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RADIO TIMES



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



RADIO TIMES

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A Merry Christmas to you!

Among the Contents of this, our special Christmas Number, you will find Stories and Articles by HILAIRE FELLOU, A. E. COPPARD, C. R. BURNS, LYNN BROCK, MABEL CONSTANDUROS, RALPH DE KOHAN, HARRY GRAHAM, SIR WALFORD DAVIES, THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL. Drawings by ARTHUR WATTS, GEORGE MORROW, STEPHEN SPURRIER, AUBREY HAMMOND, BERT THOMAS, YUNGE, ETC.

CHRISTMAS TREES

This leafless beech envies the fir
That needs not spring to burnish her,
But when the winter world is black
Defies with green the almanac.

An eager wind upon the boughs,
Empty as a deserted house,
Knocks loudly, and then listens shocked
At the grim silence on which he knocked.

His startled footsteps ring so loud,
He does not hear the little crowd
Of rustling guests behind the fence,
Between this world and that one, dance.

He does not see, like coloured paper
Moths veering round a phantom taper,
The leaves return to haunt the tree's
Dark rooms, and quiet passages.

He knocks again, remembering
The company she kept in spring.
Silence! He stamps, and, leaving her,
Calls on the hospitable fir.

Now the wind goes. The cold air huddles
So close it seems to crush the needles,
While, violin to violins
Whispering far, the snow begins.

And now those branches almost ache
Under the fingers, flake by flake,
That chase their haggard outlines with
The pencils of a silversmith.

Each bough so whitens with the brittle
Surface of newly-hammered metal
You'd think Cellini had carved the tree
Twig by twig in filigree.

The beech-tree, as the snowflakes cease,
Falls with the fir upon the peace
That may have folded branch and stem
The olive-trees at Bethlehem.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

1928



'THE UNPLEASANT ROOM'

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Editorial Note.—We have great pleasure in being able to offer to our readers

I HAVE had in my life little experience of the things beyond this world. Once in the Spanish mountains, as a young man, nearly thirty years ago, I saw strange sights when I had been cut off from men for two days, fasting and over-fatigued: I also then heard voices. But those who have ample acquaintance with such accidents of travel assure me that they are common enough. And one friend has told me how, in the high Caucasus, he had seen his sleeping companions under a tent at night, by a dull lantern, seem to change into beings of other than humankind. But he was convinced that such troubles were illusions. Once also, in the Bristol Channel, after standing at the helm of a small boat all night, I thought, in a dense fog at dawn, that there were about me the whispered conversations of the dead. But it was more probably the odd communication of sea-birds, which, when they think no men are about, talk differently to each other than they do when they are aware of our presence.



The most disturbing thing about him was his eyes
—they made me think of lizard's.

I say that I, myself, have no real experience of such things: my rare examples of them I may well set down to exhaustion and the sickly fancy bred from some abnormal strain. But there has been one occasion in my life when I met a man whose relation of what had happened to him carried with it a sharp edge of conviction. As he spoke I could not but believe him—not only as to his sincerity, but as to his judgment: he had seen (I still believe) real and disconcerting things.

The place in which I met him (it was very many years ago) was an inn by the wayside of a great moor on the borders of England and Scotland, where I was walking on a chance adventure of a few days. The place was propitious to glamour. Yet, though the man himself was of the North, the place of which he spoke in his story was far off and in more human places: for what he told me had happened to him, had fallen in the county of Hampshire, not far from King's Clere, of a winter night.

The man whom I thus met and who told me the story was older than I was in those days. His hair was grey; his small and pointed beard was white. He had deep brown eyes of a sort more southern than one commonly finds in this country. But he was English all right: and he spoke in that low, cultivated voice which is unmistakable as a sign of Englishmen. We sat together before a coal fire which glowed warm in an open grate. We had dined together, and after dinner we had talked of many things. First of our journey: I told him how I was going north to see a border town: he told me of how he was on his way south at leisure, drawing the hills. For though (he said) he was not a painter by profession, he took his leisure so, and made such records of his travels. Also he said (what is quite true) that no one can pretend to know a countryside or to be able to translate it on to canvas unless he comes upon it on foot and wanders slowly through it, receiving its spirit.

We fell to talking further of such wanderings. I told him of what I had seen in various countries, and he told me of men rather than of places, but also of buildings: and that with a sort of knowledge from within, as of the souls of human beings and of cities, which (as I was still so young, still in the thirties) absorbed me.

Then we came to the influences inhabiting the haunts of the human race, the places in which they had done good and evil, and damned or saved their souls. I said to him, with the easy ignorance of youth that no harm could fall on us from without, but only through our own misdeeds.

He answered: 'You are right. But there are tempters.'

As he said this I caught a sort of smouldering fire behind his profound gaze and was held to his speech.

I answered, as best I could, that there were, of course, temptations towards evil for which we were not responsible, but that we had strength to resist them and could remain unscathed.

He replied: 'The powers of darkness will attack from every side and in every fashion. They will sap and mine before they assault. They are given great room for action. Why, I know not. They are permitted to prepare certain ambushes into which we poor beings of the common clay enter unknowing, and are appalled. They are allowed to shake the foundations of man by terror.'

As he said this he spoke with such secret strength that there passed between us that flash of conviction which is as unmistakable as a blow. He was speaking of reality.

I must give his account of the affair not in his own words, which I could not copy (I wish I could!) but in my own—after so many years—yet I hope to convey that impression of living sense which he imposed.

This was the story:—

I was going (he said) westward through South England, in the year 1887, the year of the first Jubilee, but in the late autumn, or early winter of that year. I had a fortnight to spend at my ease and I had passed from Sussex into Hampshire, painting as I went, sleeping in the inns and making but a few miles a day. I was free and unburdened, as young then as you are now. I was in health—indeed I did not know (in those days) of any other bodily state.

The weather was not yet cold, nor the evenings misty. As I followed the chalk from village to village, the air was from the south-west and the Channel; but there had been little rain. The leaves had, for the most part already fallen, and the bare branches swayed in the beginnings of a gale, when I left the last village, rather late and lazily, to make my way to King's Clere by that evening. All day long I plodded along as the gale rose—still without rain.

I ate some bread and cheese and drank a glass of beer at midday, and then took a turn to the south of the road over the high downs, and paused about three o'clock to make what we call 'a note.'

(He smiled in a sort of ironical apology as he used that technical term—but he didn't dwell upon it.)

My 'note' interested me. I had come up to one of those rounded roofs of chalk down covered with a beech-wood and having many yews on its steep sides. I tried to fix the movement of the bare beech boughs, tossing in the wind, and of the stiff but trembling

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

a new Ghost Story by one of the most distinguished of contemporary writers.



yews upon that upland. (It is an impossible task to draw from the thing itself—I ought to have waited till I had got to shelter and then to have drawn from memory.) But, no matter. I was hooked by my attempt, and carried it on until the light failed me. For the gale still rose, and with it the fantastic movement of the woodside against the dying light. Even the ancient yews could resist no longer, but bent to the violence of the wind.

Till it was almost dark I continued to draw—straining my eyes, hardly appreciating the loss of light till it was impossible to work longer; so much had this union of the empty and still earth with the changing sky inspired me. Then I put my block in my pocket and turned to go down the great sweep to find the road again.

But I had stayed too late. It was full night before I had come to lowest of the valley, and there was still the open turf under my feet and no hedge-line near by in the gloom, nor any sign of a track. There was no moon behind that racing sky overhead and the wind howled through an immensity of darkness. I knew that I had lost my bearings and I went forward one hour, and another, and another, as my only chance of finding some highway and shelter for the night.

It must have been nine o'clock or later when I found the road. It showed a dull break in the blackness all around, and I hailed it as the first sign of things human in these desolate hours. It must lead me to houses at last. It was too late to think of food: none would prepare it; but I could hope for a bed.

I had not gone half a mile when the first thin drops of the storm began to fall, and at that moment I saw a lump close by against the sky, which was what we call in these parts 'a Bethlehem': that is an open shed without doors. I took refuge therein—and from that point began my adventure.

I struck a match and looked about me. The place was dry. Empty save for a cart and a roller, but in a corner was a scattering of old straw. I gathered it together and lay down. I was more tired than I had known, and I fell asleep then, exhausted. How long I so slept I do not know, but seeing the length of the night that followed, it can hardly have been an hour. My first thought when I awoke suddenly was that I must be pushing on, or I should make it too late for anyone to open to me. I stood up and put my hand out to the open. It was, for the moment, not raining, but the gale stronger than ever. I took the road at once and followed on till at last I saw a light, which was that of a single window in a house a little way ahead.

Now here I must ask you to remember one small but strange point in this affair. You know how a light appearing thus after hours of lonely darkness and search for a roof suddenly cheers the heart like a companion? You know the change it makes in all one's mind? Well, I felt no such change. On the contrary, I was filled, for no explainable reason, with the instinct for cautious approach, such as a man might feel in a hostile country. Still, it was shelter, and by the swinging and creaking of sign which I heard as I came up to the walls, it was an inn. I stood at the front door, flush with the road, under that creaking sign which swayed above in the gusts. I felt for a bell and could find none. I hammered at the door with my hand. Even as I did so I had the feeling that those within knew of my coming and had watched it. It was a feeling wholly unreasonable. No footstep could have been heard, even outside, in such a howling wind, and I had nowhere come into the light. You must remember my extreme fatigue. Exhaustion breeds such odd thoughts—and this one was confirmed by the suddenness with which the door was opened, even as I struck it.

Within stood an old man, thin and too tall, who held a candle in his left hand, sheltering it with his right from the draught, and so throwing a strong light upon his face, which startled me. It was framed in very scanty grey hair, falling on either side of a head otherwise bald. The skin, drawn tight over the gaunt bones of the skull, was of that yellowish parchment sort which you see sometimes in age. The features had an effect of strength—a great nose and deeply marked furrows on either side of a thin-lipped, firm-shut mouth. But the most disturbing thing about him was his eyes. They made me think of a lizard's. Yet they were not bright, but dull, and they seemed to avoid the gaze, looking slantwise.

I asked whether I could have a room. By way of answer (and the only answer) he turned from me, took up a tallow candle that was standing in its broad, brass candlestick upon a dark chest, lit it from his own, handed it to me, and led the way without a word up a flight of uncarpeted stairs that followed the wall of that narrow building.

Now this sort of sullen taciturnity, though rare, is not unknown. I detest it and resent it, but I have come across it sufficiently in my many travels to accept it when I find it. For there is a kind of man, often soured with long living or by nature surly, who will receive one without speech, and these it is useless to press. So I followed him up the stairs to the room he evidently proposed to show me. As we went I noted the huge

shadow, exaggerated, fantastic, which the candle-light threw of him upon the white-wash. From the landing at the head of the stairs was a corridor, also uncarpeted, along which he led until we came to a door on the side overlooking the high road. He opened it and pushed it back, and I went into the room. With that he turned and left me alone, leaving the door wide open.

I shut it—but as I did so I had a shock. I could swear that the Figure, as it reached the stairhead, the back turned to me, the candle hidden by its form, had grown much taller.

The shock was so violent that I had difficulty in controlling myself. I sat down on the bed unnerved for a moment and breathing irregularly. The physical effect passed, but not the memory of it. Happily I was so weary and the hour was so late, that I could make sure of sleep.

Meanwhile I looked about me. The room was far too high for its width. It had one druggot on the bare boards of the floor.



'I saw—without seeing, as it were—a date upon the crumpled cover of the newspaper.'

It was papered rather dingily in common, dark-flowered pattern. There was one window overlooking the road. It had no blind or curtains of any kind.

There were two prints on the walls—one of the Pavilion at Brighton—the mount badly foxed; one of Queen Victoria at her Accession; each in a cheap, gilded frame. The feather bed was a large and broad four-poster with ample chintz curtains, not too clean, and there was dust upon its woodwork, as there was upon the single chest of drawers, which was near the door, of mahogany, chipped here and there, but of fine workmanship and looking as though it might have come out of some country house. As I laid my watch down upon it before undressing, I noticed that the door of the room had neither bolt nor key.

Then I noticed another thing less disquieting, which was at the extreme end of the long, empty room, facing the pillars of the bed many yards away—a fireplace with a fire ready laid in its grate, only waiting to be lit; a jumble of newspaper, dry twigs on that and coal on top—the coal also dusty as though it had lain there a great while. I knelt down to light it and make the place less void.

Here I must ask you again to listen to a certain detail carefully. As I so knelt to light the fire, I saw without seeing, as it were—there was impressed upon my senses, upon my eyes, but hardly on my mind—a date upon a crumpled cover of the newspaper to which I held the lighted match. It was the date—Saturday, the 2nd of October, 1841; and the print and texture of the paper matched the date. But, I repeat (and I think it of importance to any comprehension of all that business and of my mood therein), I neither reasoned on that date nor on how or why such a piece of newspaper came to be there. It was not till long after that the realization of it struck me with a force and suddenness overwhelming.

The fire lit well, blazed cheerfully, and half redeemed, for some few minutes, the growing oppression of the place. I put out the candle and went to bed by the light of the fire, and the last thing I heard as I fell into a deep sleep was the familiar ticking of my watch upon the chest of drawers by the doorway, and the companionable crackling of the fire.

I must have slept, dreamlessly, for some hours. I woke as suddenly as I had woken before in the shed by the roadside, but in a very different state. For I was sitting bolt-upright catching the bedclothes with clenched hands on either side and listening horribly. I was listening for something outside the door. The wind had fallen; there was no noise of air without. The ticking of my watch came—as it seemed—much louder, like a warning. The fire had sunk to a dull glow, so that the walls and bedposts were in a half-light of fading red. Even as I listened thus taut, and in a strain too intense for expression (no one could express that panic in words) the embers settled slightly, and even that hardly audible sound sent a trembling through my body. Then again, save for the watch, it was dead silent. Yet I listened with all the agony of my soul.

It was outside in the passage. So vivid and poignant was the expectation that I all but suffered the illusion of a board creak-

ing beneath a footstep—though such footsteps have no weight at all. So irresistible was the influence that I almost thought a chink of light appeared at the hinges, as from one bearing a guarded flame and stealthily creeping my way—though such approaches have no need for light, but see too well in the horror of darkness.

I listened. I also, through the surrounding night and the last gleam of the fire, stared at the door. I waited to see its handle turn slowly and itself to open so much only as to show—far too high above the floor, from a stature not human—an abominable face. At the very crisis of that agony I think the handle moved, but I know not. From that moment the influence began to fade. It was like a light glimmering through the water as one rises to the surface, or like breath returning. The fierce fullness of evil dulled into the beginnings of sleep, rapidly, and sleep itself fell upon me again with complete enveloping power.

As this chance acquaintance of mine, speaking thus in a border moor of such things passing long ago in South England, he breathed shortly and then with ease again like a man who struggles and escapes. He also paused for a full minute, but then resumed:—

'I woke for the third time. It was that moment when the night is hardly ending, before there is any colour in things or any distinction of outline, yet when the casement by some imperceptible shade is more marked and when there is already a smell of morning.

'A smell of morning? There was some-



I stumbled down the broken-down, dangerous stairs, and, in spite of its gaping holes, reached the ground without falling.

thing oddly cold in the air. The fire was out, long ago. I looked up at the ceiling beyond the bed. Something had fallen. Suddenly I made the discovery, and it brought me out of bed like an armed attack. Where all that far end of the ceiling should have been were gaping rafters, and, in the slightly increasing glimmer of the dawn (no doubt at all!)—one saw the sky in between the timbers. I was thrusting on my clothes as men do in an alarm of shipwreck. The casement was in ruins and made but a staring hole irregular with fallen stone at the edges. The boards of the floor were half rotted away, showing great gaps; the drugget was a shred of mouldy rug, the curtains of the bed in which I had lain were a few strips, hanging squalid and filthy with some fungus. All one side of the bed had slipped towards the wall and the far corner sagged upon a broken upright, deeply rotted and devoured by time. The light grew broader. I saw one half of a broken frame hanging lop-sided from its nail with a fragment of rain-beaten paper clinging to it, and on the walls, where they still stood, were long wisps of sodden pattern peeling away. By a mechanical instinct I snatched up my watch (it was still going). By an act of spasmodic courage, hardly sane, I shook at the door—which fell inwards from hinges rusted away—stumbled down the broken-down, dangerous stairs, and in spite of its gaping holes, reached the ground without falling. There was no outer door left at all, but—yes, I could see the thing in the gloom—a sickly little briar, stark with winter, now stood in the yawning entry, sprung from a crack in the threshold.

'I ran down the road, looking back but once at the ruined roof against the sky and marking the twisted irons of the sign all drooping, but the board gone. I came to what I knew, and it was like home to me—I mean that shed. I took refuge there from the faint dawn and its panic. I dozed a while, flung back on some good straw.

'It was soon broad day, the gale was rising again and it heartened me. The sane things of this world—the cart, the roller, the straw, the returning colours of reality and healthy England all around—these restored me from trembling, and what an onlooker would have called madness, to some balance at last.

'I let the good return, and then, though weakened by that ordeal as I had heard men were by a long illness, I was able to take the road again, and resolutely turned back on the way to King's Clere, for breakfast and the taking up again of reasoned life. I knew that I should have to pass that ruined inn and I braced myself for the effort, but I faced it. I wondered why it was so long in showing its broken rafters against the new day. But when I came to the site of it, the place from which I had recently fled, this is what I saw:—

'A little spinney standing between the road and a field beyond. In the spinney two or three thick beds of nettles, grown up upon low heaps of earth and rubbish. In the midst of these, two squared stones left, as of a building, but moss-covered and fallen apart. Next to them, half hidden in the weeds, a scrap of twisted iron. Nothing more.'

(Continued at foot of page 788.)

A Christmas Fantasy by the admirable author of 'The Black Dog,' 'The Silver Circus,' etc.

THE ALMANAC MAN.

By A. E. COPPARD.

ONCE upon a time the man who made almanacs lived in the Hundred of Hoo. Sweetapple was his name. Dr. Joseph Sweetapple, and his job in life was to draw up the annual almanac, the thing that tells you all about this year, next year, and where Robinson Crusoe was born, and the day Christmas will fall due. Some people pretend that this doesn't matter, that the world goes round and Father Christmas takes his chance just like any other fellow, but that is sheer nonsense, because had Dr. Sweetapple forgotten it you might have had Christmas turning up on a Shrove Tuesday, or some such caper as that.

One time the doctor was mighty vexed because he had not got his almanac finished. Everything was behindhand, for it was close on Christmas, you know, and as a rule the almanac was ready by the time partridge shooting begins; but this year there was a hitch, and he was very anxious. At the last moment he got wind of a terrible report—that the world was coming to an end quite soon. All this was the plan of a devilish goblin whose name was Old Moore. When Dr. Sweetapple heard of it his heart nearly burst, for he knew that what this old goblin said was bound to be sudden and certain. If Old Moore said 'So-and-so might be looked for'—well, you had to go on looking and looking until you saw it, and when you saw it, there it was.

So Dr. Sweetapple rushed off to see this villain on Christmas Eve.

'What d'ye want?' asked Old Moore.

'Sir,' said Dr. Sweetapple; 'is it true—about the world's end?'

'Ah,' said Old Moore, nodding. 'I want to get it over and done with.'

'That's terrible inconvenient for me,' Dr. Sweetapple murmured.

'O no,' retorted Old Moore, cheerfully; 'O no, a mere flea-bite.'

'But excuse me,' said Sweetapple, 'you—you—what about almanacs? Who's to look after them?'

'I've done with almanacs,' said Old Moore. 'I've done with everything. Life is a dull tale, plainly told. I'm sick of the lot of you.'

'Sick of life!' cried Dr. Sweetapple.

'Um,' said Old Moore.

'Sick of Christmas!'

'Yes,' Old Moore grunted. 'I've been everywhere I wanted to go.'

'What, have you been to so-and-so?' asked Dr. Sweetapple.

'No,' replied Old Moore, 'not there, but I've seen everything I want to see.'

'What,' the doctor interrupted again, 'have you seen so-and-so?'

'No,' Old Moore replied, 'not her; but I've done everything I want to do.'

'What,' cried the hasty doctor, 'have you done so-and-so?'

'No, not that—no, no, no,' said Old Moore, quite testily; 'but I've prophesied every blessed thing I can. I've prophesied right, I've prophesied wrong, and I've prophesied middling. Now I'm going to stop. No use hanging about. Finished. Open the Book of Fortune and you won't find a balance anywhere—all paid in and paid up, and ruled off and finished. Done. I'm hundreds of years old and that's the whole issue.'

'But . . . but . . . but,' groaned the trembling doctor; 'what about my business? What about Sweetapple's Almanac? Who's to look after 'em? Who's a-going to remind all those Members of Parliament when it's Empire Day, or when the battle of Aboukir was fought?'

'Nobody,' said Old Moore. 'No more almanacs, no more Old Moore. That's the whole issue.'

'O,' groaned Dr. Sweetapple; 'have you

no soul, no courage no patriotism? Suppose Adam, the first man of all, had given us up like this, where'd we all be now? Eh?'

'I can't think a lot about the first man, today,' said Old Moore. 'I've got to give my attention to that *last* man, he's the one that's going to tie my wool.'

'And who might that be?' queried Sweetapple.

Old Moore sighed and said: 'Father Christmas, of course. If I miss him I shall miss everything again, and there'll be another forecast ruined. He's not the man he was, though, but the saints alone know where he is now.'

