweed Coat bent over the other in the dark entry and whispered in his ear. When he had finished what he had to say the boy stared back at him, half in fear, half grasping at the straw he had been offered.

'But 'ow about if they was to find out 'oo done it?' he said, nervously.

'They won't—not you, any way. That bloke in the public may remember tellin' me—but I'll be out of the way long before that. And you can put the cash back in the till and go 'ome to mother!'

The boy wavered, then nodded.

THE Symphony ended with a sweep of violins—then silence. Said a voice: 'And now for the news. Second News Bulletin (copyright reserved). Floods in the Midlands. On account of the recent heavy rainfall—'

Old Ike Ferney turned away from the table and, going to the narrow rusty grate, turned the coals. Those who knew him only as the peering, ambling rag-and-bottle merchant would have been surprised and mystified by the expression of his eyes. It was the music. He couldn't help it. Music did that to him. Yeth, turned him upside down. Reminded him of the opera at Warsaw when he used to go in the top tier with his great uncle. And all for half a sloty. It was in his blood, the love of music, the heritage of the Jew. The crazy wireless set he had bought second-hand did not reproduce the music well. But it was music. Sometimes the set made howling noises. It was a bad set.

He poured himself a glass of beer and, sipping at it, stared into the fire. He heard a noise, but thought at first it was the sound of a falling coal. The same sound again, this time plainly from the stairs outside, the narrow stone stairs which led steeply down from the hall-way of the house. Thinking it must be the child from upstairs who sometimes came down to listen to the wireless, he ambled across the room and opened the door.

On the stairs, half revealed by the uncertain light of the unshaded gas-jet outside, stood two figures.

'Yeth?' he asked. 'Vot d'you vant?'

Tweed Coat looked at him silently and then started, as the voice of the announcer came from inside the room: 'Sport. At Twickenham to-day the London Scottish

'Ere!' he said, almost in protest. 'Oo've you got in there?'

'It's only the wireless,' said the boy. 'I know it—I 'eard them before.'

'Vot d'you vant?' the rag-and-bottle merchant repeated.

'We thought we'd like to talk to you, Ike!' said Tweed Coat, shoving past him into the room. If the Jew had not been so shortsighted he would have realized that the tall man had a muffler drawn up almost to his eyes, and that the face of the boy who followed him was half concealed by the brim of a rain-soaked Homburg hat pulled down on his brow.

Tweed Coat closed the door behind them with his foot.

'Very snug in 'ere!' he said. 'But you could do with a spot more fire, Ike!'

'Who are you? Vat you vant in my room?' The old man was growing angry. His hands fluttered in feeble protest. He turned on the boy who stood hesitatingly near the door. 'Vot you vant, *hein?*'

The boy did not know what to answer. He flicked an appealing glance at Tweed Coat, whose eyes narrowed as he returned it. The voice from the tinny loud-speaker on the table went on: 'Will listeners in the neighbourhood of Mare Street, Braham Street and Gilfillan Street, Hackney, kindly look to their sets, as they are causing serious inconvenience to their neighbours.'

The street names brought an angry flush of suspicion to the cheek of the elder intruder. 'Ere,' he said, 'what's that?'

'I don't know,' Ike Ferney stubbornly repeated. 'You get outa here. You don't belong here. You ain't got no right to come into other people's houses like that, no, you ain't.'

Tweed Coat, with swaggering insolence, picked up the glass of beer from the table and drained it off. 'If you want to know,' he said, 'we're broke, bust or stoney. Isn't that so, chum?' appealing to the boy.

'Y-yes.'

'And knowing our old pal Ike Ferney to be a ruddy millionaire, we've come round to borrow 'arf a dollar.'

The rag-and-bottle merchant marched up to Tweed Coat with tremulous defiance: 'You got to go,' he said. 'I tell you I ain't got no money. I know your thort—idle pack of *schelms*—no goot to anyone, so you become beggars and want der money from der people who have voiked hard to save it.'

Tweed Coat's chin came out. 'You stow it!' he said, and gave the old man a push which landed him up in the unsteady chair beside the grate. 'You got the money and we know you got it. 'And over twenty quid and there's no 'arm done.'

'Twenty quid! I tell you I ain't got no tventy quid.'

'Shut it!' Tweed Coat tersely answered. 'You have a look round, kid, while I watch the old black beetle.'

The boy nervously searched the few articles of furniture, the scarred chest of drawers, the drawer in the deal table, the little corner-cupboard. The wireless continued, but they did not notice its sound, they were so preoccupied in the search for the money they were after. Ike Ferney, from a living agitated protest, had become a scared and triumphantly watchful figure. The tall man joined the boy in the search.



Tweed Coat responded strangely to this assault. He turned sharply round and stared at the Jew, with eyes half closed.

They rummaged in every corner of the room, even in the crate of empty and dirty bottles which stood in one corner. They began to grow angry over their failure.

'Stop yer grinning!' said Tweed Coat, fiercely, turning on the old man. 'We know yer got the cash 'idden 'ere. We know yer ain't got no bank. Yer keeps it in an old sock.'

A flicker of uneasiness burned up in the old Jew's eyes. 'I got no money here, I tell you.'

'And I tell yer yer 'ave, see. Me and my chum 'ere mean to find it—if we 'ave to pull up every board of the floor.' Tweed Coat jerked the words out fiercely and his sharp eyes watched closely. He saw what he wanted.

'Ere!' he said to the boy. 'Chuck yer fidgeting. Watch the old feller while I pull up the boards by the door.'

The boy stood by the old Jew, while his companion, picking up the bent poker from the fireplace, darted quickly to the door. Stripping back the carpet, he gave an exclamation of satisfaction as his eyes met a gap in the flooring where a knot had fallen out of the wood. He had inserted the poker in it and was moving to prise up the board when with a hoarse high scream the old man tottered forward from the fireside and took hold of him by the back of the neck.

'You leave that alone!' screamed Ike Ferney feebly. 'You don't touch that. There ain't nothing there. You leave that alone.'

Tweed Coat responded strangely to this assault. He turned sharply round and stared at the Jew with eyes half closed. 'You go to hell!' he said softly and, lifting his arm, struck the old man with the poker. Ike Ferney's eyes opened very wide as though with the dull shock of the blow. He clawed at the air with his shrivelled fingers, then tumbled against the door.

'Gawd!' said the boy.

Tweed Coat shrugged his shoulders and went on with his job of raising the floorboard. He did not look at the boy nor did he seem aware that he crossed the room with lagging steps and bent over the crumpled body.

The voice of the wireless announcer ceased. Silence, broken by the boy's gasping breath, and then, from the loud speaker, the sound of a piano.

'You done 'im in,' said the boy. 'E ain't breathin'—cripes, 'e ain't breathin'.'

'What of it?' Tweed Coat was unmoved.

A woman's voice began to sing.

*'In summertime on Bredon,
The bells they ring so clear . . .'*

Tweed Coat raised the board with a sharp clatter. His hand slid under the floor, groping.

'The bells they ring so clear . . .'

'Stop singing!' the boy moaned. 'Stop! Stop!'

'Turn it off, yer little fool!' snapped the other, dragging some-

thing from the hole in the floor, something which chinked metallically as it knocked against the side of the floor boards.

The boy scuttered across to the wireless, lurched against the table, staring at the dials on the cheap varnished cabinet. He did not know what to do, which to turn. He jerked at one of the ebonite discs. The singing voice died to a moan, rose to a howl, a thin piercing scream like a soul in pain, died, trembled, and came back again, filling the room with its unearthly cry.

He swung the dial back, but the wailing did not cease. He struck at the cabinet with his hands, but without avail.

Tweed Coat looked up from the money he was counting. 'Can't yer stop it?' he said, a little scared.

'I can't, I can't!' whispered the boy, clawing again at the dial.

'We'd better 'op it, then. Someone might 'ear. Pull the old bloke away from the door and we'll get somewhere safe where we can divvy!'

The boy, momentarily forgetting the howl of the wireless set, turned fearfully to the body of the Jew. 'Move 'im! Touch 'im. Not me,' and then with a choking sob: 'It's 'im what's 'owling that way. It's 'im. You didn't never ought to 'ave brought me 'ere. You didn't never ought—' He stopped short as the other seized his arm.

'Stop it!' Tweed Coat snapped above the howling.

'You stop that, then.'

'Help me pull 'im over to 'is chair.'

'I can't! Don't make me do that!'

'D'yer want to swing, then?'

'It wasn't me did it.'

'Oo's to prove that? 'Sides that, you're in on this, too.'

The set still howled like a thing tortured.

The relentless intensity of the screeching put an end to speech, and they stared dumbly at each other.

A sound on the floor above brought their eyes to the door.

'Someone knocking!' whispered Tweed Coat. 'Someone at the street door.'

'It's open. We left it open on purpose so's no one should think anything was wrong.'

Again the knocking.

'The perlice!' the boy stammered, white and nerveless.

'There ain't no other way out. Keep your nerve, my lad!'

'I can't!' the boy twittered. 'I don't want to be hanged.'

Tweed Coat took a quiet swift pace to the door and, almost without effort, dragged the body away from the step. He opened the door slightly and laid his ear to the crack.

He heard the sound of descending footsteps above him and a woman's voice call 'Who's there?'

'Post Office,' someone answered.

'What d'yer want?'

'Anyone in this house got a wireless set?'

'Yes. Cove downstairs. Why?'

'He's oscillating. Causing interference to everyone in the neighbourhood. We'd like to speak to him.'

'Come on down, then.'

Tweed Coat darted to the boy. 'Make a bolt for it!' he hissed. 'Only chance now. Come straight after me up the stairs. Don't stop for anything, and when yer out in the street, run like hell. Get me?'

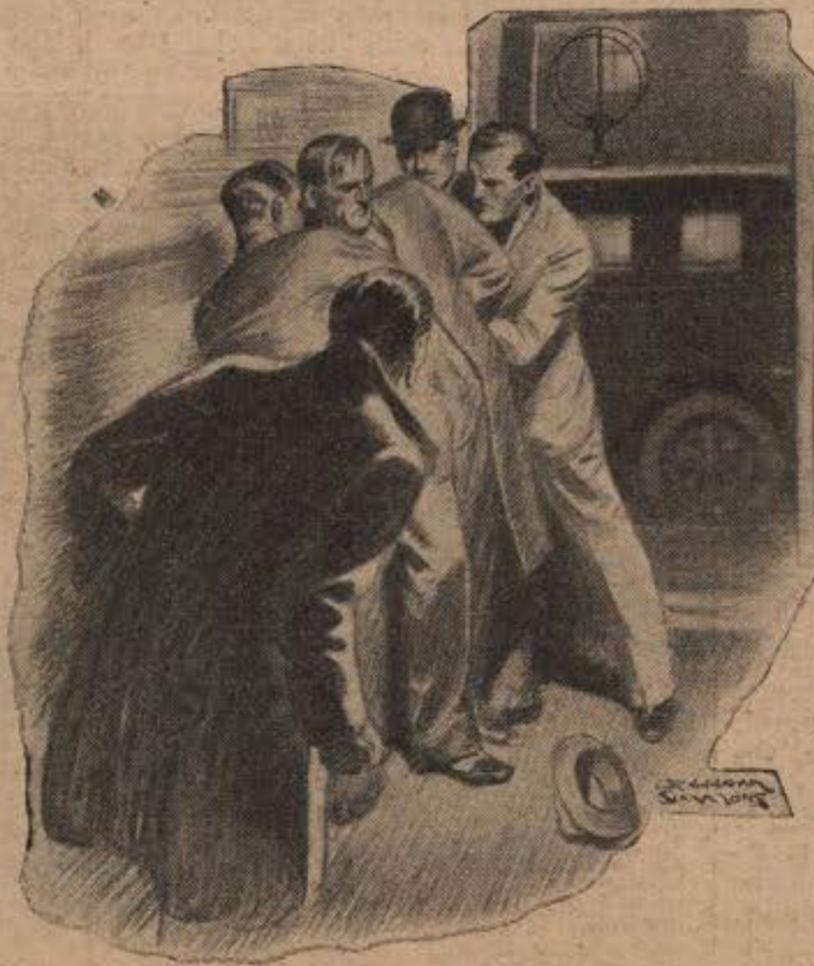
Blind with terror, the boy dashed after him. He stumbled on the stairs, bumped into something, staggered and fell against the wall, half stunning himself. Dazed, he became aware of shouts and the thrashing

arms of a struggle, while from the room below the howling still beat piercingly on his brain. The struggling ceased and he dimly saw three men holding his companion, and against the lamplight of the street door and through the curtain of rain beyond the silhouette of a motor-van on top of which hung a thing like a spider's web of wire.

'What's all this?' one of them said roughly, his hand still on Tweed Coat's shoulder.

Tweed Coat began to speak. 'We just been to call on an old pal of ours. 'Eard voices up 'ere and thought something was wrong.' His tone was so calm that, despite his fear and the pain of his head, the boy could admire him. In his companion's coolness he saw a desperate loophole of escape.

But the men did not answer. Instead they stared past the boy, down the stairs at the open lighted doorway of Ike Ferney's room. Visible on the floor below was a pair of legs, splayed out unnaturally like the legs of a smashed puppet, and the howling of the crazy, oscillating set, hidden by the door, continued—as though it were really the high screaming voice of the old Jew.



The thrashing arms of a struggle . . . the silhouette of a motor-van, on top of which hung a thing like a spider's web of wire.



NOW FOR A STORY



From Ralph Lynn.

THE treatment of prisoners in a certain prison is remarkably humane. A regular visitor inquired recently regarding an old offender:—

'What's wrong with Bill? He seems to have a grievance.'

'No wonder,' said one of his mates. 'He threatened the warden with a shovel today, and now they won't let him go to choir practice.'

From Mabel Constanduros.

AN American, motoring in rural England, was irritated by a rustic, who stood by staring while he was laboriously fixing a spare wheel on his car.

'Do you know what this is?' he asked.

'That be a car, zur,' replied the rustic, placidly.

'Not on your life!' replied the American. 'In our country we call it an automobile.'

After a moment's thought, the rustic, pointing to a scythe, which he carried over his shoulder, asked, 'Do 'ee know what this be, zur?'

'Sure!' replied the American. 'That's a scythe!'

'Not on yure loife,' replied the rustic. 'We calls it an ought-to-mow-grass; but 'tis loike yew—it bean't sharp enough!'



PHYLLIS MONKMAN and LADDIE CLIFF.

From George Robey.

AN excited member of the Hebrew fraternity rushed up to a friend and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said: 'Have you heard the good news, Abe? Petrol's down, petrol's down! Hurrah! Hurrah!'

'Vell,' said Abe, very calmly, 'what's all the excitement about? You haven't got a car.'

'I know I haven't, Abe, but I've got a lighter.'

From Phyllis Monkman.

ONE of the junior officers of a big Atlantic liner was showing an old lady over the ship. She expressed great interest in the stokehold, the cabins, and saloons, and was finally taken on to the bridge.

'Ah,' she said, 'so this is the bridge? This is where the captain stands, isn't it, and, of course, his word is law?'

The young officer coughed delicately.

'Well, not quite,' he said; 'you see, his wife is coming with us this trip.'

From Jack Buchanan.

A SOCIETY woman called on a famous painter who, when necessity arose, could express himself with emphasis.

Her ceaseless chatter did not permit him to get in a word edgewise.

At length a pause to take breath allowed him to say: 'We had boiled mutton and turnips for lunch today.'

'What a strange observation!' the woman exclaimed.

'Well,' he said, 'it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours.'

Each year produces its quota of 'good stories.'

For the amusement of listeners this Christmas we have persuaded a number of 'stars' of the stage and the ether to retell the best story they themselves have heard during 1927.

From Carl Brisson.

AFTER its run in Copenhagen, I toured a show and eventually came to the borders of Lapland, where I was to play in a little town. One of the sketches contained a Long John Silver part which I played. Unfortunately, the case containing the wooden leg was mislaid, with the result that the whole town was ransacked for an artificial limb.

The only person possessing one was a cobbler, and I pleaded my hardest for the loan of it. At last the old fellow said: 'All right, you can borrow it; but you must let me have it by nine o'clock, as I've got to attend a meeting.'

That night the sketch was going on finely and the Laps were revelling in its dramatic intensity, when a freckled little urchin came running on to the stage and piped out: 'I want my father's wooden leg! It's nine o'clock and he's got to go to a meeting.'

From Marie Dainton.

A MAN was complaining to a friend how badly he and his wife got on. The friend said: 'But do you do anything to make things better? Do you ever take her to the theatre?'

'Oh, no,' said the husband. 'We always go our own ways.'

Said the friend: 'Well, do you ever buy her flowers?'

'Oh, no. I don't think she cares for them.'

'Well, do you ever buy her sweets?'

'Oh, no.'

'Well, my dear fellow, it seems to me that you don't do anything. Now, try a fresh plan—take her to the theatre, give her presents, flowers, sweets, anything she likes.'

So the husband decided to alter his ways. One evening he arrived home laden with parcels. When his wife opened the door, he fell upon her neck and kissed her affectionately.

'Look here, my dear, I've bought you some presents—there are flowers and sweets. We will also go out tonight—you stay at home too much. I have got some seats for the theatre.'

The wife sank into a chair and burst into tears. 'What on earth's the matter now?' cried the husband.

The wife wept louder. 'The boiler's burst, the cook's given notice, and now you've come home drunk!'



JACK BUCHANAN and GEORGE ROBEY.

From Laddie Cliff.

THE newly-married couple had fallen out. The quarrel lasted through the night, and next morning the wife, without speaking, went down to prepare breakfast. Thinking it was time to make peace, the husband went to the top of the stairs and called:—

'What's for breakfast, darling?'

'Rats!' came back the tart reply.

'All right, dear,' replied hubby; 'cook one for yourself, but boil me an egg.'

From Ronald Gourley.

A MAN who had bought a valuable building site was surveying his newly-acquired property in a mood of reverie, when a stranger, in a similar mood, accosted him.

'Sir,' said the man, 'I remember when this property was a farm. Why, I buried a dog here in those days. And now I read that it has been sold for half a million.'

'Yes,' said the new owner, with a smile, 'I bought it.'

The stranger was obviously hurt.

'But what I'm telling you,' he said, 'is the truth.'



MARIE DAINTON and CARL BRISSON.

From Talbot O'Farrell.

SHE was very near-sighted and couldn't recognize things more than a yard away. Her lover didn't know of it yet, and she was going to make sure he didn't find out. Before he called one evening she placed a pin in a tree about fifty feet from a seat on which she was certain they would sit.

Sure enough they strolled for some time in the garden, and then he suggested sitting down.

'Oh! look at the pin in that tree over there!' she exclaimed.

'You couldn't possibly see a pin in that tree. Why, it's over fifty feet away!'

'You come with me and I'll prove there's a pin in it.'

She grabbed him by the hand and they started for the tree.

On the way she stumbled over a cow.

From Basil Foster.

AN English tourist was on his first visit to Niagara Falls, and a guide was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

'Grand!' suggested the guide.

The visitor did not seem impressed.

'Millions of gallons a minute!' explained the guide.

'How many in a day?' asked the tourist.

'Oh, billions and billions!' answered the guide.

The visitor looked across and down and up, as if gauging the flow, and then turned away seemingly unimpressed.

'Runs all night, too, I suppose?' he remarked, nonchalantly.

(Continued on page 708)

A Word In Season.

From 'The Announcer.'

LET me take the opportunity of wishing you all a Merry Christmas. Lord Clarendon, Sir John Reith, Mr. Mayo, Sir Harry Lauder, and Leslie Henson have already done so—but that is no good reason why my greeting should not be added to theirs. May I wish a particularly Merry Christmas to those listeners who, having read my paragraphic contributions to *The Radio Times* this autumn, have been good enough to write, agreeing and disagreeing with what I have found to say about Broadcasting? And, to the gentleman who threatened me with prison, a very particular greeting. I am not yet there!

AS I write, I have before me some of the letters which I have received during the past few months. The topmost begins after this fashion: 'Why do you waste our time and eyesight by writing about the Art of Broadcasting (with a capital A)? Why not try and get the Organ Recital from such-and-such a Cinema put back into the programmes? Then we might read what you have to say *with some pleasure!!!*' Dear Listener in Wolverhampton, so prolific of marks of exclamation, I will do my best to see that you get your organ recital. You say that 'it was nice when one got back home from business, tired.' So it was! I always enjoyed it myself. But there may be a dozen good reasons why that particular organist can no longer broadcast. Perhaps there is a war-film showing at the cinema demanding appropriate screams, bangs, and crashes which would utterly annihilate his recital.

SO much for *your* Organ Recital. Now for *my* Art of Broadcasting. You write as though I were the most complete and utter bore who ever wore beehive for bonnet. Perhaps I am. It is a common failing among mankind. Fanatics, as a general rule, become bores—after a while. Mankind may have yawned at Savonarola's sermons and found William Morris's tea-time conversations insufferably dull. And I am a bit of a fanatic about this Broadcasting. I think of it as an Art, a very special and wonderful Art. When I recall the many remarkable broadcasts I have heard, there remains no doubt in my mind that I am right. But you may be. We may *both* be—according to our lights. When I talk about the 'many remarkable broadcasts I have heard,' I am thinking of the Opening of the Memn Gate, the Boat Race, the Two Minutes' Silence Service from Canterbury Cathedral, the Nightingales, the Ceremony of the Keys, the Ten Thousand who sang on November 11 last from the Albert Hall, the Derby, Sir Harry Lauder, the Waratahs v. London match, *Lord Jim*, Evensong from Westminster Abbey, the 'Proms'—and a hundred other programmes, long and short, from the studio and from outside; concerts, variety shows, religious services having some special excellence, some outstanding appeal to the imagination.



The word 'Art' is a difficult word. Like the word 'Education.' Being spelled with a capital letter—and pronounced on occasions by the most fiercest sort of people in the most grand and fiercest sort of way—they have become annoying and a trifle frightening to us—red rags to the proverbial bull. Whereas, of course, they are quite ordinary words. To learn to drive a golf ball straight down the fairway is to acquire the 'Art' of Golf. To teach a friend to ride a bicycle is to give him 'Education.' Perhaps it would be better to spell Art with a small A. My friend in Wolverhampton is right. Art with a small a. Call it 'art' then. The art of Broadcasting.

NOT all of us, when we read a book or see a play or a revue or go to the pictures or visit the National Gallery, are conscious of the art which has gone to create the pleasure these experiences afford us. Most of us are, in fact, like the man in the story who 'didn't know much about art, don't y'know—but knew *what he liked!*' But if the world simply consisted of people who 'knew what they liked' and didn't bother to find out *why* they liked it—or why they did *not* like the other thing—we should soon come to a pretty pass, as the saying is. It is laziness like this which slows progress to a standstill. Had all of us, in every century, been as lazy as that, we should be without half the things which give us pleasure today. For it is appreciation and interpretation of that which he creates which stimulate the artist—whether he be poet, painter, dramatist, movie-producer, or broadcaster. In other words, *demand*. If people want new things—and good things—they get them. If not—they carry on with the old things until they have quite worn them out and—I scarcely dare think of such a state of civilization!

A COPY of *The Radio Times* in a certain home in the Black Country is by now quivering in the hand of a certain listener. 'What is the chap driving at?' he is asking. Let me disclose myself without further delay—if only to prevent a certain blood vessel from bursting. I am merely making my old point—dressed up in light and seasonable clothing—that there is an art of Broadcasting; that Broadcasting is a special art and not, as various sceptical and reactionary writers have represented, a corrupt and bastard offspring of the other arts. Broadcasting can rise to artistic achievements

which are quite its own and possible in no other medium. It has its own Drama—half-way between that of the stage (in that it is 'spoken') and that of the cinema (because it is unconfined in the matter of time and space—and is not shackled by the Unities)—but not in the least a 'second best' form of either! It has its own form of Music—which comes into the home of the listener as a 'purer' music than any heard in a concert-room, where the attention is distracted by environment and the physical personality of the artist. It has—in a sense—its own 'painting'; for broadcasts such as those from Ypres and from Putney can 'paint' a scene, by sound and atmosphere, as vividly as any canvas or photographic plate.

YET these things are only a beginning. Reflect how much that is new and exciting—terms almost synonymous, for to the intelligent man the 'new' is always the 'exciting'—has come into the programmes since that first player-piano recital in the autumn of 1922! And visualize how much more will come as this art, warmed by the appreciation of those for whom it is created, develops. As Andrew Soutar said, Broadcasting is too 'easy.' In one sense all arts are as fatally 'easy' as our laziness can make them. And Broadcasting, to receive which we are forced to make so little effort, the 'easiest' of all. We must not allow it to be so. We are the 'demand.' As long as we continue to *demand* by being as interested in the material and method of Broadcasting as we are in those of the other arts, the 'supply' can become anything that we like to ask of it. But we must give to what we hear from the loudspeaker the critical attention and sympathetic interpretation which we give to that which we read in books or in the Press, that which we see in the theatre, the cinema, or on the walls of the galleries. Those of us who leave 'the wireless' running while we talk or play cards are treating Broadcasting unfairly. Every volt of power wasted that way is another drag on the wheels of progress.

AND every volt, too, which is expended in receiving programmes on a set of poor quality. That is 'laziness,' if you like. To quote the Christmas Message from the Director-General of the B.B.C. with which this issue opens: 'We often wonder how many listeners have any idea what the quality of reception should be.' It is easy, if we aren't very interested in *what* we listen to, to be equally lackadaisical about *how* we hear it. 'Good quality' is not the monopoly of the man with the £50 set; it is the equal possession of any of us who take the trouble to learn how, at the minimum cost possible, to obtain it.

Quite all right in Wolverhampton?



The B.B.C. gives a Christmas message to its listeners through Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio.' This great work which is to be broadcast from all stations on the afternoon of Christmas Day, will help to recall to every listener the story which lies behind our Christmas festivities.

Some notes on this great oratorio, designed to help those who are following its progress, are set out below.

CHRISTMAS must have been a real time of joy to Bach, the devout Lutheran; and in his *Christmas Oratorio* he expresses all the various emotions which we experience at this season. Never absent long is the spirit of exultation and deeply felt rejoicing with which the work begins and ends. But there are also less confident thoughts, almost forebodings, about the coming of the Saviour; and the abundance of wistful, tender feelings towards the Child Christ make, perhaps, the greatest appeal of all.

Bach wrote his *Christmas Oratorio* in six separate parts, to be performed on various days of the old German Festival, but nowadays it is often given (as at this performance) as a whole. Apart from the Orchestra (whose use is full of delightful touches), there are two main groups of performers. The Soloists (Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass) sing the story as found in the Second Chapters of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's Gospels. The Tenor, as 'The Evangelist,' has the greatest share of this task, binding the parts into a whole.

Both Choir and Soloists sing commentaries and meditations on the story. The Choir also sings the old Lutheran 'Chorales,' sometimes in their plain hymn-tune form (but in Bach's settings), sometimes with elaboration, with, for instance, orchestral interludes between each of the lines of the Tune.

The six parts of the work are described below.

PART I.

THERE is first an inspiring Chorus to which the orchestral accompaniment is played by three Trumpets, two Flutes, two Oboes, Strings, Kettledrums, and 'Continuo'—that is, the keyboard instrument which supported the whole. The Tenor tells in Recitative of Caesar's decree that all the world should be enrolled, and of the journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem for this purpose.

In the next number (a reflection on the mortal birth of our Saviour, and its joyous meaning), two Oboi d'Amore are used in the Orchestra, in addition to the Continuo. (The Oboi d'Amore is a sort of Mezzo-Soprano Oboe. It is prominent throughout this work).

Now the Solo Alto bids Zion prepare herself to receive her Lord and Bridegroom. Follows a Chorale, the tune of which is well known in English churches. One hymn to which it is often sung is 'O sacred head, sore wounded.' The Tenor in Recitative tells of the birth of the Saviour and His lying in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.

A Chorale sings of the wonder of the heavenly love in the King's coming to earth, and a Bass Recitative, in pursuing the same idea, adds a thought of His grief for man, oppressed by sin. Then comes one of the finest Bass Solos in existence—'Mighty Lord,' to which the Trumpet in the accompaniment adds a brilliant decoration.

Part I concludes with a tender Chorale, praying the Holy Child to make His home within the hearts of believers.

PART II.

THE Second Part, written for the second day of the Festival of Christmas, treats of the vision of the shepherds. It starts with the idyllic *Pastoral Symphony*—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 (the latter practically Cors Anglais, or Alto Oboes).

The incident is told in Recitatives and Airs, with here and there a moment of sweet meditation upon the message and its meaning. Perhaps the tenderest cradle song ever written is the Alto Air 'Slumber, beloved.' The end comes with the resounding praises of the host of angels, welcoming in a triumphant psalm their long-expected guest.

PART III.

THIS, written for the third day of the Christmas Festival, tells of the visit to Bethlehem of the shepherds.

There are only, in this performance of Part III, five numbers—a Chorus offering Zion's praises, a Tenor Recitative and a Chorus telling of the shepherds' determination to go to Bethlehem and see the thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has thus made known to them, a Bass Recitative singing of Christ as the Comforter who brings relief to Zion, and finally another Tenor Recitative describing how the shepherds found the Babe, and made known abroad what they had been told of Him by the angels, to the great wonder of all who heard. Last of all is the tender, very human thought of the mother: 'But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.'



PART IV.

THIS is the Part for New Year's Day, the Festival of the Circumcision. It is largely a meditation. First the Tenor tells of the naming of the Babe. Then Bass and Soprano sing of the saving help of Jesus, and of the believer's rich joy in dwelling with Him. In the Soprano's air there is a hint of the darkness to come—the bitter smart of death.

The Bass, in the Recitative following his second solo portion, sings of Jesus as a strength in time of distress, and of the believer's hope in His name, trusting in which none need fear death. The Soprano follows with an Air of questioning and confident answering, and then both soloists sing a Duet of blissful praise of Him who has won redemption for all men. A Tenor Air, seeking power and skill to praise and serve the Lord, follows, and the last number in this Part is one of the most elaborate Chorale settings in the work, in which the Horns of the Orchestra are effectively used.

PART V.

FOR the Sunday after New Year's Day. This opens with a prolonged outburst of praise, 'Glory be to God.' Then follow the inquiries of the wise men from the East, who would worship the Babe. Their urgent questionings, 'Where is the new-born King of the Jews?' are set very realistically for Chorus. After a meditative Chorale, we hear the investigations of Herod, whose mind is troubled. The Alto, in Recitative, inquires why he fears: rather should all men greet with thankfulness Him who comes to bless all with healing.

Herod gathers together the chief priests and scribes, and diligently seeks until he hears where the Child is to be found. A meditative Trio for Soprano, Alto and Tenor concludes (in this performance) the Fifth Part.

PART VI.

THE last Part opens with a Chorus begging Christ's strong succour in need. Then the story continues with Herod's summoning the wise men (here a Soprano Recitative breaks in, reviling Herod, and declaring that Jesus is 'kept in all His ways'), and their following the star in the East, which went before them, and at last pointed out the place where Jesus lay. Him they worshipped, offering their treasures of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The Tenor, in a Recitative, tells of the frustration of Herod's evil purpose, and in an Air defies the foes of Jesus.

The Soloists sing their last song of joy that fear, sin and death shall never prevail against the Saviour's power, and then the final Chorale bursts forth—a massive Chorus, the tune being the familiar one used as the first in the work. The last sentence of all is the firm assurance of man's forgiveness.

CHRISTMAS DAY PROGRAMMES

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 kC)

(1,684.3 M. 187 kC)

10.30 a.m. (*Daventry only*)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

10.45-10.55 THE BELLS OF
ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL
Rung by Members of
THE SOCIETY OF COLLEGE YOUTHS

3.30 BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO
THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Leader, S. KNEALE KELLEY
and

THE WIRELESS CHORUS
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON
LILIAN STILES-ALLEN (Soprano)
ETHEL WILLIAMS (Soprano)
ALICE VAUGHAN (Contralto)
STUART WILSON (Tenor)
ROBERT MAITLAND (Bass)
(See special article on page 663.)

5.30-6.0 A CHILDREN'S SERVICE
From the Studio
Conducted by the Rev. Canon C. S. WOODWARD,
of
St. John's Church, Smith Square, S.W.

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'O, come, all ye faithful' (E.H., No. 28)
Prayers
Magnificat

Lesson, St. Luke ii, verses 8-16

Prayer

Hymn, 'While Shepherds watched their flocks'
(E.H., No. 30)

Address by Canon WOODWARD

Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City' (E.H., No. 605)

Blessing

7.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE
From the Studio
Conducted by the Rev. J. A. MAYO
(Rector of Whitechapel)

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'O come, all ye faithful'

Prayer for Repentance

General Thanksgiving

Bible Reading: I Samuel iii, 1
to 19

Psalms 121

Bible Reading, St. Matthew ii

Nunc Dimittis

Intercessions

Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear' (E.H., No. 26)

Address by the Rev. J. A. MAYO,
Rector of Whitechapel

Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing'

Blessing

BESIDES being Rector of Whitechapel—that very conspicuous church dominating one of the most interesting streets in London, from which carols have been broadcast at Christmas for the last few years—Mr. Mayo was one of the first clergymen to take a sympathetic interest in broadcasting.

7.55 (*London Only*) THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE: The B.B.C. Christmas Fund for Children.

SUNDAY by Sunday throughout the year, the B.B.C. places itself at the disposal of charities and 'good causes' of all kinds, who have their



THE DEAN OF YORK

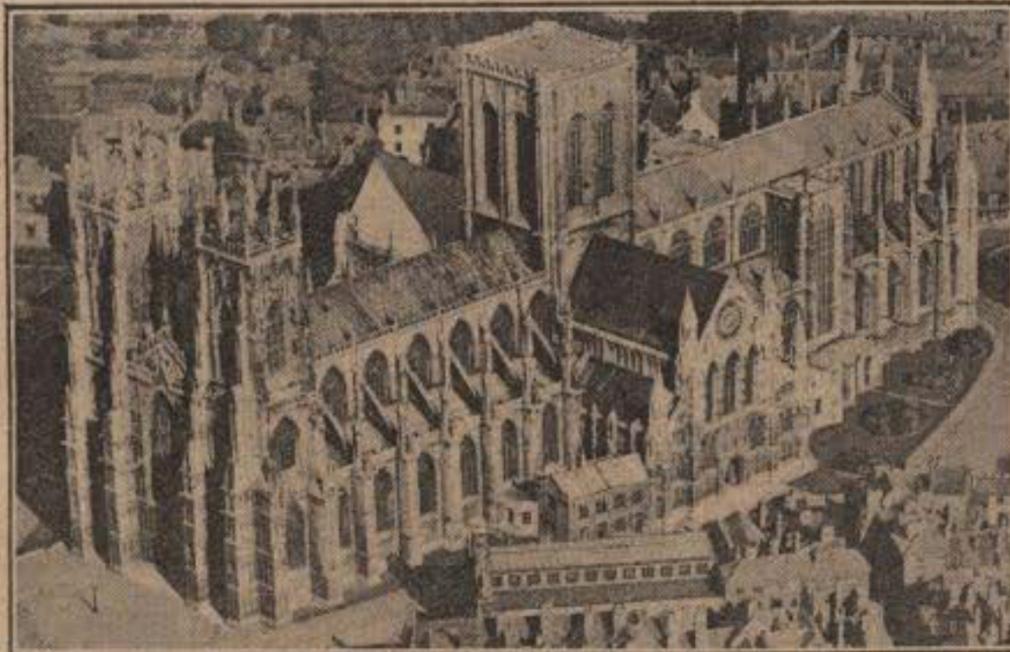
(the Very Rev. Lionel Ford), makes the appeal for York Minster, from Leeds this evening at 7.55.

chance to appeal to the generosity of listeners. Today for once it is appealing for a fund of its own, the proceeds of which will be divided amongst six famous charities working for children; and contributions are to be sent to The Announcer at Savoy Hill.

7.55 (*Daventry only*) Appeal by the Very Rev. THE DEAN OF YORK on behalf of York Minster. *S.B. from Leeds*

THE Mother Church of the Northern Province, York Minster has stood through the centuries on the site of the holy well, where King Edwin of Northumbria was baptized by Paulinus 1,300 years ago. Of purest Gothic architecture throughout, the Minster is the largest Cathedral Church in this country.

But for all its magnificence, the Minster is grievously short of money, not only to pay its salaries and maintain its noble tradition of music and worship, but to keep its fabric in repair. Its outer roofs and stone-work and its windows now need some £50,000 to be spent upon them, and



Survey Flying Services

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE NORTH.

York Minster—here seen from the air—is at once one of the oldest, the finest, and the most historic cathedrals in the country. At present a great effort is being made to save its fabric from decay, and it is for this cause that the Dean of York will appeal from Daventry tonight.

the Dean is hoping that to-night's appeal will enable him to go on with the work that must be done.

Contributions should be sent to the Very Rev. the Dean, the Deanery, York.

S.O. THE ROYAL OPERA WOOD-WIND TRIO

GORDON WALKER (Flute); HORACE HALSTEAD (Oboe); GEORGE ANDERSON (Clarinet); assisted by

WILLIAM GURNEY (Pianoforte)

THE TRIO

Caprice (Rather quick; Slow and Very lively) (Op. 79) *Saint-Saens*

GORDON WALKER

Allegretto and Valse *Godard*

GORDON WALKER and GEORGE ANDERSON

Tarantella (Op. 6) *Saint-Saens*

WILLIAM GURNEY

Nocturne in F Sharp *Chopin*

The Dance of Olaf *Pick-Mangiagalli*

Londonderry Air } *arr. Grainger*

Country Gardens }

Jesu, Joy of man's desiring *Bach, arr. Myra Hess*

HORACE HALSTEAD

Concerto in C Minor

Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)

(1) Moderately quick; (2) Slow; (3) Quick

TRIO

Dreigesprach *Val Hahn*

(1) Moderately quick; (2) Slow; (3) Polonaise

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*)
Shipping Forecast

9.5 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE AUGMENTED WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
BAND

Overture, 'A Roman Carnival' *Berlioz*

9.16 HENRY WENDON (Tenor)

A Christmas Dream *A. Holmes*

If with all your heart *Mendelssohn*

The Holy City *Stephen Adams*

St. Nicholas Day in the morning

Easthope Martin

9.27 BAND

Shepherd Fennel's Dance

Gardiner

The Flight of the

Bumble Bee } *Rimsky-*

Dance of the Tumblers } *Korsakow*

9.40 HARRY BRINDLE (Baritone)

Ring out, wild bells } *Gounod*

Nazareth }

Sweet Night *Ernest Austin*

9.50 BAND

Petite Suite de Concert

Coleridge-Taylor

La Caprice de Nanette; De-

mande et Reponse; Un Sonnet

d'amour; La Tarantelle

trotillante

10.7 HENRY WENDON and HARRY

BRINDLE

The Lovers *Lane Wilson*

When thro' life unblest we rove

arr. Herbert Hughes

Fickle-hearted Mimi *Puccini*

The Gendarmes' Duet *Offenbach*

10.18 BAND

Suite, 'Santa Claus'

Theodore Holland

10.30 EPILOGUE

CHRISTMAS DAY PROGRAMMES

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.30 A POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture to 'Rosamunde' Schubert
First Suite from 'Carmen' Bizet
WILLIAM FRITH (Baritone)
Nazareth Gounod
The Drum Major Newton
The Little Irish Girl Lohr

4.5 PAUL BEARD (Violin) and Orchestra
Andante and Allegro from Violin Concerto
Mendelssohn

WINIFRED MORRIS (Contralto)
O lovely night Landon Ronald
Linden Lea Vaughan Williams
ORCHESTRA
Dance of the Sylphs ('Faust')
Hungarian March Berlioz
WILLIAM FRITH
The Wheeltapper's Song Charles
Time to go Sanderson
Son of Jude William Wallace

4.40 ORCHESTRA
Suite of Ballet Music from 'Hérodias' Massenet
PAUL BEARD
Hebrew Lullaby Achron, arr. Auer
The Bee Franz Schubert (of Dresden)
Valse in A Brahms
Caprice, No. 13 Paganini, arr. Kreisler
WINIFRED MORRIS
A Roundel of Rest Cyril Scott
The Wind from the Sea Landon Ronald
ORCHESTRA
Suite of Three Dances from 'Henry VIII' . German
Morris Dance; Shepherd's Dance; Torch Dance



Paul Beard (left) and William Frith take part in the Popular Orchestral Concert from 5GB this afternoon.

5.30-6.0 A CHILDREN'S SERVICE

(See London)

7.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

(See London)

7.55 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

(See London)

8.0 A HYMN RECITAL

From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS, conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 ALBERT SANDLER and the GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE, ORCHESTRA

Relayed from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne
MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano)

ORCHESTRA
Grand Fantasia on Gounod's 'Faust'
MAVIS BENNETT
I am thine (from 'The Shepherd King')
(With Violin obligato) Mozart
Alleluja

ORCHESTRA
Song Cycle, 'In a Persian Garden' Lehmann
ALBERT SANDLER
Ave Maria Schubert, arr. Wilhe'mj
Rondo Mozart, arr. Kreisler
MAVIS BENNETT
O, tell me, Nightingale Lehmann
The bird in the wood Taubert
ORCHESTRA
Second Hungarian Rhapsody (By request) Liszt

10.30 EPILOGUE

(Sunday's Programmes continued on page 666.)

TO ALL WHO STUDY THEIR HEALTH—



You should make HOVIS the basis of every meal

HOVIS-will help you to go through the day brimming over with health and vitality. It contains the LIFE of the Wheat. It is not merely a "brown" bread, but a FOOD—vitally—complete because it contains the health-promoting and health-maintaining Wheat Germ—to an added proportion of 25%—a quarter of its entire bulk.

You can eat HOVIS without fear of any digestive after-effects. It is specially suited for people whose digestion is not vigorous. And the FLAVOUR—delicious. You never tire of the appetising taste.

HOUSEWIVES PLEASE NOTE!
HOVIS actually goes much further and is far more nourishing than ordinary bread. Therefore it must be, and is, more economical in the long run.

HōVIS
Trade Mark

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
HOVIS, LTD. (Dept. R.T.), Flour Mills, Macclesfield.



THE AUGMENTED WIRELESS MILITARY BAND, conducted by Lieut. B. Walton O'Donnell, will broadcast a concert from London tonight, starting at 9.5.

CHRISTMAS DAY PROGRAMMES

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.40-11.0 THE SILENT FELLOWSHIP

2ZY MANCHESTER. 344.6 M. 780 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London

7.55 S.B. from Leeds

8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London

7.55 S.B. from Leeds

8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 252.1 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,190 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London

7.55 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE: Appeal by the Very Rev. THE DEAN OF YORK on behalf of York Minster. Relayed to Daventry

8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M. 1,010 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London

7.55 S.B. from Leeds

8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,100 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London

7.55 S.B. from Leeds

8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.40-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 KC.

3.30-6.0:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from London. 7.55:—Appeal by the Very Rev. The Dean of York on behalf of York Minster. S.B. from Leeds. 8.0-10.30:—S.B. from London.



Book and Macgregor

MISS MAVIS BENNETT.

An exceptionally charming portrait of this popular broadcast artist, who takes part in the programme that 5GB will relay from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, tonight.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

3.30-6.0:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from London. 7.55:—Appeal on behalf of Eskine Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers. 8.0:—An Old English Nativity Play. Arranged by E. K. Chambers. Performed by the Station Players. With Incidental Music by the Station Orchestra. 8.50-10.30:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

3.30-6.0:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from London. 7.35:—S.B. from Glasgow. 8.0:—Organ Recital and Choral Interludes. Relayed from the Cawdray Hall. Organist, Marshall M. Gilchrist. Choir of Oldmachar Cathedral. Organ: Fantasia on Christmas Carols (Pankos); Berceuse de Noel (Reuschel). Choir: Unto us is born a Son (14th Century Tune); Good Christian Men (Trad.). Organ: Choral Prelude on 'In Dulce Jubilo' (Bach); Pastorale in E (Cesar Franck). Choir: Christ was born on Christmas Day (Old German); Hail, Babe of God (Melody, 1625); Corpus Christi Carol (Shaw). Organ: Carillon of Dunkerke (Carter, 1760); Toccata (Archer). 8.50-10.30:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 KC.

3.30-6.0:—S.B. from London. 7.0-10.30:—S.B. from London.

IN A STRANGE PORT!



Christmas
a thousand miles
from Home -

Hundreds of thousands of British Seamen are deprived of a happy family Christmas. For them, ashore in 100 ports of the world, amidst the discomforts,

loneliness and dangers of harpies,

The BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY'S Homes and Hostels are a bright oasis!

In every one, even in the most distant lands, we are giving REAL BRITISH HOSPITALITY—a splendid Christmas Dinner and old-fashioned Christmas entertainment. In appreciation of our magnificent Seamen, make a collection round your cosy Christmas fire and so take an active share in this Happy Home touch. Help is urgently needed for the work which we are doing "all the days—in a hundred ports—in a thousand ways." Please send your gift to Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bart., Hon. Treasurer, 680, Commercial Rd., London, E.14.



The Oldest Sailors' Society. Established 1818.



FATHER TIME IS EVER PRESENT

It may be an unwelcome truth, but 'Father Time' is ever present in every household.

What if you, the bread-winner, are the first he calls? Are to see you leave behind, so near and dear to you, safe from the seat of poverty?

If not, insurance is your immediate duty. Settle the matter at once by writing to the 'W. & G.' for details of their many policies. You will find your requirements fully met—and remember that last year the 'W. & G.' declared a bonus of no less than £2.80 per cent on their with-profit whole life policies!

WESLEYAN & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICES - BIRMINGHAM

W&G



Tex McLeod.



Mimi Crawford.



Malcolm Scott.



Joan Bierley.



Alma Vane.

BOXING DAY

PRENTIS

Waratahs v London.



Foster Richardson.



Cyril Nash.



PROGRAMMES for MONDAY, December 26

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only)
THE DAVENTRY QUARTET
and EMLYN BEBB (Tenor)

12.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET
and CONSTANCE
LYALL (Soprano), REGI-
NALD SMITH (Baritone)

1.0-2.0 AN ORGAN
RECITAL

by
HAROLD E. DARKE

Relayed from St. Michael's,
Cornhill

Overture, 'Mes-
siah'
Pastoral, 'Mes-
siah' } *Handel*

Fantasy on Christmas
Carols *Guilman*

Pastoral, 'Light of the
World' *Sullivan*
Chorale Preludes on the
Carol 'In dulci Jubilo'

Buxtehude, arr. Bach

Pastoral ('Christmas Oratorio') *Bach*

Two Rhapsodies on Breton Melodies *Saint-Saëns*

2.55 LONDON v. NEW SOUTH WALES

A Running Commentary on the second half of
the Rugby Football Match, relayed from
Twickenham

Commentator, Capt. H. B. T. WAKELAM

(See plan of the ground on opposite page.)

ALL through the season the tourists from New
South Wales have proved an unrivalled
attraction wherever they went, and this match—
an ideal fixture for Boxing Day—will excite
particular interest. The two sides met at
Twickenham two months ago, and on that
occasion the Waratahs had a very close shave.
Their record since, despite their defeat by
Pontypool, hardly suggests that they can be
beaten even by the best of scratch sides. The
outside chance, however, of seeing them
go down to the brilliant combination, that London
can put into the field will certainly draw vast
crowds to Twickenham this afternoon.

3.45 THE DANSANT

FRANK ASHWORTH'S BAND, from the
Park Lane Hotel

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Dick Whittington'
being the Dress Rehearsal of a Pantomime pre-
pared for the Children's Hour by Mabel Con-
standuros and C. E. Hodges

6.0 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 LONDON RADIO DANCE
BAND

7.0 Mr. JAMES AGATE:
Dramatic Criticism

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS
OF MUSIC

MENDELSSOHN'S PIANO-
FORTE WORKS

Played by MAURICE COLE
Three Preludes

7.25 VARIETY

MIMI CRAWFORD
(The Revue Star)

THE GRESHAM SINGERS
SIDNEY HOWARD

(From 'Hit the Deck,' by
permission of Messrs. Clayton
and Waller.)

JEN LATONA

(Entertainer at the Piano)

TEX McLEOD

(Spinning a Rope and a Yarn)



The Cecilians, directed by Jack Payne, whose dance music will be relayed by 5GB between 10.15 and 11.0 tonight.

8.30 ANIMALS AT HOME

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by
STANFORD ROBINSON

JOHN THORNE (Baritone)

The Bullfrog Patrol... *Kern*
Four Zoophilisms

Kenneth Wright
Hippo; Crocodile; Giraffe;
Crab

The Tame Bear... *Elgar*
The Two Cats *Tchaikovsky*

March Past of the Kitchen
Utensils

Vaughan Williams
Three Nonsense Songs

V. Hely Hutchinson
The Owl and the Pussy
Cat; The Table and the
Chair; The Duck and
the Kangaroo

The Grasshopper's Dance
Bucalossi

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST,
SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

9.15 MR. JOHN CLENNELL: 'The A.B.C. of Faces'

LISTENERS to Mr. Clennell's talk are advised
to have a mirror handy—unless they prefer
to listen in pairs and study each other's faces in
the light of what he says. A reader of faces for
thirty years, and the author of the 'Fortunes of
Faces' film, he will in this talk expound the
rudiments of the art of deducing character from
the face. This is an art which can be useful
to people in every walk of life. To be a good
judge of character is always a splendid asset.
The face is a sure index of the spirit and
thoughts of the man or woman behind it.
There will be much of interest in this talk of
Mr. Clennell.

9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only)
Shipping Forecast

9.35 PANTOMIMICRY

A Stock-Pot of Stock Plots

(See centre column.)

MOST pantomimes have no plot. 'Panto-
mimicry' has six, an allowance which it is
hoped will prove adequate, but they will not
be allowed to interfere with the Dame's gags,
nor with the sentiment in the songs 'plugged'
by the vocal-principals. During the shipwreck
scene, the splashing of real water may be
broadcast, and indeed it is earnestly hoped
that the whole affair will go with a splash.
Animal lovers will, no doubt, be relieved to
hear that the pistol fired at the wolf in

Scene 2 will not be a
real pistol. Most of the
songs 'featured' in this
entertainment are guar-
anteed to be out of date,
but perhaps for that
very reason they will
seem to come up pleas-
antly fresh. There is
virtue a-plenty in the
old songs—more especi-
ally if they recall our
pantomimes of years
ago. Unfortunately,
some of these songs
may be not only out of
date but also out of
print.

11.0-12.0 DANCE
MUSIC: DEBROY SOMERS'
CRO'S CLUB BAND, under
the direction of RAMON
NEWTON, from Cro's
Club



9.35 PANTOMIMICRY

Written and Produced by GORDON McCONNEL
WIRELESS CHORUS and WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

Characters (in the order of their speaking):

The Author CYRIL NASH

The Dame MALCOLM SCOTT

The Principal Boy MIRIAM FERRIS

The Demon King FOSTER RICHARDSON

The Principal Girl ALMA VANE

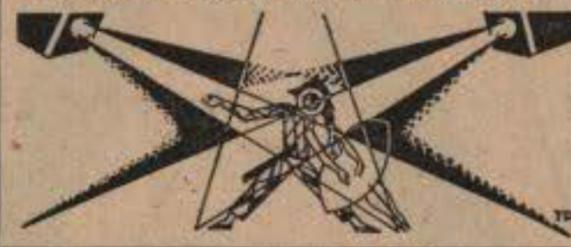
The Good Fairy JOAN BRIERLEY

The Oldest Inhabitant J. HUBERT LESLIE

A Villager GEORGE IDE

The Young Squire NORMAN GRIFFIN

More Villagers, Sailors, Mermaids, South Sea
Islanders, Brigands and their Families, etc.



Debroy Somers' band from Cro's Club will be relayed by London and Daventry at 11.0 tonight

Monday's Programmes cont'd (December 26)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 DANCE MUSIC
THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by SIDNEY FIRMAN

3.45 LOZELLS-PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN
From Birmingham
Relayed from LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE
FRANK NEWMAN (Organ)
Overture to 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' *Nicolai*

GERTRUDE BENNETT (Contralto)
Rest ('The Largo') *Handel*
Arise, O sun *Day*
FRANK NEWMAN
Caprice *Moszkowski*
Selection from 'Shake Your Feet'
GERTRUDE BENNETT
My Ships *Barratt*
FRANK NEWMAN
Romance *Rubinstein*
Suite, 'Three Famous Pictures' .. *Haydn Wood*
The Village Wedding; The Doctor; The Laughing Cavalier

5.0 A BALLAD CONCERT
THE ANTON TSCHAIKOV TRIO and FRANK FOXON (Baritone)

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham):
'Boxing Day in Toyland'—a Christmas Sketch. Some Musical Numbers. 'A Cow—a Cat—a Monkey,' a Drawing Game by Estelle Steel-Harper. Ronald Gourley will entertain.

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

5.45 LIGHT MUSIC
CORELLI WINDEATT'S BAND
PHYLLIS WOOLFE (Soprano)

8.0 A LEGEND OF VANDALE
A Comedietta in One Act
by ALBERT E. DRINKWATER
From Birmingham

Leonard Leicester STUART VINDEN
Dennis (an Old-Servant) WORTLEY ALLEN
Nora Lorraine GLADYS WARD
The Scene is the entrance hall of Vandale Towers, an old mansion, now somewhat decayed, recently bought by Nora Lorraine, the last of her line. It is almost ten o'clock on December 26, and the candles are guttering in the draught which Dennis is striving to stop at the windows. Nora has found in an old box a legend of the family dating back to Cavalier times, and, half in fun and half in earnest, has dressed herself in the period of 1645, and awaits developments.

8.30 A SYMPHONY CONCERT
From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Leader, FRANK CASTELL. Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
Overture to 'The Magic Flute' *Mozart*
ROBERT MAITLAND (Baritone) and Orchestra
Recit., 'I rage, I melt, I burn' (from 'Acis and Galatea')
Air, 'O ruddier than the cherry' *Handel*

GALATEA is a sea-nymph whom the shepherd Acis has wooed and won. The giant Polyphemus comes on the scene. He covets Galatea and declares in a preliminary Recitative about his feelings. He melodramatic-

ally declares that the god of Love has 'stabbed him to the heart,' and in the Air that follows, 'O ruddier than the cherry,' sings the praises of Galatea's beauty. The words are these:—

Recit.