Dr. Sweetapple tremblingly asked: 'And when is it all to end?'

'Midnight,' replied the villain.

'Tonight!' shrieked the poor doctor.

'Ah, this very Christmas Eve, unless that fellow Christmas is too quick for me.'

Uttering a wild cry Dr. Sweetapple dashed out into the streets. The market-place was full of merry people who were unaware of the doom that was hovering over all. Above the bright shops he could peer into a sky that was a pit of icy blackness, but all around him was music and laughter and warmth. A little acrobat in scarlet tights was performing on a strip of blue carpet in the road. Sweetapple threw him a penny. At a doorstep in a dim corner Sweetapple saw a nun stooping to tie up her shoelace. Her face was pink, but her nose was blue, and he wondered whether she could be one of the saints.

'Pardon me,' said Dr. Sweetapple to her, 'but—ah, but the end of the world is at hand.'

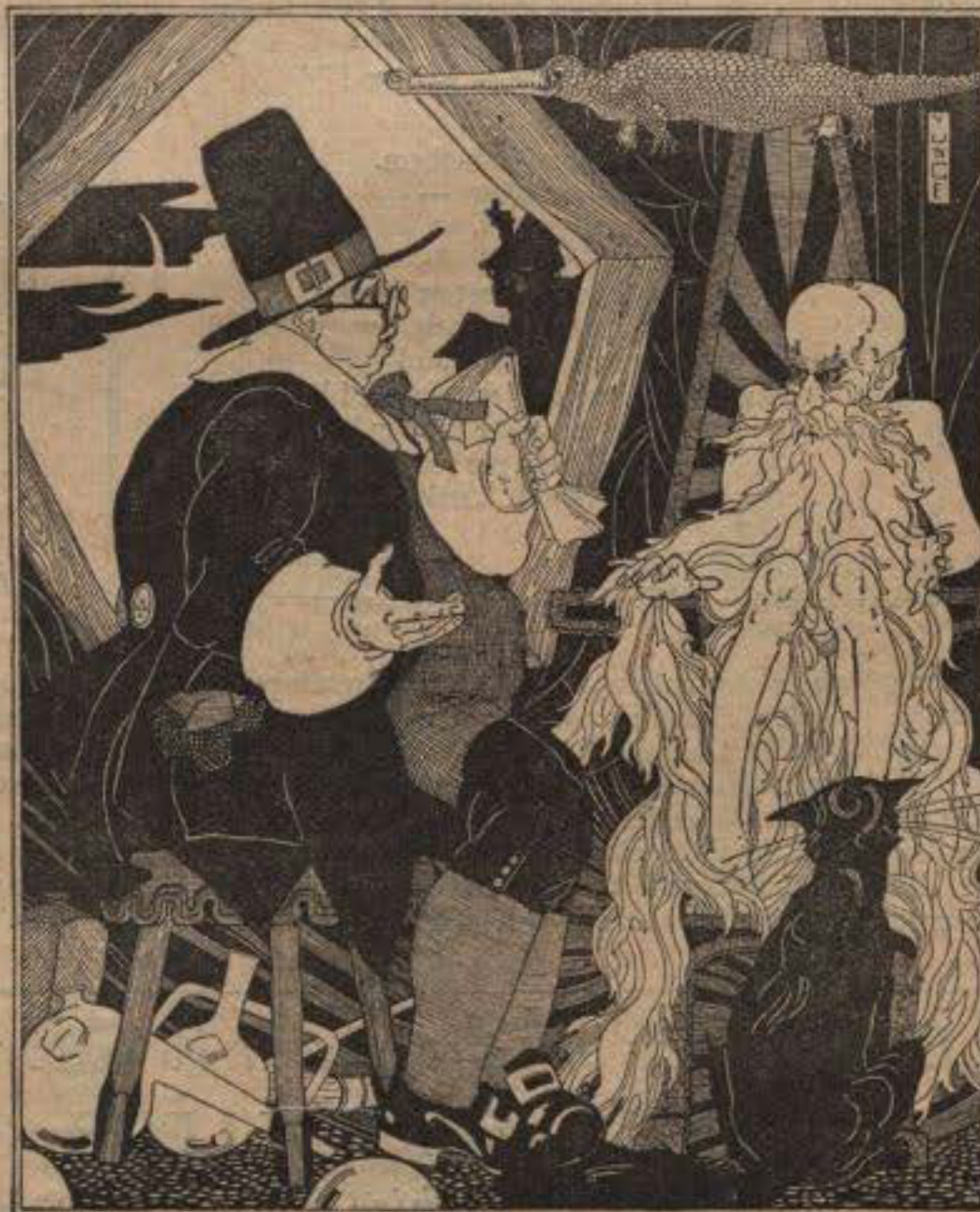
'O,' said the nun, not looking up at him; 'it is only my shoelace broken.'

'Can you tell me,' continued Sweetapple, 'where Christmas is?'

The nun straightened herself with a sweet smile and said: 'Christmas is coming.'

'No, no; oh no,' cried the doctor, but the nun could not stop to listen to him any longer. In the gutter was a man with a tin cart and a fire in it. Sweetapple went up to him and bought a baked potato. He stared at it burning in his hand. 'That doesn't look much like the world's end,' he sighed; then he waved one hand indignantly towards the merry market square, so musical, so gay, and shouted: 'That doesn't look much like the world's end!'

'O no, sir,' said the baked potato man. 'That's further up the road, a smartish bit.'



'What do you want?' asked Old Moore.

'Sir,' said Dr. Sweetapple, 'is it true—about the world's end?'

'What do you say?' exclaimed the doctor.

'Away on, Sir,' whispered the man. 'I know where you want to go.' And he gave him a good plain direction to somewhere or other, and Sweetapple thought he might just as well go there as do any other mortal thing. Off he went, and soon left the town behind him and plunged into the darkness. There were stars but they were of no avail to light the way. The first two miles were sharp cold and the next two were so cruel dark, that when he came to the halfway town he could not tell if he were walking to his own destruction or not. He stretched out his hands on either side of him thinking he'd touch a house with them, but he could not, and there was not the least chink of a light anywhere nor a living sound. So he went on out of it, along black roads until he came to a watchman's fire and a red lantern. He called out to the watchman: 'Where goes this road?' And the man answered: 'To the world's end. Straight on.'

On went the Almanac Man until he came to a heath, where it was as dark as before, and colder. The stars shone above, but the blackness grew deeper, and when he put his foot to the path that went across the heath he trod in water.

'O dear,' said Dr. Sweetapple, 'now my feet are wet.' And they were wet, but he went tramping on across bogs and ditches till he came to a house he could see, for it had lights in it, and he could hear music. He knocked upon the door.

'Come in,' cried some merry voices, but he did not go in. He just called out: 'Can you put me on my road?'

'Where are you for?' the voices answered.

'World's end,' he replied.

'Come in,' they shouted, 'you're there!'

The latch of the door was lifted up and a great light shone out upon Dr. Sweetapple from a country inn. In the doorway stood a policeman with a large belly and a long nose. Behind him was a clown with a red-hot poker and behind him stood pantaloons, Columbine and Harlequin.

'Holla, boys,' yelled the clown, 'here we are again,' and he drove the red-hot poker clean through Dr. Sweetapple. That did not harm him, not a bit, but he was alarmed

when he smelt his own braces burning. Then Columbine linked her arm in his, drew him into the tap-room and asked for his business. And he told them that he was seeking Father Christmas, quick, for there'd be the devil and all to face in no time. Then Columbine kissed him sweetly, but at that the Harlequin drew his sword and with one

sitting in the ingle nook by a grand fire. On the wall above the fireplace was a painted board.

THE WORLD'S END

BY

TOBY TAPTREE.

'Come!' said the three shepherds, rising to their feet. 'We know your errand. There's no time to lose.'

The Almanac Man had to follow the three shepherds out-a-doors and athwart a dark hill where their flocks were folded. The night was piercing cold, and the long sharp sky hung over a frozen world.

'Will he be in time?' Dr. Sweetapple asked.

'Yes,' said the old shepherds: 'Christmas will come, sir, because, he's the bailiff (so to speak) of the Lord of all, who came to save the world. Here's my lantern, sir, it will help to guide him.' And the first shepherd climbed up into a tall tree and hung his lantern high; the second went off to the ridge of a stack and hung his lantern wide, but the third set his lantern on an anthill, in case he'd be looking low. Hard on midnight the four men sat watching the skies.

'What do you see? What do you see?' Dr. Sweetapple kept asking.

'I see his star a-travelling,' said the first shepherd, but the doctor could not.

'What do you see?' he asked another. The second man said he could see his flying star, and the third man likewise. Then at last the doctor himself saw the giant figure striding across the sky with wheels of fire on its feet. Like a lovely rocket he curved towards their hill and at length dropped before them in a puff of flame.

'A Merry Christmas!' cried the three shepherds.

'Thank you, gentlemen,' said jovial Santa Claus, and he gave them each a purse of gold. 'How do, Sweetapple?' he continued.

'Sir,' said the rejoicing almanac maker, 'I never thought to look on you again.'

'Foh!' laughed Father Christmas.

'A little joke of that rascal Old Moore.' He turned and led forward a most beautiful lady. 'But there has been,' he said, 'a little diversion this year. You know . . . I . . . ah . . . I've been and got married. Meet the wife!'

And his wife said: 'I wish you all a Merry Christmas.' (And so do I.)

A Folk Carol for Christmas, 1928.

THE CUCKOO CAROL.

The Chanticleer of Bethlehem

Crowed out on Christmas Morn:—

'I've seen a sight
This wintry night,
O! I have seen a shining light,
And never shone a light so bright,
'Twill put the sun to scorn!
All creatures to the manger-bed!
Haste! Ox and ass wait to be led
In merry psalm by Robin red,
For Jesus Christ is born!'

The Robin woke at Bethlehem

On chilly Christmas Morn:—

'What do I see?
It needs must be
The Christ that sits on Mary's knee!
The Babe has so enraptured me
I cannot eat my corn!
O would the Cuckoo's bell were here!
Cry out again, proud Chanticleer—
Cry: "Cuckoo, come!" Crow louder,
dear!
Crow: "Jesus Christ is born!"'

The cry rang out from Bethlehem.

The Cuckoo heard and flew:—

'I have no nest,
I cannot rest,
I know not now or East or West
For any living thing is best.
Home may be best for you!
But I have heavenly news to tell!
I must be gone. Give me my bell.
And may God help me ring it well!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'

swipe of it cut clean through Dr. Sweetapple's neck. That did not harm him, not a bit—but he thought the joke was going rather far, as it might have taken the head right off his shoulders, and he was about to say so, when the clown and his party vanished in the air and he was left alone in the tap-room with three old grizzled shepherds

Christmas Eve, the day of Carols, will be celebrated by
CAROL SINGING FROM KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
and from the Churchyard of Whitechapel Parish Church.

Capt. Harry Graham, well known to listeners for his humorous broadcasts, is at his very best in this article on

THE PANTOMIME TRADITION.

HOW pleasant it is at this season of the year to sit by the fireside with one's great-grandchildren on one's knee—(Keep still, Mabel; don't fidget so, or you'll have to get down!). . . . How pleasant it is, as I was saying, to sit by the fire with one's grandchildren nestling—(Herbert, you may blow on my watch as much as you like, but you mustn't suck it. That's the third time you've swallowed it tonight. If I hadn't held on to the chain I don't know what Mother would have said!). . . . How pleasant it is, as I was remarking when I was interrupted, to sit with all one's little ones clustering round—(Get off my neck, Laura; you're strangling me)—to sit and look back upon the past, upon those many happy Christmases of one's youth when Christmas was Christmas, begad!

Ah, yes, there was always snow on the ground then; the holly-bush flamed with red berries; the mistletoe hung high in the hall and provided an excuse for Fraulein, our dear old governess—how I loathed that woman—to be exceptionally coy. Under its snow shroud the street lay silent, save for the occasional muffled tread of a policeman or the sound of youthful 'waits' urging one another to fear not, though sudden dread filled their troubled mind, and one realized that they had seen the Bobby advancing upon them. An old-fashioned Christmas, yes, that was it, when it was still fashionable to go to church . . . a season of plum-pudding, mince-pies and crackers, and (best of all) of pantomime—real pantomime. I mean; the genuine old original folk-drama in which Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin played so prominent a part.

How is it, I have heard a modern cynic inquire, that the spirit of Pantomime has become so intimately associated with the spirit of Christmas that it would seem inappropriate to mention it at any other time? There is little or no suggestion of peace on earth in the Clown's traditional treatment of Pantaloon; good will towards men is not very clearly indicated by the attitude that either adopts towards the police. Even the brief love affair between Harlequin and Columbine has more of jealousy and selfishness in it than can be considered strictly seasonable. And yet Christmas is the only time of the year when this peculiar form of entertainment seems not only permissible, but perfectly legitimate.

If a theatrical manager were to suggest producing a pantomime in July, one would be justified in looking askance at him—a privilege, by the by, in which one is all too seldom permitted to indulge. I don't know whether any of my readers has ever looked askance at a manager; it



'Looking askance at a Manager.'

is a unique (or, as some purists might say, an unique) experience. In the summer of 1923 I had occasion to look very askance at a well-known impresario whose name is a household word wherever impresarios' names are household words, and I have seldom enjoyed anything more. It inspired me with a feeling of secret elation, of latent inward power which I found unusual, but extraordinarily satisfying. Of course, as a matter of fact, I don't think he knew I was looking askance at him. He was unable to read my mind, being one of those successful managers who can neither read nor write; he merely thought that I wasn't feeling very well or something, and offered me another glass of barley-water and a free pass to the pit, both of which I naturally declined.

You will probably tell me—or at any rate, I will tell you—that for a good many

years now the old-fashioned Harlequinade has fallen into what is technically called desuetude—that is to say, extremely flat. The entrance of the Clown with his pathetic cry of 'Here we are again!' has long been the signal for a general emptying of the auditorium and for a 'Here we aren't going to be any longer!' look to pervade the otherwise inexpressive countenances of the modern sophisticated audience. Variety, however, is gradually forcing its way back into favour in the music-halls, and it may still be possible to revive an interest in what Colley Cibber once described as 'a connected Presentation wherein Passions are so happily expressed, and the whole Story so intelligibly told, by a Mute Narration of Gesture only, that even thinking Spectators allow it both a pleasing and Rational Entertainment.' Whether this can be achieved is a very moot point, so moot, indeed, as to be one of the mootest points that has ever been—well, mooted—and yet I sincerely hope that it may be possible to achieve it.

What would I not give to be able to put the clock back, to recapture the careless rapture of a first childish visit to the pantomime! That long drive to Drury Lane in the ramshackle old four-wheeler whose windows rattled so loudly that conversation was impossible; that palpitating house crowded with expectant nephews and nieces, of indulgent uncles! Shall I ever forget the red-letter day when Dick Whittington's cat climbed round the auditorium, and from a front seat in the dress-circle I was able to stroke his tail as he flitted past? Or that happy moment when old Harry Payne, the king of clowns, threw into the stalls a cracker which was obviously intended for me personally, since I caught it unaided and carried it home in triumph!

Pantomime! What a romantic sound the word still holds for those who are ever young at heart! It is easy enough to criticize this form of entertainment; to say that it is hackneyed and old-fashioned, that it contains certain familiar ingredients so stereotyped as to appeal only to the youthful and the unsophisticated. To one as old-fashioned as myself it must still be pleasant to contemplate the survival of a class of entertainment in which a group of inevitably conventional characters continues to appear with un-failing regularity, whose methods and behaviour have successfully withstood the passage of years. Let me recall a few of them to your memory, if I may—or even if I mayn't.

The Principal Boy—a prince, if possible, or, if not, a tinker's apprentice; no middle-class hero is permissible—is still a strapping



'The Principal Boy is still a strapping young woman in tight. . . . the Heroine'. Mother, a frankly hideous female, with a heart of gold.'

young woman in trunks and tights, garments in which any member of her sex must today seem grossly overclad. The Heroine—invariably of lowly birth, I am glad to say—continues to create that impression of artless innocence bordering upon idiocy which endears her to the heart of the great British public. The Villain is either a baron or a baronet, since it is unthinkable that villainy in any shape should be discoverable in any but the better-educated classes. It is essential, too, for the success of a pantomime, that there should be a pair of Low Comedians—one slightly lower than the other, to act as foil or feeder—and that one of these should invariably be dressed in woman's attire. It is also usual, though not necessary, for the Heroine to have a mother, a frankly hideous female with a heart of gold, who exploits to the full any physical defects, any obvious lack of charm, with which Nature has endowed her. The addition of a dog or cat, cleverly played by some acrobatic animal impersonator, as companion to Heroine or Principal Boy, invests the plot with a touch of half-comic, half-soppy sentiment that is very winning. With such a cast as this all the necessary elements of romance, spectacle, and slapstick comedy can be blended into a perfect

whole, and the success of the entertainment is assured.

The first act generally opens in a kitchen—not the sort of kitchen you and I possess, but a vast apartment about the size of Paddington Station, where forty cooks could roast herds of oxen whole without inconvenience. The scene changes later to a baronial hall, where a ball is being given in honour of the Hero's coming-of-age or of the Heroine's betrothal. To this ball the Comedians have not been invited, nor, indeed, very often has the Heroine's mother, but in their natural capacity as social gate-crashers these characters can always obtain entrance, and thus add greatly to the gaiety of the festivities. And so, with the help of a magnificent *mise-en-scène*, expensive costumes, well-devised dances, and music sufficiently banale to prove popular, the action is carried on to a grand finale in which poetic justice is meted out to all concerned, virtue triumphs and villainy is suitably punished.

Forty years ago the climax of the entertainment usually took the form of a Transformation Scene, laid in 'Acid Drop Land' or some equally fantastic realm. Miracles of scenic ingenuity were performed, culminating in a Grand Procession of Nations,

which enabled the audience to express by the volume of its applause such international affections or prejudices as it chanced at the moment to be entertaining. And then, of course, came the inevitable anti-climax, the Harlequinade, when (as I said before) the older members of the audience reached for their hats, and only the protesting cries of youthful innocents prevented a general stampede.

But I go rambling on, and meanwhile little Mabel has fallen asleep, and Herbert is lying in a semi-comatose condition across my waistcoat. What do you say, Mabel? You're *not* asleep? And will I take you to the Pantomime tonight? No, my dear; I'm sorry, it's impossible. I'm taking your great-grandmother to a dance at Ciro's. Never mind, I've a great treat in store for you, all the same. They're relaying the whole of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* from Stratford-on-Avon this afternoon, and you shall listen to your heart's content. Now, Herbert, don't say 'sha'n't!' like that. If you're *very* good you may stay up till nine o'clock tonight and listen to the Daventry Shipping Forecast. . . . There, there, my dears, don't cry. . . . Grandpapa was only joking. . . .

Hilaire Belloc's Strange Tale, 'The Unpleasant Room.'

(Continued from page 784.)

I waited for him to speak on, but after a few minutes had passed and he had said nothing more, I ventured to comment. It is a delicate thing to deal with the experience of others when that experience sounds incredible. At last I said:—

'Do you think it was real?'

'What do you think?' he answered; 'I want to hear that first.'

'Well—I only speak from my own judgment, mind you, and that is limited. Also I have no spiritual vision or experience. But what I should have said if it had happened to me would have been that I had suffered a very vivid nightmare. That is what I should have said, of myself.'

I thought he shook his head ever so slightly. But I wasn't certain, so I added:—

'You say you went to sleep on the straw in that shed, and that you dozed the second time you got there, and that you woke in the broad daylight. Now I know what it is to have dreams so living that one testifies to oneself, while they are acting, that they are real. And for my part I think that if what had happened to you during that Hampshire night had happened to me, I should say that I had dreamt it all in the shed, while I slept on the straw there.'

He shook his head, this time quite decidedly.

'You think it *was* real then?' I asked.

'I don't say that,' he answered. 'All I say is that no man to whom there had happened what happened to me in that night of 1887 would have thought it a dream. It had all the tang of the real, the external.' And as he said this I saw a look pass over his face like that which men have at a sudden recollection of intolerable suffering.

'After all, how do we know an experience to be real?' he went on. 'We receive an impression through our senses. Our mind records it, and appreciates its independence of ourselves; its coming from without; that is, its reality. We can say no more. All that *happened* to me then, as surely as

it as relative with the new mathematical formulae.' Then he added:

'How do you account for the fact that there was such an inn here in the earlier nineteenth century? I've even seen a print of it since in a man's collection—but I'd never heard of it at the time.'

'Places may have an influence,' I said.

'Well, by that sort of argument no abnormal experience would ever be real. . . . But I'll tell you something more. There were marks on my clothes next morning of just that dust which comes from old and rotted wood. It's the only material evidence I can call and I know it's weak. But my own impression of actuality in the affair was not weak. It was conclusive.'

'Had the inn any history? Why was it abandoned? We don't let things fall into ruin in England nowadays.'

'I heard no particular history, except a tradition from a man in King's Clere, held from his grandfather, that a woman had died in it suddenly, and that, after the inquest (which put no suspicion on the landlord) people didn't like to go there. He went bankrupt. It wasn't exactly allowed to fall into ruin, but it was abandoned long enough to get badly out of repair and then they pulled it down and carted away most of it, but left some rubbish. No one who knew the neighbourhood cared to build again on the site, and no one has since.'