I rage—I melt—I burn;
The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine,
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by!
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

Air.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kiddings, blithe and merry;
Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

8.45 ORCHESTRA
Slow Movement from Serenade, 'In the Far West' (for Strings) *Bantock*
Suite, 'Mozartiana' *Tchaikovsky*

ROBERT MAITLAND
The Christ Child Lullaby (Hebridean Songs) *arr. Kennedy-Fraser*
An Schwager Kronos (Time, the Charioteer) *Schubert*
God rest you merry, gentlemen... *Old English*

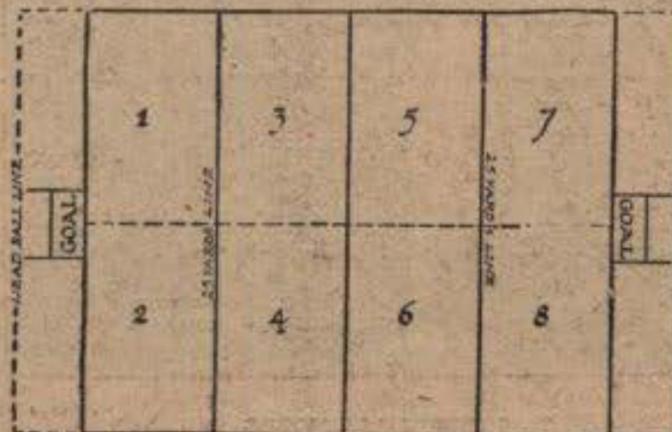
A LEGEND has grown in Eigg and Uist about the 'Christ Child's Lullaby.' It tells how, when a hard stepmother had caused a shiftless lad to leave home, she one night had a vision of the Holy Mother hushing her Baby to sleep, and at her feet was the shiftless laddie. The stepmother's heart was touched, and she took the boy back and gave him her love. This is the lullaby, they say, that Mary the mother was singing. (The Gaelic verses were written by the 'King-priest' of Eriskay, Father Allan Macdonald, and the tune was noted from the singing of Mrs. John Macinnes.)

9.30 ORCHESTRA
Third Symphony in C ('The Surprise')... *Haydn*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE CECILIANS from the Hotel Cecil

11.0-11.15 DEBROY SOMERS' CRO'S CLUB BAND, under the direction of RAMON NEWTON, from Cro's Club
(Monday's Programmes continued on page 670.)



Use this plan when you listen to the Rugby Football Broadcast from Twickenham this afternoon.

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PRINCIPAL,

Maurice Child

(Vice-President of the Radio Society of Great Britain) (Hon. Member of the British Engineering Standards Association).

Monday's Programmes continued (December 26)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.
920 KC.

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.
850 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 EDNA THOMAS
The Lady from Louisiana
In Negro Spirituals and Creole Negro Songs

7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.
780 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records.

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.45 A STUDIO CONCERT

THE ROCHDALE MILITARY BAND
Bandmaster, HAROLD WARNE
ROBERT CHESTER (Baritone)

BAND

March, 'The Silent Heroes' Bidgood
Overture to 'The Barber of Seville' Rossini
Pot Pourri, 'On with the Show' arr. Hume
Piccolo Solo, 'The Wren' Demarc

ROBERT CHESTER (Baritone)

A Cycle of Christmas Songs Peter Cornelius
The Christmas Tree; The Shepherds; The Kings; Simeon; Christ the Friend of Children; The Christ-Child

BAND

Fantasia, 'O'er Hill and Dale' Leduc
Selection, 'Recollections of Verdi' Rimmer
Sylvan Scenes Greenwood
March, 'The Spirit of Freedom' Manning

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. &
252.1 M.

1,050 KC. & 1,190 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 THE SCALA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,
from the Scala Theatre, Leeds

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.
1,010 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.55 Children's Letters

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.
1,090 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.15 THE STATION TRIO

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.
750 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Return visit of 'The Jumbles' in Pantomime

6.0 'BORIS'

A Play in One Act by DAPHNE STEWARD
Presented by THE MICROGNOMES

Jasper Dixon (a busy young Doctor)

CHARLES STAPYLTON
Stella Dixon (his Wife) MOLLY SEYMOUR
Susan (their Servant) PAULINE CARR
A Policeman STEPHEN CAMPBELL
Boris (an Alsatian Wolfhound)

In these days of swiftly-changing fashion, let us seize the opportunity to record the wisdom of men in their choice of an idol. Here, then, is a play whose leading part is claimed by Boris, an Alsatian Wolfhound. We hope listeners will find our chief character worthy the favours of the multitude.

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.
1,100 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.55 Birthdays

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.55 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Christmas Party

6.0 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL by EDGAR JONES
Rustle of Spring Sinding
June Tchaikovsky
Autumn Chaminade
Christmas Tchaikovsky
Prelude, Chorale and Fugue Franck

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 S.B. from Cardiff

7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.
960 KC.

12.0-2.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 2.55—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—The Station Octet. 6.30-12.0—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.
740 KC.

12.0-1.0—Gramophone Records. 3.15—Dance Music from the Locarno Dance Salon. 4.0—Concert. Musical Comedy Favourites. The Wireless Quintet. Queenie Arthur (Soprano). 5.0—Talk. 5.15—The Children's Hour. 5.58—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0—A Song Recital by Helen F. McIntosh (Soprano). 6.30-12.0—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M.
600 KC.

12.0-1.0—Gramophone Music. 2.55—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.0—Household Talk. 5.15—The Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30-12.0—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 308.1 M.
980 KC.

12.0-1.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 2.55—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.45—A Light Programme. Dorothy Camba (Soprano). The Station Orchestra. 4.12—Dorothy Camba. 4.24—Orchestra. 4.28—Pianoforte Jazz by Fred Rogers. Dance Music by the Station Dance Band. 5.15—The Children's Hour. 6.0—Organ Recital by Fitzroy Pugh, relayed from the Classic. 6.30-12.0—S.B. from London.



THE GRESHAM SINGERS

take part in the Variety programme from London this evening at 7.25.



PROGRAMMES for TUESDAY, December 27

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0 (Daventry only) THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and ARTHUR THOMPSON (Violin)

12.0-2.0 THE HENRY SENSIBLE QUINTET
ETHEL COOPER (Contralto)
GLYN DOWELL (Tenor)
PETER YORK (Syncopated Piano Solos)

3.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and HUGH MACKAY (Tenor), ADELINA LEON (Violoncello)

4.0 VARIETY
HAL SWAIN and his SAXO FIVE
TOMMY HANDLEY
VICTORIA MAITLAND (Contralto)
MARIE RUBENECK and NIKOLAI RUBENECK, assisted by JOHN BARNETT (Russian Folk Songs)

5.0 Mrs. L. GRANT: 'Amulets and Mascots in North Africa and Elsewhere'

IN all countries and all ages, people have resorted to amulets and mascots to bring them luck or ward off evil chance, and the savage's necklace of human teeth is the direct ancestor of the horseshoe over the door and the swastika in a modern woman's brooch. Mrs. Grant has travelled much in the wilds of North Africa, and learned a good deal about the customs of its little-known inhabitants, but her talk today will cover many other parts of the world.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Down South. Plantation Songs (*Scott-Gatty*) sung by the Wireless Singers. The Story of 'Tar Baby' from 'Uncle Remus' told by Edna Thomas, the Lady from Louisiana. 'The Coming of Topsy' from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' (*H. Beecher Stowe*)

6.0 THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by SIDNEY FIRMAN

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET

7.0 Mr. HALFORD ROSS: Suez

IT is hard nowadays to realize that not so very long ago the sea route to India lay round the Cape of Good Hope, and the Far East was even farther from Europe than seems possible now. The story of how the isthmus that separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea was cut through, amidst the aspirations, manoeuvres, and intrigues of statesmen, financiers, and engineers, is one of the great episodes of the nineteenth century in politics, engineering and finance. Mr. Halford Ross, who will tell it, is a world-wide traveller who has just published a record of his wanderings, entitled 'By Devious Ways,' and has long been known as an acute observer of the manners and customs of foreign peoples.



JAY WHIDDEN'S DANCE BAND,

whose music will provide a fitting wind-up to the London programmes today.

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS
Played by MAURICE COLE
Characteristic Pieces, Nos. 1-3

7.25 Songs from
'NOW WE ARE SIX'
Sung by DALE SMITH (Baritone)
Words by A. A. Milne
Music by H. Fraser-Simson
Down by the Pond;
Sneezles;
The Engineer;
The Friend;
Furry Bear;
The Emperor's Rhyme;
Cherry Stones;
Wind on the Hill;
Twice Times;
Cradle Song

8.45 EDNA THOMAS
The Lady from Louisiana
in
Negro Spirituals
and
Creole Negro Songs

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Sir WILLIAM BRAGG: How Faraday Made Wireless Possible.

IT may seem a far cry from the magnetoelectrical discoveries of Faraday in the earlier part of the last century to modern wireless, but the chain of invention and discovery is continuous, and Faraday's work is one of its essential links. Sir William Bragg, who will give the talk, is not only a scientist of the highest qualifications (Fullerian Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory) but a lecturer whose powers of interesting listeners with little technical knowledge have been amply proved by the extraordinary success of his lectures to children at the Royal Society.

9.30 Local Announcements: (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 VARIETY

LITTLE ANNE ROGERS
(Impersonations)
HARRY HEMSLEY
(Child Impersonations)
GEORGE LISTER
(Yorkshire Entertainer)
REG ANDERS and his
FLORIDA REDS

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: JAY WHIDDEN'S BAND from the Carlton Hotel



AT THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

This interesting old picture shows the scene at the formal inauguration of the Suez Canal, in November, 1869, with the Emperor of Austria sitting in the centre. This evening Mr. Halford Ross will talk about the history of the Canal.

Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 27)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 CINEMA MUSIC

PAUL MOULDER'S RIVOLI THEATRE ORCHESTRA, from the Rivoli Theatre

4.0 A BAND CONCERT

From Birmingham

THE METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND, conducted by GEORGE WILSON

March, 'Naworth Castle' *Ord Hume*
Overture to 'Semiramis' .. *Rossini, arr. Hawkins*

REX COSTELLO (Entertainer)

Reggie's Dreams *Cecil*
The Oxford Manner *Helmors*

BAND

Cavatina (from 'Faust') .. *Gounod, arr. Rimmer*
Cornet Duet, 'Besses o' th' Barn' *Carrie*
Soloists: W. STEPHENS and T. BRENNAN

4.32 ALICE COUCHMAN (Pianoforte)

Rigaudon *Raff*
Legato Study *Mozzkowski*
Valse from 'Naïla' *Delibes, arr. Dohnanyi*

BAND

Selection from 'Maritana' *Vincent Wallace*

REX COSTELLO

It'll only make me love you all the more
Weston and Lee

Algy's absolutely full of tact *Chester*

5.10 BAND

Trombone Solo, 'The Trumpeter'
Dix, arr. Ord Hume

Soloist, W. STOCKDALE

Suite from the 'Water Music' *Handel*
Minuet; Bourrée; Allegro (Quick)



Alice Couchman (left) gives a pianoforte recital from the new Daventry this afternoon, and Florence Cleeton (right) sings in the Musical Comedy programme at 10.15.

5.25 ALICE COUCHMAN

Intermezzo in E Minor *Schumann*
Second Polonaise, in E *Liszt*

BAND

Andante (Romance) *Rubinstein*
Humoresque, 'A Lightning Switch' *Alford*

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham):

'Friendly Robin Redbreast,' by E. M. Griffiths.
Chrissie Thomas and her Musical Glasses. Songs
by May Hall (Soprano). 'Rivers of Ice,' by
Margaret Madeley

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 DANCE MUSIC

THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by
SIDNEY FIRMAN

8.0 VARIETY

JEN LATONA (Entertainer)

CHARLIE KIDD (Comedian)

ARTHUR HAYES (Dickens' Studies)



8.45 'POLLY'

A Broadcast version of the Opera by Mr. GAY
Being a Sequel to 'The Beggar's Opera,' freely
adapted by CLIFFORD BAX

Music arranged and composed by FREDERICK
AUSTIN

THE WIRELESS CHORUS and
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

The Opera produced by STEPHEN THOMAS

Characters in order of speaking:

Mrs. Trapess *ELSIE FRENCH*
Mr. Ducat (A wealthy Coffee-Planter)
DENIS O'NEIL

Polly *MAVIS BENNETT*
Mrs. Ducat *GLADYS PALMER*

Vanderbluff *JOHN VAN ZYL*
Laguerre *MURRI MONCRIEFF*
Morano (Macheath in disguise)
FREDERICK RANALOW

Jenny Diver *ADRIENNE BRUNE*

Slaves; Indians; Pirates;
Women of the Town

Scene: An Island in the
West Indies

PERFORMANCE of Gay's celebrated opera—
which was, in fact, a successor to *The Beggar's
Opera*—is being repeated from London on
Thursday of this week.

In Thursday's London programme on page 682
there appears a note on the plot which listeners
will find helpful.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15-11.15 FROM THE MUSICAL COMEDIES

From Birmingham

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Selection from 'Gipsy Love' *Leflar*

FLORENCE CLEETON (Soprano) and Orchestra
Ah! who shall say that love is cruel? (from
'Merrie England') *German*
Castle of Dreams (from 'Irene') *Tierney*

ORCHESTRA

Valse from 'Oh, Oh, Delphine' *Caryl*

FLORENCE CLEETON and Orchestra

Love's Cigarette (from 'A Southern Maid')
Frazer-Simson

My King of Love (from 'Cairo') *Fletcher*

ORCHESTRA

Selection from 'The Beauty Prize' *Kern*

(Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 674.)

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The Aseptic Way

GERMOLENE introduces the essential principle of modern hospital practise into the home

EVERYBODY—every mother especially—knows the danger of skin ailments, however "trivial." The safest plan in home treatment is to follow hospital methods whenever possible. What are they? How do surgeons avoid infection in dressing wounds and in operations? The common impression that antiseptics are employed is incorrect. Antiseptics, if strong enough to be effective, harm the skin tissues. Instead, the Aseptic method is used. Germ excluding instead of germ killing. In the home treatment of skin complaints, it is equally necessary that the dressing should keep the wound germ-free. An ointment can be mildly antiseptic and yet be contaminated by germs. Therefore elaborate processes were devised to make Germolene absolutely Aseptic and germ-excluding. The Treatments Book with every tin of Germolene explains how to deal with all skin ailments by the aseptic method.

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Abscesses, Hemorrhoids, etc. Take Germolene to cleanse the blood, and apply Germolene.

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Infections, Rash, Acne and Sores. Relieves Irritation and clears the skin.

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Avoid scalds or blood poisoning by promptly applying Germolene.

CUTS

Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

BAD LEG

Germolene is renowned for this complaint. Full directions with each tin.

Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 27)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.0 Major C. EAGLE-BOFF: A Ghost Story—
 'The Creeping Horror on Christmas Eve'
 7.15 S.B. from London

7.45 A CONCERT FOR A WINTER'S EVENING

When such a time cometh,
 I do retire
 Into an old room
 Beside a bright fire;
 O pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
 Reading old things
 Of knights and lorn damsels,
 While the wind sings—
 O drearily sings!
 —Edward Fitzgerald

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Overture to 'Oberon' Weber

- 7.55 ERNEST LUSH (Pianoforte) and String
 Orchestra

'Wedding Cake' Capriccio Saint-Saëns

THIS is a brilliant piece, one of the things that
 Saint-Saëns, who was never, perhaps, very
 deep, but generally elegant and melodious, could
 do so well. The description 'for Piano, with
 accompaniment for Stringed Instruments,' is
 rather unusual. The Piano is evidently regarded
 as the senior partner, and certainly leads the
 Strings a lively dance.

From the title we guess that the piece was
 written as a festive marriage-souvenir.

8.0 ORCHESTRA

Solemn Melody (for Strings) Bedford

8.5 'ROMEO AND JULIET'

THE BALCONY SCENE
 Act II, Scene 2

An Operatic Version, Arranged for Contralto,
 Baritone and Orchestra, by HERBERT BEDFORD

ROMEO, ROY HENDERSON
 JULIET, ESTHER COLEMAN

Scene: Verona. Capulet's Orchard

HERBERT BEDFORD (born in 1867) is the
 rather uncommon instance of a practitioner
 in one art turning largely to another. He was
 already well known as a miniature painter and
 had published a book on 'The Heroines of George
 Meredith,' illustrated with some of his own
 miniatures, when (after the war) he began to
 devote himself to composition, which he had
 already practised to a small degree. He has
 written much orchestral music, and some for
 Military Band, besides a number of unaccom-
 panied songs, on which subject he has published
 a book. One of his works gained a Carnegie
 Award in 1926.

8.25 ORCHESTRA

'Nutteracker' Suite Tchaikovsky

THE First Movement is a *Miniature Overture*—
 very dainty and delicate.

The Second Movement consists of six short
 dances—*Characteristic Dances*, Tchaikovsky calls
 them, and the title is very apt: they are all vivid,
 and some are very amusing. They are: a *March*,
 a *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, a whirling
Trepak, a languorous *Arab Dance*, a quaint
Chinese Dance, and a *Reed-Pipe Dance*.

The Suite ends with a *Valse of the Flowers*.

- 8.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
 ments)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 4.45 ANTONIA RIDGE, 'A First Communion in
 Holland'
 5.0 THE DASSANT from the Carlton Restaurant
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'A Wedding in
 Normandy,' by Antonia Ridge. A talk about
 Pets, by Ray Kay
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.0 The Rev. CHARLES PORTER: 'Life from the
 Primitive Angle—Death'
 7.15 S.B. from London

7.45 EVERTON v. CARDIFF CITY

An Eye-Witness Account of the Association
 Football Match by Mr. L. E. WILLIAMS

8.0 'SMILESTONES'

'Provokes me to ridiculous smiling' (Shakespeare)
 A Christmas Radio Revue
 Written and Composed by C. H. BREWER
 Lyrics by DOROTHY EAVES
 Additional numbers by various Composers
 JOHN RORKE, BLONDE and BRUNETTE, DONALD
 DAVIES, and other Broadcasting Stars
 THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by
 WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

- 9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
 ments)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

- 3.0 MUSIC by the STATION QUARTET
 Overture to 'The Maid of Artois' Balfe
 Waltz, 'Rosee' Waldteufel
 Intermezzo, 'Day Dreams' Steele

3.30 RALPH BROCKLEHURST (Baritone)

Bells of the Sea Solman
 Sonny Meale
 Toreador's Song ('Carmen') Bizet

3.40 QUARTET

Ballet Music from 'William Tell' Rossini
 Elephants' Parade Basque
 Suite, 'Yankiana' Thurban

4.30 RALPH BROCKLEHURST

The Admiral's Broom Bevan
 For you alone Gecht
 Song of the Waggoner Breville Smith

4.40 QUARTET

Suite, 'Three Irish Pictures' Ansell

- 5.0 Mrs. JUDITH BRUNDRETT TWEEDALE, 'Child-
 ren and Poetry'—II

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Request Songs by
 Betty Wheatley. 'A Short Recital of Irish Airs,
 played by the Sunshine Trio. 'Behind the
 Scenes at the Pantomime,' by Robert Roberts

- 6.0 THE MAJESTIC 'CELEBRITY' ORCHESTRA,
 from the Hotel Majestic, St. Anne's-on-Sea.
 Musical Director, GERALD W. BRIGHT

- 6.30 S.B. from London

- 6.45 THE MAJESTIC 'CELEBRITY' ORCHESTRA
 (Continued)

- 7.0 Mr. F. STACEY LINTOTT: 'A Review of
 Christmas Sporting Fixtures'

- 7.15 S.B. from London

7.45 MEMORIES OF 1927

THE AUGMENTED STATION ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

ORCHESTRA

Tone Poem, 'Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks'
 Richard Strauss
 (From 'Tone Poems of Great Masters,' January 23)

GWLADYS NASH (Soprano)
 Air, 'Ah! Fors' è lui' ('Ah, perhaps 'tis he')
 Verdi
 (From 'La Traviata,' October 26)

'WHOSE DOOR'

A Play in One Act by
 ROBERT H. BLACKMOBE
 (Broadcast April 14)

Characters in order of speaking:

John Martel (Managing Director of Martel, Ltd.)
 D. E. ORMEROD
 Stephen Crewe (General Manager) W. E. DICKMAN
 William Broadhead (A Director) HAROLD CLUFF
 James Dimple (Another Director)
 E. H. BRIDGSTOCK
 Soo Chang (A Chinaman) VICTOR SMYTHE

A Question is raised at a meeting of directors
 in the Board Room of Martel, Ltd. The Answer
 is given in the same room under rather different
 circumstances.

ORCHESTRA

Gipsy Suite German
 (From British Composers Series, December 12)

ARTHUR WILKES (Tenor)

Air, 'Love in her eyes'
 (From 'Actis and Galatea,' March 11)

ORCHESTRA

Overture to the Ball Sullivan
 (From British Composers Series, December 12)

- 9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
 ments)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.0 Dr. J. G. JORDAN, 'John Puleford, the Hull
 Mystic—His Message'
 7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local An-
 nouncements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 252.1 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,190 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local An-
 nouncements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M. 1,010 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local An-
 nouncements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.10 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London

Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 27)

7.45 THE STATION TRIO
Selection from 'Samson and Delilah'
Saint-Saëns, arr. Tavan

ALEX. PENNEY (Soprano)
A Spirit Flower *Tipton*
Blackbird's Song *Cyril Scott*
Willow Song *Coleridge-Taylor*
The Night Wind *Farley*
Mary and the Kitten *Bryan*

'THIRTY-ONE'
A 'Coincidental Fragment' by H. W. TWYMAN
Produced by R. MACPHERSON

The Doctor *DAYRELL READ*
The Doctor's Wife *RUTH LYTLE*
The Patient *R. MACPHERSON*
A Policeman *EDWIN LAWRENCE*
Two Ambulance Men

ALEX. PENNEY
Do not go, my love } *Hageman*
At the Well }
Charming Chloe *German*
Love went a-riding } *Bridge*
When'er a snowflake leaves the sky... *Lehmann*

TRIO
Valse Triste *Sibelius*
Intermezzo (from 'Miniature Suite') *Eric Coates*

8.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH 400 M. 750 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Reading, 'Legendary Heroes—Rodrigo'

6.0 MARIO DE PIETRO (Mandoline and Banjo)
Mandoline solos:
Poet and Peasant *Suppé*
Sunshine of Naples } *M. De Pietro*
Mandolinaia }
Charmaine *Rapee*

Banjo solos:
The Doll Dance *Brown*
Song of the Volga Boatmen *Trad.*

Mandoline solos:
Just another day wasted away *Tobias*
Oh! Baby, don't we get along? *De Sylva*
Summer Night *Costlow*
So Blue *De Sylva*
In a street of Chinese Lanterns *Jimmy Campbell*
I wonder how I look when I'm asleep .. *De Sylva*
Don't Forget *Pepper*

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Capt. LA CHARD, 'A Day in the Life of a Political Officer in Borneo'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 572.7 M. 1,100 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Can you Conjure? A peep behind the handkerchief and under the hat, by W. S. Peacock. 'I saw three ships,' 'How the Holly got its Thorns,' and 'Old King Cole,' sung by Win Anson. 'Country Gardens' and 'Shepherd Fennel's Dance' (*Granger*), played by Hilda Francis

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. G. A. BIRKETT, 'Some Stories from the Russian—III, Chehov: A Night of Terror'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Play, 'From Foe to Friend,' being an incident in the life of Josiah Wedgwood, by Florence M. Austin. Uncle Bonzo takes us over a Pottery

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. JOHN THOMAS, 'Staffordshire Industries—IV, The Romance of Road, Canal, and Rail Transport'

LISTENERS to Mr. Thomas's talks will find further information about the subject in the pamphlet dealing with them (No. 10 in the 'Aids to Study' series), which may be obtained on application to the Station, or from the Publications Department, B.B.C., Savoy Hill, by enclosing a penny stamp.

7.15 S.B. from London

7.45 A MUSICAL COMEDY NIGHT
DORA VODREY (Soprano) and FRANK EDGE (Tenor)

My lips, my love ('Castles in the Air') *Percy Wenrich*

Rackety Coo ('Katinka') *Friml*

CECIL COOPER (Baritone)
Love and Wine ('Gipsy Love') *Lehar*
A jovial monk am I ('La Poupée') *Audran*
Red Rose ('Monsieur Beaucaire') *Messenger*

DORA VODREY
The Golden Isle ('The Greek Slave') *Jones*
Aready is ever young ('The Arcadians') *Monckton and Talbot*

Where love is waiting ('The Lilac Domino') *Cuvillier*

FRANK EDGE and CECIL COOPER
Two Gendarmes ('Geneviève de Brabant') *Offenbach*

DORA VODREY, FRANK EDGE, and CECIL COOPER
I want to carve your name on every tree ('Lilac Time') *Schubert, arr. Clutsam*

W. T. BONNER (Pianoforte)
Espéglerie ('A Frolic') *Mark Hambourg*
Noël *Gardiner*
Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody *Liszt*

FRANK EDGE
The Rainbow of your Smile ('Castles in the Air') *Percy Wenrich*

Our tale is told ('The Rose of Persia') *Sullivan*

DORA VODREY and CECIL COOPER
Two little Blue Birds ('Sunny') *Kern*

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

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6SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Songs and Stories by Lilian Morgan. Old Favourites

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. ERNEST HOWARD HARRIS reading some of his poems—'Songs of Swansea'

7.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 KC.

3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.30—Organ Recital by Frank Matthew, relayed from the Havelock Picture House, Sunderland. 5.0—French Talk: Mme. Peugniez. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—Station Getet: Melodie Hongroise (Schubert); Chanson Polonoise (Wieniawski). J. Young (Violin); Second Arabesque (Debussy, arr. Mouton); Aubade (Lalo, arr. Langley). 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.0—Mr. Ramsay Guthrie, 'Famous Tynesiders.' 7.15—S.B. from London. 10.30—Dance Music: Percy Bush and his Aeolian Band relayed from the Oxford Galleries. 11.15-12.0—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

3.15—Dance Music from the Locarno Dance Salon. 4.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.0—M. F. Allison, 'Christmas in Rio.' 5.15—Children's Hour. 5.58—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0—The New Savoy Organ. 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.45—Glasgow City Police Military Band, conducted by Mr. J. Matthews: March, 'Castles in Spain' (Ancliffe); Suite, 'The Swan Lake' (Le Lac des Cygnes) (Tchaikovsky). Clydebank Male Voice Choir, conducted by Mr. James D. Fleming: Blue Boppets over the Border (Mauder); Ho ro my nut-brown maiden (arr. Finlay); Hunting Song (Mendelssohn); All thro' the night (arr. Finlay); March of the Men of Harlech (arr. Jackman). Band: Far from the Ball (Loin du Bal) (Gillet); Piccolo Solo, 'The Lark's Festival' (Brewer) (Soloist, Bandsman G. Myatt); Valse Triste (Sibelius). Choir: The Lord is my Shepherd (Schubert); The Miller's Daughter (Robertson); Loch Lomond (arr. Vaughan Williams); Love Song (Brahms); Lock the door, Lauriston (arr. Granville Bantock). Band: Selection, 'The Desert Song' (Romberg). 9.0—S.B. from London. 10.30: Edna Thomas in Negro Spirituals. 10.45-12.0—S.B. from London.