'What was it called?'

'The Merry Farmer,' he said, rising and taking his candle to go to bed.

'I didn't ask in what room the woman died. I let that alone—and anyhow they couldn't have told me so long after. . . . Good night, sleep well.'

1929

will soon be here—a whole new year of Broadcast Programmes covering new and intriguing ground in entertainment.

'THE RADIO TIMES'

in 1929 will not lag behind the Programmes in interest and originality. The aim of *The Radio Times* will be, as always, to serve the Listener by providing a complete and accurate guide to the week's programmes, by inviting, through its correspondence columns, criticism and suggestion from the public, and by discussing, vividly and with freedom, the various aspects and problems of broadcasting.

your presence here and that of the furniture of this place is "happening" to me now.'

'But the time—the passage of time—Your watch marked a few hours, and the ruin of a house is a thing of many years.'

'We know nothing of Time,' he answered, 'least of all those who pretend to define

By C. R. Burns, author of 'The Fantastic Battle.'

'NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION.'

A Story of the Day after Tomorrow.

I.

IT was close upon midnight. The Central Radio Building towered fantastic, immense, and black against the winter stars. Under their cold, remorseless shining lay the city, its roofs mantled with snow. Above the great doorway, through which one could glimpse the nodding form of the drowsy commissioner, two stories flared with the lights of studios completing the evening's programme. Above that rose twenty-six stories of black darkness. Only at the apex of the central tower gleamed a single golden light, like a beacon. It betrayed the existence of a tiny room in which a journalist, attached to the staff of the Central Radio Organization, was bent over his desk finishing an urgent piece of work; a young man, with a keen, hard face, tawny eyes and a deeply-lined forehead. His pen slid smoothly across the white sheet of paper, the ink glittering in the concentrated light from his reading-lamp. His jaws worked smoothly, masticating chewing-gum. He might have been the embodiment of concentration.

At last, he threw down his pen, clipped his sheets of manuscript together, and glanced at his watch. It was a quarter to midnight, when the night programme closed down. He thanked his gods that he lived hard by, and not out in the suburbs.

Beside his chair a pair of headphones hung from a hook in the wall. Every office in the vast building was thus connected with the central control room, so that programmes could be followed night and day by the permanent staff. The journalist had often wondered how the walls of the Central Building could contain all the wires that made up the nervous system of the organization: outside telephones, inside telephones, studio lines, control lines. . . . He was no technical engineer, and he was still young enough to be capable of astonishment and admiration. He had often wondered, too, whether any of the multitudinous wires ever crossed—and what might happen if they did. . . .

Almost mechanically he slipped the headphones on his ears. He was tired and stiff. The last ten minutes of dance music by the Radio Band might stimulate his jaded nervous system into making the necessary effort to get up and go home. . . . He was, frankly, a lover of Jazz. . . .

Within two minutes the journalist was sitting rigid in his chair, his face rather white, his lips very set. He had got his nervous stimulus certainly. But the Radio Band was not responsible for it. The thing had happened at last. One of the innumerable wires had slipped and crossed. Instead of the clash and flare of the Radio Band, a couple of quiet middle-aged voices seemed to be whispering calmly into the journalist's ears—whispering deviltry. . . .

The voices were unmistakable. One belonged to the President of the Central Radio Organization. The journalist had interviewed him too often not to know his

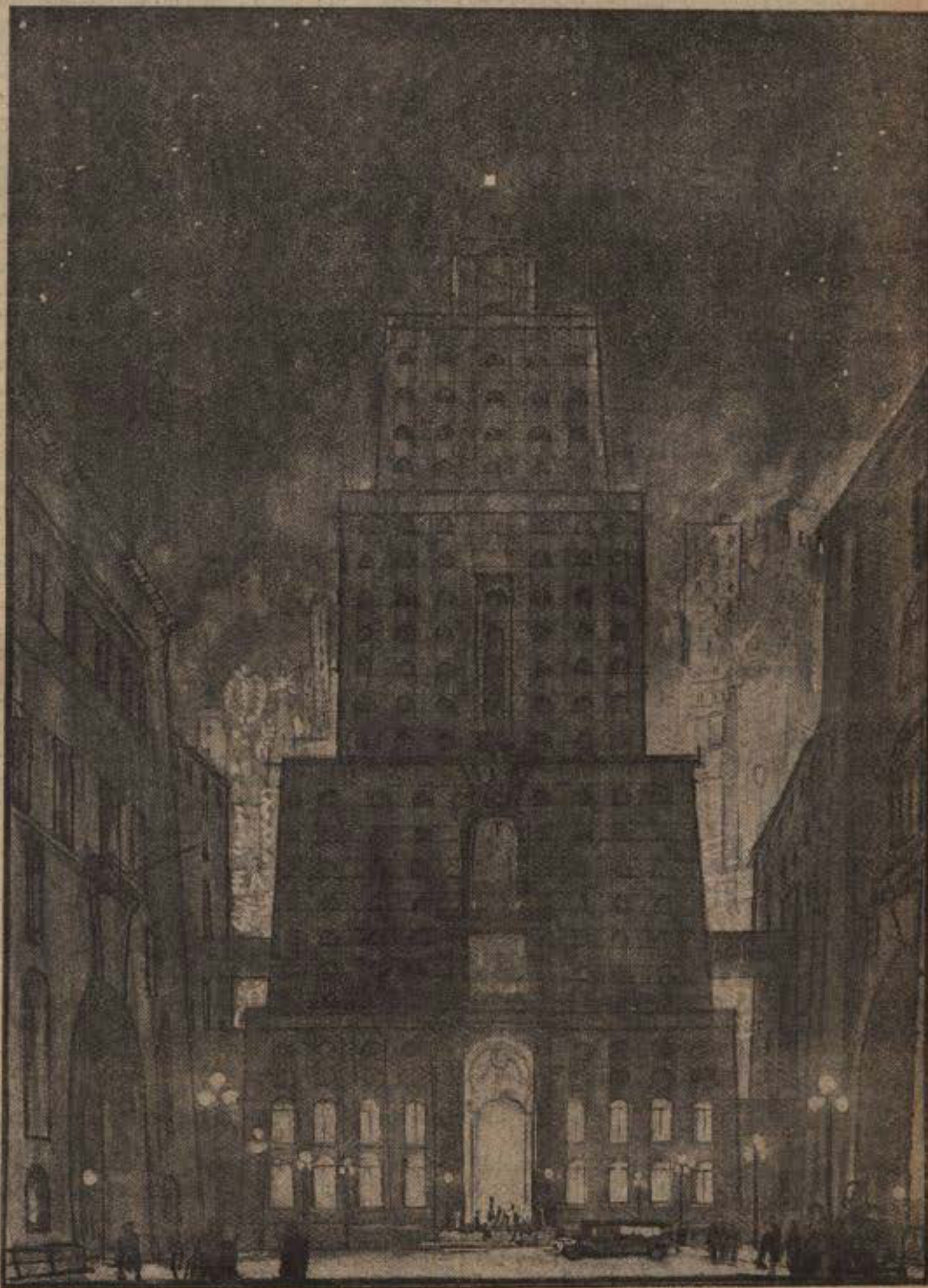
faint lisp, and the peculiar click with which he ended his crisp sentences. The second voice only the previous night had broadcast a talk on the future of industry. It belonged to the Chairman of the Board of United Metallic Industries—an international organization of immense power and terrific wealth—'—and that,' were the first words the journalist heard (it was the chairman speaking), 'makes war inevitable!'

'You think so?' answered the President. 'My dear fellow, 1914 proved it. You

cannot mobilize and demobilize again without fighting. Once load the guns—they will go off almost of their own free will. The thing is quite ready. A Government agent is in my pay. His post is at X—I don't think I need specify more closely—'

The smooth flow of words was interrupted by a short laugh. The journalist sat rigid in his chair.

'In three days' time from now—on Christmas Eve to be exact,' the Chairman went on, 'that agent will send a "priority secret



The Central Radio Building towered fantastic, immense, and black against the winter stars. Only at the apex of the tower gleamed a single golden light, like a beacon.

message" to the Government; it will state that the X striking air-fleet is on its way to overwhelm this capital with a deluge of bombs simultaneous with the despatch of an obviously unacceptable ultimatum. The Government will have no choice; they must broadcast that message on the spot, mobilize instantly and counter-raid the air-bases and capital of X, before the attack arrives. There'll be no time for investigation of the truth. Once a bomb is dropped on either side of the frontier—

There was a long pause.

'You're a clever devil!' said the president.

The journalist could imagine the chairman setting his hands together and the complacent expression on his fat face.

'There's no flaw,' said the latter. 'Your job is merely to see that no question is raised in this building as to the credit of the message. When the Government courier arrives, give him the freedom of the microphone! That's all. A week's war, if it lasts no longer, means millions to the United Metallic. For your part, I am able to offer you a percentage of our profits—even a small one should enable you to buy yourself and your family and friends rather unusual Christmas presents—'

And at that point the little devil in charge of interior wiring saw to it that the lines should uncross themselves again and revert to normal. A cheerful musical comedy tune crashed and thudded its melody into the journalist's ears. With one savage movement he wrenched the headphones from his head and dropped them to the floor. His forehead was moist with sweat. His hands shook uncontrollably. His eyes stared out through the tiny window of his room across the roofs of the sleeping city, white with snow under the pitiless, uncaring stars.

'Christmas!' His lips formed the word noiselessly. 'Peace on earth, goodwill—' And in a second, as remorselessly clear as a lightning flash, he saw the same roofs flaring to heaven under a rain of fire; that quiet sky torn by the trail of shells, the groping fingers of searchlights, riven and tortured by aerial artillery; and the empty streets below thronged with maddened crowds, choking, fighting; the dying and the dead. . . .

The journalist thrust his hands across his eyes in a spasm of utter horror. He knew something of war; something of its most modern machinery—of gas and liquid fire, and high explosives; something of panics in great cities under acts of God . . . but this would be an act of man!

'By God—no!' said the journalist suddenly. His hands clenched upon the table before him, but slowly his jaws began to move rhythmically again in the act of chewing. Horror, emotionalism, imagination were thrust into the background. The practical man who had made a success of a short life took charge; considered the problem in its practical aspects. . . .

In half an hour he had made up his mind. He looked out an address in the Telephone Directory; made a few notes on a piece of paper which he folded and placed in his pocket book; lit his pipe; turned up his collar; and walked through the dark and silent corridors of the Radio building into the deserted streets.

Outside the entrance waited a huge limousine, its great headlights blazing, its smooth, polished body gleaming under the street lamp beside it. The president was just stepping into it when he caught sight of the journalist and turned. 'Goodnight, my boy!' he called cheerfully. 'Weather for a real old-fashioned Christmas, eh? Holly and goodwill! Makes your heart warm, what?'

But the smile died off his lips and a furrow creased his fleshy forehead. For the journalist hurried past without apparently noticing his words or even his existence.

'Silly young cub—no manners!' he growled. 'All right—go ahead!'

And the big car glided off down the street, passing the hurrying figure of the journalist with the smooth purr and graceful power as of some monstrous implacable cat on the trail of its chosen prey.

II.

Next morning the journalist's tiny office at the top of the General Radio Building was empty. By contrast, a small room at the back of an unpretentious café-bar facing the cathedral in the great square was astonishingly full. It was a low room with a smoke-blackened ceiling, its walls lined with old-fashioned prints of ballet girls. It was more than half filled by a vast table, its surface marked with the rings of innumerable *bock* glasses.

At the end of the table, under the window of frosted glass, sat the journalist. He was still chewing gum mechanically, and his face was drawn and haggard, but his eyes were very much alive, and his attitude one of keen activity. On either side of him, sitting on hard chairs or leaning on their upright backs, were nearly forty young men. They were a mixed lot, in every sense of the word. A clerk stood beside a barman; a monocled young aristocrat next to a railway porter; an actor with a greengrocer. And in the group were at least half a dozen obvious foreigners.

'—and there you have it!' concluded the journalist, and his fist smashed down onto the table. 'I heard it with my own ears! It's the most finished piece of villainy since the Borgias—but this isn't a matter of the life or death of some fat cardinal or prince; it's ourselves, each one of us, and our families! Well?'

He looked round the room, almost ferociously. But no one moved or spoke. His audience seemed stunned by the scale and the incredible circumstances of the thing.

'This League of Peace,' the journalist went on, 'has existed for two years now. We—its committee—have just kept it alive, by the logical conviction we share and preserve in our hearts that war is the greatest of all evils and must not happen—ever, anywhere, on any pretext, in any conditions. That is our creed. Faced with this—this loathsome and ghastly plot that I overheard by the mercy of God—we must justify ourselves, or let the League die, when war is born again. On Christmas Eve!'

'Inform the Government,' murmured a voice.

'Will they believe you, or any of us? Well-known pacifists, and therefore automatically suspicious characters?' sneered the journalist. 'Will they take our word against the message of one of their trusted agents? You must be mad!'

'Give the story to a newspaper,' suggested a second voice.

'Too good a story to be true—not one would dare to print it,' was the reply.

There was a short silence. And then an exasperated voice cried: 'Well, what the devil can we do? What's your solution?'

Once more the journalist glanced slowly round the room, as though weighing his friends in the balance. Then he straightened himself in his chair and said abruptly:

'I want twenty-five of you, a free hand to give orders, and the necessary money! With those three things I'll guarantee to stop this war. Talk it over among yourselves. I'm late at the office already. Telephone me there—one word—yes or no.'

He walked to the door and turned.

'If that word is "no," he said deliberately, 'you condemn every man, woman and child in this city, to say nothing of other cities in this country, and in that of our neighbours, to a horrible death within three days.'

The door closed behind him. As he crossed the great square, he could see, through the superb doors of the cathedral, men busily engaged in decorating the high altar for the anniversary of the birth of Christ. . . .

He had hardly entered his office and taken off his coat when the telephone at his elbow rang sharply. He lifted the receiver.

'Well?'

'Yes.'

'Thank God,' said the journalist, and meant it.

III.

It was eleven o'clock on the eve of Christmas. The streets of the capital were ablaze with lights and thronged with crowds. Churches, restaurants, theatres—all alike were filled to capacity with men and women celebrating the great festival after their different fashions.

In the sitting-room of his private suite in a great hotel, the chairman of United Metallic Industries sat back comfortably in a saddle-bag armchair. Between his lips glowed a long cigar. At his elbow stood a glass of old brandy. At intervals he rubbed the tips of his fingers lightly together, contemplating with satisfaction the gloss on his finger nails.

Then he would glance from the gilded clock on the wall to the loud-speaker in the corner. The second news bulletin was due at eleven-fifteen. . . .

The president of the General Radio Organization was also sitting in an armchair in his private room in the Radio Building. He too glanced from his clock to his loud-speaker, but there was no triumphant complacency on his grey face and twitching lips. His cigar had gone out, and the glass at his elbow was empty. . . .

Half a mile away, a young man ran quickly down the steps of the Chancellery of Foreign Affairs, and got into a waiting motor-car. None noticed an electric torch flash three times in the deep shadow at the corner of the building. Nor did anyone

suspect anything outside sheer coincidence in the fact that just at that moment, three big touring cars, packed with young men apparently engaged in 'painting the town red,' laughing, shouting and singing, slid swiftly past the Chancellery on the same route as that taken by the car containing the Foreign Department's special courier.

About the same moment, the night porter on duty at the main entrance of the Radio Building—who had been congratulating himself on the fact that three days' holiday were only two hours away—saw, to his astonished indignation, another group of Christmas revellers ascending his sacred steps: about fifteen young men, in all the grotesqueness of paper hats, false noses, streamers and balloons, singing a ribald song and slapping each other on the back. He rose majestically from behind his desk, but, before he could utter a word of protest, one young man reeled against another who cannoned into him. The porter staggered back. Two lithe, strong arms pinioned him neatly, and swung him round out of sight of the doorway. And in another second his back was against the marble wall of the great central hall of the building, while his eyes goggled foolishly at the black muzzle of an automatic pistol.

'Keep quite quiet!' said a calm voice.

Beneath his fantastic pink paper hat with its green rosette, the journalist's eyes gazed mercilessly at the scared porter. Two swift orders and the man was stripped of his blue coat and peaked cap, and clapped into an empty waiting-room with a second keen-eyed young man and another pistol to bear him company.

'Gosh, what a place!' muttered one of the leaguers looking upward. Overhead the great hall rose immense to half the height of the building; severe, white-walled, empty, and silent save for the distant roar of the streets. In the dim light it might have risen to the stars, for no roof was visible. It had the grand, austere, loneliness of the Greek temples, which stand open to the sky, and a vastness of design that automatically reduced humanity to its proper proportions.

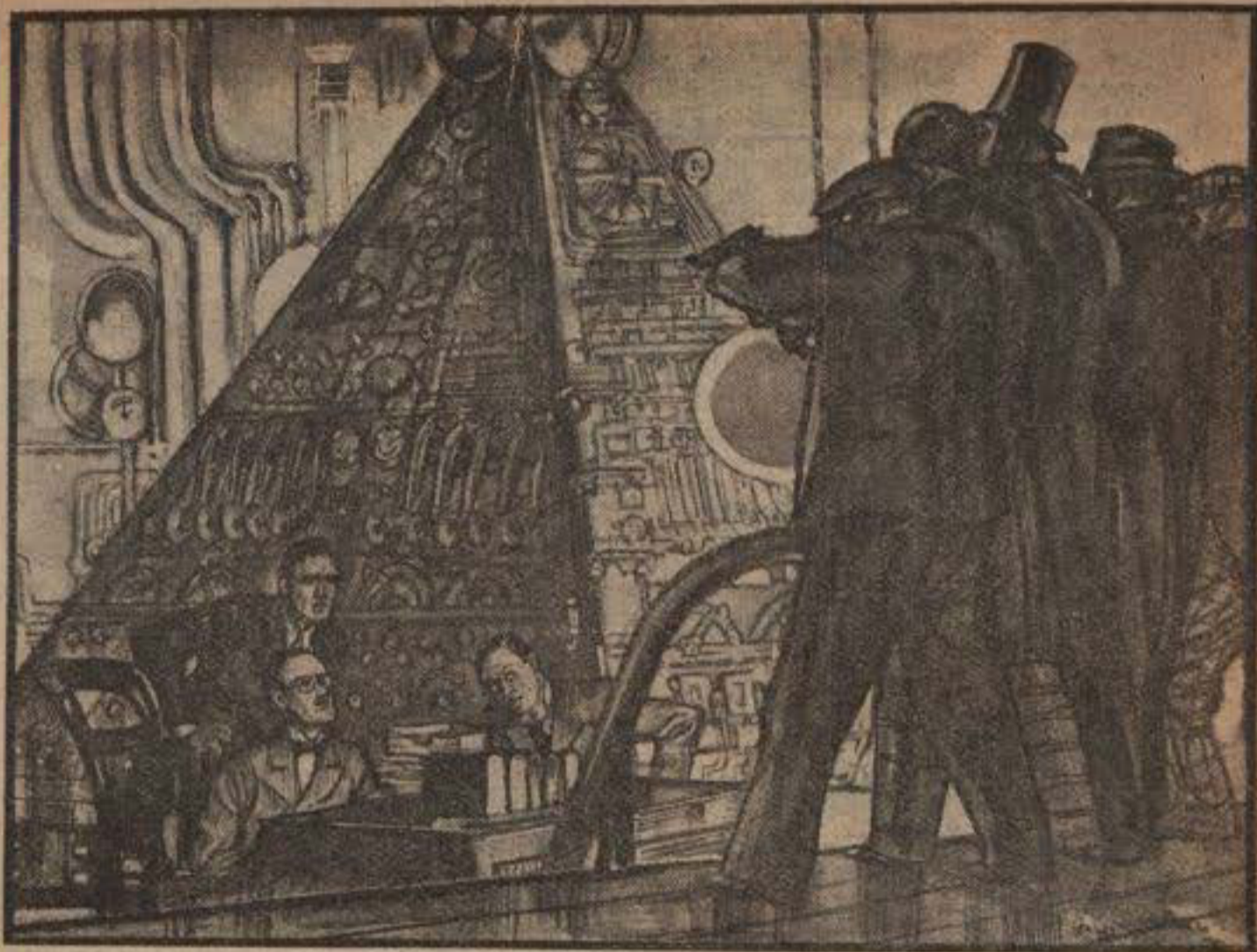
'And this,' snarled the journalist, as he dragged on the porter's coat and cap, 'is the place they'd defile with their conspiracies against peace.'

But there was not time for superfluous talk. In his newly-adopted role, the journalist herded the crowd of revellers back down the steps again with pompous majesty, just as the special courier's car drew up at their base. The courier leaped out and ran up the steps. His face was whitish and damp, his coat unbuttoned.

'Tonight's announcer-in-charge—most urgent—state business!' he jerked out.

'This way, sir, if you please,' said the new porter, blandly, and motioned elaborately with his left hand.

The courier walked quickly to the indicated door. He was so absorbed in the news he brought, in framing the phrase with which he was to announce the emergency mobilization, that he did not notice the quiet closing and locking of the door behind him. Nor did he notice that three other motor-cars had drawn up behind his own, disgorging a crowd of young men, who transformed



The engineer in charge pushed back his chair and stood up. The door into the Control Room opened and five men stood on the threshold.

themselves forthwith from dissipated revellers into very purposeful reinforcements for the journalist and his comrades of the League.