2BE ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

3.30—Dance Music by Al Leslie and his Orchestra, relayed from the New Palais de Danse. 4.0—Song Recital by James Robertson (Tenor): From the land of the sky-blue water (Cadman); A Farewell (Liddle); Lolita (Peccia); Only You (Tirindelli); The Willow (Goring Thomas). 4.15—Station Getet: March, 'Lorraine' (Ganne); Overture, 'Orpheus in the Underworld' (Offenbach); Fantasia, 'Carmen' (Bizet). 4.45—Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte (Berlioz) (Violin, Angus Ross; Pianoforte, Nan Davidson). 5.0—Miss Eayit Newbery, 'A Memorable Night in Japan.' 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.0—S.B. from Edinburgh. 7.25—S.B. from London. 8.45—Song Recital by Anne Ballantine (Contralto). 9.0-12.0—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 506.1 M. 980 KC.

3.30—Station Orchestra: Ballet Suite from Operas (Gluck-Mottl); Ballet Suite (Gréty-Mottl). 4.0—William Magill (Tenor): Caroli (Osman Pérez Freire); Serenade (Schubert); La donna e mobile (Verdi). 4.12—Orchestra: Ballet Suite (Rameau-Mottl). 4.22—Concert Music. Orchestra: Concert Overture, Op. 11 (Grieg); Ballad for String Orchestra (De Greef); Adagio from Fifth Symphony (Mahler); Hungarian Fantasia (Liszt). 5.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.45—British Music. Purcell to Holst. Florence Nixon (Mezzo-Soprano), Harry Dyson (Flute), Weber Fawcett (Oboe), Station Orchestra, Orchestra: Suite of Five Pieces (Purcell, arr. Albert Coates). 7.57—Florence Nixon: An Evening Hymn (Purcell); There's not a swain on the plain (Purcell, arr. Moffat); I attempt from love's sickness to fly and nymphs and shepherds (Purcell). 8.10—Orchestra: Suite from the XII Sonatas for String Orchestra, with Viola Part added by H. Parry (Boyce); Overture, 'The Nubians' (Sterndale Bennett). 8.32—Florence Nixon: Songs by Various Composers: Lovely kind and kindly loving (Holst); After and The Shepherd's Song (Eggar); Five Eyes (Armstrong Gibbs); Orpheus with his Lute (Vaughan Williams); Winter (Halfour Gardiner). 8.44—Harry Dyson, Weber Fawcett, and String Orchestra: Fugal Concerto, Op. 40, No. 2 (Holst). 8.55—Orchestra: Marching Song (Holst). 9.0-12.0—S.B. from London.

PROGRAMMES for WEDNESDAY, December 28

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(301.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and BRUCE FLEGG (Tenor)

12.0 THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND and VARIETY

1.0-2.0 FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA, directed by GEORGES HAROK, from Restaurant Frascati

3.0 BALLAD CONCERT
GLADYS HAYSACK (Soprano)
HARDY WILLIAMSON (Tenor)
MIRIAM ANGLIN (Violoncello)

4.0-5.15 LIGHT CLASSICAL CONCERT
THE DAVENTRY STRING QUARTET
GWEN KNIGHT (Soprano)
HENRY BRONKHURST (Pianoforte)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Frozen Limit. 'The Wandering Iceberg' and other Piano solos played by Maurice Cole. 'The Story of 'Mat-wook of the Icebergs' (W. J. Long). 'The Ice-breaker'—a Ship Dialogue by G. G. Jackson

6.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET

6.20 The Week's Work in the Garden, by the Royal Horticultural Society

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET

7.0 Air Ministry Talk: Major H. HEMMING. 'The Northern Rhodesia Air Survey Expedition'

LAST year Major Hemming gave a talk on air surveying—the interesting process by which aeroplanes can, photographically, map and chart a country that may be almost impenetrable by ordinary means. Air surveying has been successfully used for detecting the mineral deposits in trackless forest country, and now Major Hemming's company has obtained contracts to make new and extensive surveys on the Zambesi River.

(Picture on page 679.)

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS
Played by MAURICE COLE
Characteristic Pieces, Nos. 4, 6, 7.

7.25 Mr. GODFREY ELTON: 'The Victorian Outlook'

THE Victorian Age expired, after all its glories, in a storm of derision and ridicule; but it has come back. Whether we like it or not, we cannot avoid talking about it; the force of its attraction can be clearly seen in the constant argument about it that goes on now. Mr. Godfrey Elton, who will make his contribution to it this evening, is a historian (Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford) who is also an author, his books including 'The Testament of Dominic Burleigh' and 'The Years of Peace.'

7.45 SCHUMANN
A RECITAL OF HIS PIANOFORTE WORKS
Played by
Mrs. NORMAN O'NEILL

Arabesque
The Prophet Bird
Carnival (Op. 9)
Preamble; Pierrot; Harlequin; Noble Valse; Eusebius; Florestan; Coquette; Reply; Butterflies; A.S.C.H.—S.C.H.H. (Dancing letters); Chiarina; Chopin; Estrella; Reconnaissance; Pantaloon and Columbine; German Waltz, Intermezzo—Paganini; Ayowal; Promenade; Pause; March of the David-league against the Philistines

MOST of the pieces are based on four notes the names of which are to be found as letters in Schumann's name, and also in that of a town, Asch, where lived a lady friend of his, Ernestine van Fricken (one of the little pieces is named after her). By making the scene a carnival ball he was able to bring in all sorts of

people, real and imaginary. The latter included two characters whom he had invented in the musical paper he edited—Florestan and Eusebius, who represent two sides of his own character, the lively and the introspective. Chiarina is a pet name for Clara Wieck, whom Schumann later married. The 'Dancing Letters' (usually not played) are three forms of those on which *Carnival* is founded. These are printed in the score as S (=Es—i.e., E Flat), C, H, A; as As (=A Flat), C, H, and as A, S, C, H. The last piece of all is a March in which Schumann typifies himself and his idealistic friends making war on bad, old Philistine traditions in art.



Sir HARRY LAUDER.

whose reappearance at the microphone tonight will be one of the big events of the Christmas Week programmes.

8.15 HARRY LAUDER

WHAT more can be said, at this stage, about Harry Lauder? Since his last appearance before the microphone his fame has increased still more—only last month, for instance, the City of Edinburgh conferred its freedom upon him; but the one thing that he could hardly increase is his appeal to all the humanity in everyone, Scot or Sassenach, high or low. The one hope that all listeners will have tonight is that he will be what he has always been—and he will.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY: 'On Keeping a Diary'

WITH diaries, as with mustard, one always feels that it cannot be what people use that makes the manufacturers' profits; it must be what they waste. Keeping a diary has become a New Year's joke, and for all that most people are concerned, the diary might have nothing but blank pages after about January 12. Mr. Ponsonby, however, will say a good word for the diary habit. He himself, in the intervals of a diplomatic and political career (which led him to the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs in the Labour Government three years ago) has studied English diaries, published anthologies of them, and developed an enthusiasm for them, that he will try to communicate to his listeners tonight.

9.30 Local Announcements (Daventry only)
Shipping Forecast

9.35 A TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAMME

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOHN ANSELL

THE ORCHESTRA
Slavonic March

DURING the war between Turkey and Serbia, in 1876, a great Russian pianist, Nicholas Rubinstein, organized a charity concert for the relief of the wounded, and for the occasion Tchaikovsky, who was enthusiastic for the Slavonic cause, wrote this *Slav March* which, in fact, he sometimes called a 'Russo-Serbian' March.

The opening of the March is very sombre; in fact, it begins 'in the manner of a funeral March.' Later, the Russian National Hymn is heard, and the whole ends brilliantly and joyously.

Tchaikovsky tells in one of his letters how, one day when he was trying to 'lay the foundation for a new Symphony,' he found the germ, not of a Symphony, but of a future Suite. A few days later he had one of his frequent fits of depression, and was asking himself 'Am I played out?' Soon his mood changed, and thereafter the work went well.

When he came to London in 1888 to conduct a Philharmonic Concert, he chose these Variations as one of the Movements to represent his music.

There are twelve delightful Variations on the Air, the last, a brilliant Polonaise, being the longest and most developed.

Theme and Variations from Third Suite

10.2 AKSAROVA (Soprano)

10.12 ORCHESTRA
Nocturne
Little Valse

10.20 AKSAROVA

10.30 ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'The Nutcracker' Ballet

I HAVE discovered a new instrument in Paris,' wrote Tchaikovsky to his publisher when he was writing his *Nutcracker* Ballet—a new instrument, something between a piano and a glockenspiel, with a divinely beautiful tone. I want to introduce this into the Ballet. The instrument is called the "Celesta Mustel."

This instrument is now known simply as the Celesta, and is often to be seen on concert platforms. It looks rather like a harmonium, but it is really a kind of small piano, with little steel bars instead of wires. Its high-pitched tone is very silvery and liquid.

The *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, in which Tchaikovsky introduced the Celesta, makes delightful use of the instrument.

The whole of the Movements are as follows:—
First comes the Overture—remarkable in that no Cellos or Double Basses are used in it.

Then comes a set of six short dances—'Characteristic Dances,' Tchaikovsky calls them, and the title is very apt; they are all vivid, and some are very amusing.

First of all there is a humorously-formal *March*.

Next we hear the *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*—the very essence of grace and daintiness.

The third Dance is a short whirling Russian *Trepak*.

Now we have a languorous, mysterious *Arab Dance*.

After the Arab Dance comes a very vivid suggestion of an odd, whimsical *Chinese Dance*.

The last of these Dances is a pleasant little *Reed-Pipe Dance*.

The Suite ends with a loud piece, the lively *Valse of the Flowers*.

10.45-11.0 A Reading from R. L. Stevenson's *Fables*, by EVAN JOHN

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) DANCE MUSIC; KETTNER'S FIVE, under the direction of GEORGEY GELDER, from Kettner's Restaurant

Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 28)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 CHAMBER MUSIC

From Birmingham

THE HAROLD MILLS PIANOFORTE TRIO:
HAROLD MILLS (Violin), HERBERT STEPHEN
(Violoncello), WALTER RANDALL (Pianoforte)
First Pianoforte Trio *Beethoven*

3.25 ELEANOR TOYE (Mezzo-Soprano)

Liebster Herr Jesu (Dearest Lord Jesus) ... *Bach*
Joy, make my breast your home
Handel, ed. Walker
Oh, sleep (from 'Semele') *Handel*
When the bee sucks *Arne, arr. Hardy*
HAROLD MILLS and WALTER RANDALL
First Violin and Piano Sonata *Grieg*

3.45 ELEANOR TOYE

I Brasil *Delius*
Roving in the Dew (Sussex Folk Song)
arr. Butterworth
Pretty Ring-time *Warlock*
Shepherd's Cradle Song *Somercell*
HAROLD MILLS and WALTER RANDALL
Sonata in G Minor *Purcell, arr. Sir F. Bridge*

4.0 DANCE MUSIC

THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND
and
VARIETY

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S
HOUR (From Birmingham):
Songs by Harold Casey
(Baritone). 'Some Christ-
mas and New Year
Legends,' by T. Davy
Roberts. A Musical
Guessing Competition by
Walter Randall (Piano-
forte)

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREEN-
WICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 LIGHT MUSIC

From Birmingham

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted
by JOSEPH LEWIS
Overture, 'John and Sam' *Ansell*
ROSIE GROVES (Soprano)
The Loreley *Liszt*
Serenade *Gounod*
ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'Verbena de la Paloma' *Breton*

7.20 LUCY VINCENT (Oboe)

First Movement from Concert Piece *Rietz*
Third Romance *Schumann*
Bourrée *German*
ORCHESTRA
'On the Beautiful Blue Danube,' Valse
Johann Strauss

7.35 ROSIE GROVES

Dawn, gentle flower *Sir William*
Sing, maiden, sing *J. Sterndale Bennett*
LUCY VINCENT
Oriental
Chansonette (Little Song) *Hamilton Harty*
A la Campagne (In the Country)

ORCHESTRA

Selection from Suite of Ballet Music, 'Hia-
watha' *Ooleridge-Taylor*

8.0 'THE GRAND CHAM'S DIAMOND'

A Play in One Act by ALLAN MONKHOUSE

Characters:

Mrs. Perkins GRACIE LEIGH
Mr. Perkins MATTHEW BOULTON
Miss Perkins LILLIAN HARRISON
A Man in Black HENRY OSCAR
Albert Watkins PHILIP WADE
*(His portrayal of M. de la
Waller and M. de la
Waller.)*

The three members of the Perkins family lived uneventful lives in a small house in a London suburb. One evening, however, their drab tranquillity was disturbed by something crashing through the window-pane of their sitting-room. Instantaneously they became receivers of stolen property in the shape of 'The Grand Cham's Diamond,' and for a time their small sitting-room was a storm centre.

This happened some time after the evening meal, when Perkins was reading a newspaper, Miss Perkins engaged upon a cross-word puzzle, and Mrs. Perkins darning a sock.

8.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

From Birmingham

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
Conducted by RICHARD WASSSELL
March from Music for 'The Crown of India'
Elgar, arr. Winterbottom
Overture to 'Marinarella' *Fucik*
FREDERIC LAKE (Tenor)
How far is it to Bethlehem? *Rowley*



FROM DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL TODAY.

Frederic Lake (left) sings in the Military Band Concert at 8.30, and Rosie Groves in the Light Music programme at 6.45. Harold Mills (right) is the violinist in the Chamber Music Concert at 3.0.

O leave your sheep *Hazlehurst*
The Holy Child *Easthope Martin*
Legend *Tchaikovsky*

8.55 BAND

Tone Poem, 'Norwegian Carnival'
Svendson, arr. Godfrey
CONSTANCE WENTWORTH (Soprano)
As Joseph was a-walking *Thiman*
The Birds *James*
The Monkey's Carol *Stanford*
BAND
Cornet Solo, 'The Star of Bethlehem' ... *Adams*
Valse, 'Jeunesse Dorée' (Gilded Youth)
Walitteufel

9.30 CONSTANCE WENTWORTH and FREDERIC LAKE

The day is done *Löhr*
A Group of Old English Folk Songs *Traditional*

BAND

Suite, 'Rustic Revels' ... *Fletcher, arr. Godfrey*
Dancing on the Green; At Quality Court; All
the Fun o' the Fair
Scherzo in G *Wassell*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE RIVIERA CLUB DANCE BAND, under the direction of HARRY JOSEPHS, from the Riviera Club

11.0-11.15 KETTNER'S FIVE, under the direction of GEOFFREY GELDER, from Kettner's Restaurant
(Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 678.)



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How fascinating it is to paint shabby furniture an entirely fresh colour, changing it like magic to something new and beautiful. Send a p.c. to-day for the delightful FREE 24 page booklet, 'The Lure of the Paintbrush,' which gives many new and novel ideas on painting with ROBBIALAC, the enamel specially made so that the brushmarks melt away as you paint. Used everywhere on Cycles, Cars and in the home. Write now.

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The "WIRELESS MAGAZINE" dated January, 1928, now on sale, contains dozens of features which will interest you. They include:—

THE "1928 FIVE": A GREAT NEW SET!—What Sir John Reith Really Meant—Capt. Round Talks on Short Waves—All-from-the-Mains: New A.C. System—Screened-grid Short-waver.

Full-size blueprints of sets in this issue at half price.

WIRELESS MAGAZINE

for January. Usual price, 1/-

Now on sale everywhere.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 28)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.45 ON THE WINGS OF SONG
 XII—R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
 and
 JOHN IRELAND
 Singer, HAROLD WILLIAMS (Baritone)
 VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
 Mystical Songs by George Herbert
 (With Pianoforte and Strings Accompaniment)
 JOHN IRELAND
 Sea Fever
 The Soldier
 When Lights go Rolling
 8.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 2.30 A CHILDREN'S CAROL SERVICE
 Relayed from
 THE CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL
 Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' (A. & M. 60)
 Prayers
 Psalm VIII
 The Lesson
 Address by THE DEAN OF BRISTOL
 Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City' (A. & M. 239)
 Carols:
 Christ was born on Christmas Day
 When the Crimson Sun had Set
 Unto us is born a Son
 The Holly and the Ivy
 Christian People, Christmas morn biddeth you
 It came upon the Midnight clear
 Hymn, 'A Hymn of Praise' (A. & M. 341)
 Carol, 'Come Sing with Holy Gladness'
 The Blessing
 3.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.45 DANCE MUSIC
 by
 AUSTIN C. MORETON and his DANCE BAND
 8.15 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35-11.0 POPULAR EXCERPTS FROM OPERA

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE
 Overture to 'Riedzi' Wagner
 MURIEL BRUNSKILL (Contralto) and Orchestra
 Fair Spring is returning (from 'Samson and Delilah') Saint-Saëns
 Habanera (from 'Carmen') Bizet
 THE LYRIAN SINGERS and Orchestra
 Hush in silence (from 'Rigoletto') Verdi
 Soldiers' Chorus (from 'Faust') Gounod
 ORCHESTRA
 Dance of the Bacchantes (from 'Philemon and Baucis') Gounod
 Introduction to Act III of 'Lohengrin' Wagner
 HERBERT HEYNER (Baritone) and Orchestra
 O Star of Eve (from 'Tannhäuser') Wagner
 Toreador's Song (from 'Carmen') Bizet
 THE Third Act of Wagner's Opera is laid in the Valley of the Wartburg, at evening, Wolfram, Tannhäuser's friend, approaches. He loves Elisabeth, but has effaced himself on seeing how greatly she and Tannhäuser love each other. He

has seen her praying by a wayside shrine for the absent knight, whose return from his pilgrimage of penitence is now expected; and after she has gone, Wolfram takes his harp and sings of her to whom he must soon bid farewell, never more to see her.

HERBERT HEYNER, THE LYRIAN SINGERS and Orchestra
 Alfio's Song (from 'Cavalleria Rusticana'—'Rustic Chivalry') Mascagni
 LEONARD BUSFIELD (Violin) and Orchestra
 Meditation ('The Is') Massenet
 MURIEL BRUNSKILL, HERBERT HEYNER, and Orchestra
 Duet, Act II, 'Samson and Delilah' Saint-Saëns
 Ballet Music, 'Samson and Delilah'

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
 3.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre, conducted by STANLEY C. MILLS
 3.45 LILLIAN E. WESTROPE (Recitations)
 Our Sarah's Chap Stone
 Christmas Belis Mayne
 4.0 An Auto-Piano Recital by J. MEADOWS
 4.15 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Continued)
 5.0 Rev. P. E. MANSFIELD: 'By the Waters of Babylon'



The two Rumanians who will conduct the Children's Hour from Manchester today—D'Shoara Sali Löbel (left) and Roma Löbel.

- 5.15 A RUMANIAN CHILDREN'S HOUR
 Organized and delivered by ROMA LÖBEL and D'SHOARA SALI LÖBEL, of Rumania
 Rumanian Folk Songs
 Recitation, 'The Wind,' by R. S. Patterson
 Short Descriptive Talk, 'School Life and Work'
 Recitation, 'The Soldier's Tent,' by Helen Vacaresco
 Rumanian Folk Melodies for the Piano by Be'a Bartok
 'Dances of Rumania'—a Chat by Sali Löbel
 Song 'The Rumanian Mountains' (Löhr)
 Story, 'Grigore Pipes for the Wood Sprites'
 Gipsy Songs
 Recitation, 'The Lute Player's House,' by H. Vacaresco
 'Some Rumanian Games and Customs'—a Chat by Roma Löbel
 Rumanian Folk Melodies for the Violin by Bela Bartok

- 6.0 Gramophone Records
 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin
 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)
 9.35 A WAGNER CONCERT
 THE AUGMENTED STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by T. H. MORRISON
 Prelude to Act I of 'Lohengrin'

LOHENGRIN is a Knight of the Grail who comes to the help of an earthly kingdom, and, more particularly, of a royal maiden, Wagner regarded this legend as symbolical of universal spiritual truths.

The short Prelude to the Opera is intended as a preparation for what follows, suggesting the idea of the Grail.

It opens with sustained ethereal chords in Strings and Flutes. Then the chief motif of the Opera, that of the Grail, is played very softly, at a very high pitch, by Violins. The Prelude is chiefly founded on this Grail motif.

LILLIAN STILES ALLEN (Soprano) and Orchestra
 Elsa's Dream ('Lohengrin')

GOTTFRIED, the young Duke of Brabant, has disappeared. His sister, Elsa, is suspected of being the cause of his death. Elsa, called before her accusers, seems lost in a trance. To the accusations, she answers by telling how she had appealed to heaven for help, and, in a dream, had seen 'a Knight of glorious mien' coming to defend her.

ORCHESTRA

Overture and Venusberg Music from 'Tannhäuser',
 Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine, and The Death March (from 'The Dusk of the Gods')

THE theme of *Tannhäuser* is the conflict between the purely sensual life and a higher, spiritual life. The Overture and Bacchanale epitomize the two contrasting influences in Tannhäuser's soul. First is heard the solemn statement of a Pilgrim's Hymn, and later on, the revels at the Court of Venus are vividly depicted.

IN the last music-drama of *The Ring*, entitled *The Dusk of the Gods*, Siegfried has won his bride, Brünnhilde, and sets out to seek the company of warriors at a castle beside the Rhine. The 'journey' music, played while the curtain is down, pictures for us his joyous leaping stride, and then the broad, strongly-flowing river.

There are few more impressive pages in all Wagner's works than those which later accompany the bearing away of the body of Siegfried, who has been treacherously killed by an enemy.

In this funeral music themes from the earlier part of *The Dusk of the Gods* are recalled, as well as motifs from the other Dramas of *The Ring* cycle. The whole of the great universal tragedy seems to be summed up in this sombre, powerful music.

LILLIAN STILES ALLEN and Orchestra

Closing Scene from 'The Dusk of the Gods'

RUIN has fallen. Siegfried is dead. So is his rival, Gunther. Brünnhilde, daughter of the gods, stands in the centre of the stage absorbed in the contemplation of the body of Siegfried. She orders that mighty logs be piled upon the Rhine's banks and that her horse be brought—Grane, the Valkyrie steed upon which she has been wont to carry to Valhalla the bodies of heroes killed in battle.

The pyre is raised; women decorate it with coverings and flowers. Brünnhilde declaims Siegfried's virtues, and deplors his spurning of her, into which he had been betrayed by the guile of his enemies. She sings of the eternal purpose she sees beneath these dark events. She draws from Siegfried's finger the Ring, made from the Rhine Gold, which has brought upon them all the curse. She puts it upon her own finger, and turns to the pyre upon which Siegfried's body now lies. She takes a torch from one of the men-at-arms and casts it upon the pile, which flares up. Then she mounts her steed, and, with the cry, 'Siegfried, Siegfried, Brünnhilde greets thee in bliss,' leaps into the fire.

The flames burst forth, the onlookers shrink back in terror. The hall is alight. All is destroyed. The Rhine overflows. The Rhine-maidens appear in the waves. They regain the Ring. The Rhine sinks back into its bed. In the glowing sky is seen Valhalla, the abode of the gods—also in flames. The gods themselves perish, and the curtain falls.

10.45-11.0 EDNA THOMAS

The Lady from Louisiana
 In Negro Spirituals and Creole Negro Songs

Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 28)

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 EDNA EMERSON (Contralto)
Go, from my window, go
(Old English) arr. Arthur Somervell
Gathering Daffodils
The Bells of Christmas Martin Shaw
Wait D'Hardelet
- 6.10 ANEURIN BODYCOMBE (Tenor)
Star of Bethlehem Adams
There's a land Alliteen
- 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 282.1 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,190 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Milly tells of her Christmas
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M. 1,010 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM 75.2 M. 1,090 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Nativity Play by Esme Fulton, relayed from St. Mary's Senior School, Kettering
- 6.10 ADA RICHARDSON (Piano-forte)
- 6.20 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Dance Music by the Station Orchestra
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,100 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Two Stories—'What's in a Name?' (Hugh Chesterman), from 'The Magic Doorway,' and 'The Mystery of Threeways Hall' (W. Bourne Cook). Songs by Leonard Roberts. 'Liebestraum' (Liszt), played by Hilda Francis
- 6.0 Musical Interlude
- 6.20 Horticultural Bulletin
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Avuncular Musician (Violin): Hungarian Dances (Brahms, arr. Kreisler), Sources de Budapest (Reiding), Sorenade Espagnole (Chaminade, arr. Kreisler).
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 4.0 AN AFTERNOON CONCERT
BARBARA SAMUEL (Contralto)
E. A. PALMER (Clarinet)
THE STATION TRIO: T. D. JONES (Pianoforte), MORGAN LLOYD (Violin), GWILYM THOMAS ('Cello)
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Music by the Station Trio. 'Aladdin': A Pantomime
- 6.0 For West Wales Girl Guides
- 6.10 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)
- 9.35-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 KC.