Never before, since the opening of the Radio Building, with its twenty-four hour a day service, had the great double doors at the main entrance been closed. Now they were dragged into position, slammed and bolted, while a stolid policeman at the street corner looked on with amazement slowly changing to a passive and futile suspicion. . . .

The chairman in his private hotel suite and the president in his private office glanced at their respective clocks and reached out fingers—in the case of the former, steady as a rock; in that of the latter, moist and quivering—to the switches of their respective loud-speakers. In two minutes the second news bulletin was timed to begin. . . .

In the special news studio—a completely circular room, with smooth padded walls of misty grey, empty save for a chair and a microphone slung from the ceiling—the announcer for the evening stood watching for the purple light which was his cue to begin. He was a slight, pink and white young man new to the job, and he pulled uneasily at his budding fair moustache with one hand and twisted his paper of announcements in the other as he waited. Suddenly the door of the studio opened. The journalist stood there, a little smile on his lips—things so far had gone marvellously well—a paper in his left hand. His right hand rested in a rather bulgy pocket.

'Hullo!' said the announcer, who knew him slightly. 'Anything special you've got for me? I'm on any second now.'

He glanced away for a moment at the coloured electric bulb under the silent clock. He looked back at the journalist, and his

jaw dropped. He was looking into the barrel of a levelled pistol.

'I say,' he gasped. He pulled himself together. 'This isn't the time for dam' silly fooling!' he snapped.

'Quite,' agreed the journalist, pleasantly. 'That's why I'm taking over from you this evening. Outside, please!'

The menacing weapon moved slightly, emphasizing the words, and simultaneously the bulb flared lustroly purple against the grey walls.

'Quickly,' said the journalist, and walked swiftly to the microphone, paper in hand.

The young announcer hesitated and was lost. 'Oh, well—your funeral!' he gulped, and retired hurriedly into the passage. Behind him, he heard, 'In place of the usual second news bulletin this evening, a special announcement of national importance—'

He heard no more. The door closed and he found himself in the company of two young men in cheap ready-made suits who, like the journalist, carried expensive pistols of the latest type. They conducted him to a neighbouring empty waiting-room, put him in a chair and soothed his leaping nerves with trivial conversation and the offer of a cigarette.

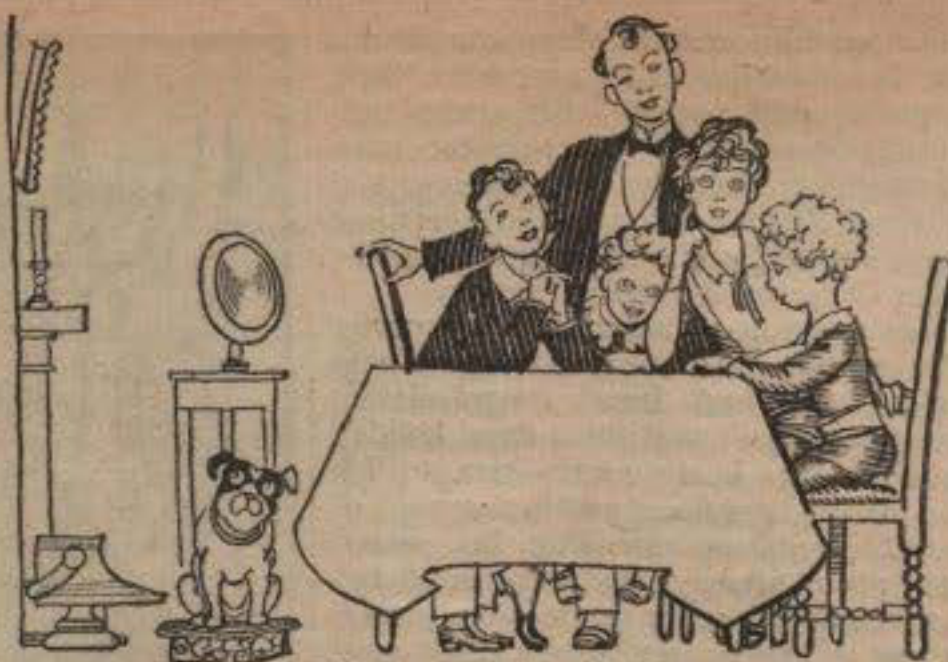
The central control room was the masterpiece of the Radio Building. It lay deep down in the bowels of the earth, padded and armoured like the conning-tower of a battleship (the armour had been an addition since the threats to the building during the famous industrial strike fiasco, three years before). It was the nerve centre of the radio organization. Like most of the rooms in the building, it was very bare. Its furnishing consisted of a few chairs, a small herd of telephones in a corner and a couple of desks. The centre of the room was

(Continued at foot of page 817.)

New Showing!
DOGSBODY THE DASTARD.
Our Christmas Super-Film.
Produced by Arthur Watts.



George Dogsbody, ex-Bird-seed Factor and poltroon, sitting in his cheerless lodgings shortly before Christmas, plots to wreck, by oscillation—



—the simple joy derived from the Children's Hour by 'The Announcer' and his family next door. Dogsbody hates simple joy in any form.



Glancing idly at advertisement columns of the paper, the deluded craven thinks his problem solved. In his ignorance he does not know—



To Let, in the heart of beautiful Dartmoor, a desirable old-world cottage. No bed. One recep. Complete privacy.

—that the maximum range of the most malevolent oscillation is three miles.



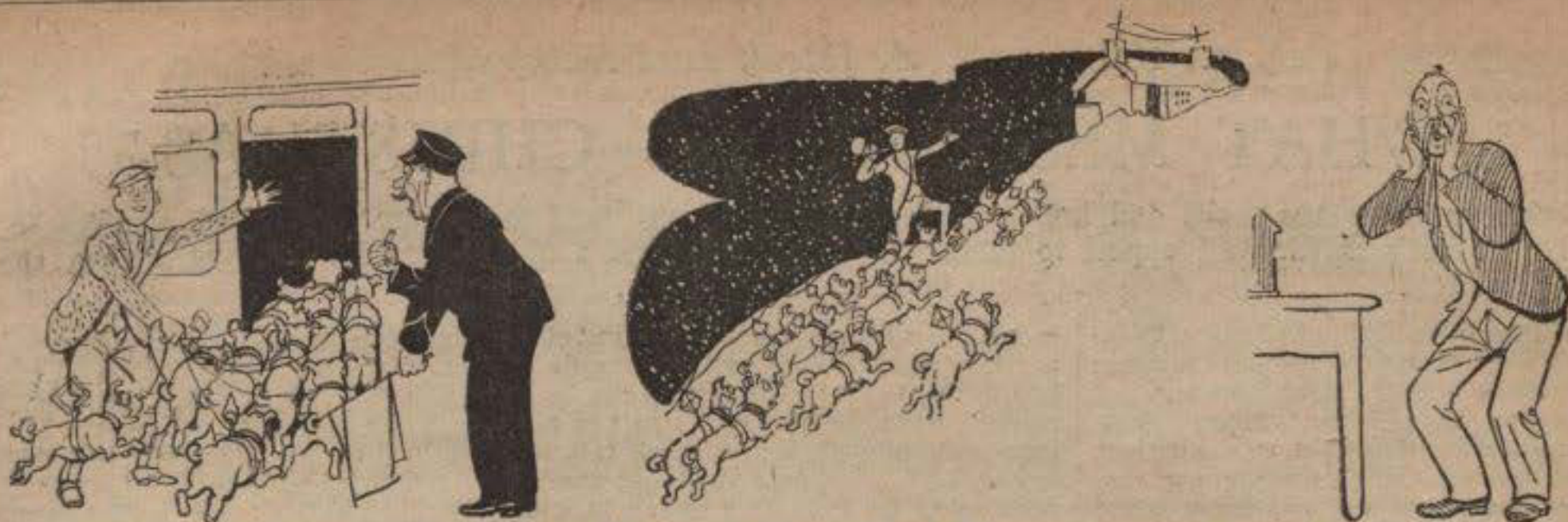
On Christmas Eve, a sinister figure, his wireless set concealed in a Gladstone bag, creeps from a tiny wayside railway station in Devonshire—



—and, toiling uphill, reaches, in a state of exhaustion, the single room of the 'desirable old-world cottage.' Once arrived, he begins to oscillate, imagining that he is wrecking the happiness of millions of happy homes all over the country.



But the poltroon Seed Factor, by his howling, succeeds only in spoiling the pleasure of the little sick child of a neighbouring shepherd. The distraught father hastens to inform the B.B.C., by telephone, of vile interference upon Dartmoor.



But Vengeance is swift! That night Savoy Hill's famous Directional Pack of Interference Hounds entrains for Devonshire.



Twenty-four hours later, the miserable Dogsboddy, engaged on interrupting 'Uncle Peter's' talk on Papuan Stamps, hears a deep baying—

—and has just time to stagger out into the snow through the back door of the cottage, as the infuriated hounds burst in at the front.



On! On! On!
The unrelenting pursuit.



Dogsboddy would undoubtedly have died in the snow, had he not stumbled, by chance, upon the very shepherd's hut where his oscillation had caused such pain. Dazed and frost-bitten, he falls on his knees before the shepherd—



Arthur
Watts
28

—and, when a few yards behind him, the bloodhounds of the B.B.C. reach the spot, they find him, filled with the spirit of Christmas and the glow of simple happiness, dandling the little child upon his knee.

By the Rt. Rev. A. A. David, Lord Bishop of Liverpool.

WHAT MESSAGE HAS CHRISTMAS?

With us today the social and holiday aspects of Christmas tend to obscure its original significance. Dr. David's article will appeal to those who are able to find a quiet hour for thought during the forthcoming festivities.

THIS article will not call for deep thinking. What we all want at Christmas most is rest. Ever since our last holiday we have been trudging along, climbing over our difficulties, or making long detours around them, elbowing our way through the crowd lest too many others should get in front of us, listening, perforce, to strident voices shouting to us what to think and what to buy. And then it all stops, suddenly, and we can rest. The spirit of Christmas forbids me to reason with my fellow-men. It is part of my rest, and of theirs, to assume for a time that they all agree with me. Anyhow, I want to forget my differences with some of them and start afresh.

If all the world could take a rest, and forget, not its differences only, but also all the roots far back out of which they have grown, what a new beginning would lie before us! Orange and Green in Ireland (and in Liverpool), Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical, Conservative and Socialist, Capital and Labour—what divides each pair is not so much opinion about what ought to be done now, but too tenacious memory of what happened years and centuries since, 'of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.' If people would forget the history they know, or think they know, would clean the slate of all the blurred and ugly marks the past has left on it, we might fill it with fair writing yet.

Oblivion first. And then the great secret, as sudden as the angels' song that once broke on an astonished world. Nineteen centuries ago men were as sick as we are now of their conflicting struggles towards happiness and peace. They had been waiting through dark years for some miracle that would drive away the error and make the truth prevail; would banish all the ugliness and fill the earth with beauty; would fulfil all the hopes of all the ages. They had been waiting, some passively, just waiting, others eagerly expectant, watching. Of these latter some had made for themselves a clear expectation how God would come, as a great King, conquering and to conquer. Surely, they said, He must come so. They could not imagine any great change in the world

except through a war of some kind. But other watchers there were, humble enough to believe that God had His own remedy, to be revealed when the time was ripe and men were ready to apply it; and their task was to look for it. And none of all that watched were nearer the truth than those who knew not what they waited for.



Upon them all dawned the great solution—suddenly. All revelation has that element of surprise. How could it be otherwise? Can we ever expect to make sense of this world and our life in it (to say nothing of the next) merely by observation and reasoning of our own? We cannot understand more than the fringe of God's design except when He takes us into His confidence, and every time He wakes in us, as in those shepherds, a



fresh surprise. Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace: among men in whom He is well pleased.

So the revelation came, not logically in an explanation, but lyrically in a poem. Ever since that day men have laboured ceaselessly to reduce it to cold prose. With our creeds and our dogmas and our interminable

arguments around it and about, we have dissected, analysed, explained, attacked, defended it, till sometimes we can hardly recognize the great and simple fact from which it all began, the fact that shines out of the three lines of the first Christian Hymn. The glory of God: here is His Glory, not in the overwhelming force men used to clothe

Him with, but in love, itself naked and dependent on a poor mother's love. On earth peace: offered to men on terms of love and not on terms of victory. Among men in whom He is well pleased: the word is the same as that which greeted Jesus Himself when, just after His baptism, it was given Him to realize God as His Father with a new vividness and intensity, 'My Son in whom I am well pleased.' God is pledged to love us just as much as He loves Christ, not as a kind of afterthought as if

we were accidents in His creation. We are essentials. He must have us to love. So the Angels' Hymn begins and ends—all hymns should but not all do—with God. First God great and glorious because He loves; last God risking all among the men He has made because they were so dear to Him; and, in between, the peace He offers them as they learn to regard each other more as He regards them.

Every year Christmas finds the world still waiting for the promised peace, some idly, as for something that may come one day, when men grow too weary of all kinds of war; some restless, discontented or despairing because it does not come by the way they have laid down for it, ready for any upheaval that will promise change; some, and as I see them, more and more each year, who are learning from every Christmas more of the purpose in God's heart, and are therefore content in quietness and confidence

to watch. To these every year brings afresh something of the shepherds' first surprise. Suddenly we see God again, great and glorious in the freshness of His adventure. Suddenly we may, if we will, lift our eyes to a broad, far view of its fulfilment, as those who through mist and cloud have climbed a mountain peak, and suddenly there opens out before them an expanse of country, bathed and glorified in sunshine, and they wonder, and rest.

By Ralph de Rohan; 'The Wicked Uncle.'

THE DRAGON OF SPATCHCOCKING WEST.

A Very Nearly True Story.

IN the House of Commons this afternoon, Colonel Sangmore Jassett, Member for the Spatchcocking Division of Early Rising, asked the Home Secretary what steps were being taken by the Government to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants of Spatchcocking West which were being seriously endangered by the presence of a purple drag—er—there seems to be some doubt as to the correctness of this item—I had better get it confirmed.

I could hear the Announcer holding an urgent whispered consultation with a colleague before proceeding with the remaining items of the General Bulletin. The Sports News was not very interesting until he came to the last item. 'Of the Final in the Croquet Championship which was to have been played today at Spatchcocking, no details have come to hand, and we are informed that all efforts to get in touch by telegraph and telephone have failed. Anxiety is felt in some quarters owing to the activity of the drag—'

Again the Announcer stopped short, and, I imagine, turned to his colleague, who had returned from a voyage of inquiry. A further whispered conversation was audible. Then:—

'I have now received confirmation of the Parliamentary news item which I began to read in the course of the General News. This is the item: "In the House of Commons this afternoon, Colonel Sangmore Jassett, Member for the Spatchcocking Division of Early Rising, asked the Home Secretary what steps were being taken to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants of Spatchcocking West which were being seriously endangered by the presence of a purple dragon. Replying, the Home Secretary stated that the matter had been referred to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. Questioned, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries said that dragons did not appear to come within the province of Agriculture or Fisheries, and he therefore proposed referring the matter to the Minister of Health, who would, no doubt, consult with the local Inspector of Nuisances and, thereafter, take appropriate action. Mr. Petrel, Member for Cowcaddens, said that

the matter ought to be dealt with by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, as it was a fact well known to every child—at least, in his constituency—that dragons were aquatic creatures—a statement which was received with loud cheers from the Labour benches. Sir Carr Bonnet, K.C., disputed the statement and asserted that recent research had definitely shown dragons to be—if he might use the phrase—racy of the soil and anti-aquatic. Amidst violent cries of assent and dissent, the Speaker called the House to order and endeavoured to pour oil on troubled waters by suggesting that honour-

of Farms and Fishes, or whatever it is, and then the Minister of Health—all of them have shirked an obvious duty. And now you—you!'

'But, my dear Phillida,' I protested, 'this beastly dragon affair isn't my business.'

'Not your business!—and you—with your name!'

'My name?' I was frankly puzzled; 'it's a very commonplace name—just common-or-garden George.'

'Commonplace! Common-or-garden, indeed!' she cried with rising indignation, 'the name of the Patron Saint of England!'

'Oh, that!' a light was beginning to dawn upon me; 'you mean St. George and the Dragon, Merrie England, Up-Guards-and-at-'em and—er—all that sort of thing?'

'Yes,' she replied, sternly; 'I do mean that. But you don't live up to your name, you're not patriotic, you don't rise to heights on stepping-stones—you don't put your hand to the plough.'

That afternoon, at a meeting of the local Righting-of-Women's-Wrongs Society, she had made her maiden speech, much of which she had repeated for my benefit later. Hence, I supposed, her present flow of eloquence. Before I had time to get my second wind, so to speak, she went on.

'And, even if you are so unpatriotic as to stay-sat there in your comfortable arm-chair instead of answering the call to arms—

"your King and Country want you," as it were—if you are deaf to the cry of the children, the weeping and the wailing of the women in general, you might at least display bowels of compassion for your own flesh and blood, your own Aunt Euphemia.'

'Aunt Euphemia? What on earth—?'

'Yes, your own Aunt Euphemia. She is in the danger zone! Are you going to stand—I mean, sit—idly by, whilst she is being done to death by a dragon? Or—?'

'By a drag—?' I repeated, feebly.

'Or,' she continued, ignoring my interruption, 'will you, rising to the great occasion, seize the fleeting moment which may never again knock at your door, and, with sword and shield and lance, go forward to the fray? The choice is yours—death

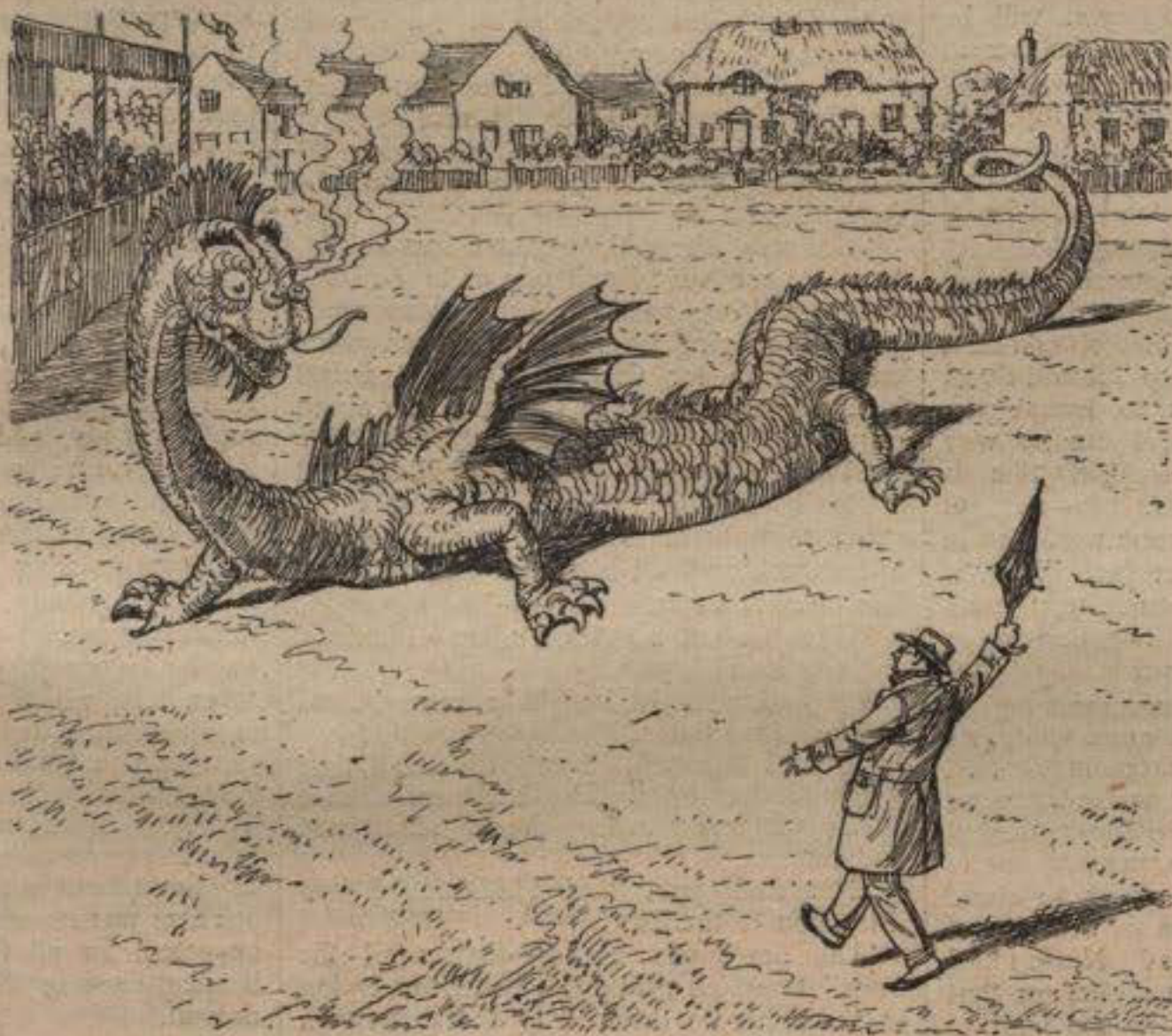


Illustration by George Morrow

There was nothing for it but to go ahead. 'Saint George for Merrie England! Up, Guards, and at 'em!' I yelled, as with gamp upraised I leapt at the Dragon.

able Members might come to a temporary agreement that dragons may possibly be amphibious or paludal. . . . The debate continues. . . . That concludes the second General News Bulletin.'

I switched off and looked towards my wife. Somehow, I felt that she could not possibly have heard that extraordinary announcement. A glance at her face, however, told me clearly that she had heard.

'What are you going to do?' she asked.

'What am I going to do?' I replied.

'Why, nothing. The Government have—er—got the matter in hand.'

'Oh, what cowards you men are!' she exclaimed, indignantly. 'First, there's the Home Secretary, and then there's the Minister

or glory—an honoured name or a smirched escutcheon!

Honestly—do you know?—I was quite carried away by her eloquence, not realizing, at the time, that she was talking a fair amount of nonsense: and I found myself looking vaguely towards the door as though I could see through it into the hall, and half expected to discover my good sword 'Excalibur' in the umbrella stand or hanging from the hat-rack.

'Well?'—Phillida's voice brought me back with a start—'Well? are you going to play the man, or will you go to your grave with the brand of Cain upon your brow?'

'What brand did you say?' I asked, weakly, as I stretched out a limp hand for another cigarette.

'The brand of Cain—as the murderer of your Aunt Euphemia!'

'But I haven't murdered Aunt Euphemia!' I protested.

'No, George, but morally you will be responsible for her death if you fail her in the moment of dire peril, if—'

'You mean—?' I sprang to my feet; 'you mean that—?'

'Yes—that the dragon may get her. Even now, whilst you dally and hold back, she may be dodging the dragon.'

'Great Scott! Aunt Euphemia dodging a dragon!' I yelled hysterically. I am very fond of my Aunt Euphemia and should hate to think of her shinning it up hill and down dale in undignified efforts to escape the dragon's fiery claws. Also, I am by way of being her favourite nephew. She is more than comfortably off, too—not, of course, that any action of mine would be in any way influenced by that fact. Still, if you know my Aunt Euphemia, you must admit that the picture of her dodging a dragon has got its humorous side.

'I can almost hear the crunching of Auntie's bones,' I said. 'I must really see if something can't be done about it... ring up the police, you know, or the Inspector of Dragons, or...'

'George!' Phillida's tone was now one of appeal: 'George, are you going to stand there whilst Aunt Euphemia is being—'

'Gnawed by a dragon? Never!' I shouted. 'Never shall it be said of me that I failed any aunt of mine in the hour of peril. Bring me my trusty sword, O wife o' mine, and help me don my armour bright!'

'D'you know at that moment, I felt I could have done pretty well anything—anything heroic, I mean.'

'My own true knight!' said Phillida as I knelt before her a few minutes later whilst she put my tie straight and smoothed my hair.

'You must look your best,' she had said; 'in days of old when knights went forth to glorious adventure, their ladies aye took heed that their warrior-lords were apparelled—er—er—well, you know,' she ended rather

lamely '—er—comme il faut—I mean, *tout ce qu'il faut*.'

'Quite so,' I replied, 'but you needn't bother about me—I shall be all right.'

'Oh, but I must,' she insisted, as she helped me into my great-coat. It was one of those new leather ones, aluminium coloured and sporting a pattern which gave it a snake-skin effect, or, as it seemed to me now, a suggestion of mail-armour. I had kicked at buying it, but had given way to Phillida's urging. Now, as I caught sight of myself in the mirror, I felt that Fate must have engineered the purchase; and, what with one thing and another, I experienced a sensation of comfort from its appearance. More than that—I imagined that I looked rather fine in it.

Phillida was fumbling at the umbrella-stand. It passed through my mind that she was searching for my good sword 'Excalibur.' I found myself humming 'Voici le Sabre de mon Sieur'—from Offenbach's *La Grande Duchesse*, you know.

'It may rain,' said Phillida, suddenly, handing me my umbrella. I must say, it was a bit of an anti-climax.

She flung open the portals—I mean, the front door.

'Go forth,' she said, 'my own true knight, to save your Aunt Euphemia or to die!'

I wished she wouldn't keep on so much about the dying business. However, when one goes in for the *gentil parfit knight* business, one mustn't be too particular about phrases.

'Why do you halt?' asked Phillida.

'Well,' I said, 'I don't see how I am going to walk all the way in this rig-out. Spatchcocking West is a hundred and sixty-five miles from here, and—'

'Have we not a chariot, a car—Phoebus' car, my love?'

We had recently bought a second-hand Phibbus two-seater.

'But,' I objected, 'I can't drive all that way and then fight. Besides, these clothes... I was wearing dinner-jacket suit and pumps.'

'Nor shall you,' said Phillida: 'I will drive you to the lists!'

'Oh, don't you bother—thanks all the same,' I replied quickly, I had been trying to teach her to drive only that afternoon and, frankly, she wasn't any too quick on the uptake. We had had several narrow squeaks.

I TRIED to recall exactly what had happened when, towards the end of our drive, we had seen a party of extremely merry revellers in a large car driving rapidly and unevenly out of the court-yard of the Purple Dragon which, as you know, is at the corner where Sangmore Lane and Cowcaddens Road meet, just opposite the petrol station. I could remember seeing old Colonel Jassett, who

happened to be passing, pull up short and purple in the face with fury, shout some remark about danger to lives and property and threaten to report the occurrence to every member of the Government from the Prime Minister downwards.

I could also dimly recall catching sight of the notice-board on the edge of the adjacent field—the one with the old reservoir in it—advising all and sundry that Messrs. Spatchcock and West, manufacturers of fishing-rods and flies, gave instruction in the piscatorial art. There was a crude picture of a supposed B.B.C. Announcer, standing before a microphone of extremely theoretical design, broadcasting to the world the aforesaid information.

But whilst I hesitated, I was lost. Phillida seized her motor-coat, and the next thing I remember was that we were speeding along at a most dangerous pace in the darkness of the night. It was bitterly cold and the stars spluttered above us; but they gave no warmth, I sat and shivered and my teeth chattered as the car leapt and swayed in its mad career. I had none of those do-and-dare or doughty-deeds feelings about me. Mentally and physically, I was disturbed and shaken.

But Phillida, at the wheel, drove on unfeared, undismayed, scooping up the miles. The stars grew pale, went out, and left the sky, a dull canopy of bleakness and depression, above our heads.

I threw a sidelong glance at Phillida; her face was glowing with an expression of rapturous joy, and I began to think that, if mediæval ladies wore like rapturous expressions, knight-errantry would seem to be more plausible than I had hitherto thought.

'Spatchcocking West lies yonder!' said Phillida, suddenly, pointing ahead. I knew it well enough. I could visualize it standing on the higher slopes of the farthest of the seven hills which surrounded a small lake in whose dark depths might well lurk some terrible monster of prehistoric type.

On we drove, through villages and hamlets. The grey dawn turned to fair morning as the sun peered through the mists and eventually burst forth in all his glory.

There was no one visible—that was to be expected, for all the inhabitants would be keeping close in their houses for fear of the dragon.

At any moment the monster might dash out upon us from one of those caves in the wall of the cliff rising sheer on our left. Even as I considered the possibility there came an echoing *plonk, plonk* from near at hand, and I loosened my sword in its scabbard.

Some bushes close by moved slightly—cautiously, it seemed, and opened slowly—slowly. Then, in the grey light, I saw two white things. Phillida gave a little gasp.

'Fear not, my love!' I whispered. 'I am—'

(Continued on page 852.)

Don't miss the Panto! 'DICK WHITTINGTON' Xmas Day (5GB)
and Boxing Day (London, etc.), with Tommy Handley, etc.

A Story by LYNN BROCK, Creator of Colonel Gore.

SOME LITTLE THINGS

from the case-book
of Colonel Gore.

Colonel Gore, in the novels of Mr. Brock, has become one of the most celebrated private detectives in fiction.

INSPECTOR CLUTSAM of the Yard came into the office of the senior partner of Messrs. Gore and Tolley on the morning of Thursday, June 27, looking peeved. He came because Chief-Inspector Ruddell of the Yard had called to see Colonel Gore at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the preceding Monday and had not been heard of since.

'Afternoon, Clutsam,' said Gore, brightly. 'Hot, isn't it? You'd find it cooler without that natty little bowler, wouldn't you?'

'Now look here,' growled the visitor. 'What did Ruddell come to see you about? The Isaacson necklace, wasn't it?'

'Yes.'

'Did he say anything to indicate any line of action he had in view concerning it?'

'Not definitely. I gathered that he wanted us to drop the case. He conveyed to me that he had some information which made us quite superfluous. However, as he had by then spent half an hour trying to pump me for information, I concluded that he was talking through his hat.'

'What time did he leave you?'

'A little before four.'

'Say where he was going next?'

'I gathered somewhere where there was beer. Monday afternoon

was also very hot, you remember, and unfortunately I could only offer him whisky. Which reminds me—'

Inspector Clutsam undid his face partially and accepted a cigarette and a whisky without prejudice. 'In that case, Colonel,' he said, 'you're the last person we know of who saw Ruddell alive.'

'That,' replied Gore, 'is a very real consolation for his loss to me.'

'S'nothing to be funny about,' snapped Clutsam.

'In life,' murmured Gore, agreeably, 'Chief-Inspector Ruddell was not an amusing person. In death, I admit, he will be a very serious proposition for any sort of Hereafter to tackle. You think he is—er—deceased?'

'Think? Ruddell's been put away—I know it. There are plenty who'd do the job and glad of it. He's been bumped off—I tell you I know it. He was due back at the Yard on Tuesday morning for a conference with the Commissioner. He didn't stay away from that just to be funny. And

we haven't been able to find him in two days. Someone's got him.'

'As we are on the fourth floor,' said Gore, reassuringly, 'we have no cellar. But you are at liberty to inspect our strong room—'

'Why did you ask him to come here if you had nothing to tell him?'

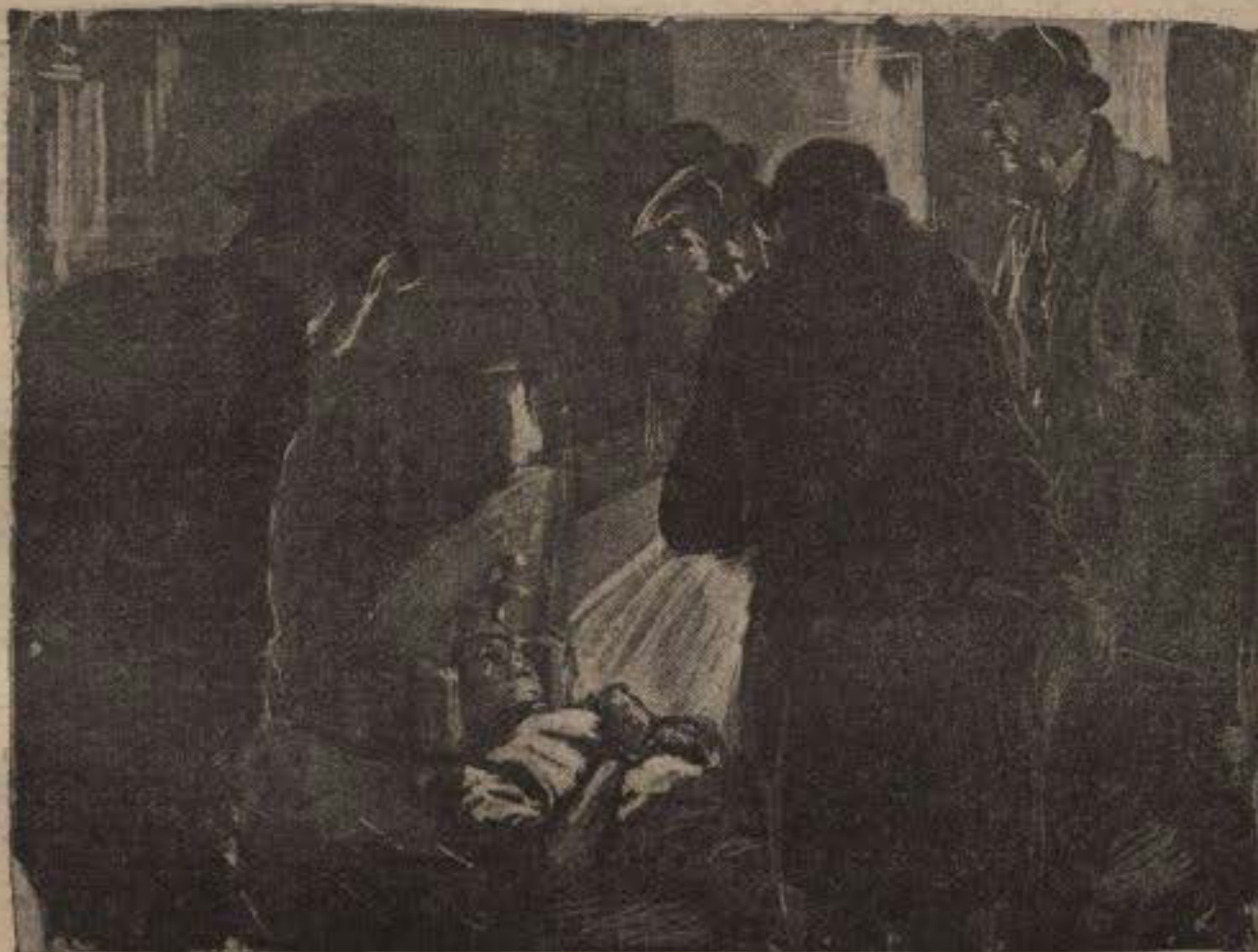
'We didn't.'

'He told his clerk you did—that you rang him up at two o'clock on Monday and told him you had something special for him about the Isaacson necklace.'

her,' smiled Gore, winningly. 'Have another little drink, and tell me why you people dislike this poor little lady so much. By the way, I hope you haven't been very unkind to her about that smash-up on the Portsmouth Road last month; have you?'

Lady Isaacson was the wife of a millionaire and a very showily-handsome young woman. But she had been comparatively unknown to fame until, some six weeks previously, she had made a determined attempt to kill one of His Majesty's Ministers.

Returning in the small hours of the morning from London to her Surrey residence near Farnham, she had crashed into a car going Londonwards, near Guildford. The Important Personage had escaped without injury, though his car had been badly damaged. But the incident had been given elaborate publicity by a certain section of the Press, owing to the fact that the lady had been driving well over on the wrong side of the road at a furious pace, and, it was alleged, in a condition of intoxication. She had refused to disclose the name of a gentleman—not her husband—who had been her passenger at the time of the accident and on whose lap, according to the Important



In a padlocked cellar of extremely disagreeable dampness they found Chief-Inspector Ruddell, handcuffed and flat on his back on the slimy floor to which he was securely pegged down.

Gore considered his cigarette thoughtfully. 'Now, *there's* an instance of the importance of little things, Clutsam. If Ruddell had mentioned to me that he had got that message, I rather think both you and he would have been saved some trouble. But he didn't. He just blew in as if he owned my office, talked eyewash for half an hour, lost his temper, and made an unsuccessful attempt to bluff us off the case. Pity; but, as it happens, it makes things more interesting.'

'What things?' snarled Clutsam.

'Oh—stolen necklaces and things. As a rule, they bore us horribly—necklaces do. As a matter of fact, in strictest confidence, we decided just twenty-five minutes ago to leave Lady Isaacson to you gentlemen at the Yard. I'm wondering now if we shall.'

'Stop wondering,' growled the visitor. 'You take it from me, Colonel, this Isaacson woman is a —'

'Now, that's just what Ruddell said about

Person's chauffeur, she had been sitting; a detail which had added additional piquancy to the fact that she had been returning from a very notorious night-club. The loss, a few weeks later, of an immensely valuable diamond necklace, which had been stolen from her town residence in Grosvenor Square, had revived the interest of the British public in this sprightly young person. The necklace had been insured for £120,000; but Lady Isaacson had issued a manifesto to the Press disclaiming all intention to hold the insurance company concerned to its liability. She desired, she said, to discover if the police, who spent so much time in attending to other people's business, could attend to their own with any satisfaction to the public.

Inspector Clutsam had shut up his face again. It was quite clear that he did not intend to answer that last question. Upon consideration of the face Gore picked up an unsigned letter from a little heap upon his desk, tore it across, and dropped it into the waste-paper basket,

'These little things——' he said. 'Now, you know you and Ruddell have been bullying Lady Isaacson to get the name of that man who was with her out of her.'

Clutsam made a noise of contempt as he rose.

'Why did you decide to take Ruddell's advice?' he demanded.

'We didn't.'

'Then why did you decide to drop the necklace affair?'

Gore reached for the *Morning Post* which lay on the top of his desk, and indicated a small paragraph tucked away at the foot of an unimportant page. 'Another little thing, Inspector. Let's see what you make of it.'

'A curious occurrence,' Clutsam read, 'is reported from Bath. William Blandy, an elderly tramp, was admitted to the Infirmary on Tuesday suffering from injuries to his head and eye. According to his statement, he was struck by a heavy object while asleep during the previous night on his way from Salisbury to Westbury and rendered unconscious. On awakening in the morning he found close to him a wash-leather bag containing a necklace of what he supposed to be diamonds, fastened by a gold clasp set with three emeralds. Upon examination, however, by a Bath firm of jewellers, the supposed precious stones proved imitations. No explanation is forthcoming of the circumstance, which occurred shortly after midnight in a remote spot at a considerable distance from any road or habitation. It is feared that the unfortunate man will lose the sight of the injured eye.'

'Curious little story, isn't it?' Gore commented. 'You remember that Lady Isaacson's necklace had a clasp with three emeralds. Not that I suggest for a moment that hers is a fake. . . . But that's why we thought of dropping the case——'

'It seems a damn silly reason to me,' blew Clutsam. He dropped the newspaper disdainfully. 'Hell—I'm fed up. I've heard enough fairy tales in the last twenty-five years. I tell you what it is, Colonel, I'm sick of this job. Here I am running round like a potty rabbit for the last forty-eight hours, without a square meal or half-an-hour's sleep, with everyone yelling at me, "Have you got Ruddell? Why the what's-it haven't you? You get him or you get out. There's a man waiting for your job." And these beggars in the papers blackguarding you. People looking at you as if you were a mad dog. Hell, I'm tired of it. Here, can I use your 'phone for a moment? My kid's bad—diphtheria. I haven't been able to get home since Monday morning.'

The burly, dogged figure bent over the desk instrument and rang up a Balham number. 'That you, Alice? How's the boy? Worse, Yes—get another doctor at once. . . . No, I can't go—I can't, old thing. . . . Sorry, girlie. . . . Get the second opinion at once—the best man. . . . I'll ring up this evening. . . . Stick it, kid. . . .'

Clutsam straightened himself. 'The kid's got to go, the Missus says,' he said, simply. 'Bit of good news for a chap, isn't it? Well, good morning, Colonel.'

A little thing—but it moved Gore. On the whole, his relations with the police, professionally, were rather trying. But no one knew better than he how hard was the task to which Clutsam and his colleagues, in uniform and out of it, were bound day and night—the ceaseless vigilance that alone made life for the citizen even tolerably secure. At the moment the man in the street and the man on the bench had their knives into the police. No doubt, in private life Clutsam and his Alice had to suffer the averted eyes and *sotto-voce*s of their neighbours.

Experience had taught Gore, too, what sort of a job it was to look for a lost man in London—long days, perhaps long weeks of false scents and monotonous failure—the search for a needle in a haystack of stupidity, falsehood, and hostility. Also he was interested by William Blandy's misadventure.

He took Clutsam by the shoulders and pushed him down into a chair. 'Don't be in a hurry,' he said. 'That telephone message we didn't send has given me an idea. The cigarettes are there. It's only an idea—but there is the fact that the lift was not working on Monday afternoon, and that Ruddell went down by the stairs. Sit tight for a bit, will you?'

The bit lengthened to nearly half an hour before he returned; but he returned with news which brought the impatient Clutsam to his feet in a hurry.

'I think I've found where Ruddell went when he left here,' he said. 'Care to see?'

THE building in Norfolk Street which housed Messrs. Gore and Tolley on its fourth floor contained the offices of some score of assorted businesses. On the third floor, by the staircase down which Gore led Clutsam, were, at one end of a long corridor, the offices of a literary agent, at the other end those of a turf accountant named Welder, and, facing them, those of the 'Victory' Aeroplane Company. In the doorway of Mr. Welder's offices the caretaker of the building awaited them, jangling his bunch of keys. They went in and surveyed the three meagrely-furnished rooms. Gore pointed to a window which he had opened.

'I rather think they got him in here somehow. And I rather think they got him out of here by that window, when they were ready—probably at night when it was quiet.' He leaned out to point down into a narrow yard below. 'Some of the tenants here park their cars down there. There's a gate into the street. It would be quite simple to cart him away. . . .'

Clutsam stared about him incredulously. 'Bunkum,' he snapped. 'There isn't a chair out of place. Ruddell would have wrecked this place before six men got him. There isn't anything to show——'

Gore pointed to a cigarette which lay under the table of the inner office. 'Just one little thing, Clutsam. Look at it. Been in trouble, hasn't it?'

Clutsam stooped and picked up the cigarette, which was badly bent and burst at its middle. But he derived no other information from it.