- 12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.15:—Music from Fenwick's Terrace Tea Rooms. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—Station Octet: Overture, 'Alphonso and Estrella' (Schubert); Nocturne in B Flat (Chopin-Dimes); Andante and Minuet from D Major Symphony (Mozart). 6.20:—Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Tilda's New Hat. A Play in One Act by George Paston. 8.15-11.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

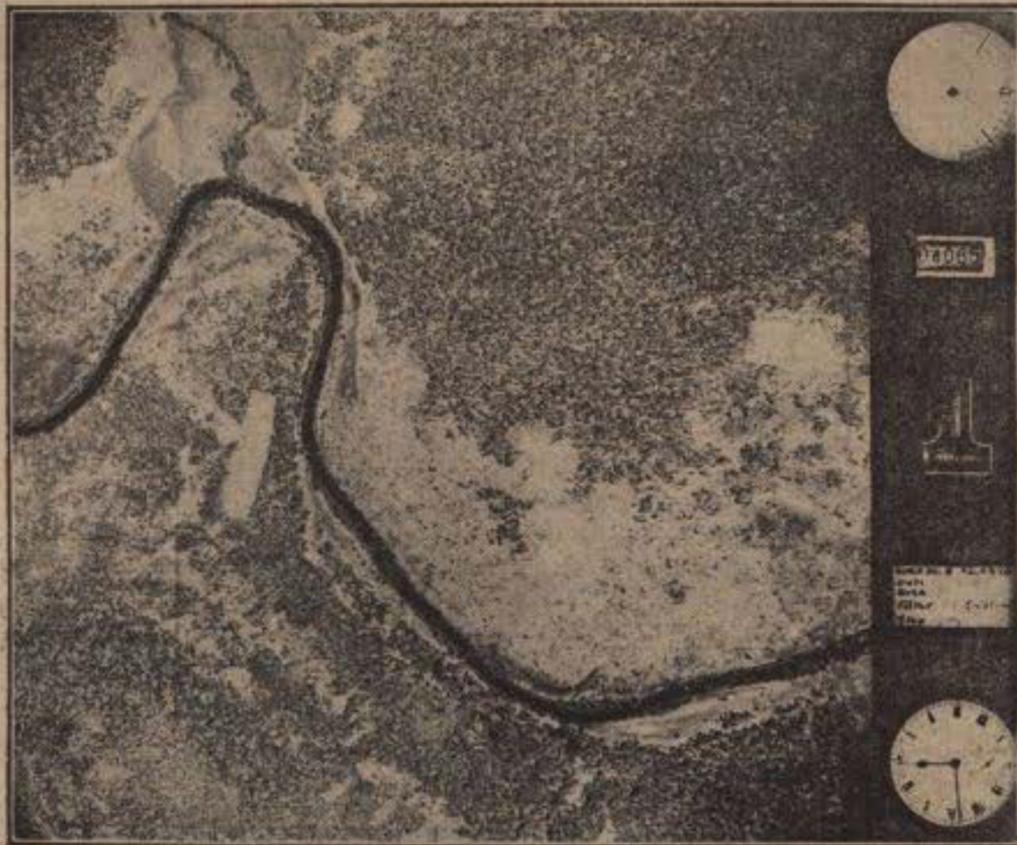
- 12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 2.15-3.0:—Speech by Colonel John Buchan at the Annual Conference of the Educational Institute of Scotland, relayed from the Town Hall, Ayr. 3.0:—Dance Music from the Locarno Dance Salon. 4.0:—Wireless Quintet: Miniature Suite (Carse), Mary Ferrier (Soprano); When Laura Smiles (Bosseter); By thy banks, gentle Stour (Boyer); Rose softly blooming (Spohr); Quintet: Suite, 'As You Like It' (Quilter); Chelsea Chimes (Bosy); Mary Ferrier; Shepherd, thy demeanour vary (Brown); The sweet little girl that I love (Hook); A Pastoral (Carey); Quintet: Suite, 'English Folk Songs' (Williams). 5.0:—Edna Lewis Porter. 'The Uncle Remus Stories.' 5.15:—Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.20:—Mr. Dudley V. Howells: 'Horticulture.' 6.30:—S.B. from London. 6.45:—Juvenile Organization Bulletin. 7.0:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Ella Gardner (Soprano) and John M. Melvor (Flute). Mad Scene (Lucia di Lammermoor) (Donizetti). John A. Melvor: Allegro de Concert (Terschak). Ella Gardner: Spring is at the door (Quilter); Sing, sing, Blackbird (M. Phillips); John A. Melvor: Wood Lull (Cair); Scherzo (Joachim Andersen). Ella Gardner and John Melvor: By the Waters of Minnetonka (Lorraine); Echo Song (Bishop). 8.15:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—Station Orchestra. Suite No. 1: 'The Gordian Knot Untied' (Purcell, edited Holst). Olivia Hilder (Soprano); Dorothy Treseder (Spinnet); O Mistress Mine (Traditional) (Accompaniment by Wm. Byrd); Where the Bee sucks' (P. Humfrey); O Willo, Willo, Willo (Melody from a MS. in the British Museum); It was a lover and his lass (Morley); Dorothy Treseder; Alman (Anon); Sillenger's Round (Byrd); Tower Hill, Pawle's Wharfe and A Toy (Giles Farnaby); Station Orchestra—Suite No. 2: 'The Gordian Knot Untied' (Purcell, edited Holst). Olivia Hilder and Dorothy Treseder; Faire, Sweet, Cruel (Thomas Ford); What thing is Love? (John Bartlet); So sweet is she (words by Ben Jonson); Cruel Song (Wm. Byrd); Whither runneth my sweetheart? (John Bartlet); Dorothy Treseder; What you will (Benjamin Cossyn); Duetto, Almame, A Toy, and A Maske (Orlando Gibbons); Pavane, Dr. Boile's Grece, and The King's Hunting Jigg (John Bull). Station Orchestra. Suite from King Arthur (Purcell). 10.45-11.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

- 12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Music. 2.15:—S.B. from Glasgow. 3.0:—Dance Music by Al Leslie and his Orchestra, from the New Palais de Danse. 4.0:—Station Octet: March, 'Flag of Victory' (Van Blon); Overture, 'Jolly Robbers' (Suppe); Searf Dance (Chaminade). 4.20:—Margaret Henderson (Mezzo-Soprano); Hungry for the Sea (arr. McLeod); The Crane's Ciel (arr. Kennedy-Fraser); Go from my window, go (arr. Somervell). 4.30:—Octet: Selection. 'Katie the Dancer' (Gilbert); Waltz, 'Chantilly' (Waltheofel). 4.45:—Margaret Henderson; Might I linger a-noon thee (Rosa); It was a dream (Cowen). 4.55:—Octet: Serenade from 'Les Millions d'Arlequin' (Dritzo); Four Spanish Pictures (Luzatti). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.20:—Mr. George E. Greenhow: 'Horticulture.' 6.30:—S.B. from London. 6.50:—Juvenile Organizations Bulletin. 7.0-11.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 308.1 M. 960 KC.

- 12.0-1.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30:—Hogmanay Preparations, Station Orchestra. Concert Overture, 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood' (H. MacCann); Highland Suite (Macpherson); 'Highland Ballad' for Viola and Orchestra (Mackenzie), (Soloist, Ernest A. A. Stoneley.) Three Dances from 'The Little Minister' (Mackenzie). 4.20:—Adelaide Beattie (Soprano); Down Vauxhall Way (H. Oliver); Bredon Hill (G. Butterworth); The Fuchsia Tree (Quilter); The Wild Rose (Schubert). 4.32:—Orchestra; Overture, 'Mirella' (Gounod). 4.40:—Maurice McDonough; Trombone Solo, 'Lend me your aid' (Gounod). 4.48:—Orchestra: Symphonie Fragments, 'Romeo and Juliet' (Gounod). 5.0:—A Sketch of Colonel Martin, M.D., called by King George IV. 'Humanity Dick,' by P. M. Crofts-Mollan. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—Organ Recital by Fitzroy Page, from the Classic Cinema. 6.20:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—A Legendary Programme. The Station Players and The Station Orchestra. 9.58:—'The Death of Cuchulainn'; A Tragedy of the Gael. Specially written for broadcasting by H. Richard Hayward. 10.25:—Orchestra. 10.30-11.0:—Dance Music, Leon Whiting and his Miami Band, relayed from the Plaza.



MAPPING THE FOREST FROM THE AIR.

This evening (London, 7.0), Major Hemming will talk about the process of air-surveying. This is a typical photograph taken by one of the aeroplanes that are now surveying in Northern Rhodesia. It shows the Kafue River seen from 1,000 feet; the white oblong patch on the left is an emergency landing-ground. On the right are the data that are automatically photographed on each picture.

PROGRAMMES for THURSDAY, December 29

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and DOROTHY PHILLIPS (Soprano)

12.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and DOROTHY GEORGE (Contralto)

1.0 The Week's Concert of New Gramophone Records

1.45-2.30 THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET TO LITTLE LONDONERS

And Distribution of Hampers to Crippled Children

Relayed from the Guildhall

Triumphal entry of civic procession—Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, accompanied by 28 Metropolitan Mayors

Music by the CITY OF LONDON POLICE BAND

Short speech of welcome by Colonel LAWSON (On behalf of the Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper Fund)

Short reply by Lord Mayor, Sir CHARLES BATHO Entertainment for the Children

3.0 EVENSONG

Relayed from WESTMINSTER ABBEY

3.45 Lady HOSIE: 'Yun Yun and Nieh Nieh welcome the New Year'

NEW YEAR customs vary, of course, all over the globe. This afternoon Lady Hosie, who, through her father, Professor Soothill, and her husband, has had a long experience of Chinese life, will describe how the Chinese welcome in the New Year; and those who heard her last talk will be glad to know that the characters whom they first met then—Yun Yun and Nieh Nieh—are to occur again today.

4.0 FRED KITCHEN'S ORCHESTRA, from the ASTORIA CINEMA

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Songs by Frederick Chester. 'Eggs'—a whimsical story told by Tony Galloway. 'Zoo Resolutions'—a Zoo Talk by Leslie G. Mainland

6.0 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin

6.15 Market Prices for Farmers

6.20 Light Music

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 Light Music

7.0 Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON: 'New Novels'

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS Played by MAURICE COLE Three Studies

7.25 Mr. FRANCIS HACKETT: 'Why the English are Misunderstood Abroad'

THE 'travelling Englishman' is still a byword on the Continent, and the average view of the English character held by foreigners would—if they were ever impolite enough to express it—considerably astonish many of us. Mr. Francis Hackett, who will discuss this strange but persistent state of affairs, will be remembered by many listeners for the extremely vivid character-sketch of Mussolini that he broadcast last year. As an Irish writer and journalist who has lived in America and travelled extensively in Europe, he is particularly well qualified to give the Englishman an impartial statement as to what is thought of him abroad.



Miss ADRIENNE BRUNE sings the part of Jenny Diver in the broadcast *Polly* from London tonight.

7.45 'POLLY'

A Broadcast Version of the Opera by Mr. GAY Being a Sequel to 'The Beggar's Opera,' freely adapted by CLIFFORD BAX

Music Arranged and Composed by FREDERICK AUSTIN

THE WIRELESS CHORUS and THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

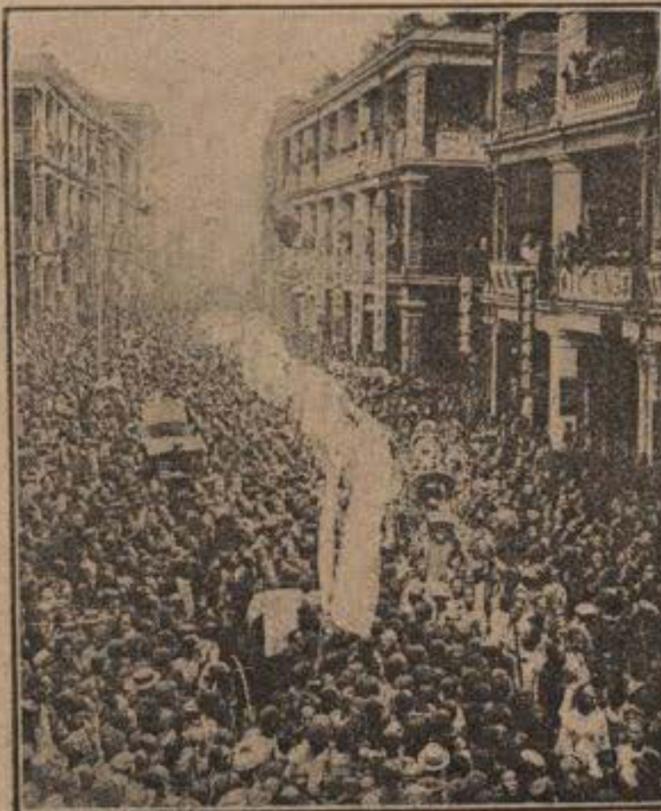
Characters in order of speaking:

Mrs. Trapes ELISIE FRENCH
Ducat (a wealthy Coffee-planter) DENIS O'NEIL
Polly MAVIS BENNETT
Mrs. Ducat GLADYS PALMER
Vanderbluff JOHN VAN ZYL
Laguette MURRI MONCRIEFF
Morano (Macheath in disguise)

Jenny Diver ADRIENNE BRUNE
Slaves, Indians, Pirates, Women of the Town

Scene: An Island in the West Indies

The Opera produced by STEPHEN THOMAS



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA

This crowded scene, as the New Year Festival procession passes through the streets of Hong Kong, with waving banners and grinning masks, will particularly interest listeners to Lady Hosie's talk this afternoon.

THE popularity of *The Beggar's Opera* induced Gay, the enterprising author, to make, in 1728,

a sequel to it, which he called *Polly*.

This, for some unexplained reason, was at first suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain. Probably politics had a good deal to do with this, Walpole not relishing the idea of a renewal of the satire of *The Beggar's Opera*. However, this banning only made publicity for the new work, of which ten thousand copies were actually sold in one year, making a small fortune for its author. The Opera was first acted only in 1777.

It has much the same bountiful measure of songs as had its forerunner—seventy-one in the original edition. Its plot, laid in the West Indies, is full of heroics—fights of pirates and Indians, and the usual love story, bringing in our old friend the highwayman Macheath, of Gay's earlier Opera, under the name of Morano.

Polly Peachum has sailed for the Indies to follow her husband, Macheath, who has been transported to an island there as a slave. She finds, on arriving, that he has run away from his master's plantation and turned pirate, and she is told that he has married a transported slave.

Word comes that the pirates are coming. Mr. Ducat, the wealthy planter, is an officer, and to him comes a soldier from a camp of Indians (who are in alliance with the islanders) begging him to fight. Ducat agrees.

The scene changes to the pirates' camp. 'Morano' takes leave of his new wife, Jenny, and prepares to do battle, but he has hopes of frightening Ducat, who is a coward, and by craft overcoming the Indians.

Polly, who has escaped from Ducat's house, is led in, disguised as a man. She is believed to be a spy. Macheath does not recognize her.

Morano plots to have his Jenny carried off, for he wants to be rid of her. He hears that *Polly* is on the island, and says that if she be brought to him, he 'will restore her to Macheath.'

The armies join battle, and the Indians rout the pirates, *Polly* being slightly wounded. In the end, after some small operative complications, Jenny pairs off with one of the pirates, and *Polly* is restored to Macheath.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF: 'Christmas Presents'

It may seem, at first sight, rather late to talk about Christmas presents four days after Christmas. But a little reflection will convince anyone that the real problem consists not in buying them and giving them to other people, but in disposing of them after other people have given them to one's self. Mr. Woodruff, who will suggest a few variations on the old device of giving them away again for the New Year, is an ex-President of the Union at Oxford, and the author of 'Plato's American Republic.'

9.30 Local Announcements. (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND, conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
TOPLESS GREEN (Baritone)

BAND
Overture to 'Marco Spada' Auber

9.46 TOPLESS GREEN
The Two Grenadiers Schumann
The Erl King Schubert

9.54 BAND
Symphonic Poem, 'The Preludes' Liszt

10.10 TOPLESS GREEN
A Bedouin Love Song Pinesuti
Blow, blow, thou winter wind Sergeant

10.18 BAND
Woodland Sketches MacDowell
To a Wild Rose; Will o' the Wisp; At an old Trysting Place; From an Indian Lodge; To a Water Lily; Uncle Remus

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and THE SAVOY HAVANA BAND, from the Savoy Hotel

Thursday's Programmes cont'd (December 29)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 A SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (50 Performers). Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

*Relayed from the WINTER GARDENS, Bournemouth

Overture to 'Tannhäuser' Wagner

Two Pieces:

On Hearing the First Cuckoo of Spring } *Delius*
Summer Night on the River }

Second Violin Concerto in G Haydn

(1) Fairly quick; (2) Slow; (3) Quick
(Soloist, EDA KERSEY)

Pathetic Symphony Tchaikovsky

(1) Slow, leading to Quick, with other changes of speed; (2) Quick and graceful (five-in-a-bar); (3) Very quick and lively; (4) Slow and sad, leading to rather slow

4.30 AN AFTERNOON CONCERT

From Birmingham

Relayed from Lozells Picture House

ORCHESTRA, conducted by PAUL RIMMER

Tone Picture, 'By the Blue Hawaiian Waters' *Ketelbey*

DOROTHY SHOWELL (Soprano)

Blackbird's Song Scott

Down in the Forest Landon-Ronald

FRANK NEWMAN (Organ):

Overture to 'Athaliah' Mendelssohn

Entr'acte, 'Canzonetta' D'Ambrosio

Selection from 'Dorothy' Cellier

DOROTHY SHOWELL

The Tryst Sibelius

ORCHESTRA

La Ballerina (The Ballet Dancer) Bantock

Fantasia, 'Precious Gems' Lindemann

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham):

'Whose dat callin'?'—A Plantation Scene by John Overton, with incidental songs by St. Augustine's Male Voice Quartet

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 DANCE MUSIC

THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by SIDNEY FIRMAN

8.0 VARIETY

From Birmingham

HARLEY and BARKER (Entertainers with a Piano)

MARIO DE PIETRO (and his Banjo)

HERBERT ALDRIDGE (Recitals)

FRANK DUDLEY (Light Songs)

GWEN LEWIS (Entertainer)

PAUL RAFFMAN and his DANCE BAND

9.0 VICTORIAN SONGS

LOUISE TRENTON

JOSEPH FARRINGTON

9.30 PARODIES

In Poetry and Prose

Read by

TREVOR CLARKE

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 BALLADS AND A PLAY

From Birmingham

HERBERT THORPE (Tenor) and HARRY BRINDLE (Bass)

Flow gently, Deva John Parry

HERBERT THORPE

At Dawning Cadman

Drink to me only Carr, Quilter

The Kerry Dance Molloy

10.30 'THE LOST SILK HAT'

A Play by LORD DUNSANY

Produced by STUART VINDEN

The Caller WILLIAM HUGHES

The Labourer WORTLEY ALLEN

The Clerk JOHN MOSS

The Poet STUART VINDEN

The Policeman JOHN MOSS

The Caller stands on the doorstep of a building in a fashionable London street. He is faultlessly dressed, but without a hat. At first he shows despair, then a new thought engrosses him. Enters the Labourer.

11.0-11.15 HARRY BRINDLE

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls *Moore*

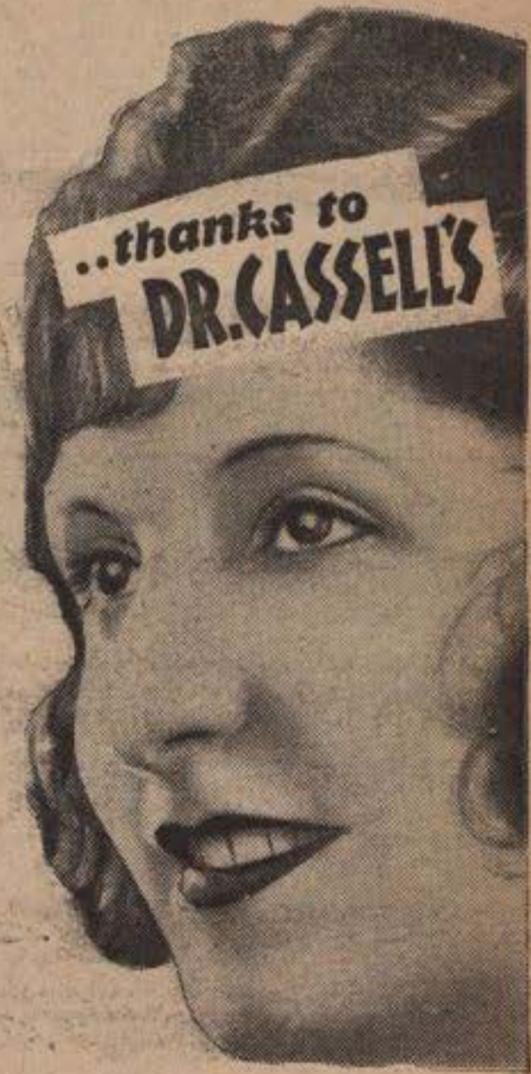
The Village Blacksmith Weiss

Tavern Song Fisher

HERBERT THORPE and HARRY BRINDLE

Watchman, what of the night? Sargeant

(Thursday's Programmes continued on page 683.)



"I am my old self again"

Miss Annie Curtis, 21, Emily St., Ardwick, Manchester, writes:—"Some time ago I had a severe attack of neuritis and rheumatism, and tried all sorts of things that people recommended to me, but of no use. I could not sleep for pain, nor even do any kind of work. I endured it so long I thought I should go mad. I worked about bent double, but thanks to your tablets I soon began to improve, and now, thank goodness, I am my old self again."

Relief without reaction

DR. CASSELL'S are compounded to enrich the blood and nourish the nerves at the same time. They make you well to stay well. They give you the kind of health which brightens the eyes and colours the cheeks. And this wonderful relief is all the more comforting when you know that there is no fear of reaction. Thousands have found this new health. Start a course of Dr. CASSELL'S to-day.

DR. Cassell's Tablets

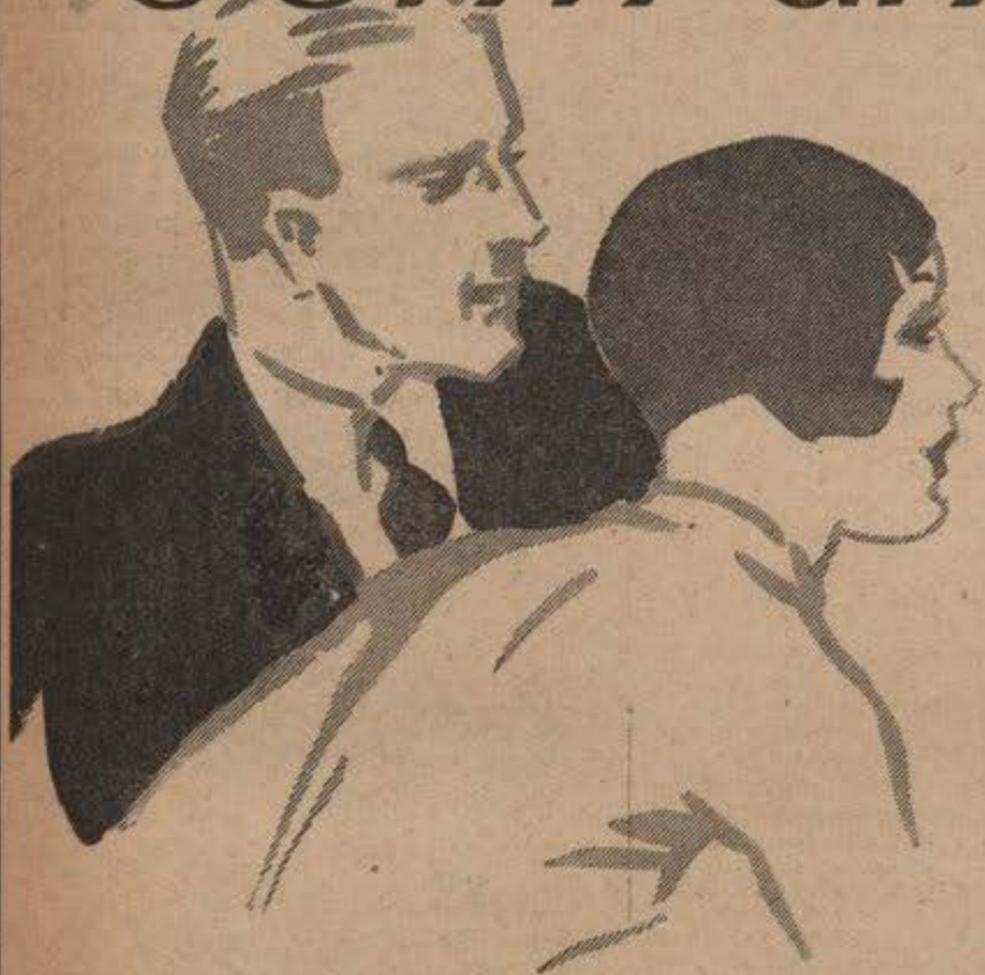
1/3 and 3/- per box
Sole Producers: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.



FAREWELL TO POLLY AND HER MACHEATH!

The last scene of Gay's *Polly*, showing Polly Peachum reunited to Morano-Macheath, as it was done in Mr. Playfair's production at the Kingsway Theatre in 1922. A performance of *Polly* is being broadcast from London tonight, while 5GB listeners heard it on Tuesday evening.

John and Joan



"John—I am glad we got our Met-Vick 5 before Xmas, I've never heard anything so lovely, have you?"

"No, I'm sure I haven't and then it's so wonderfully selective, no batteries to let you down, always at full strength, and so cheap to operate."

"Yes that's a tremendous advantage, but I do wish it didn't keep you up quite so late John, because although I'm awfully sleepy I like to hear about all the Foreign Stations you get, and—"

But Joan's "ands" must come to an end and she and John must say good-bye, hoping they have contributed to your amusement and profit.

They have certainly been successful in introducing Met-Vick Sets, Met-Vick Valves, and Met-Vick Eliminators, into a great many hundred homes, which means that these little people have done something for the Purchaser, the Dealer, and the Manufacturer just as was expected.

The price of the Met-Vick 5 Mains operated Set, complete with A.C. Valves and Eliminators and two sets of coils is only £48., but send for Brochure 7117/9 which will give you full particulars.



MET-VICK

VALVES · COMPONENTS · & SETS

★ METRO-VICK SUPPLIES LTD., 155 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2. ★

Thursday's Programmes continued (December 29)

(Continued from page 681.)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

- 1.45-2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 A REVIVAL OF 'WHITE WINGS—SOME CHANNEL YESTERDAYS'

A Programme of Sea Pictures Specially painted and arranged for broadcasting by C. FOX-SMITH

The whole programme as broadcast from Bournemouth Station on May 11, 1927

PART I. WOODEN WALLS

Episode I. The Building of the Ship
The Scene is the Ship Yard at Buckler's Hard, near Southampton, in 1781.

Episode II. A Dog Watch Diversion
The Scene is on board the Sixty-four *Agamemnon*, about 1790.

Episode III. A Great Day in Portsmouth History
A Street in Old Portsmouth, 1805.

PART II. IN THE DAYS OF SAIL

Outward Bound
The fore-castle of a sailing ship lying in Southampton Harbour, 1875.

PART III. COASTWISE

The *Aladin*—An incident of the smuggling days
The Scene is the parlour of the 'World's End,' near Lymington, in the year 1820.

During the Programme—
'C. F. S.' will read some of her own verses, including the Christmas poem 'Bill's Christmases'

and DALE SMITH (Baritone) will sing:

Sea Voices (Words by C. Fox-Smith) (from the Suite 'The Way of a Ship'), *Easthope Martin*
A Sea Burthen (Words by C. Fox-Smith) *Easthope Martin*

The Rambling Sailor
I'm bound away Bound to Amsterdam
Poor old Renben Ranzo
Blow, boys, blow

Admiral Benbow } (from 'Songs of Britain')
Portsmouth } *arr. Kilson and M. Shaw*

Britons, strike home
Drink little England dry... } (from 'English Folk Songs')

The Punch Ladle } *arr. Barrett*
Incidental Music by the STATION OCTET

11.0-12.0 S.B. from London

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Sinbad the Sailor.' A Pantomime by C. H. Brewer, The Station Orchestra
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 CHRISTMAS COMEDY

THE STATION TRIO: FRANK THOMAS (Violin), RONALD HARDING (Violoncello), HUBERT PENNELL (Pianoforte)

Scherzo *Schubert*

9.40 'THAT FELLOW JARVIS'

A Comedy in One Act by WINIFRED CARTER
Performed by the STATION RADIO PLAYERS
Mr. Carleigh MURRAY CARRINGTON
Molly PEGGY HOOD
Teddy RAYMOND GLENDENNING

Scene: A dining-room. Time: Christmas Eve.

TRIO
Bal Masqué (Masked Ball) *Fletcher*
WILLIAM BINDING (Blind Vocalist and Entertainer) in Song and Story

10.7 'THE FATAL MISTAKE'

By WILLIAM DONALDSON SMITH
Performed by THE STATION RADIO PLAYERS

Characters:
James Anderson, the owner of the House MURRAY CARRINGTON
Mrs. Anderson, his wife MARY MACDONALD TAYLOR
Reginald Denton } the Suspects { IVOR MADDOX
John Webster } TOM JONES

James Anderson is roused from sleep by his wife, who has heard sounds. 'Wake up,' she cries. 'There are burglars downstairs.' Mr. Anderson, armed with a pistol, goes downstairs, turns on the light of the dining-room and covers two men who are apparently fighting together. Each man in turn declares that the other man is the burglar and that he came on the scene to aid the household. There is no proof. Mr. Anderson decides to detain both until the police come, but this takes time, as the village is two miles away. Finally, Mrs. Anderson hits upon a plan.

Scene: A Country House, two miles from the nearest village.