'You smoked one of that brand just now, Clutsam,' Gore smiled. 'If you'll forgive swank, it's rather an expensive brand. Also you notice that it has barely been smoked. Now, I gave Ruddell a cigarette just as he was leaving me on Monday afternoon. Of course, they tidied up. But they left this little thing. Careless of them! Why wasn't the lift working on Monday afternoon, Parker?'

The caretaker could not say. The lift had jammed at a little before three, but had been got right shortly after four. He had never seen Mr. Welder, never known anyone to use these offices since they had been taken by Mr. Welder a couple of weeks before. From the agents who had let the offices the telephone elicited no information except that Mr. Welder had paid six months' rent in advance. They had never seen him.

'Let's see,' suggested Gore, 'if the people over the way can tell us anything about him.'

But the clerk in charge of the 'Victory' Company's offices—apparently the staff consisted of a clerk and the manager, Mr. Thornton, who was away—had never seen anyone enter or leave Mr. Welder's offices.

'Not on last Monday afternoon—about four?'

'I wasn't here on Monday, sir. The boss give me a day off.'

'Ah, yes,' smiled Gore. 'That must have been nice. Mr. Thornton himself, I suppose, was here that afternoon?'

'I believe so, sir.'

'On Tuesday?'

'No, sir. He went down to the works at Bath on Monday night. He's down there now, sir.'

'Ah, yes, yes, yes,' said Gore, affably. 'Many thanks.'

On the landing he looked at his watch. 'Two more little things, Clutsam. And here's a third. On the occasion of her first visit to us, Lady Isaacson was indiscreet enough to inform me that Mr. Thornton had recommended her to consult us. . . . Care for a run down the Bath road? I ought to be able to get you back to London by six.'

Inspector Clutsam was not a nervous man, but he was, for many reasons, glad when the big Bentley deposited him in Bath two and a half hours later. They failed to see Mr. Thornton; he was 'up,' it seemed, testing a 'bus. It was not known when he would come down.

But they saw Mr. William Blandy—not at the Infirmary, which he had left that morning, but at a police-station behind Milsom Street, where the arrival of the celebrated Inspector Clutsam created a feverish stir. Before they saw William Blandy, who had been brought in on a charge of drunkenness, they saw the necklace—a quite first-rate bit of fake.

'No pains spared,' Gore commented. 'Sixty-four diamonds, three emeralds, and twelve small diamonds in clasp of Egyptian design——'

Blandy was produced—a haggard, depressed old down-and-out, still stupid with beer, which had made him peevish. The pupil of one bloodshot eye was still distended with atropine; he had torn off the plaster from an ugly cut on his forehead, which was

still oozing blood. His story was that on Monday morning he had set out from Salisbury for Westbury and Bath, that he had lost his way trying to make a short cut across the Plain, and had ultimately lain down to sleep somewhere or other—he had no clear idea where, save that next day he had walked for two hours before reaching Westbury. He had been sound asleep when he had been struck by the mysterious missile which had rendered him unconscious. When daylight had come he had awakened, still sick and dizzy, and had found the wash-leather bag lying beside him. There had been no road near the spot, no house in view—as he himself expressed it, 'no blinkin' nuffin'. His eye had been very painful, and his forehead had bled a lot, but he had contrived to walk to Bath. He was very indignant over his arrest, which he denounced as part of the plan of the police to deprive him of his reward. Nothing could shake his belief that the necklace was the genuine thing.

'Quite sure,' Gore asked, 'that that ugly big cut on your forehead was made by this thick, soft, wash-leather bag?'

'Sure? Of course I'm sure.'

Gore turned to the station sergeant. 'Found anything else on him, Sergeant?'

In deference to Inspector Clutsam, the sergeant apologized profusely. The man had only been brought in an hour before. He fell upon the unfortunate Blandy at once, and, to his considerable surprise, extracted from various parts of his dingy person the sum of nine pounds odd in notes and silver, together with an expensive fountain pen. Blandy refused to say how he had come by this wealth.

'That's a very smart boot you've got on your right foot, my man,' said Gore. 'Let's have a look at it. Don't be coy.'

The prisoner's footwear made certainly the oddest of pairs. His left boot was a shapeless, split, down-at-heel old ruin, and presented the appearance of having been dipped in whitewash the day before. The right boot was a dapper, sharp-toed, even foppish, affair of excellent quality, still presenting, beneath its dust, evidences of recent polishing.

'Now, it's a curious thing, Clutsam,' mused Gore, 'but I recall distinctly that Ruddell was wearing an extremely doggy pair of boots on Monday afternoon. I wonder if by any chance—'

Clutsam had the boot off and examined it with bristling ruff. Then he fell upon the luckless Blandy with a ferocity which suddenly sobered that unlucky finder of windfalls. He admitted that he had found the boot, close to where he had found the bag—about a hundred yards away. He had also found the nine pounds odd and the fountain-pen in a pocket-wallet. He had thrown away the wallet and his old right boot. He was placed forthwith in Gore's car, which, followed by another containing a posse of uniformed searchers and two plain-clothes men on motor-cycles, made

a bee-line for the high escarpments which rise against the sky to south of Westbury, climbed them by a vile cart-track, which ended at the top, and came to a pause with the vast, flatly-heaving expanse of Salisbury Plain stretching away miles and miles to blue, daunting horizons.

The task of finding Mr. Blandy's sleeping-place appeared, in face of that vast, bare expanse, rising and falling endlessly with the monotony of the sea, almost hopeless. The man had clearly the vaguest recollection of the route by which he had reached that point—the last point of which he was even tolerably certain. The *cortège* remained motionless, gazing dubiously at the dismaying scenery.

But fortunately another little thing presented itself to Gore's attention.

'That left boot of yours has been in wet



REMEMBER THE OTHER CHILDREN!

These are some of the toys which the Plymouth Radio Circle collected as a Christmas gift for the Hospitals. There are many children who will be without toys this Christmas.

chalk,' he said. 'There's been no rain for a fortnight. How did you manage it?'

'I got in some water, looking about,' Blandy replied, surlily.

Gore stopped his engine.

'He came along this track, he thinks, Clutsam. Well—there's only one kind of water on Salisbury Plain. We've got to find a dew-pond with an old boot and a wallet near it. If you multiply twenty by twenty-five you'll get the size of Salisbury Plain in square miles. I'm afraid you won't get back to town by six, Inspector.'

They placed Blandy upon the track—little more than a sheep-track—and urged him forward. For nearly two miles he drifted slowly southwards, followed by his escort. But track crossed track; he went down into long, twisting valleys, and toiled up over long, baffling slopes, and became visibly more and more doubtful. At length he halted, completely lost. They left him

at that point in charge of a man, and spread out to look for dew-ponds.

It was just seven o'clock when an excited motor-cyclist rounded up the part with the tidings that Blandy's discarded boot had been found, as Gore had predicted, close to a large dew-pond, about four miles south-east of the point at which they had debouched on to the Plain. Hurried concentration produced, after some time, some further finds—Chief-Inspector Ruddell's pocket-wallet, a bunch of keys, a small automatic pistol with an empty magazine, one of Messrs. Collins's pocket novels, and a silk handkerchief marked with the initials W. R.

At Gore's suggestion these articles were left where they were found, spaced out at varying intervals over a distance of nearly a mile, and marked by sentinels. Blandy was moved up to point out the exact spot where he had slept, and indicated the gorse-bush in which the automatic had been found. He admitted then that he had found it, but had been afraid to take it. He agreed that possibly it might have been the automatic which had struck him.

Gore looked along the line of sentinels. 'Anything occur to you, Clutsam? I mean, from the fact that these things are all along one dead straight line—from this dew-pond to where that farthest man is. Let's just see where Bath lies from here.'

One of the motor-cyclists produced a map; Gore himself produced a pocket compass. A very brief inspection revealed the fact that the line of sentinels ran dead for the point where, invisible and thirty miles away to north-west, Bath lay among its hills. 'By Jing!' muttered Clutsam.

Gore turned about to face south-east again. 'Well, now,' he smiled, 'all we have to do is to go along our line until we come to Ruddell.'

The vast emptiness of the landscape chilled Clutsam's hope.

'Hell!' he murmured.

'Well,' demanded Gore, 'if you can find me in England a likelier place for a stunt of this sort, we'll go there. Of course, Ruddell's your bird, my dear fellow.'

'Well, we'll go on—for a bit,' agreed Clutsam at last.

The party spread out and advanced in parallels, with occasional halts to verify the line of march. The sun went down in a final crash of gold and scarlet, the landscape greyed; a chill little wind whispered of the coming night. The men began to mutter. Were they going to walk to Salisbury? As the miles crept up, even Gore himself began to think of a dinner that wouldn't happen.

But the end of the quest came with startling suddenness. Abruptly, from behind one of those rings of beeches that studded the desolation blackly, a plane shot up, wheeled, and came rushing towards them. Twice it circled above their heads, then fled away to north-west, along the line by which they had come.

'Well, we sha'n't find Mr. Thornton,'

(Continued on page 817.)

Sixteen Broadcast Humorists Contribute

THE BEST STORIES OF THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

If Sir Harry Lauder, Tommy Handley, Morris Harvey, Gracie Fields and Co. don't know the pick of the year's stories, who does?

From Sir Harry Lauder.

A LECTURER in Aberdeen told a reporter present at one of his meetings that he had a few more engagements in the city, and did not wish him to publish anything of the lecture, as it might spoil the attendance at the others.

The next day he was horrified to read in the paper:—

'Mr. — delivered an excellent lecture in the U.F. Church Hall. He gave some very good stories, but unfortunately they cannot be printed.'

By Mabel Constanduros.

A LITTLE girl who had been watching (and listening to) the afternoon slumbers of her grandfather, ran to her mother with wide eyes of



'Grandpa's left his engine running!'

concern: 'Oh, mummy!' she cried, 'grandpa's gone to sleep and left his engine running.'

By Morris Harvey.

ONE of the best stories I know is told of the very dignified head of a stockbroking firm whose massive portals have for many years awed the investor into a state of reverent conservatism, a firm to whom we shall refer as Rogers and Hornsby, because that was not their name.

The gentleman in question received one morning in his half-acre private office a telegram to the effect that his youngest brother's daughter, who had run away from home and gone on the stage, was appearing at a local music-hall. He was urged to go and give her a little of his advice.

That afternoon his tremendous limousine drew up before the music-hall. With a few indignant grunts the dignified financier walked to the stage entrance and approached the doorman.

'Who shall I say is calling?' he was asked.

'Just tell her it's Mr. Rogers, of Rogers and Hornsby.'

The doorman gave him an appraising glance, and asked, innocently: 'Playing here next week?'

By Sandy Rowan.

A CHORUS girl, deliciously pretty but decidedly lowbrow, somehow found herself at a very select party given by a Society woman.

The girl, lonely and uncomfortable as a fish out of water, was leaning against the wall, framed against the dark oak, when the hostess took pity on her.

'My dear,' she said, kindly, 'you look just like an old Rembrandt.'

'Well,' retorted the damsel, sharply, 'you don't look too darned snappy yourself.'

By Tommy Handley.

DURING the leisurely progress of one of the recent wars in China one side had a general captured.

The army which had lost the general volunteered to exchange four majors for him. The suggestion was declined.

'Well,' offered the negotiating officer, 'we'll exchange four majors and four captains for him.'

'No,' replied the representative of the other side, 'my instructions are that we cannot return your general for anything less than a dozen of condensed milk.'

By Willie Rouse ('Wireless Willie').

A MAN recently married had in his bachelor days a reputation for drinking too much. One night he said he had to be at a meeting to elect a new director. The young wife made him promise he would not touch a drop of anything all the evening.

The voting at the meeting resulted in the election of a man named Hoops. All the evening the young husband had determinedly steered clear of proffered drinks and at eleven o'clock—completely sober and filled with righteous pride—it occurred to him to phone his wife.

'Hello, dear,' he said, 'it's Jim.'

'Oh,' replied his wife, 'How did everything go? Whom did you elect?'

'Hoops, my dear,' responded the husband.

'Oh, Jim,' said the wife, her voice breaking, 'how could you? After all you promised—'

By Arthur Prince.

At an urban district council meeting, in a small town in Wales, the local butcher said: 'I propose that Dr. Griffiths be given an honorarium for the work he has put in this year.'

Then up rose Mr. Jenkins, the milkman. 'Might I ask, Mr. Chairman, what's the good of giving Dr. Griffiths a honorarium if he can't play one?'

By Julian Rose.

A COUPLE were married on the day following the funeral of the first wife of the groom.

The neighbours, shocked at the haste, serenaded the pair. The tumult was at its height when the bride appeared at the window.

'Ain't you ashamed,' she cried, hotly, 'to come here making a disturbance when we had a funeral only yesterday?'



The neighbours serenaded the pair.

By Arthur Clifford ('Stainless Stephen').

A FRIEND of mine received his first Income Tax assessment form recently. He replied to the Inland Revenue Authority as follows:—

'Dear Sir,—I have read your literature, but have decided not to join your society.'

Wilkie Bard

writes: 'This should cause a ripple'—

A MAN had been receiving anonymous letters. Nasty ones. Though the handwriting was decidedly individual, detectives had not been able to trace the poison-penner.

He went to a fancy-dress ball recently. In asking for a dance from a fair damsel, he noticed on her programme a signature with the exact handwriting



A fellow dressed as a lion came along.

of the anonymous writer. He waited. Soon a fellow dressed as a lion came along.

Things are now even more anonymous. All he knows further is that a fellow dressed as a lion socked him!

By Rex Evans.

A SCOT and his wife wanted to go up in an aeroplane. The price was five pounds, and the husband demurred.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' offered the pilot, 'I'll take you up for nothing, provided you don't make a sound all the time you're up.'

They agreed. The plane nose-dived, looped the loop, banked. The pilot did everything. Not a sound from behind.

When they landed the pilot said: 'Well, I guess you win. I didn't hear a sound.'

'Weel, mon,' gasped the Scot, 'I must say ye nearly got me when the wife fell out!'

By Horace Percival.

A MANUFACTURER engaged a young man to represent him in a certain district, and was giving him a few instructions.

'When you get to Southtown,' he said, 'have tea at the station buffet and then call on Mr. Smith in London Road. If you meet with any difficulty send me a wire.'

A few hours afterwards the manufacturer received the following telegram:—

'Arrived at Southtown station buffet. No milk. What shall I do?'

(Continued on page 802.)

'AG, FROM BERT' * * * 'BERT, FROM AG.'

A Christmas Story by Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.

'ANYONE at 'ome?' said Bert, stepping quickly into the firelit kitchen, and shutting out the sleet of a bitter Christmas Eve with a sigh of relief.

'Only me.' Ag looked up from the crimson shawl she was crocheting with a smile of welcome. 'Your supper's all ready.'

Bert eyed the plate of pigs' trotters, with its accompanying bottle of beer, and dish of pickled onions, with approval, and sat down to his meal with an appetite, while Ag went quietly on with her work.

'You crocherin' that fer Gran'ma?' he asked, between mouthfuls. 'Wonder if she'll so much as say thank you after all the hours you've spent on it?'

'It'll keep 'er poor old shoulders just as warm whether she thanks me or not,' said Ag, good-naturedly.

'Never knoo sech a girl as you are fer goin' crocher-mad,' said Bert, as he speared an onion on his fork. 'For everlarstin' crocher, crocher, crocher, till I wonder yer eyes don't drop out.'

'I've 'ad a lot of presents to finish.'

A disquieting thought occurred suddenly to Bert, and he stopped, knife and fork in hand, and looked at Ag apprehensively.

'You—you ain't been crocherin' me anythink fer Christmas, 'ave you?' he asked.

'Oo, no, Bert!' said Ag, quite shocked. She had been far too well trained to make a mistake like that. 'I got you somethink reely lovely—at least, I think it is. I keep imaginin' you usin' it.' Her eyes grew dreamy in contemplation.

Bert looked anxious. You never knew with women. His mates at the warehouse had warned him. They might go and chuck away good money on somethink a man couldn't use, and then kick up a shine if he didn't look grateful.

'You're sure it isn't a weskut, or a tie, or anythink to wear?' he questioned, suspiciously.

'Well—you do wear some of it,' admitted Ag, reluctantly.

'Some of it?' said Bert, now thoroughly alarmed. 'Look 'ere, Ag, you better tell me wot it is.'

'Oo, no, Bert. I wanted it to be a nice surprise.'

Bert's anxiety was making him neglect his supper. She'd gone and done something silly—he knew she had.

'You 'aven't gone and spent a mint of money on it, 'ave you?' he asked.

'Well—I've got to pay for it by instalments, but I've found a way to do that.'

Bert glanced hastily at his watch. If she had done somethink right down-redicklous there was time to repair the damage. The shops wouldn't shut for an hour or two.

'You say I can wear some of it?' he asked, thoughtfully spearing another onion, though his anxiety was so great that he scarcely tasted it.

'Yes!' said Ag, ecstatically. 'Oo, Bert, you will look lovely in it!'

Bert's face, looking anxiously at her, was slowly emptied of all expression. He sat silent, a succulent morsel of trotter poised on an uplifted fork. His worst fears were true, then. She had bought him something to wear.

'You better tell me wot it is, Ag,' he said with guile. 'Then, if it didn't fit me, or

Ag looked at him piteously.

'Oh, no, Bert!' she pleaded. 'There's—there's a smokin' cap thrown in—green velvet, Bert—all worked with forget-me-nots—and a green and blue tassel.' Her eyes implored him.

'Ad I 'ave been goin' to continue with the 'abit of smokin',' said Bert, in his best manner, 'I will say there's nothink wouldn't 'ave afforded me greater pleasure than a piece like wot you describe. As it is, I 'ave decided to discard the custom, which, bein' but an 'abit of luxury, is, by a strong nature'—Bert paused significantly—'easy cast aside.'

Ag looked at him wretchedly, crushed by the weight of a cruel disappointment.

'But, Bert,' she pleaded, 'why are you givin' up smokin' all of a sudden? You never told me you was goin' to.'

Bert cleared his throat. 'Well, you see, Ag,' he said, 'I'd set me 'eart on givin' you somethink reely 'andsome fer Christmas, and, knowin' 'ow set you always was on improvin' yerself, especially in the 'igher branches of the—er—culinary art, I went to the Cord and Blew school of cookery, and made arrangements meself fer you to 'ave special tootition in the 'igher branches of the art three nights per week.'

He watched to see Ag's face light up in anticipation of this wonderful treat, but her eyes looked anxious still.

'Yes, Bert,' she said, submissively. 'When—'

'I explained to the Lady Administrator, 'oo seemed a woman of recourse,' continued Bert, 'that I did not wish your present ways with—say tripe, for instance—interfered with, because you reely cook tripe a treat, Ag; I should like your present 'abits with dishes, you know—only done up French,

to give them a catch-it, as it were,' finished Bert, rather lamely.

'Yes, Bert,' faltered Ag, meekly. 'But when—'

'And I should like,' said Bert, warming to his subject, 'fer you ter learn ter knock up a few kickshaws, sech as anyone would get on these 'ere posh menoos—a musherroom soofel, fer instance, or a few horse douvers pipin' 'ot when I come 'ome from work. See?'

'Yes, Bert. But what days am I to go there?'

'Mondays, We'nsdays, and Fridays, from six to seven. Those are the only times she could give you personal soopervisal.'

'But, Bert—I can't go!'

'Can't go?' said Bert, impatiently. 'What d'yer mean, can't go?'

'I—I mean I—can't do it, Bert.'

'Can't do it? Course you can, I've

(Continued on page 838.)



He sat silent, a succulent morsel of trotter poised on an uplifted fork. 'You better tell me wot it is,' he said.

anythink, we could—er—change it, while the shops are open, couldn't we?'

'Well, it's—it's a smoker's companion,' said Ag, her eyes shining with excitement.

'There's a ash tray, and a dror for cigars, and a dror for cigarettes, an' a cigar-cutter, and a patent lighter, and a jar for terbacker, and a pipe rack—and it swivels round with a touch of the 'and,' she finished, triumphantly.

'There ain't a musical box included, wot's set in motion by the cigar-lighter, be any chance?' said Bert, jocosely, though he was obviously impressed.

'No, Bert,' she said, cast down for a moment. 'But there's a "movable spittoon that a gentleman can adjust to 'is own distance,"' she quoted, hopefully.

Bert's face failed to express the gratification she had expected.

'It sounds a nice piece fer the sittin'-room,' he said, without enthusiasm. 'Only, you see, Ag, I've give up smokin'!'

THE BEST STORIES OF THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

(Continued from page 800.)

By Charles Clapham

(of Clapham and Dwyer).

A WEALTHY fellow was endeavouring to impress his week-end guests. His continual references to his many expensive *objets d'art* soon bored the assembly.

'Look at the buffet,' he exclaimed, proudly. 'That goes back to Louis the Fourteenth.'

'Ah, yes,' said one of his guests, 'that reminds me that the whole of my furniture goes back on the fifteenth.'

By Billie Dwyer.

A MAN whose servants took a profound interest in the fate of the Prayer Book noticed a peculiar smell when he came out of his study. He walked along the passage and summoned his butler.

'What the deuce is this smell?' he asked.

'Well, sir,' said the butler, 'ter-day, I understand, is a saint's day, an' the page-boy, 'e's 'Igh Church, sir, an' the cook she's Low Church, sir, an' the under-parlourmaid's something in between, an' the page-boy's burnin' incense, an' cook's burnin' brown paper agin him for all she's worth, sir, and the rest of 'em's all burnin' anything they can lay their hands on, sir, out o' sympathy with the under-parlourmaid, sir.'