Time: Midnight.
TRIO
All on a Christmas Morning *Aners*
Savoy Christmas Medley *Somers*

10.35-12.0 S.B. from London

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
- 4.30 Music by the STATION QUARTET
- 5.0 Mr. HENRY VITOFSKI: 'Commonsense and Art'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Request Song by Harry Hopewell. The Story will be read by Robert Roberts
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 RUSSIAN MUSIC AND SONGS

MARIA MAROVA (Soprano)
EILEEN ANDJELKOVITCH (Solo Violin)
GREGORI TCHERNIAK (Balalaika)

EILEEN ANDJELKOVITCH
Melody *Tchaikovsky*
Gopak *Moussorgsky, arr. Carse*

MARIA MAROVA
Russian Folk Songs
GREGORI TCHERNIAK

Moon Shadows
Inspiration Waltz } *Tcherniak*
Dance of the Witches }

EILEEN ANDJELKOVITCH
Hindoo Song... *Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. Kreisler*
Characteristic Dance *Rebikoff, arr. Carse*

MARIA MAROVA
Russian Folk Songs
GREGORI TCHERNIAK

Waltz, 'Days gone by' *arr. Tcherniak*
Love Secrets } *Tcherniak*
Minuet }

10.30-12.0 S.B. from London

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

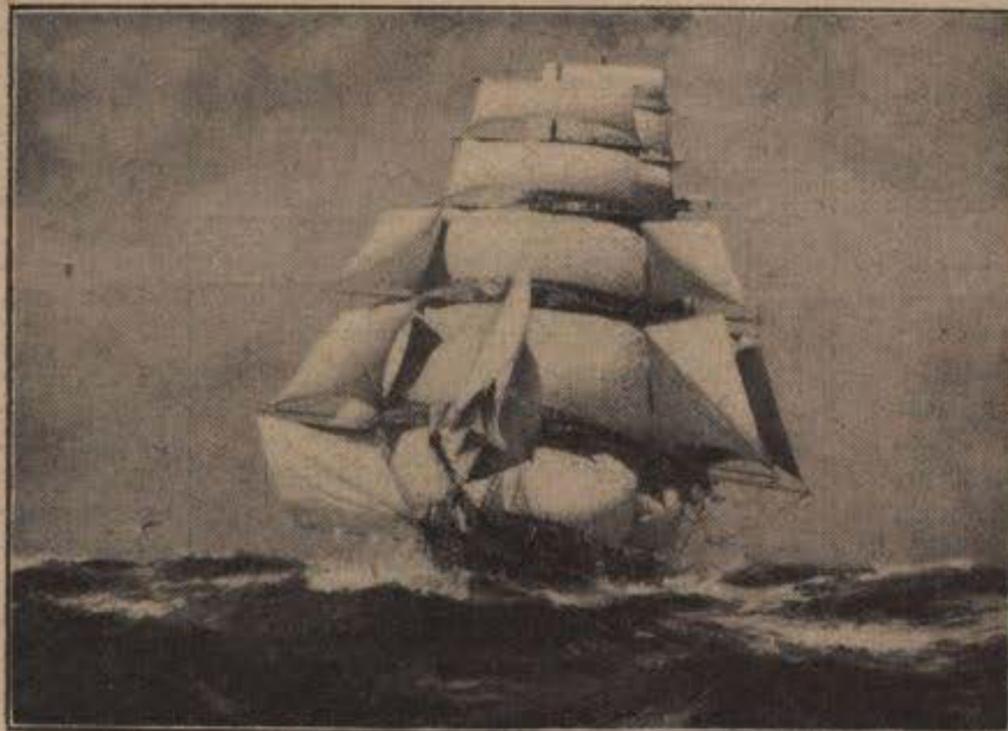
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 252.1 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,190 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 6.45 For Scouts: 'A New Year's Talk' by the Rev. P. C. A. CARNROY, Vicar of St. Wilfrid's, Leeds
- 7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M. 1,010 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 4.0 GLADYS LEATHWOOD (Soprano)
- 4.15 THE STATION PIANOFORTE QUARTET
- 5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry



WHITE WINGS IN FULL FLIGHT.

Tonight at 9.35 Bournemouth Station will give a repeat performance of the 'White Wings' programme that was broadcast last May. This picture (reproduced from Mr. J. Spurling's painting of the ship *Lightning*, by courtesy of the Blue Peter Publishing Co., Ltd., owners of the copyright) gives a vivid impression of the vanished glories of sail.

Thursday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 29)

(Liverpool Programme continued from page 683.)

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 **A POPULAR CONCERT**
Relayed from Wallasey Town Hall
MARGARET BALFOUR (Contralto)
WILLIAM PRIMROSE (Violin)
MABEL CONSTANDUROS (Humorous Sketches)
RONALD GOURLEY (Entertainer)
THE STATION ORCHESTRA, directed by FREDERICK BROWN
Introductory Remarks by the MAYOR OF WALLASEY (Alderman Dr. J. McMILLAN, J.P.)
ORCHESTRA
Overture to 'The Marriage of Figaro' Mozart
WILLIAM PRIMROSE, and Orchestra
Slow Movement and Finale from Violin Concerto Mendelssohn
RONALD GOURLEY and a Piano
MARGARET BALFOUR, with Orchestra
Ombra mai fu (Shade ever dear) Handel
Where corals lie Elgar
MABEL CONSTANDUROS
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
ORCHESTRA
Picturesque Scenes Massenet
March; Angelus; Ballet Air; Gipsy Festival

- 9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS; Local Announcements
- 9.20 **POPULAR CONCERT**
(Continued)
ORCHESTRA
Prelude to 'Carmen' Bizet
WILLIAM PRIMROSE
Slavonic Dance, in G Minor *Devalik*, arr. Kreisler
Liebesleid (Love's Sorrow) Kreisler
RONALD GOURLEY
MARGARET BALFOUR
Here in the quiet hills Carne
Husheeh Needham
MABEL CONSTANDUROS
An Incident in the Life of the Buggins Family
ORCHESTRA
Concert Waltz in A Glazounov
March, 'Pomp and Circumstance,' No. 1. Elgar

10.30-12.0 S.B. from London

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.0 NORAH HEMSLEY (Soprano)
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Old Favourites in Prose, Verse, and Song
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 **VARIETY**

- THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'La Poupée de Nuremberg' ('The Doll of Nuremberg') Adam
THE THREE IRRESPONSIBLES
What do I care what somebody said? Campbell Connelly
C'est Vous (It's You) Silver and Richman
Red Lips Coslow
I'm turning my troubles David
South Wind Skinner
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'A Day in Naples' Byng
THREE IRRESPONSIBLES
Birth of the Blues Henderson
Positively, Absolutely Coslow and Herbert
In Sweet September David
Possibly Campbell Connelly
Where, oh! where do I live? Campbell Connelly
ORCHESTRA
Graceful Dance, 'Old Drury' Burns

10.30-12.0 S.B. from London

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,100 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A 'Something-to-Make' Competition. 'The Advanced Dragon' (Reginald Callender), 'Scottish Students' Songs—'Funiculi Funicula,' 'Clementine,' 'Polly-wolly-doodle,' 'Little Brown Jug,' by Win Anson and Leonard Roberts, 'Wedding Day' (Grieg), played by Hilda Francis

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 **AN EASTERN NIGHT**

- THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Egyptian Ballet Luigini
Selection from 'The Garden of Allah' Landon Ronald

8.6 **'THE SEVENTH HEAVEN'**

- A Chinese Fantasy, with Music by FRANK COCHRANE and DION TITHERADGE
Music by ARTHUR WOOD
Characters (in order of speaking):
Mee-Woo (a young Chinese Fisherman) EDWIN LEWIS
Li-Lo (Chinese servant to Wun-Tu) ERIC BARBER
Lilli Ming (wife of Mee-Woo) MARY DALY
Wun-Tu (a Chinese letter-writer) ERIC BARBER
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Scene: Outside the house of Wun-Tu, the letter-writer

- 8.40 ORCHESTRA
Oriental Cui
Oriental Suite Popy
Rose of Araby Merlin Morgan

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Songs by Archie Simpson

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Programmes for Thursday.

(Continued from page 684.)

- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.30 S.B. from London
 7.45 **STUDIO RECITALS**
 DAVID FRANÇON THOMAS (Violoncello)
 Slow Movement from Little Concerto... *Klengel*
 Pavane... *Brisson*
 Dafydd y Garreg Wen... *Welsh Air, arr. Sharpe*
 Sarabande... *Bach*
 EDGAR JONES (Pianoforte)
 Nocturne in C Sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 1
 Mazurka in B Flat Minor, Op. 24, No. 4
 Impromptu in F Sharp, Op. 36... } *Chopin*
 8.20 **VARIETY**
 IVAN FIRTH and PHYLLIS SCOTT in Old-Time Memories
 JACK EDWARDS (Banjo, Guitar, and Ukulele)
 SEYMOUR COLLINS (Entertainer)
 9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Northern Programmes.

- 5NO **NEWCASTLE.** 512.5 M. 960 KC.
 3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0—Station Octet. 4.15—Constance Hay (Contralto). 4.30—Octet. 4.45—Constance Hay. 5.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—Children's Hour. 5.0—For Farmers: Mr. H. C. Pawson, 'Feeding of Farm Livestock'—II. 6.15—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30—S.B. from London. 9.35—The Felling Male Voice Choir: O, who will worship the Great God Pan? (Coleridge-Taylor); Matin Song (Edgar Balston); Linden Lea (Vaughan Williams); The Farmer's Boy (arr. Vaughan Williams); Thro' the Glen (Markham Lee). 9.50—Angel Blanco (Violin); Romance (Svendsen); Souvenir (Drda). 10.3—Choir: The Herald (Elgar); All thro' the night (arr. Kenneth Finlay); Ho, who comes there? (Morley); Lo, Country Sports (Weekes); A Red, Red Rose (Waters); Dance of the Gnomes (MacDowell); Passing By (E. Parcell). 10.18—Angel Blanco: Zigeunerweisen (Sarasate); Imagination (Zacharewitsch). 10.30-12.0—S.B. from London.
 5SC **GLASGOW.** 455.4 M. 740 KC.
 3.0—Mid-Week Service, conducted by the Rev. J. T. Stark, of Victoria Place Baptist Church, Paisley. 3.15—Dance Music from the Locarno Dance Salon. 4.0—Concert. Wireless Quintet. John Mackie (Tenor). 5.0—Peter Malcolm: 'The Beginnings of Hogmanay.' 5.15—Children's Hour. 5.58—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0—The New Savoy Organ. 6.30—S.B. from London. 6.45—S.B. from Edinburgh. 7.0—S.B. from London. 9.35—Two Plays by Edwin Lewis, with incidental music by the Station Orchestra: 'Sea Silence' and 'This Film Business.' 10.30-12.0—S.B. from London.
 2BD **ABERDEEN.** 560 M. 600 KC.
 3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—Station Octet: Overture, Poet and Peasant (Supp.); Suite in D (Bach). 6.30—S.B. from London. 6.45—S.B. from Edinburgh. 7.0—S.B. from London. 7.45—Deeds. Its Music, Legends, and Humour. Alec Sim (Violin); R. E. Anderson (Baritone); G. M. Fraser; Sir James Taggart. 9.0-12.0—S.B. from London.
 2BE **BELFAST.** 306.1 M. 980 KC.
 3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.30—Norwegian Music. Station Orchestra. 5.0—Miss H. D. Crofton. 'Life at the Equator—Kavirondo.' 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.45—Station Military Band: March, No. 4, in G. 'Pomp and Circumstance' (Elgar); Overture, 'Oberon' (Weber). 8.3—Fred Masters (Low Comedian); Farnyard Serenade (Lester Barratt); She loves me (H. Pether); Circus Day (T. H. Northrup). 8.15—Band: Suite from the Incidental Music, 'Othello' (Coleridge-Taylor); Slavonic Rhapsody (Fridmann). 8.37—Fred Masters: Steamboat Hooter (Fred Leigh); His parents haven't seen him since (De Vere); His laughing melody (H. Pether). 9.50—Band: Selection, 'Merric England' (German). 9.0—S.B. from London. 9.35—Edna Thomas in Negro Spirituals. 9.50—Military Band Programme (continued). Band: Selection, 'No No Nanette' (Youmans). 10.0—R. M. Kent (Tenor): In an old-fashioned town (W. H. Squire); Marna (H. Oliver); Come to the Fair (Easthope Martin); The lane to anywhere (E. Green). 10.12—Joseph Sefton: Xylophone Solo, 'Tween Heather and Sea' (Geidard). 10.17—Mark Henningway: Cornet Solo, 'L'Adieu' (Schubert). 10.23—Band: Three Hungarian Dances (Brahms). 10.30-12.0—S.B. from London.

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The Battling Saxon

v.

William the Dook.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

(Continued from page 657.)

front line. Many knights unhorsed and out of the game. Several men hurt on both sides. Count Guesshard de Discard receives a crack on the bean with a mace.

LADY MARGARET: Oh, mama, papa got one on the bean.

LADY ANGELA (laughing): He certainly did. By Mary! I can just see your papa's face when someone landed him one!

LADY MARGARET: What happens to you, mama, if papa gets knocked out?

LADY ANGELA: I believe that Cousin William has promised to give me to one of his knights. I don't think it's settled yet who gets me. They generally raffle, you know. But stop, we're missing the battle! (The radio continues.)

ANNOUNCER: Second half of the game. Both sides rested up during half time. Duke William attacks the centre. Man hurt. Battle stops, substitute replaces. Battle continues. William's entire cavalry rides at the hill. Harold's boys heaving rocks. Swatitoff the referee knocked down by the cavalry. Umpires whistle. General melee. Battle degenerating into a fight. William's men ride off apparently in full flight. Norman boys retreating everywhere. Harold's men rushing down hill at them. Battle all in Saxons' favour. The noble Harold driving the foul Normans off the field. Listen, folks, and . . .

(At this moment something goes wrong with the radio. It sinks to a mere murmuring of squeaks.)

LADY ANGELA: The ungodly radio is off!

(Lady Margaret tries in vain to fix the radio. It won't work. While she works at it a long time passes. It is not till she has sent for a Norman carpenter with a sledge-hammer and a crowbar that the radio works again. When it does it is late in the afternoon. Then at last it speaks . . .)

ANNOUNCER: Battle all over. The foul Saxon, Harold, lies dead across the fifty-yard line with his whole centre scrimmage dead round him. Spectators leaving in all directions in great haste. The noble William is everywhere victorious. Norman crowd invading the club house. Number of injured and dead knights being piled up at the side of the field. Among the dead are Count Roger the Sardine, Count Felix Marie de Pate de Foie Gras, the Seneschal Pilaffe de Volaille and Count Guesshard de Discard . . .

LADY MARGARET: Ah, do you hear that, mama? Odd's life, papa's killed. That must have been that smack on the bean. I had a notion that papa would get it, hadn't you?

LADY ANGELA (Picking up a little steel mirror and adjusting her cap): Oh, I was sure of it. A juggler prophesied it to me last Whitsuntide. I wonder which of the knights Cousin William will give me to . . .

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 When Christ was Born of Mary Free (Old Carol—A. H. Brown)
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 The First Nowell (Old Carol)
 London Church Choir in St. Mary-Le-Bow Church
 2612 { Good King Wenceslas
 The First Noel
 2613 { God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen
 Good Christian Men, Rejoice
 2614 { Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
 While Shepherds Watched
 2615 { Christians, Awake
 O Come, All Ye Faithful
 Sheffield Orpheus Male Voice Choir
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 Home, Sweet Home
 Carillon Solos
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PROGRAMMES for FRIDAY, December 30

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,604.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and DOROTHY GEORGE (Contralto)

12.0-12.30 NORA BROWN (Violin)
EIRA VAUGHAN (Pianoforte)
Sonata in D *Handel*
Sonatina in A, Op. 100 *Dvorak*

12.30 AN ORGAN RECITAL
by LEONARD H. WARNER
Relayed from St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate
Fifth Symphony (First Movement) *Widor*
Two Movements from Sixth Symphony
Tchaikovsky, arr. A. B. Plant
Allegro con grazia; Allegro Vivace
Berceuse (Cradle Song) .. *Järnefelt, arr. Frickner*
Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor *Bach*

1.0-2.0 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC by the ORCHESTRA COLOMBO (Leader, A. MANTOVANI) from the Hotel Metropole

3.0 A CONCERT
HETTY BOLTON'S TRIO
MILDRED WATSON (Soprano)
FRANK PHILLIPS (Baritone)

5.0 Mrs. MARION CLAN, 'A Garden Chat'

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Songs from Louisiana, sung by EDNA THOMAS. Grump's Politic, A Gnome Story, by Mabel Marlowe. Christmas among the Stamps (W. H. Wosencroft)

6.0 FRANK WESTFIELD'S ORCHESTRA from the Prince of Wales Playhouse, Lewisham

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 FRANK WESTFIELD'S ORCHESTRA (Continued)

7.0 Mr. G. A. ATKINSON, 'Seen on the Screen'

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS
Played by MAURICE COLE
Fantasie in F Sharp Minor

7.25 Mr. C. P. BAILEY, 'What a Ray of Light can Tell us'

7.45 A RECITAL
OF
FELIX WHITE'S SONGS
by MARIAN CAREW
(Accompanied by the Composer)
The Minion Wife
The Northern Star
That's the Way for Billy and Me
An old Courting Rhyme
The Skylark
Leap into a Dance!

8.0 VARIETY
RUFERT O'HEA
(Entertainer)
ARCHIE GLEN and Company
in Cross Talk
MARIE RUBENECK and NIKOLAI RUBENECK,
assisted by
JOHN BARNETT
Russian Folk Songs

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 Mr. BASIL MAINE, 'Next Week's Broadcast Music'

9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast



SECHIARI

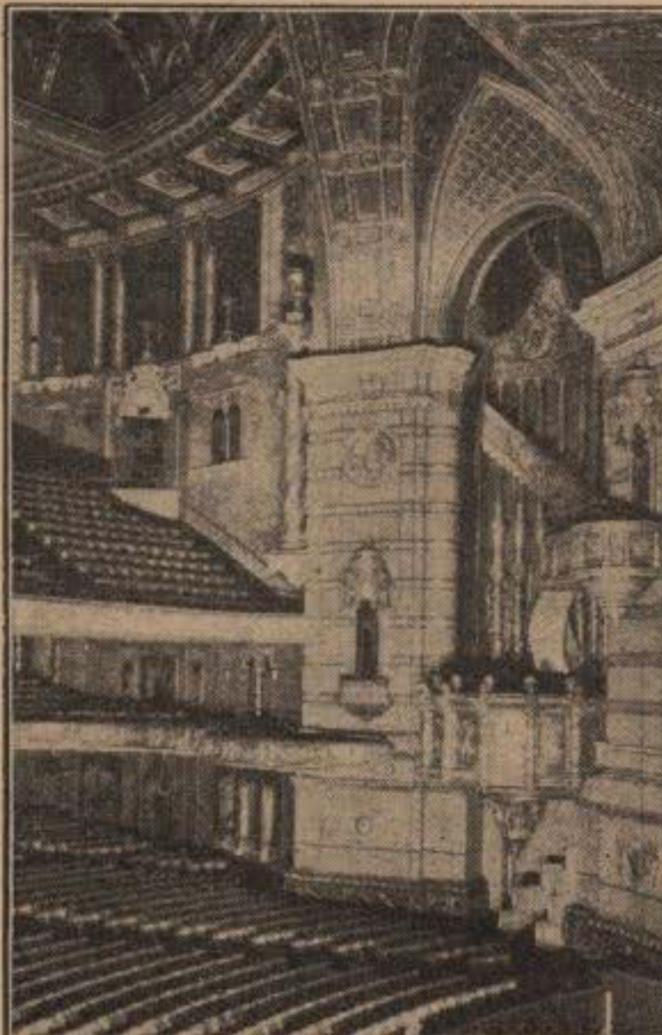
conducts the Symphony Concert that London will broadcast tonight.

9.35-11.0 A SYMPHONY CONCERT

SEYMOUR WHINYATES (Violin)
THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
(Leader, S. KNEALE KELLEY)
Conducted by
PIERRE SECHIARI

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Carnaval Romain' *Berlioz*

THIS is surely one of the most exhilarating pieces of music ever written. Its themes are taken from Berlioz' Opera, *Benevento*



By courtesy of the Kinematograph Weekly.

PLAYING UP THE MOVIES.

Listeners interested in the cinema, to whom Friday night is Atkinson night, will be interested in this picture of the 'Roxy' in New York—the first and most famous of the 'movie cathedrals' which have invested the screen with a magnificence and luxury that the stage has never enjoyed.

Cellini, which was produced in 1838, but was not a great success as a whole.

At the opening we find ourselves in the midst of Carnival jollity.

In a moment, however, there comes a lovely slow tune, given to Cor Anglais, with but a slight accompaniment, mainly with plucked Strings.

Then the Violin takes up the slow tune, Flutes weaving another one in with it. Further treatment of this tune follows.

All this is introductory—an Overture to an Overture, so to speak. At last comes a quick passage, with a change to six-in-a-bar time (beginning with Muted Strings) and with this we dash into the Overture proper—a lively and brilliant thing, full of fine orchestral effects.

9.45 SEYMOUR WHINYATES and Orchestra
Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 61
Beethoven

Allegro ma non troppo; Larghetto; Rondo; Allegro

10.25 ORCHESTRA
Symphony in B Flat *Chausson*

ERNEST CHAUSSON was a French composer (1855-99), a pupil first of Massenet and then of Franck. The lighter mind and more formal style of Massenet were much less congenial to him than the serious aims and more vigorous style of Franck.

Chausson was not dependent on his art, as he had considerable means, but he gave himself whole-heartedly to his study and creative work. Those who knew him best (such as, for instance, Vincent d'Indy, his fellow-pupil under Franck) assert that a great development in his genius might have been expected had not his life come to a sudden end in early middle-life—through a cycling accident.

This (the only) Symphony of Chausson comprises three Movements. Its key is B Flat, its opus number 20 (his latest opus number being 38).

The FIRST MOVEMENT has a slow Introduction, in which is heard a line that assumes importance in the last part of the work. The First Movement proper is quick and vigorous.

The SECOND MOVEMENT (Very slow) begins with one of its chief tunes, solemnly, at a low pitch and in a minor key. Then various instruments pass a little time in a sort of gentle dialogue, until the first tune returns (a little changed). Then the speed quickens, and over a restless arpeggio motion in some of the Strings, and a continuous soft drum roll, the second chief tune enters. Next this is taken over and worked to an imposing climax, and the first tune returns. This Movement is sometimes joined on to the last, and sometimes separated from it by a brief interval.

The LAST MOVEMENT is animated. The Trumpets, and then the Horns, blare out a forecast of the first main tune, and soon we dash upon it, at first played rather softly in the lower Strings. Yet more lively is the second tune, which moves in solid blocks of harmony, very loudly, on almost the full orchestra. The developing life of these tunes forms the body of the Movement.

At the end, slowly, we hear a reference to the first tune of the whole Symphony.

11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) DANCE MUSIC; ALFREDO'S ORIGINAL BAND and HAL SWAIN and his NEW PRINCE'S ORCHESTRA, from the New Prince's Restaurant

Friday's Programmes cont'd (December 30)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

- 3.0 AN ORGAN RECITAL
By STANLEY BLIZARD
Organist and Director of the Choir,
St. Barnabas, Clapham Common
Relayed from St. Mary-le-Bow Church
- STANLEY BLIZARD
Prelude in G *Bach*
Fugue in G, 'The Wanderer' ... *Hubert Parry*
- 3.10 NORA D'ARGEL (Soprano)
Selected Song
- 3.20 STANLEY BLIZARD
Intermezzo from Symphony 6 *Widor*
Prelude, Fugue and Variation *Franck*
Agitato from Sonata 11 *Rheinberger*
- 3.35 NORA D'ARGEL
Selected Song
- 3.45 STANLEY BLIZARD
Pastoral
Introduction and Allegro, from } *Guilmant*
Sonata 1 }
- 4.0 DANCE MUSIC
THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by
SIDNEY FIRMAN
and
VARIETY
- 5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham):
'The Tug of War—Jack Frost versus Timothy
Thaw,' by Greta Costain. Songs by Marjorie
Hovord (Soprano). Dorothy English (Mando-
line). 'Holly and Mistletoe,' by Jessie Bayliss
Elliott
- 6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH: WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.45 LIGHT MUSIC
From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted
by JOSEPH LEWIS
Overture to 'Vanity Fair' *Fletcher*
Suite, 'Children's Games' *Bizet*
March; Cradle Song; Impromptu; Duet;
Galop

- 7.10 CHRISTINE DEARDEN (Violin)
Minuet from 'Berenice' ... *Handel, arr. Borovszki*
Lullaby *Scott*
Second Hungarian Idyll *Keler-Bela*
- ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'The Dollar Princess' *Fall*
- 7.35 CHRISTINE DEARDEN
Air on the G String *Bach, arr. Wilhelmj*
Rondino *Beethoven, arr. Kreisler*
Allegro (Quick Movement) *Trocio*
- ORCHESTRA
First Suite from 'The Two Pigeons' .. *Massenet*
- 8.0 CHAMBER MUSIC
THE INTERNATIONAL STRING QUARTET
HUBERT EISEDELL (Tedor)
ANDRE MANGEOT (Violins leading)
BORIS PECKER (alternatively)
FRANK HOWARD (Viola)
HERBERT WITHERS ('Cello)
- 8.0 THE QUARTET
Quartet in E Flat (K. 428) *Mozart*
Allegro ma non troppo; Andante con moto;
Menuetto: Allegro; Allegro vivace
- 8.25 HUBERT EISEDELL
Selected Songs
- 8.40 ANDRE MANGEOT and BORIS PECKER
Sonatina for Two Violins *Honegger*
- 8.50 HUBERT EISEDELL
Selected Songs
THE QUARTET
Quartet for Strings *Ravel*
- 9.30 VARIETY
MARGARET O'CALLAGHAN (Light Irish Ballads)
THREE ORIGINALS in Harmony
CYRIL SHIELDS (Magic and Humour)
- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN
- 10.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE CECILIANS, from
the Hotel Cecil
- 11.0-11.15 ALFREDO'S ORIGINAL BAND and
HAL SWAIN and his NEW PRINCE'S ORCHESTRA,
from the New Prince's Restaurant
(Friday's Programmes continued on page 688.)

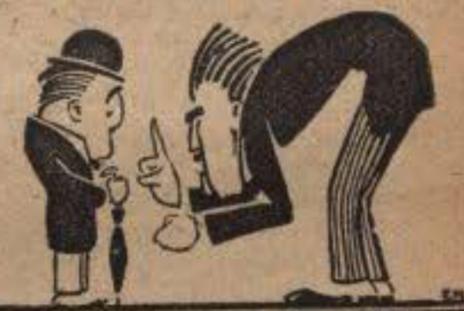
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Friday's Programmes continued (December 30)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

4.0 DANCE MUSIC by the KING'S HALL HARMONICS, relayed from the King's Hall Rooms of the Royal Bath Hotel. Directed by ALEX. WAINWRIGHT

5.0 MYLDREDE HUMBLE-SMITH: 'The Old Year Passes'

5.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 A FAREWELL CONCERT

'Ring out the old—ring in the new'

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Overture to 'Russlan and Ludmilla' .. Glinka

Glinka based his Opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla*, on one of the many delightful, fantastic Russian fairy tales, about dukes, knights, poets, dwarfs, fairies, and a gigantic head which blows and creates storms. The Overture is bright, energetic and direct.

7.50 WINIFRED COLE (Mezzo-Soprano)
Scene, 'Fia dunque vero?' (Can it be true, then?) Donizetti
(With Octet Accompaniment)
Air, 'O mio Fernando!' (O my Fernando!)
Donizetti

8.0 REGINALD ATTRIDGE (Baritone)
Faery Song ('The Immortal Hour') Boughton
The Bell-Man Cecil Forsyth

8.5 THE STATION CHORUS and Orchestra
Lullaby and Finale ('From the Bavarian Highlands') Elgar

THE pleasant mountain region of Bavaria, its people and its peasant life are pictured in the melodious Suite of choral pieces by Sir Edward Elgar, of which two are now to be performed. The words are by the late Lady Elgar, in imitation of Bavarian folk-songs.

The Lullaby begins:—

Sleep, my son, oh! slumber softly,
While thy mother watches o'er thee,
Nothing can affright or harm thee,
Oh! sleep, my son.

The last piece is entitled *Aspiration*, and commences:—

Over the heights the snow lies deep,
Sunk is the land in peaceful sleep;
Here by the house of God we pray,
Lead, Lord, our souls today.

8.15 HELENA MILLAIS (the Actress-Entertainer) in Light Songs and Fragments from Life, including 'Our Lizzie'

8.30 EDA KERSEY (Violin)
Romance and Finale from Concerto in D Minor
Wieniawski

WIENIAWSKI (1835-1880) must have been one of the youngest pupils ever accepted at the Paris Conservatoire, for he was attending classes there at the age of eight.

For a time, after he had made his name, he lived at St. Petersburg as Solo Violinist to the Emperor of Russia, but he liked wandering best of all, and travelled all over Europe and America, playing the Violin and seeing the world.

He is universally known for his small compositions. He also wrote two Violin Concertos and a few other large-scale works.

The Romance from his D Minor Concerto is aptly described by its title.

The Finale has melodies in the style of gipsy music. The First is vivacious, the Second passionate, and the Third dance-like, with skips in it. The extreme brilliancy of the Movement is accounted for by the fact that the work was written for the Spanish virtuoso, Sarasate.

8.40 WINIFRED COLE
Bonnie George Campbell Keel
Lullaby Keel
Sigh no more, ladies Keel

8.45 REGINALD ATTRIDGE
Leanin' Sterndale Bennett
Bird Songs at Eventide Eric Coates
Cinnamon Lane Brigstock

8.50 CHORUS
Choral Fantasia, 'Reminiscences of Verdi'
arr. Fletcher
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)

9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 A POPULAR CONCERT

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

First Suite from 'Ascanio' Saint-Saëns

THE scene of the Ballet is laid in a garden at Fontainebleau in the early sixteenth century. Francis I, King of France, is entertaining his guest, the Emperor Charles V of Germany, and has organized magnificent festivities in his honour.

There are in the complete Ballet half-a-dozen contrasted scenes, in which gods and goddesses from Olympus appear.



Helena Millais and Reginald Attridge take part in Bournemouth Concert at 7.45 tonight.

TOM DICKENS ALEXANDER (Baritone)
Invictus Bruno Hahn
Now sleeps the crimson petal Quilter

ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'Romeo and Juliet' Gounod

DOROTHY ADAMS (Soprano)
The Moorish Maid Henry Parker
The Lost Seagull Phipson
The Dancing Lesson Oliver

LIONEL SAUNDERS (Entertainer)
Banjo Solo, 'White Coons' Payne
Song, 'Tut Tut' Mill

ORCHESTRA
Selection of Tosti's Popular Songs ..arr. Godfrey

TOM DICKENS ALEXANDER
The Rebel William Wallace
The Lute Player Albitson
Border Ballad Cowen

ORCHESTRA
Three Frivolities Fletcher

LIONEL SAUNDERS
Song, 'Sally in our Alley' Holzman
Banjo Solo, 'Blaze Away' Holzman

ORCHESTRA
Forest Faeries Haines
Suite, 'Norwegian Scenes' Matt

4.45 C. I. BRITTON: 'Pictures and People'

5.0 THÉ DANSANT, from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 THE OLD AND THE NEW

RING OUT THE OLD—1927

The old folks shake their heads mournfully. 'We shall not see his like again,' they murmur, and they gather their grandchildren round them and tell of the doings of the late monarch. To his virtues they are kind and 'to his faults a little blind,' but he is dead. Speak not ill of the dead, or you disturb his slumbers. Vex not his ghost.

And the past will always win
A glory from its being far.

There is rejoicing in the streets; the old order passes; new things are beginning. Old things have their place and their devotees, but youth demands adventure, fresh beginnings.

Life is a sheet of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word . . .

Then let us begin a new sheet—and quickly!

1928—RING IN THE NEW

OLD

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Overture to 'Maritana' Vincent Wallace

MARGARET WILKINSON (Soprano)

Sincerity Clarke
In the Shadows Löw
Come, sing to me Jack Thompson

RONALD HARDING (Violoncello) and Orchestra
Romance, 'Simple Avowal' Thomé

MARGARET WILKINSON

May Morning Denza
Just a little love, a little kiss Silésu
(With Violoncello Obligato by RONALD HARDING)
In an Old-fashioned Town Squire

ORCHESTRA

Melody in F Rubinstein

NEW

ORCHESTRA

Fox-trot, 'When the Red, Red Robin comes
Bob, Bob, Bobbing' .. Campbell and Connelly
Waltz, 'The Student Prince' Romberg
One-step, 'Someone' ('Stop Flirting')
Gershwin

CYRIL LIDINGTON

Syncopated Numbers:
Sunny Disposish
Side by side Harry Woods
Talking to the Moon B. Baskette

ORCHESTRA

Two Light Syncopated Pieces Eric Coates
Moon Magic; Rose of Samarkand

CYRIL LIDINGTON

My heart stood still R. Rodgers
Me and my shadow A. Johnson and Dreyer
Just like a Butterfly H. Woods

ORCHESTRA

Fantasy, 'The Three Bears' Eric Coates

THE 'Fantasy,' *The Three Bears*, is a musical presentation of the well-known tale about the little girl who nearly got into the clutches of these creatures. We have no difficulty in interpreting the motif heard at the start—'Who's been sitting in my chair?' Goldilocks gets up (at five o'clock, as we hear), and runs off to the bears' house. Finding it empty, she peeps about and amuses herself awhile, then falls asleep. The bears arrive (Oboe, the little bear, Clarinet, the second one, and Bassoon the big bear), and chase her away. Goldilocks runs home to granny and tells her of the exciting adventure.

9.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: By the LONDON FRIVOITIES. Relayed from the Winter Gardens Pavilion, Weston-super-Mare

PROGRAMMES for SATURDAY, December 31

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,004.3 M. 187 KC.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST

1.0-2.0 THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND
Directed by S.D. BY FIRMAN

3.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND,
conducted by
B. WALTON O'DONNELL
HILDA SEARLE (Soprano)
ROBERT EASTON (Baritone)

BAND

Overture, 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood' MacCunn

3.38 HILDA SEARLE

Rose, softly blooming

Spohr-Lehmann

I am Titania ('Mignon')

Ambroise Thomas

3.46 BAND

Suite No. 2 in F *Holst*
March, Song without Words, 'I'll love my Love' Song of the Blacksmith; Fantasia on the Dargason

4.0 ROBERT EASTON

Myself when young (from 'The Persian Garden') *Lehmann*
Piff, Poff Song (from 'The Huguenots') *Meyerbeer*

4.8 HILDA SEARLE

By Night and Day ('Tom Jones') *German*
L'Ete (In English) *Chaminade*

4.16 BAND

Selection from 'Samson and Delilah' *Saint-Saens*

4.34 ROBERT EASTON

Time to go (Ashanti Ballad) *Sanderson*
Tally Ho! *Leoni*

4.42 BAND

Prelude to 'Nadeshda' *Goring Thomas*
Mazurka *Elgar*
Valse Caprice *Rubinstein*
Four Dances from 'Merrie England' *German*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Little by Little, or Month by Month'

6.0 INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS

THE BUCHANAN TRIO:

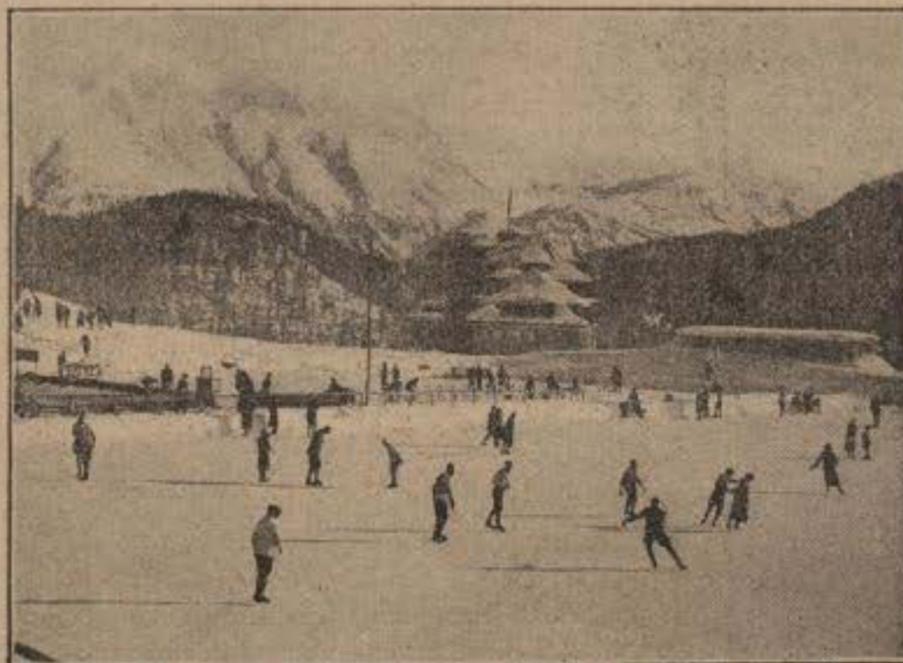
Good evening, Good People } *G. Buchanan*
Mohua }
Persian Rosebud *Horatio Nicholls*
Sacrifice } *G. Buchanan*
Luck of the Road }
Tired Hands *A. L. Piantadisi*

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE BUCHANAN TRIO

Souvenirs *Horatio Nicholls*
Absent *J. W. Metcalfe*
Side by side *Horatio Nicholls*

7.0 A New Year Ghost Story.



Sport and General

SKATING IN SUNSHINE.

In the second talk of his series on 'Winter Sports as a Psychologist Sees Them,' Professor T. H. Pear will deal with skating. Here is a pleasant scene in the skaters' paradise—Switzerland—made up of equal parts of sun, ice and snow.

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS

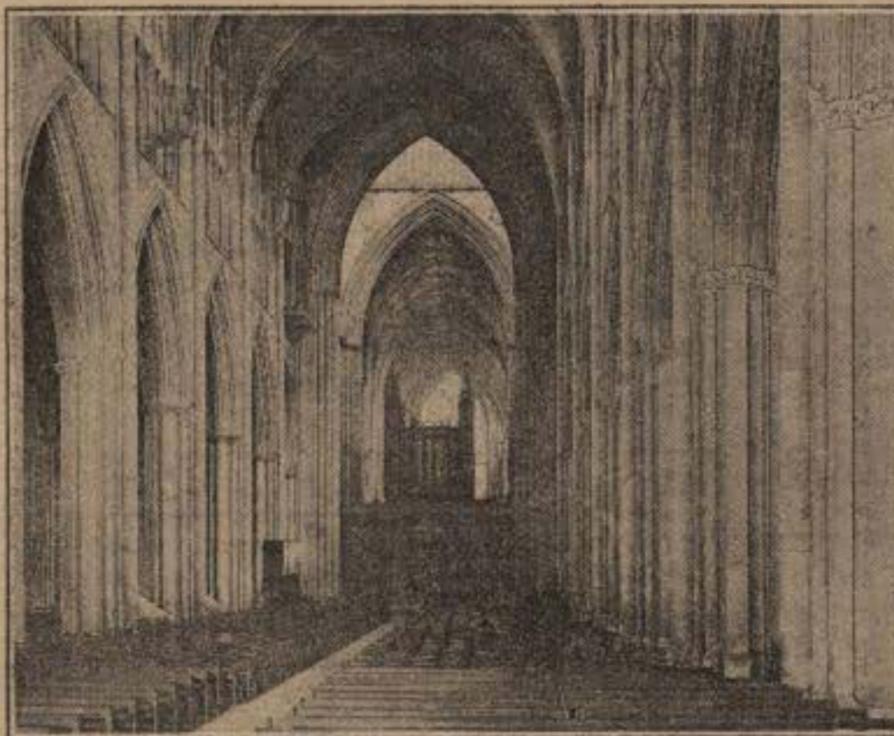
Played by MAURICE COLE

Albumblatt

Rondo Capriccioso

7.25 Prof. T. H. PEAR: 'Winter Sports as a Psychologist sees them: Skating.' *S.B. from Manchester*

THERE seems to be little connection between the strenuous delights of winter sports in winter sunlight, when the keen dry air sets the blood tingling in one's veins, and 'the morbid science'; but, as Manchester listeners know,



Sidney Little

THE GREAT NAVE OF YORK MINSTER.

with the interlaced arches of the choir vanishing into the distance beyond. The Watch-Night Service—one of the most impressive services of the year—will be relayed from the Minster tonight.

Professor Pear is particularly expert at relating psychology to the less morbid facts of life. He

is himself a keen skater, and as for his reputation as a psychologist, there is no need to enlarge upon that.

7.45 REMINISCENCES OF 1927

AT the end of the year our thoughts—if we are at all apt to be sentimental—turn even more to the experiences of the Old Year than to anticipations of the New. So, even while Savoy Hill hums with plans for making 1928 a record year for broadcasting, it is not out of place to recall the past triumphs of 1927. The Englishman's memory is notoriously short, and even such outstanding events as, say, the Boat Race broadcast may not be very vivid in it by now. But tonight's programme will bring back in all their freshness the keenest emotions that the faithful listener experienced during the year.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 WRITERS OF TODAY

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH reading from her own works

9.30 Local Announcements. (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 CLAPHAM AND DWYER'S CONCERT PARTY

with

ASHMOOR BURCH (Baritone)

MEGAN THOMAS (Soprano)

WILL GARDNER (Character Comedian)

GLADYS MERRIDEW (Character Sketches)

EMMIE JOYCE (at the Piano)

and

CHARLES CLAPHAM and BILLY DWYER

10.30 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS and the SAVOY HAVANA BAND, from the Savoy Hotel

11.30 WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

Solemn service of Thanksgiving for the 1,300th Anniversary of York Minster

Relayed from York Minster

S.B. from Leeds

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'All people that on earth do dwell'

Prayers

Te Deum (Stanford in B Flat)

Hymn, 'Christ is made the Sure Foundation' (4 vs.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will then lay the the Stone of Remembrance, knocking thereon 13 times

Anthem

Midnight peal sounded by 'Big Peter,' followed by a fanfare of trumpets

THE ARCHBISHOP will bless the people

Hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past'

Bells

12.10 (app.) GRAND GOOD-NIGHT

Saturday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 31)

5GB DAVENTRY, EXPERIMENTAL

(451.5 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 DANCE MUSIC
From Birmingham
JACK VENABLES and his BAND

3.15 app. WEST BROMWICH ALBION
OLDHAM ATHLETIC
A Running Commentary on the SECOND HALF of the Association League Match, given from the Hawthorns Ground, West Bromwich



10.15 WIRELESS FAVOURITES OF 1927

From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture to 'Russlan and Ludmilla' Glinka

DALE SMITH (Baritone) and Orchestra

4.10 THE DANSANT AND VARIETY
From Birmingham
JACK VENABLES and his BAND
PERCY OWENS (Entertainer)
RAIE DA COSTA (Syncopation)
ALEC CHENTRENS (Anglo-French Items)

O Patria (O Country).... } (from 'The
O Tu, Palermo (O Thou, } Sicilian Vespers')
Palermo) } Verdi

10.30 EMILIE WALDRON (Soprano) and Orchestra
Waltz Song, from 'Tom Jones' German

ORCHESTRA
Prelude Järnefelt
The Flight of the Bumble Bee Rimsky-Korsakov

STAINLESS STEPHEN
'Tis New Year's Eve, so now in rhyme
Comes Stainless Stephen's Pantomime

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (From Birmingham):
'Snooky's Christmas Tree,' by Phyllis Richardson. Songs by Dale Smith (Baritone). 'The Fairy Godmother greets the New Year.'

10.55 ORCHESTRA
Intermezzo from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' Mascagni

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH: WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

EMILIE WALDRON
A Birthday Cowen
By the Waters of Minnetonka Lieurance

DALE SMITH
Heraclitus Cleghorn Thomson
The Old Soldier Hely-Hutchinson
Shenandoah } (from 'Sea
A-Roving } Shanties')
Billy Boy }
The Drummer and the Cook } arr. R. Terry

6.45 A NEW YEAR'S EVE CONCERT DURING DINNER
From Birmingham
PATTISON'S SALON ORCHESTRA, directed by THOMAS JONES
Relayed from Corporation Street Restaurant

11.15 ORCHESTRA
Selection from 'Egyptian Ballet' Suite... Luigini

8.0 DANCING TIME
THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, directed by SIDNEY FIRMAN
BOBBIE GRAY
DONALD PEERS
DOROTHY McBLAIN and OLIVE ROMANYI

11.30 A WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE
Relayed from York Minster
(For full details see London)

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

12.10 app. GRAND GOOD-NIGHT
(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 693.)

N. U. L. X. CALLING—

WILL LISTENERS PLEASE TUNE-IN ON A WAVE-LENGTH OF GOOD-WILL that this Appeal may get A GOOD RECEPTION.

On Sunday evening, November 6, I spoke to listeners about the work of the National Union of Limbless Ex-Servicemen, of which I am Hon. Treasurer.

I told you what the N.U.L.X. (which is registered under the War Charities Act, 1916) is doing for those who sacrificed health, limb, and often prospects, for us during the Great War.

Last year we helped some 700 limbless men out of their difficulties; this year the number will be much larger.

On the books of our Employment Bureau, licensed by the L.C.C., are names of hundreds of unemployed limbless men, but for every one we get "fixed up" more register. This is only one branch of the work.

I am grateful for many messages of help and cheer sent by listeners—perhaps you sent one of them. If not, will you send me a donation and share your Christmas joy with some limbless man who is not having a very happy time? It will be a great thing for you to know you have brought happiness into a cheerless home and helped a limbless man "on to his feet again."

Please send your bit of Good-will along and I will see it is put to the best use possible, but don't forget to cross your cheques or Postal Orders.

Perhaps you can spare a minute to do it now.

Yours, very hopefully,
ALEC. L. REA.

Hon. Treasurer, N.U.L.X.

64, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.



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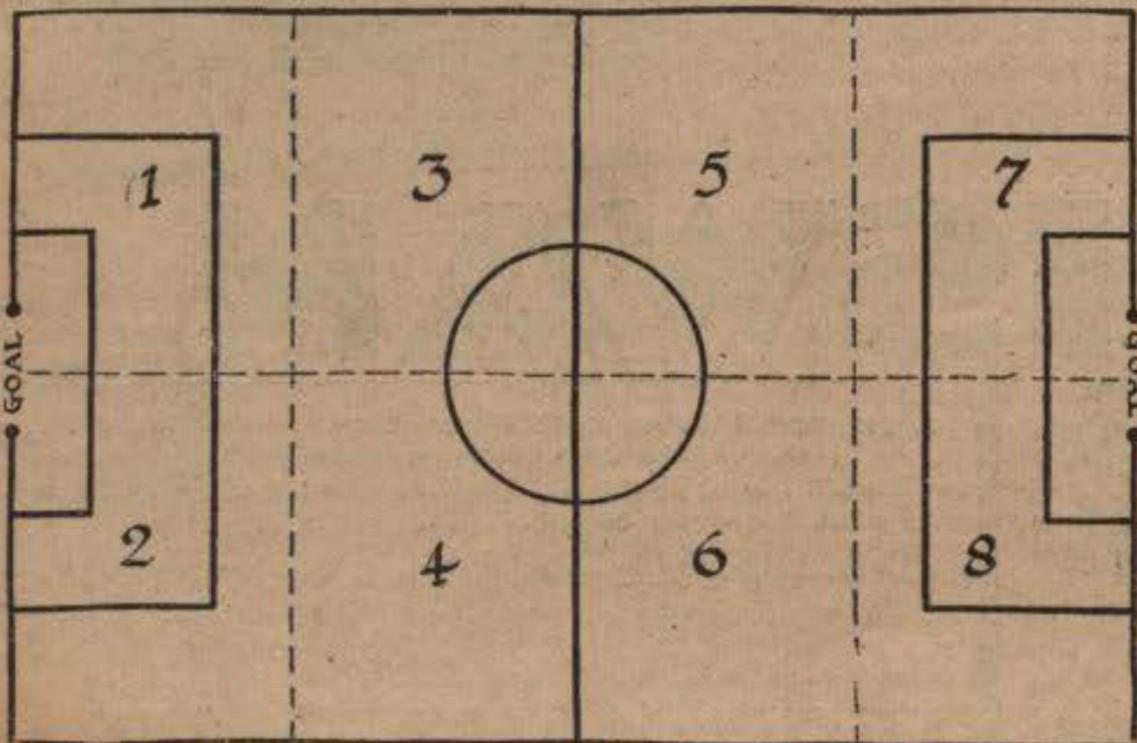
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Use this plan when you listen to the Association Football Broadcast this afternoon.

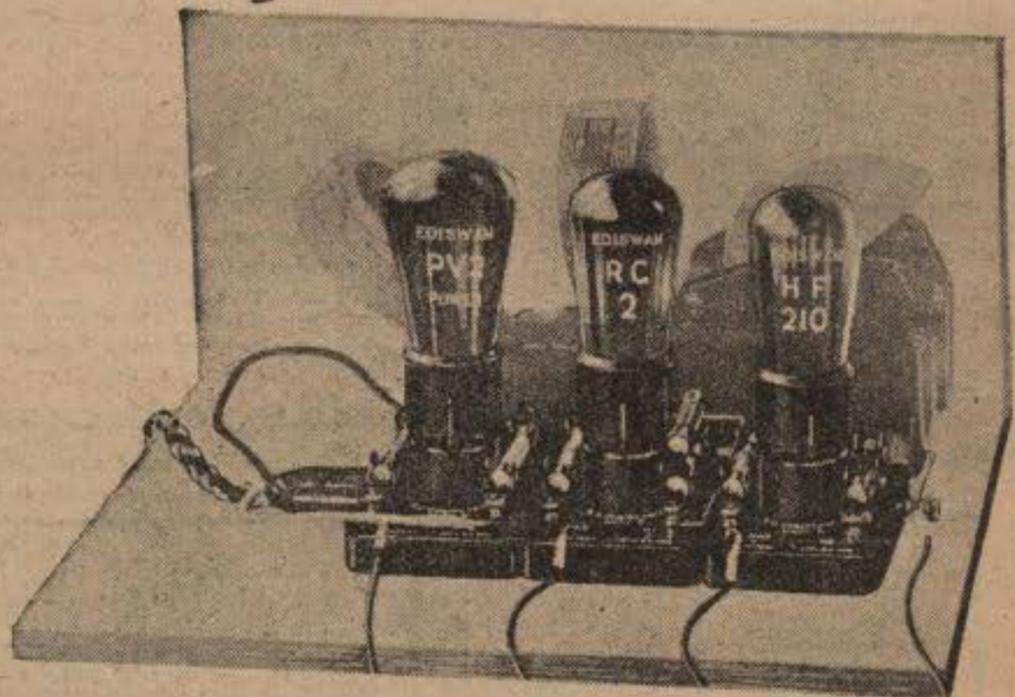


GREETINGS.

to all our
 thousands of
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 to all the
 thousands more
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Please send, post free, presentation copies of the New R.C. Threesome Instruction Book and Blue Print.

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Saturday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 31)

(Continued from page 691.)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 910 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Miss L. F. RAMSEY, 'Ring in the New'
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

- 2.30 A Running Commentary on the Rugby Football Match GLOUCESTERSHIRE and SOMERSET v. NEW SOUTH WALES
- 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'The Fire Princess'—adapted for broadcasting as a children's play by Katharine Holchouse
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mr. JOHN FRANCIS, 'Nights and Flights in the Desert' (Picture on page 694.)
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 Mr. L. E. WILLIAMS, 'Half-Time—a Soccer Reverie'
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: New Year's Eve: Violin Solos by Don Hyden. 'New Year Carol,' 'The Old Year,' 'New Year's Carol—1875' (Scott Gatty), sung by Betty Wheatley. 'Ring out, Wild Bells,' a reading of verses from Tennyson's well-known poem by Robert Roberts, with musical accompaniment by Eric Fogg
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mr. F. SLADEN-SMITH, 'Turning the New Leaf'



Mr. F. SLADEN-SMITH.

This evening Manchester listeners will hear a little good advice on how at least to start the year in this frame of mind, from a story-writer and dramatist whose work is well known to them.

NEW YEAR resolutions are a standing joke, but they remain a standing order, nevertheless. Every December the simpler souls amongst us envisage themselves next January as new and different beings, purged of their follies and vices, strong and confident in virtue and wisdom.

- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 Prof. T. H. PEAR, 'Winter Sports as a Psychologist sees them—II, Skating'
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

6KH HULL. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 252.1 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,190 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Light Music
- 6.10 For Farmers
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester

- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

11.30 A WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

Solemn Service of Thanksgiving for the 1,300th Anniversary of York Minster

ORDER OF SERVICE:

- Hymn, 'All people that on earth do dwell'
- Prayers
- Te Deum (Stanford in B Flat)
- Hymn, 'Christ is made the Sure Foundation' (4 verses)
- The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will then lay the Stone of Remembrance, knocking thereon 13 times
- Anthem
- Midnight peal sounded by 'Big Peter,' followed by a fanfare of trumpets
- The ARCHBISHOP will bless the people
- Hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past'
- Bells

- 12.10 GRAND GOOD-NIGHT
S.B. from London

6LV LIVERPOOL. 287 M. 1,010 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 KATE LOVELL, 'New Year's Eve'
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 694.)

S-O-S CAPTAIN Sir Beachcroft TOWSE, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E.,

Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind (Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920).

sends the following personal Christmas message to all with Eyesight:

Twenty Seven years without sight have weakened my writing but strengthened my knowledge. And I know that if only these few words of mine can reach your hearts the Blind will yet the help they so urgently need this Christmas. I beg you to send me a donation.

G. P. J. Towse

Address: Capt. Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

You must—

know how Xmas is spent in foreign lands.

□ □ □

The programmes in the current issue will give you this information.

World Radio

On sale at all bookstalls 2^d.

Saturday's Programmes continued (December 31)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.7 M.
1,090 KC.

- 11.30-12.30 Gramophone Records
- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
ON THE MAGIC CARPET
'FAIRY-TALE WEDDING'
Lyrics and Libretto, WINIFRED A. RATCLIFF
Music, ADA RICHARDSON
Characters in the Prologue and Epilogue:
Aunties and Uncles of 5NG
Mustapha Abdulla, the Slave of the Carpet
Characters in the Play:
The King of Fairy-Tale-land
The Queen of Fairy-Tale-land
Prince True-heart, their only child
Red-Riding-Hood
Mrs. Wolf
The Keeper of the City Gate
The Magician
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Rev. C. H. HODGSON, 'Byways of Literature—III'
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.
750 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A New Year's Party**
- 6.0 **THE APOLLO MALE VOICE QUARTET**
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Items of Naval Information; Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 **NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATIONS**
Relayed from the Guildhall Square, Plymouth
Under the leadership of DOUGLAS M. DURSTON
THE MASSES BANDS OF PLYMOUTH CORPORATION TRANSPORT (By kind permission of H. P. STOKES, Esq.) and METROPOLITAN POLICE (By kind permission of Supt. WEBB)
The Long, Long Trail
Puck up your troubles
Loch Lomond (Trad.)
Love's Old Sweet Song (Molloy)
Land of Hope and Glory (Elgar)
Carols:
O Come, all ye faithful
Good King Wenceslas
The First Nowell
Lead, Kindly Light
Abide with Me
- 12.0 The Chimes of St. Andrew's Parish Church Clock
A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE
by
HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH (Ald. W. H. J. PRIEST)
Hymn: 'O God Our Help in Ages Past'
- 12.10 **GRAND GOOD NIGHT**
S.B. from London

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.
1,100 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Play, 'The Professor and the Bee'**
- 6.0 Two Sketches from 'Life's Little Sideshows'
By ANN STEPHENSON and ALLAN MACBETH
'MUSIC AND MEMORIES'
He (a retired Anglo-Indian Colonel) JUDGELI MACAULAY
She (an elderly lady) MARY DALE
Scene: Near a bandstand in a seaside town
'LOST PROPERTY'
He (a clerk in a railway lost property office) HAROLD BUXTON
She (a country cousin on a day trip to London) MARY DALE
Scene: The lost property office of a London railway station
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 **PETRONIUS: 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye—Meum et Tuum'**
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

6ST STOKE 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A New Year's Eve Party in the Studio**
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester

7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

11.30 S.B. from Leeds

12.10 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M.
1,020 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 6.45 **SWANSEA v. BRISTOL**
An Eye-Witness Account of the Rugby Football Match by Mr. W. H. EVANS
- 7.0 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.45 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)
- 11.30 S.B. from Leeds
- 12.10 S.B. from London

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.
860 KC.

- 3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.15:—Music from Tilley's Blackett Street Restaurant. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Mr. Wm. Fawcett: 'Sports in the North Country.' 7.45:—S.B. from London. 7.25:—Mr. T. W. Bell, Secretary of the Northumberland Football Association: 'Association Football.' 7.45:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Tilley's Dance Band, relayed from the Grand Assembly Rooms. 11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. 12.10:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.
740 KC.

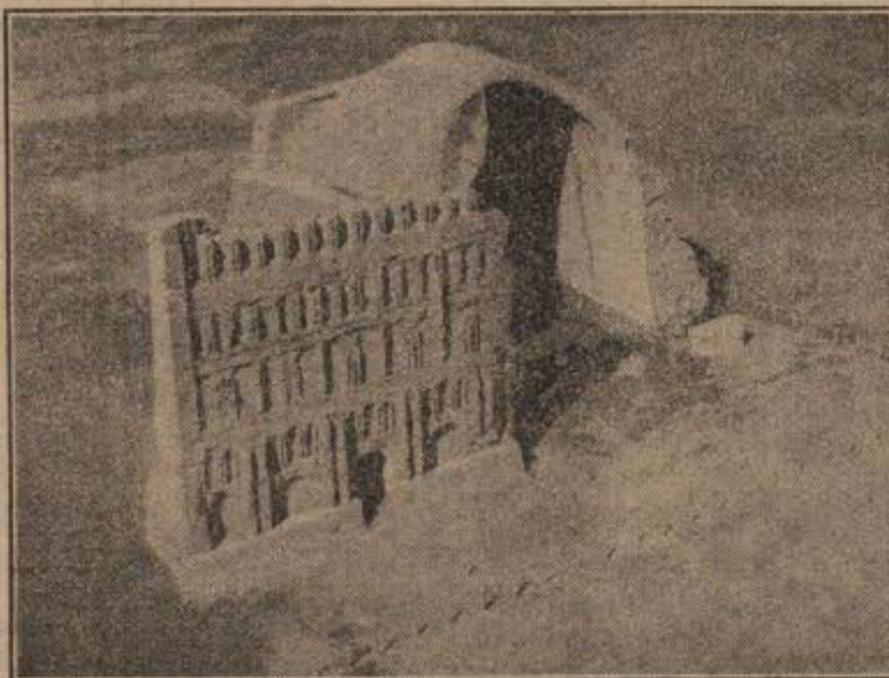
- 2.15:—S.B. from Dundee. 4.15:—Concert. Wireless Quintet: Overture. Reginald Talbot (Baritone); Eleanor (Halbert). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 6.45:—Scottish League Football Results. 6.50:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from Edinburgh. 7.25:—S.B. from Manchester. 7.45:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—S.B. from Aberdeen. 10.30:—S.B. from London. 11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. 12.10:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M.
600 KC.

- 3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 6.45:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.50:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from Edinburgh. 7.2:—S.B. from Manchester. 7.45:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—Hogmanay Night. 10.30:—S.B. from London. 11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. 12.10:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M.
980 KC.

- 3.30:—Our Scottish Greeting. Station Orchestra: Movements from Symphony (Scott) No. 3 in A Minor, Op. 56 (Mendelssohn). 3.48:—James Marshall (Violoncello): Tunes for Violoncello and Piano (arr. C. Sharpe). 3.58:—Pauline Barker (Harp): Fantasia on Scottish Airs (arr. Thomas). 4.8:—Orchestra: Patrol, 'The Wee Macgregor' (Amers). 4.13:—J. H. Chambers (Baritone): The Gentle Maiden (Traditional, arr. Somervell); The Lover (Easthope Martin); Leasin' (T. C. Sterndale Bennett). 4.25:—W. S. Bates, with Orchestra: Lucy Long (arr. Godfrey). 4.35:—Orchestra: Selection, 'The Beggar's Opera' (F. Austin). 4.45:—Suite, 'My Native Heath' (Impressions of Yorkshire) (A. Wood); March, 'Here Goes' (Baynes); Suite, 'From the Samoan Isles' (H. Geibel). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 6.45:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.50:—Musical Interlude. 7.0:—S.B. from London. 7.25:—S.B. from Manchester. 7.45:—S.B. from London. 11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. 12.10:—S.B. from London.



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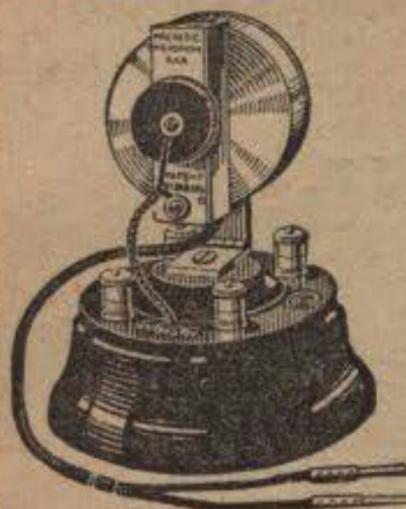
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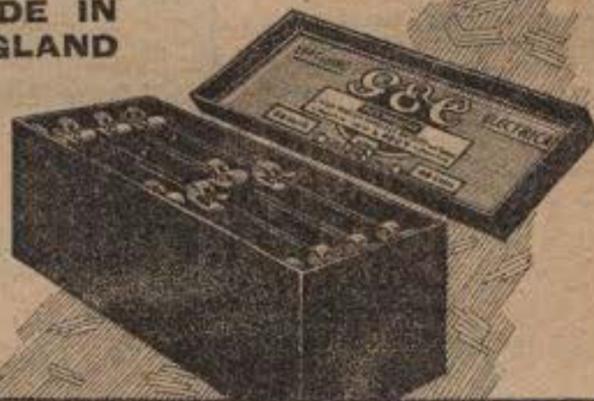
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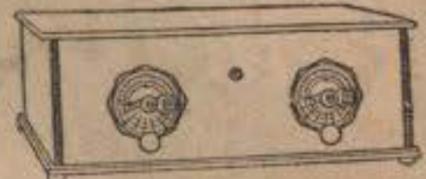


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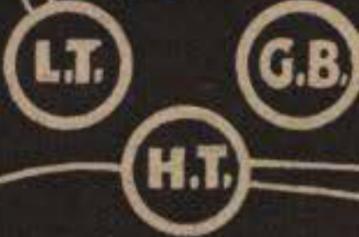
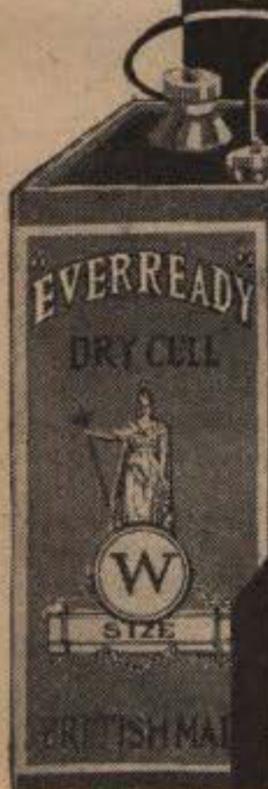
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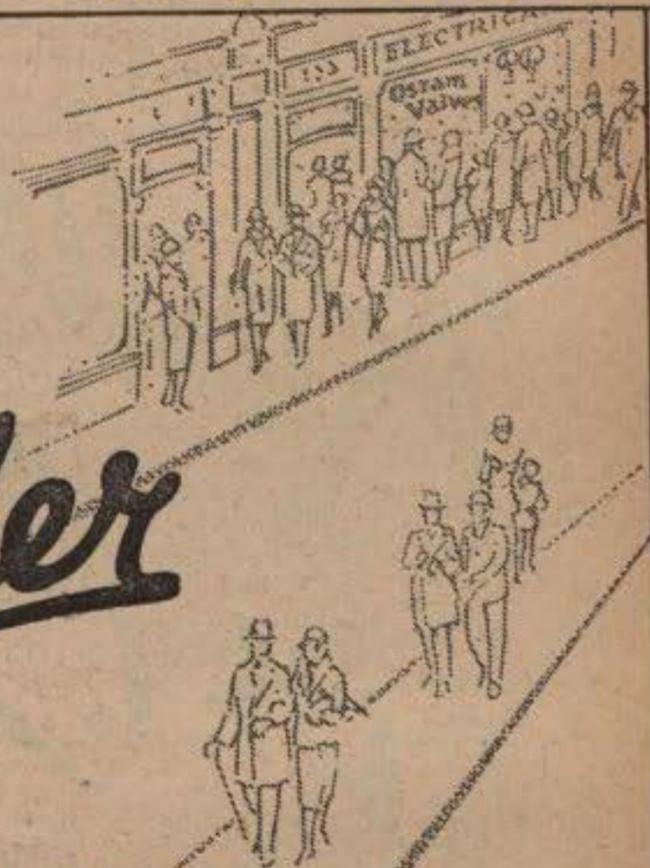
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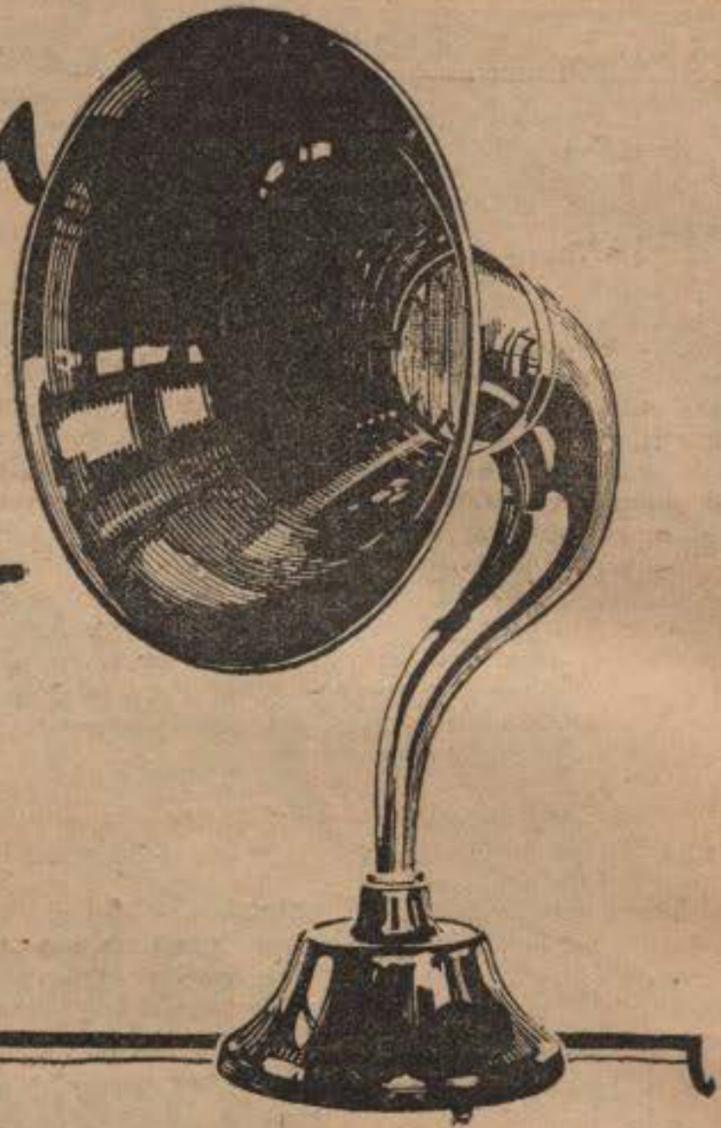
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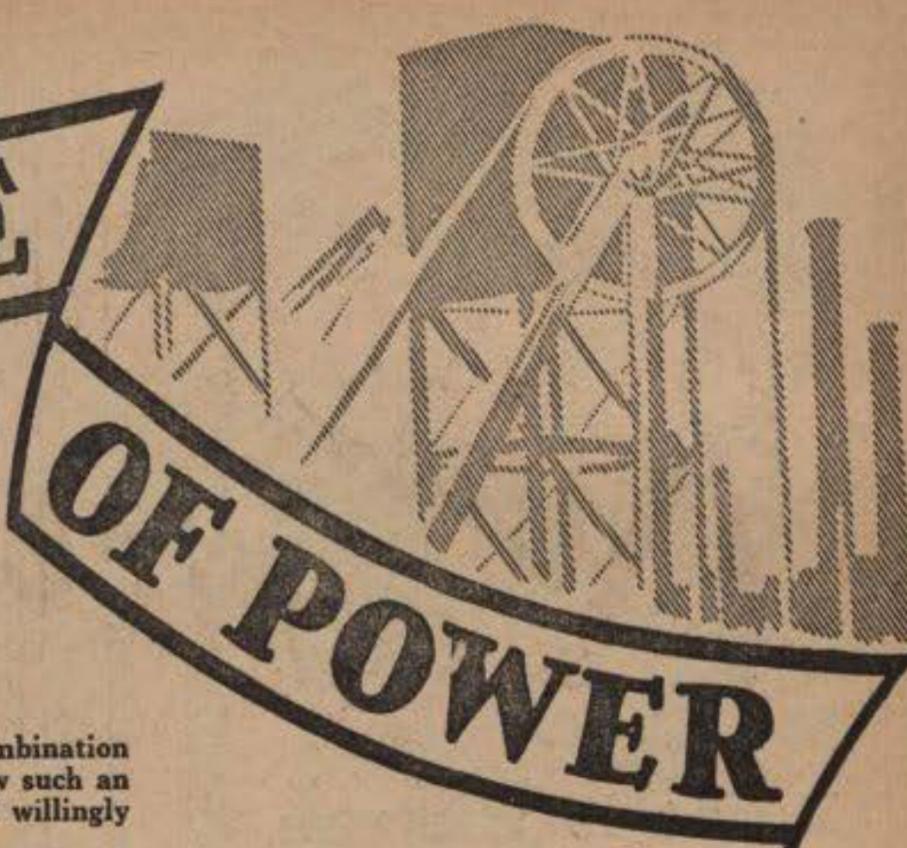
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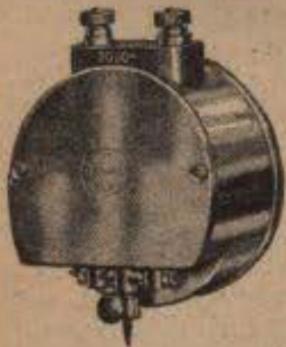
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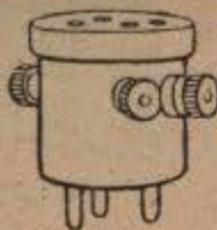
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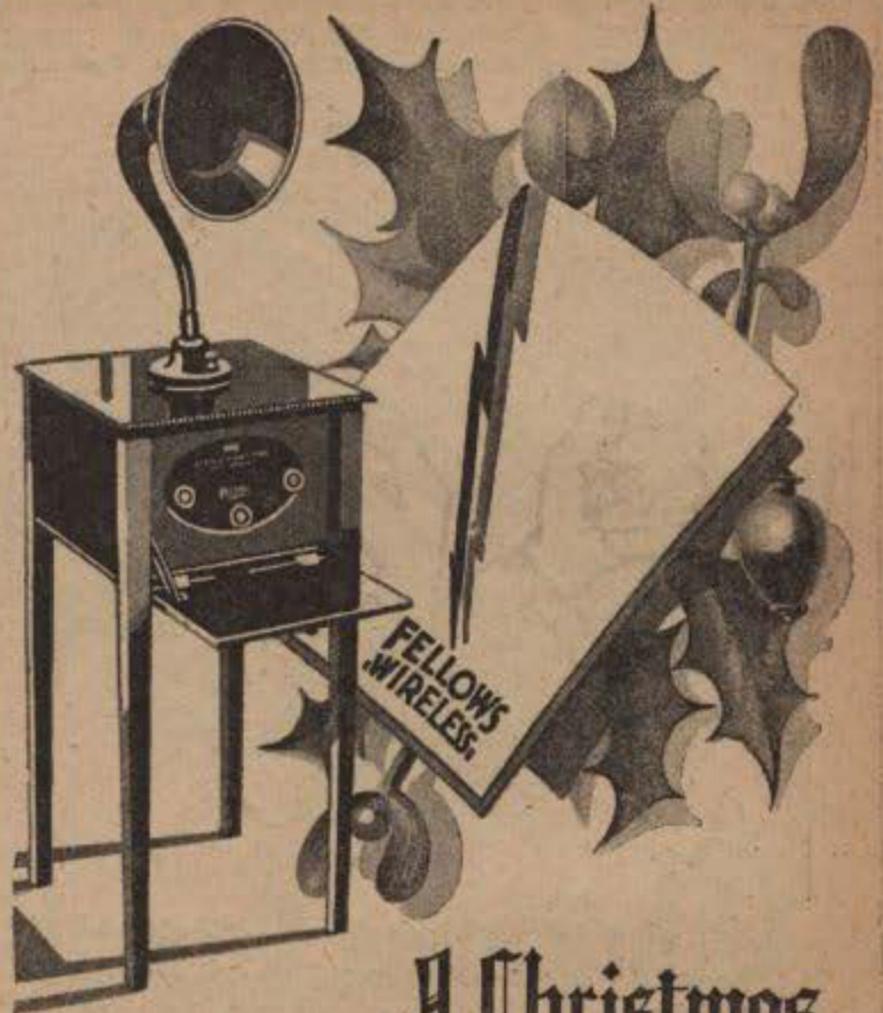
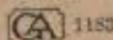


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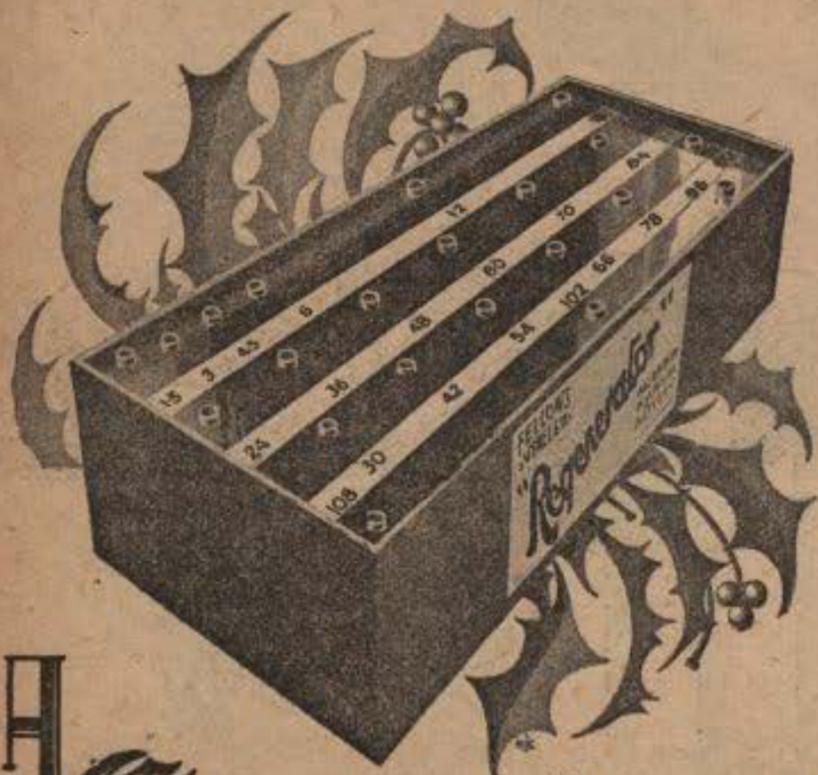
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M.C. 53



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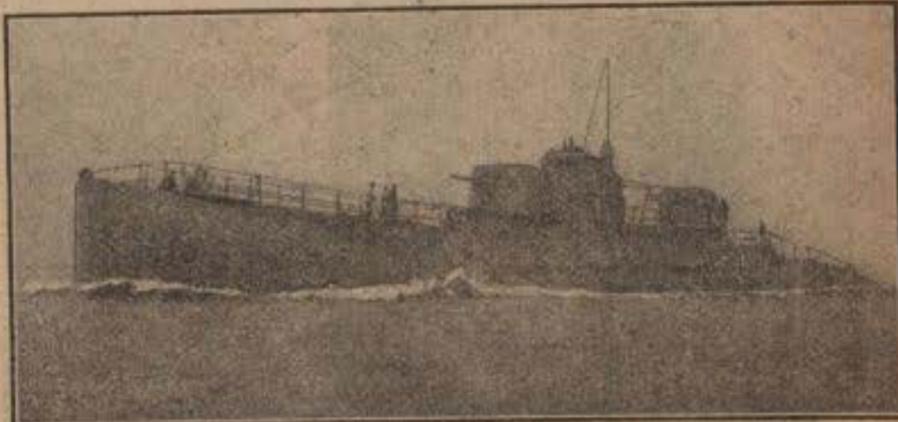
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M.C.13

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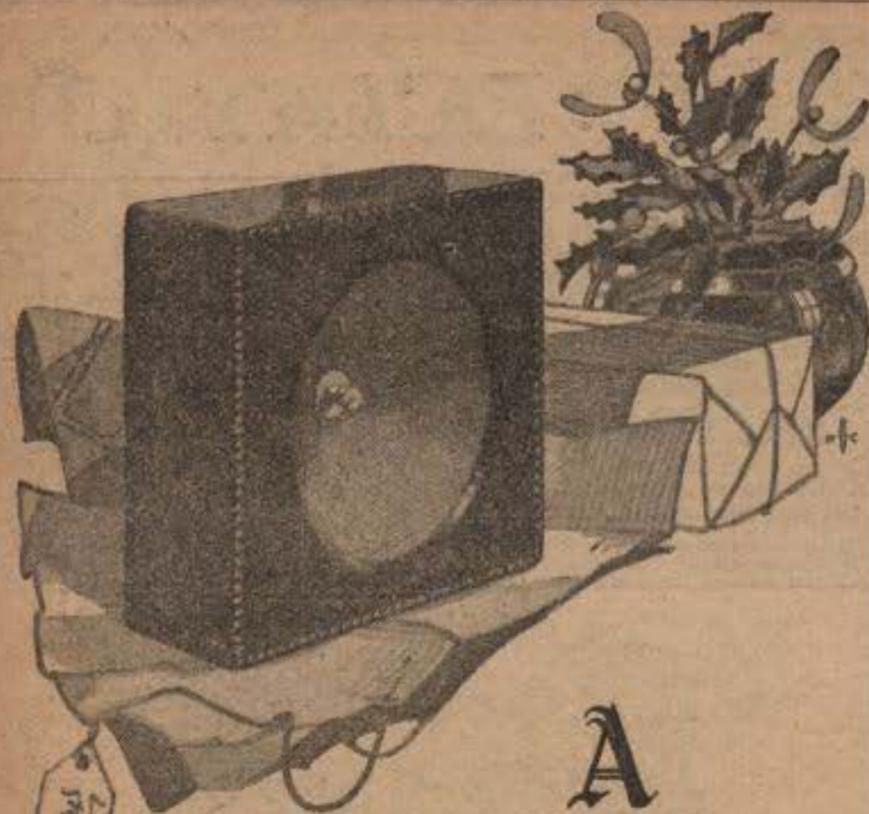
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in far distant
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- Selectivity improved beyond measure.
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- Constant tuning.
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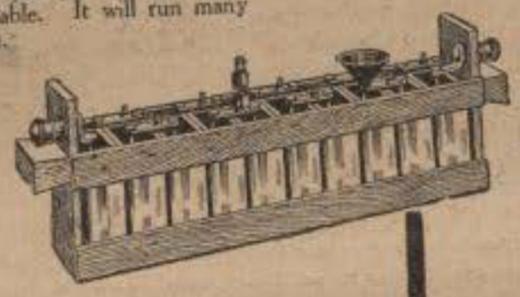
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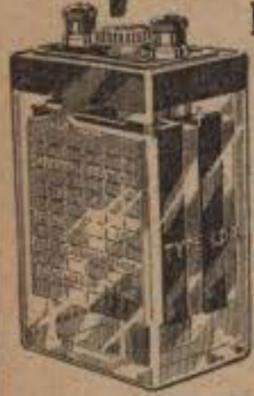
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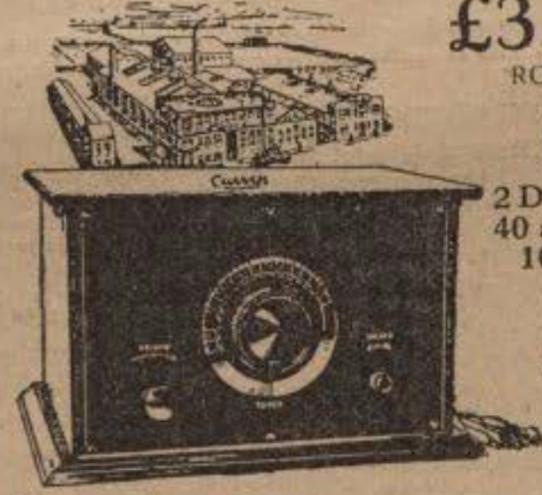
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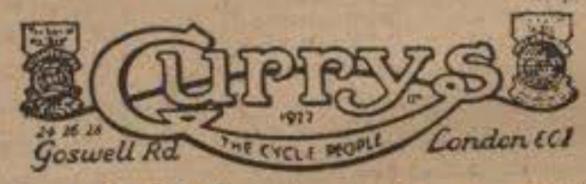
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