By Leonard Henry.

It was the morning after the night before, and no amount of water or vinegar bandages seemed to ease the terrible pounding at his temples or the agony of the ache in his head. The least noise seemed to make the throbbing worse.

He regarded the cat scornfully, and, in a tone of utter disgust, said, 'In the name of mercy, cut out that stamping!'



Presently a cat slipped into the room and crept across the carpet. The man regarded the cat scornfully, and in a tone of utter disgust, said: 'In the name of mercy, cut out that stamping!'

By Gracie Fields.

MR. AND MRS. FROG lived very, very happily together, but were subject to the ills and misfortunes attacking most human beings. One day Mrs. Frog turned to her husband and said, 'George, darling, I have such a bad headache.'

Mr. Frog was very upset, and said to his wife, 'I am so sorry, darling, I will go and see if Mr. Snail is at home—I don't like to leave you when you are feeling so poorly—and I will ask him if he will be so good as to go to the chemist's at the corner and get some aspirins for you.'

Mr. Frog was absent for only a few moments, and on his return, said, 'It is all right, darling, he has promised to go, so don't worry, we will soon have you well again.'

Fifteen years later. . . . Mrs. Frog turned to her husband and said, 'Oh, George, darling, my head is so bad, I do wish Mr. Snail would hurry up.'

Mr. Frog said, 'I can't understand what's happened to him. Gosh! that man is a slow-coach I wish I hadn't asked him now.'

Thereupon there was a gentle tap at the door, and Mr. Snail, bobbing his head round the corner, exclaimed, 'Look here, you two, if you don't stop talking behind my back, I won't go!'

WHEN THE BROADCASTER LISTENED:

A Story thrilling with Genuine Human Interest.

'NOW,' said the Seventh Violin, dismally, 'we have just ten minutes before we are due to vibrate the ether, so whose turn is it to tell a story?'

'Speaking of vibrations,' broke in the Triangle, quickly, 'reminds me at once to ask if anybody ever heard the real reason why young Bawler's ears stick out so far from his head.'

'Bawler,' mumbled the Drum and Cymbals, 'Wasn't he the baritone that used to broadcast from Newmouth and was engaged to Betty Bingle, the beautiful soprano of the Glasburgh station?'

'The same,' assented the Triangle, nodding rapidly. 'He was also the inventor of the wonderful Wireless Whisper that nobody wanted—but I must get on with my story before Professor Dryer finishes his third talk on Dust and Ashes, and I am sure that you are all longing to hear it.'

The Orchestra gathered round politely.

'Falling down the studio stairs one Friday evening,' began the Triangle, tensely, 'young Bawler found himself in the arms of a distinctly pretty girl, whose acquaintance he immediately resolved to cultivate. He was not engaged at that time and was, indeed, actually on the look-out for a romantic encounter.'

'"May I call upon you?" he breathed, hastily selecting his cleanest card. "My name is Bawler and I—"

"Mr. Bawler!" she interrupted, with a demure pout. "I am already well acquainted with you by wireless, and nothing pleases me more than to take the earphones away from Auntie when you are broadcasting."

"Then I will come to tea tomorrow," he exclaimed, squeezing her hand expressively; "and do not forget that I am passionately fond of seed cake."

'Never mind the seed,' twittered the Oboe, who had been following the narrative closely. 'Did he get the bird?'

'It depends which way you look at it,' ran on

the Triangle, drawing her scarf more closely around her shaven neck. 'But perhaps you can guess the feelings that stirred young Bawler's breast when he found Fanny, as I may now call her, sitting before an elegantly inlaid tea-service the following afternoon in a Chelsea flat which conveyed an unmistakable impression of artistic temperament. With a sigh of relief Bawler realized that he had not forgotten his gloves, one of which he surreptitiously slipped on behind his back so that he might ostentatiously remove it.'

PROGRAMMES OF CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Sunday.—Broadcasts from York Minster and Liverpool Cathedral.

Monday.—Carols from King's College, Cambridge, and Whitechapel Church.

Tuesday.—Broadcast from St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Wednesday.—'Dick Whittington.' A Pantomime.

Thursday.—'Going over to Keston Grange.'

Friday.—'Montezuma.' A History Play.

Saturday.—Vaudeville and 'Virginia.'

'"Good afternoon," he remarked in an original manner, quickly adding a brief summary of the day's weather and the usual inquiry that the quarantine officials elaborate so skilfully.

"Quite well, I thank you," responded Fanny remaining seated, but darting a glance of unfathomable meaning from her auburn eyes. A brief silence ensued, during which Bawler furtively completed his examination of the tea-table without detecting the presence of seed-cake, in anticipation of which he had declined a second apple dumpling at lunch. Perhaps Auntie had run out to buy one,

perhaps—"Auntie is from home," said the girl, abruptly, as though she could read his innermost hopes and fears. "Our meeting at Savoy Hill was not accidental. I waited for you there in order to lure you here in her absence. You are trapped!"

'Bawler paled. Breath control and voice production deserted him more completely than ever in the studio.

"Yes," went on Fanny, remorselessly, "I saw your name in tonight's programme and determined to draw you hither in order that one broadcaster at least should know the truth." Springing to her feet as she spoke she cried in a voice shrill with anger, "You are the worst specimen of so-called artist that has ever defiled the ether!"

'Bawler's ears almost started from his head.

"I hate your beastly, brassy, wobbly voice," she continued, "You cannot sing for worse than toffee, and if you attempted the same performance in a public street not one single penny would fall into your cap. You are a howling fraud!"

'Bawler could not credit his senses and, as the bitter words burnt like blows into his benumbed brain, he wrenched again and again at his ears to still the force of the biting vibrations. Flight only was possible, so, forgetting gloves and stick, he spun rapidly on his heel in order to find the exit, leaving Fanny a scornful mistress of the situation.

'Hanging on to the back of a taxicab which was proceeding westward, it is declared doubtful if Bawler stopped running until he reached Savoy Hill and flung himself with livid lips into the nearest chair. "I cannot sing tonight," he gasped to the startled "Announcer," burying his bloodshot eyes in his nerveless hands. "The programme must be changed. But I will play my piece on the piano-forte instead and this time you shall announce it as 'The Broken Voice—to my Radio Fan!'"

'Time is up,' ejaculated the Double Bass, opening his eyes. And, thanking the Triangle most civilly for her interesting narrative, the entire Orchestra wandered sleepily into the Studio.



CHRISTMAS MUSIC

BY SIR WALFORD DAVIES



This week we shall be hearing plenty of Christmas Music—in Sunday's broadcast of the Messiah, Monday's two recitals of Christmas Carols, etc. In the accompanying article Sir Walford Davies writes, in characteristic fashion, of the joys of Music at Christmas.

IT was Coleridge who was led, by his experience as a listener, to say: 'Some music is above me; most music is beneath me.' But probably we could all honestly say (Coleridge, one hopes, joining in) that Christmas music has a knack of being both above us and all round us. It seems at once the most transcendent and the most homely affair.

No scholarly musician can fittingly be what is called scholarly in his Christmas music; and no highly-strung, emotional musician can fittingly be what is called emotional. He must be serenely ordinary, and have just that strikingly ordinary touch of heavenly-mindedness which unfailingly lights up the common man and boy at important moments. And Christmas, an admitted moment of high importance throughout Christendom, brings uncommon light on common things for a season, so that there is every reason for giving Christmas music an uncommonly good innings—in churches, in the street, and also round the fireplace at home.

Thoughts of Christmas music in church will at once bring the first part of the *Messiah* to a thousand minds; and it is much to be hoped that every listener, either in his church, or in a choral society, or by wireless, will have a chance of hearing the Christmas music from that mighty work, not because it is by Handel, or because it is so-called good music, or popular, but because of several simpler things—because of the astonishing eloquence of the Pastoral Symphony, and the simple but unerring picture it seems to give of the shepherds sitting, as Milton says, 'simply chatting in a rustic row,' and because of the angels and the unaffected recitative which tells about them before they disappear into the skies again with a funny little flutter of wings in the far distance when their song ends.

It is to be hoped, too, that all listeners will find, and seize for themselves, an opportunity to hear, every year, at least Parts I and II of the *Christmas Oratorio* of Bach. In this, too, there is a Pastoral Symphony, with an even more rustic suggestion of shepherds (represented by four oboes)—one of those homely yet heavenly touches of picture-music that we can all grasp and enjoy.

Christmas hymns and hymn-melodies are legion, but only a few special favourites seem to be heard in churches today, and fewer still have found their way into the repertoire of carol-singers in the streets (notably, of course, 'While shepherds watched,' sung until we are all temporarily tired of it and of its noble tune, 'Winchester'). Doubtless a far larger selection of Christmas hymns will be used in the quiet of a million homes on Christmas Sunday, but the stock might well be increased, nevertheless.

Why not? It is rather to be feared that the pressure of Christmas occupations, and a certain culpable inertia present in many of us, combine to crowd out much loveliness and to keep our repertoire severely down. There is a further really dangerous factor in the confirmed choral and keyboard habit of singing and playing hymn-melodies always and only in four-parts. This present-day inveterate musical habit of 'forming fours' has tended to hamper pure melody, and to bring about the deterioration of harmony itself. Harmony is lovely and lasting, and never to be lightly esteemed. A mere chord of C Major, if well and truly sung,

seems in itself a small miracle of loveliness, an 'Act of God,' as the insurance companies say. But Christmas music is pre-eminently melodious. As birds carol, so we carol for very happiness. And the chords that accompany a light-hearted melody should surely resemble in sparseness the supports that carry a light foot-bridge across a river. Sit at the piano for a moment or two, or in an arm-chair (if you can find a suitable note to start with) and run through the following exquisite hymn-melody very quietly at a good speed without any conscious harmonic thought:—

Doh is F.
 1. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten
 2. O that Birth for ev-er bless-ed
 Ere the world be-gan... to be,
 When the Vir-gin fall... of grace,
 He is Al-pha and O-me-ga,
 By the Ho-ly Ghost con-cep-t-ing
 He the source, the end-ing, He,
 Rare the Sa-voir of... our race;
 Of the things that are, that have been,
 And the Babe, the world's Re-deem-er,
 And that fu-ture years shall see,
 First re-veal'd His sa-cred face,
 Ev-er-more and ev-er-more....
 Ev-er-more and ev-er-more....

You are likely to find in it a Christmas strain that will tumble back into your mind at quiet moments, to your surprise and delight—especially the final bar:

Doh is F.
 Ev-er-more and ev-er-more....

which seems unforgettably gracious. To find carolling in its finest and most care-free form, it seems desirable to hark back to old ways and forget for a moment to 'form fours.' If the reader chances, for example, to possess the Oxford Carol Book recently issued, which contains about two hundred delightful carols of many nations

(some of them very old and a few which may be called new-old), let him turn to the one called *King Herod and the Cock*, a traditional Worcestershire version of a very old 'crowing cock' legend: let him sit with a friend or two round the Christmas fireside and begin to sing:—

Lah is G.
 There was a star in Da-vid's land, So
 bright it did ap-pear In-to King He-rod's
 cham-ber, And bright-ly it shin'd there.

Now let him hand the book to his neighbour, who may sing to the same jolly little tune —

'The Wise Men soon espied it,
 And told the King on high,
 A Princely Babe was born that night
 No king could e'er destroy.'

A third member of the family circle may then take a turn:—

"If this be true," King Herod said,
 "As thou hast told to me,
 This roasted cock that lies in the dish
 Shall crow full fences three."

The final verse may well fall to the singer who started the ballad, an exciting verse, as desolating for Herod and all his pride as the star itself:—

Lah is G.
 The cock soon thro-ten'd and feath-er'd well By the
 work of God's own Hand, And he did crow full
 fen-ces three In the dish where he did stand.

Many of these old ballad-carols have an almost endless series of vigorous stanzas, exciting, eventful, conversational, and full of a confident mysticism which redeems them from every quaint legendary folly. When the innumerable Competitive Festivals up and down the country have further advanced their excellent spade-work, and, still more, when all schools take melody and the reading at sight of any simple tune in their scholastic stride, then we may hope that a Christmas Carol game may be among the acceptable games of the Christmas family circle, and every man, woman, and child in the country will be likely to get the freedom of the city of melody.

8.0
Service from
Liverpool
Cathedral

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)

9.5
Emilio Colombo
and his
Orchestra

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

2.15 'Messiah'
(Handel)

Relayed from York Minster
S.B. from Leeds

THE LEEDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Dr. E. C. BAIRSTOW

Chorus consisting of
THE MINSTER CHOIR, THE YORK MUSICAL SOCIETY,

and
LEEDS PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

ELSIE SUDDABY (Soprano)
MURIEL BRUNSKILL (Contralto)
WALTER HYDE (Tenor)
ARTHUR CHAMBER (Baritone)

AS an alternative to the terms 'High-brow' and 'Low-brow,' one critic has suggested 'Serious Music' and 'Music of Entertainment.' Were these adopted, no one would have any doubt at the present day in which category the *Messiah* should be placed. Just over one hundred years ago, however, it was denounced, as were its creator and the performers of it, by one worthy divine, on the score that it 'made an entertainment of the sufferings of Our Lord.' There were even sober-minded citizens who regarded the performance of the *Messiah* as the direct cause of the great Fire of Edinburgh—a judgment like that which fell upon Gomorra.

Now universally regarded in this country as the sacred music above all others which is appropriate to Christmas, it is much too well known to need more than the briefest reminder of its scope. It is so long that it is now never given in full. There are three parts, the first beginning with an Orchestral Overture, and including another little orchestral movement called 'A Pastoral Symphony,' in front of the soprano solo, 'There were shepherds.' The second part deals with the Atonement and finishes with the great 'Hallelujah' Chorus.

The third, beginning with the soprano air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' is the most dramatic section of the work, leading up to the triumphant bass solo, 'The trumpet shall sound,' and the two choruses, 'Worthy is the Lamb' and 'Amen.'

It was performed for the first time in Dublin in April, 1742. Handel was making a short stay in Ireland and arranged the performance specially for the benefit of various charities. It was not heard in England until nearly a year later, March, 1743, in Covent Garden Theatre. After these performances Handel revised it considerably, re-writing whole parts of it. It has since been edited and altered by various hands, and Mozart's additional accompaniments have been almost universally used since his day.

5.15 A Recital

by

WINIFRED SMALL (Violin)

The Dove (Welsh Air)

arr. Arthur Somerzell

By the FountainSchumann

Chanson-MeditationCottet

Danse Espagnole de 'La Vida Breve' (Life is Short)

Manuel de Falla, arr. Kreisler

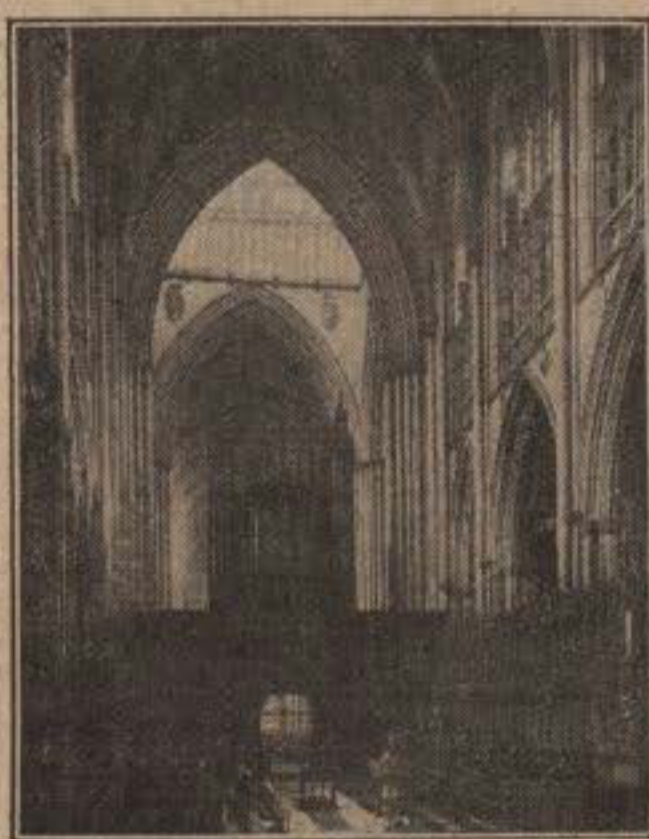
5.30 READING FROM

'The Pilgrim's Progress'

(John Bunyan)

'The End of the Journey'

(Continued in column 3).



YORK MINSTER—THE CHOIR.

2.15

'MESSIAH'

Conducted by Dr. E. C. BAIRSTOW

Relayed from York Minster

S.B. from Leeds

(For Details see column 1).

8.0

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

A Religious Service

With an address by the

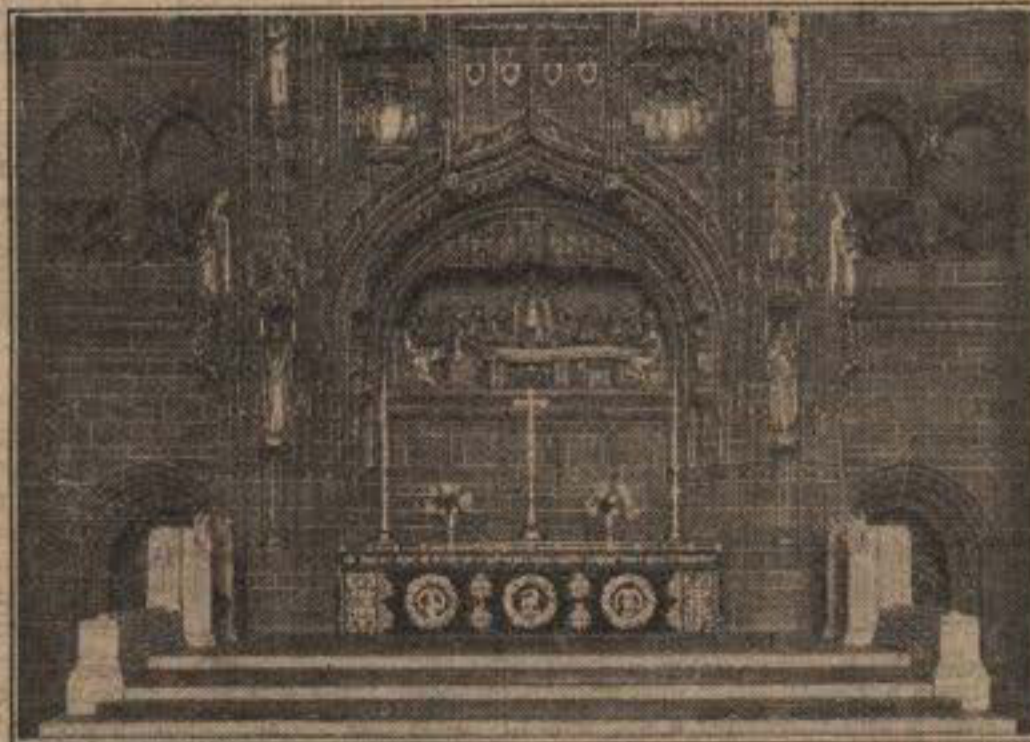
Reverend CHARLES E. RAVEN, D.D.,

Canon of Liverpool Cathedral

and Chaplain to the King

S.B. from Liverpool

(For Details see column 3.)



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL—THE SANCTUARY.

5.45-6.15 app. Church Cantata (No. 132) Gach

BERITET DIE WEGE

('PREPARE YE THE WAY')

From St. Ann's Church, Manchester

S.B. from Manchester

GLADYS SWEENEY (Soprano)

CONSTANCE FELPIS (Contralto)

ARTHUR WILKES (Tenor)

REGINALD WHITEHEAD (Bass)

THE ST. ANN'S CHURCH CHOIR

THE AUGMENTED NORTHERN WIRELESS

ORCHESTRA

Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

At the Organ, GEORGE PRITCHARD

(For the words of the Cantata see page 805)

8.0 A Religious Service

From

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

S.B. from Liverpool

Hymn, 'While Shepherds Watched' ((Songs of Praise No. 56)

Act of Recollection

Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear' (Songs of Praise No. 273)

Reading from St. Luke ii 8-16

Carols:

Boy, Boy, take your Little Drum (Old Burgundian) Trad.

Sweetly Sleep, do not stir

We will lend a coat of fur (Old Czecho-Slovakian)

Take heart, the journey's ended (Old French)

Sweet dreams form a shade

O'er my lovely infant's head . . . Vaughan Williams

Address: 'The Message of Peace,' by The Rev.

CHARLES E. RAVEN, D.D., Canon of Liverpool

Cathedral and Chaplain to the King

The Blessing

Music by the CATHEDRAL CHOIR

directed by H. GOSS-CUSTARD

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:

Appeal on behalf of the Friends of the Poor, by the Hon. Mrs. SYDNEY MARSHAM.

Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local Announcements. (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.5 Emilio Colombo and his Orchestra

Relayed from the Hotel Victoria, London

Moment MusicalSchubert

E. PEREA (Tenor)

Dream from 'Manon'Massenet

PIERINA ROSSELLI (Soprano)

Berceuse TendreDeniseff

EMILIO COLOMBO (Violin)

Traumerei (Dreaming) (with

Accomp. of Strings)Schumann

Impromptu SerenadeMantovani

E. LACEY (Pianoforte)

Autumn (with Orchestra)

Chaminade, arr. Colombo

EMILIO COLOMBO

1st part of Violin Concerto

Mendelssohn

ORCHESTRA

A Christmas Fantasy arr. Fagan

E. PEREA

Siciliana, 'Cavalleria Rusticana'

Mascagni

PIERINA ROSSELLI

Angel's SerenadeBraga

ORCHESTRA

2nd Hungarian Rhapsody (By request)Liszt

10.30 Epilogue
'THE LOST SHEEP'

2.15
HANDEL'S
'MESSIAH'



2.15
YORK
MINSTER

WHEN Handel set himself in the autumn of 1741, at the age of fifty-six, to compose *Messiah*, he was under a cloud of misfortune and bitter disappointment which must have overwhelmed any but the stoutest spirit. His last two operas had failed, largely, so we are told, through the plots of his opponents. In these days music was taken seriously, almost as seriously as League football is now, and feeling between rival factions ran high. It is believed that Handel's opponents even engaged hired ruffians to prevent people reaching the theatre where his operas were being given. He was in anything but good health; his eyesight was beginning to fail him and he was almost penniless. He shut himself in his house (he was living at Brook Street), and, seeing no one, hardly stopping even to touch the food which his faithful man brought to his room, he set himself to the composition of *Messiah* with such whole-hearted zeal that the work was completed in little more than three weeks. But he had no prospect of an immediate performance of it and it was simply laid aside for the time being. In November of the same year, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Presidents of three big charitable societies, invited him to Dublin to organize concerts of his own music on behalf of the charities they had at heart. One was the provision of food for prisoners. It was at one of these concerts that *Messiah* had its first

performance in April, 1742. The singers also went over from this country, Mrs. Cibber, the actress,

So great was the crowd at the first performance that ladies of the audience were asked to come without hoops and men without swords. When the work was first given in English, in the early part of 1743, at Covent Garden Theatre, it was practically a failure, although *Samson*, given at eight performances just before then, had been a triumphant success. Only when it was performed in the Foundling Hospital in 1750 did it win its way to the hearts of Londoners, and since then it is safe to say it has been the most popular of all oratorios.

Sunday, December 23

2.15 HANDEL'S 'MESSIAH'
Relayed from York Minster
S.B. from Leeds

5.45-6.15
CHURCH CANTATA (No. 132) BACH
'Bereitet die Wege'
'Prepare ye the ways'
From St. Ann's Church, Manchester
S.B. from Manchester
Gladys Sweeney (Soprano)
Constance Felpts (Contralto)
Arthur Wilkes (Tenor)
Reginald Whitehead (Bass)
The St. Ann's Church Choir
The Augmented Northern Wireless Orchestra,
Conducted by T. H. Morrison
At the Organ—George Pritchard

being the contralto. The oratorio had a magnificent success, and it was repeated in the following June.

FOR a long time it was believed that the text for the Oratorio had been arranged from Scripture for Handel by Charles Jennens, who was responsible for the libretti of a number of the other works, both sacred and secular. From recent researches by Mr. Newman Flower, however, it appears that the work was actually done by an assistant of Jennens, of the name of Poole. It is certainly done with taste and discrimination and is no doubt partly responsible for the fact that *Messiah* is more shapely and consistent in design than any of Handel's other big sacred works. The different parts of it lead one to another, with something of that inevitable significance which belongs to good drama, and the chorus takes its place in building up the effect in a logical way that does a good deal to enhance the power and meaning of the story.

TODAY'S BACH CHURCH CANTATA.

No. 132—'Bereitet die Wege.' ('Prepare ye the ways.')

THIS is an early Cantata, composed, so far as we can be sure, in 1715, during Bach's period of service at Weimar. The text is a poem by Salomo Franck, and the opening number is founded on that passage in Isaiah, 'In the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord.' It is not, as in the majority of the Cantatas, a chorus with which this begins, but an aria for soprano voice. It is set by Bach in the most jubilant spirit; not only is the voice part conceived in a really gay strain, but the orchestral accompaniment seems almost to dance about the melody with joy. The oboe, in particular, has a very tuneful share of the happy music.

There follows a recitative for tenor which twice breaks into an arioso, the second one especially being quite elaborate with a brilliant accompaniment. The third number is a slow and rather sombre air for the bass voice. It rises at times to a really dramatic emphasis, and finishes impressively with the words, 'A child of wrath that takest not the Christian's part.'

The alto voice has then a recitative and an aria which is in some ways the most interesting number of the Cantata. The text is founded on the verse from the Apocalypse, 'These are they that have washed their robes.'

Bach has invested it with a very devout sense of mystery, and the brilliant violin part is in every way as important as the solo for the voice.

For some reason that we do not quite know, the original chorale which finished this Cantata is lost. It may be that it was not appropriate to the Advent services in Leipzig, and that on that account Bach substituted another one. It is usual now to finish the Cantata with the chorale which also does duty as the closing number of 96; it was broadcast on October 7. It is a simple and impressive chorale with Bach's own dignified harmony.

English text by D. Millar Craig, copyright B.B.C., 1928.

I.—Aria (Soprano).

A pathway prepare Him, make ready His way!
A pathway prepare Him, that safe may upbear Him;
By faith hast thou proved, the hills can be moved;
He cometh today!

II.—Recitative (Tenor).

Would'st be a child of God, as Christ's own brother blessed?
With voice and heart hast thou the Saviour eye confessed?
Yea, man, where'er thou goest, always thy steadfast faith thou shewest.
Tho' Jesus' word and teaching must by thine own life's blood be seal'd,
Yet gladly must thou yield.
For lo, that is the Christian's crown and glory.
Do thou, my heart, be ready, delay not, prepare the Saviour's way and smooth away all roughness and the barriers that in His path are lying. Break down the bars of evil doing.
Unite thyself with Him, with Him the way of faith and life pursuing.

III.—Aria (Bass).

Who art thou? ask thy soul within thee.
Thy deeds can say, that thou dost do,
If thou, O man, art false or true,
Thy righteous judgment shall be giv'n thee.
Who art thou? ask the Law thou breakest,
The Law shall tell thee who thou art,
A child of wrath that always takest
The false way, not the Christian's part.

IV.—Recitative (Alto).

I would, O God, that all my soul had known Thee;
Not always hast Thou shewn Thyself to me!
Yea, tho' my mouth and tongue did Lord and Father own Thee,
My heart had turn'd itself away from Thee,
Not always for Thy glory have I striven!
How shall my evil-doing be forgiven?
Baptiz'd with water in the Saviour's name,
Made clean of all my wickedness and shame,
Of Thine own grace receiving so Thy token;
Yet, woe is me! my plighted faith is broken.
My bitter grieving see! My God, O pity me,
O help me, Lord, to turn from evil-doing,
Through grace my steadfast faith in Thee renewing.

V.—Aria (Alto).

Ev'ry Christian truly knoweth
What the Saviour's grace bestoweth,
At the holy baptism font.
Thro' His blood and tribulation
From our sin we know salvation,
We shall wear His robes of white,
He shall keep His own for ever,
Cloth'd in beauty, fading never,
Shall we stand before His sight.

VI.—Chorale.

O'erwhelm us with Thy mercy, awake us to Thy grace,
That we, new-born arising, may stand before Thy face;
So all the Earth shall know Thee, and praise and honour shew Thee,
For evermore. Amen.

Cantatas for the next two Sundays are:—
No. 28.—'Gottlob, nun geht das Jahr zu Ende.'
'O praise the Lord for all His mercies.'
No. 190.—'Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied.'
'Sing to the Lord a glad new song.'

STOP!

Can you spare
five minutes

during your Christmas Festivities to think of a little group of children whose Christmas Joy has been marred by suffering? Of the 74 little patients occupying the wards of the

BELGRAVE HOSPITAL for CHILDREN

during Christmas there will be many too ill to care that 'Father Christmas' tucks a toy into their listless little hands, and the lights on the Christmas Tree will be too bright for their tired eyes.

Will you help to restore them to health and happiness by making a collection from the members of your family and the guests around your Dinner Table on Christmas Day?

Your Christmas will be happier!

(Contributions will be most gratefully received by The Secretary, The Belgrave Hospital for Children, 7, Clapham Road, S.W.9, to whom cheques should be made payable.)

In-Patients during 1927 — 1,852
Out-Patients during 1927 — 16,556
Out-Patients' attendances — 62,529

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)
TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

9.0 Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio'

3.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

ASHMOOR BURCH (Baritone)
ARNOLD TROWELL (Violoncello)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
Overture, 'The Naiads' Sterndale Bennett

3.45 ASHMOOR BURCH

The Windmill H. H. Nelson
To Anthea J. L. Hatton
Hinton and Dinton and Mere J. C. Holliday

3.52 BAND

'Peer Gynt' Suite (No. 1) Grieg
Morning; Death of Ase; Anitra's Dance;
In the Hall of the Mountain King

4.12 ARNOLD TROWELL

Wayfarer's Song Trowell
Minuetto Paderewski
Chant sans Paroles (Song without words)
Tchaikovsky
Hungarian Rhapsody Popper

4.28 BAND

Fantasia, 'La
Boutique
Fantasque'
Rossini-Respighi

4.42 ASHMOOR BURCH

Spanish Gold
Howard Fisher
The Ginchy Road
Laurie Edward
Sea Ways
Sanderson

4.50 BAND

Three Pieces
Tchaikovsky
Barcarolle;
Reverie;
Valse

5.0-5.30 A Song Recital

By MIRIAM LICETTE (Soprano)

Zeffiretti Lusinghieri
I am Dreaming ('Il Seraglio'—'The
Harem') Mozart
Alleluja
Land of Heart's Desire ('Songs of the
A Fairy's Love Song Hebrides')
Dance to your Shadow Kennedy Fraser
Boat Song Harriet Ware
Time o' Day Cyril Scott
The Cuckoo Clock Grant, arr. Schaefer
Will o' the Wisp Charles G. Spross

8.0 A Religious Service

From the Birmingham Studio

Order of Service:

Hymn, 'In the bleak mid winter' (English
Hymnal, No. 25)
Prayer
Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear'
(English Hymnal, No. 26)
Reading, Luke ii,
Verses 1-20
Magnificat
Address by H. G.
Wood, M.A. (Direc-
tor of Studies at
the Woodbrooke
Settlement)
Hymn, 'Let sighing
cease, and woe'
(English Hymnal,
No. 27)
Benediction

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE: (From Birmingham)

Appeal on behalf of the Birmingham Mail
Christmas Tree Fund, by Mr. H. F. HARVEY

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS - BULLETIN

9.0 Excerpts from Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio'

(From Birmingham)

BELLA BAILLIE (Soprano)
ESTHER COLEMAN (Contralto)
TOM PICKERING (Tenor)
ROBERT MAITLAND (Bass)
CYRIL S. CHRISTOPHER (Continuo)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS and
AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS



Robert Maitland and Bella Baillie sing in the programme of excerpts from Bach's Christmas Oratorio which will be broadcast tonight from 5GB.

the six portions is thus self-contained and complete; it is the music which gives it an impression of unity. As in the 'Passion' music, the Tenor soloist relates the incidents in recitative, and the reflections and thoughts which the story suggests are embodied in Arias, Chorales, and passages of Chorus. The first portion tells of the coming of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem; the second turns on the announcement of the Birth to the shepherds, and the praises of the Heavenly Hosts. In the third, the shepherds find Mary and Joseph and the Babe in the manger, and the fourth part tells of the naming of the Child as the Angel had foretold. The fifth is the Wise Men of the East, coming to Jerusalem, and the alarm of King Herod and the High Priests. The sixth and last part tells of the Wise Men being guided by the star and bringing their offerings to the side of the manger.

The great Bach, to whom the deeply sacred nature of these incidents was very real, and very sincerely felt, has invested the situations with a wealth of musical interest such as no other of the great personalities of art could have achieved. Although, in a sense, typical of the

Teutonic religious sentiment of his own age, it is so fine an embodiment of all that was best in that phase, that it may well stand as one of the greatest pieces of Christmas music for all time.

Listen at 7.25
for five minutes
on Christmas Day

10.30 Epilogue

Sunday's Programmes continued (December 23)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

2.15 S.B. from Leeds (See London)
 5.15 S.B. from London
 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester
 8.0 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
 An Appeal on behalf of the Bristol Regiment Church Lads' Brigade by H. S. B. COGAN, Colonel Commandant
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue
 10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

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

2.15 S.B. from Leeds (See London)
 5.15 S.B. from London
 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester
 8.0 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)
 8.45 S.B. from London
 9.0 Musical Interludes relayed from London
 9.5 S.B. from London
 10.30 Epilogue
 10.40-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

2.15 S.B. from Leeds (See London)
 5.15 S.B. from London
 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester
 8.0 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)
 8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
 Appeal on behalf of the National Children's Home and Orphanage at Alverstoke by the Rev. F. B. COWL
 8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

2.15 S.B. from Leeds (See London)
 5.15 S.B. from London
 5.45-6.15 app. S.B. from Manchester
 8.0 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)
 8.45 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue

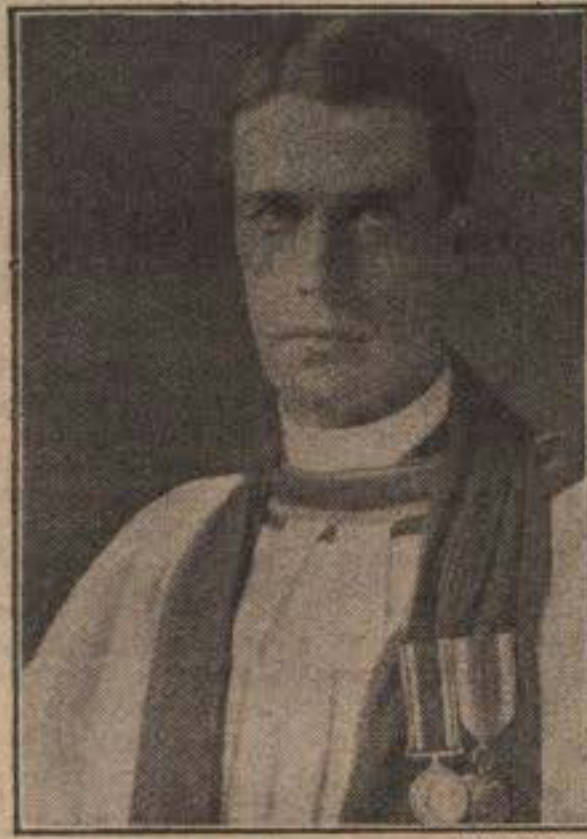
2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

2.15 S.B. from Leeds (See London)
 5.15 S.B. from London
 5.45-6.15 app. Church Cantata (No. 132) Bach
 'BEREITET DIE WEGE'
 ('Prepare ye the Ways')
 Relayed from St. Ann's Church
 GLADYS SWINNEY (Soprano)
 CONSTANCE FELPIS (Contralto)
 ARTHUR WILKES (Tenor)
 REGINALD WHITEHEAD (Bass)
 THE ST. ANN'S CHURCH CHOIR
 THE AUGMENTED NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
 At the Organ, GEORGE PRITCHARD

8.0 A Religious Service
 From Liverpool Cathedral
 S.B. from Liverpool
 (For details see London)

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
 Appeal on behalf of the King's Roll Clerks' Association by Mr. E. W. THOMPSON, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Donations should be sent to the Manchester Branch of the King's Roll Clerks' Association, 39-41, Regent House, Cannon Street, Manchester; or to The King's Roll Clerks' Association, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
 10.30 Epilogue



The Rev. Canon RAVEN, of Liverpool Cathedral, gives the address in the service relayed from the Cathedral tonight.

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.6 M. 950 KC.
 2.15:—S.B. from Leeds (see London). 5.15:—S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app.:—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45:—The Week's Good Cause: Appeal on behalf of The Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. 8.50:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

5SC GLASGOW. 406.4 M. 740 KC.
 2.15:—S.B. from Leeds (see London). 5.15:—Chamber Music. The Fellows String Quartet: Quartet in A Major, Op. 18, No. 5 (Beethoven). Quartet in E Minor (From My Life) (Smetana). 5.30:—S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app.:—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45:—S.B. from London. 9.0:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.5:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.
 2.15:—S.B. from Leeds (see London). 5.15:—S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app.:—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45:—S.B. from London. 9.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.5:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

2BE BELFAST. 305.1 M. 950 KC.
 3.30:—Choral and Orchestral Concert. Eleanor Toye (Soprano). Ernest A. A. Stonley (Violin). The Station Chorus. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by E. Godfrey Brown. Orchestra: Pastoral Symphony from 'Christmas Oratorio' (Bach); Pastoral Prelude for Two Flutes, Two Oboes, Two Clarinets and Strings (Bach, arr. Bernard Jackson). 3.50:—'The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.' A Pastoral Episode founded upon Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' (B. Vaughan Williams). 4.15:—Ernest A. A. Stonley: Concerto No. 4 in D, for Violin and Orchestra (Mozart). 4.40:—Eleanor Toye: Lord Rendal (arr. C. Scott); Rondel (Clive Carey); Three Christmas Songs—Come, sing and dance (Herbert Howells); Lullay (R. Boughton); Volei Noel (Weckerlin). 4.52:—Orchestra: Pastoral from the Christmas Music (Concerto Grosso, No. 8) (Corelli); Symphony in E Flat, Op. 98, No. 8 (Haydn). 5.30:—S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app.:—S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45:—The Week's Good Cause: A Christmas Appeal on behalf of the Poor, by the Rev. J. N. Spence. 8.50:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

5GB Calling! 'Mercian's' Notes on Forthcoming Programmes.

An Orchestral Concert.
 AN attractive orchestral programme has been arranged for Tuesday afternoon, January 1, when listeners will hear excerpts from *Hiawatha* and *Hänsel and Gretel*. Kathleen Moorhouse (violin), who recently gave a recital from Birmingham with her husband Eric Fogg, will play Max Bruch's *Kol Nidrei*, accompanied by the Orchestra. Keith Falkner, who created the part of Bunyan in the recent performance of *Pilgrim's Progress* at twenty-four hours' notice, will also be heard.

A Ballad Concert.
 HERBERT SIMMONDS (baritone), David Williams (violin), Mabel Corran (contralto), Leonard Gowings (tenor) and the Birmingham Studio Chorus present a Ballad Concert at 9.0 p.m. on Sunday, December 30. An amusing story against himself is told by Herbert Simmonds of an incident which occurred when he was appearing in *Merric England* on the stage. 'I was playing the Earl of Essex,' he says, 'when the leading comedian of the company had a son between ten and twelve years of age. The boy was brought to the first night to see his father play, and after the show was asked: "Well, what do you think of it?" His reply was: "You're no good, dad, the only one worth watching was Essex." He then strutted round the room in the approved dignified style, with imaginary sword, etc. Later in the week he was brought into my dressing-room to be introduced to his "Wonderful Essex." I chatted with the boy and quite thought I had made an impression, but next morning at breakfast, during a lull in the conversation, a small voice was heard to say: "I don't think much of Essex off the stage, dad."'

A Plantation Sing-Song.
 LISTENERS to Birmingham's Radio Community Singing now look upon themselves as part of the Station staff, so lustily do they sing when these features are on the air. Incidentally, the last programme of this nature brought in six hundred letters of appreciation, and a hundred copies of *The Old Arm Chair*!—so we shall be able to sit down in future. Anyhow, they will have an opportunity of starting the New Year in the way they would go by listening at 9.25 p.m. on Tuesday, January 1, and joining in the choruses (chori—strictly speaking) which will be broadcast. This time they will leave their firesides for *Down South* as only plantation numbers are included in the programme.

The Lifeboats.
 MR. R. W. ASCROFT, District Organizing Secretary for the Midlands, is to make an appeal on Sunday, December 30, on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The memory of those seventeen noble-hearted men of Rye who sacrificed their lives in the effort to save others is still fresh in our minds. These men perished gloriously with no less mead of honour than the soldier or sailor who gives his life in time of war. For 104 years the work of the Institution has been carried on without a break. Lifeboatmen have gone to the assistance of shipwrecked mariners, whatever their nationality, or the flag under which they were serving, and the annals of British adventure and heroism contain no more wonderful pages than those that record the deeds done. The whole of the funds of the Institution are subscribed by the public, not a penny being asked for or received from the State. Not since the middle of the war have the lifeboats round our coast had such a busy November as this year. During the past month sixty-four launches of lifeboats have taken place, and ninety-seven lives have been rescued, an average of three lives saved every day.

(Continued on page 811.)



5.15
G. K. Chesterton
in the
Children's Hour

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)



9.15
E. F. Benson
reading
a Ghost Story

- 10.15 a.m. **The Daily Service**
- 10.30 (Daventry only) **TIME SIGNAL GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**
- 11.0 (Daventry only) **Gramophone Records**
- 12.0 **A BALLAD CONCERT**
APHIL PENDARVIS (Contralto)
ARTHUR COX (Tenor)
- 12.30 **JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA**
- 1.0-2.0 **THE PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA**
Directed by LEONARDO KEMP
From the Piccadilly Hotel
- 3.0 **Instrumental Ballad Concert**
HAROLD FAIRHURST (Violin)
PHILIPPA Saxe-WYNDHAM (Pianoforte)
- 3.30 **Carol Service**
Relayed from King's College Chapel, Cambridge
(See centre of page)
- 4.45 **ALPHONSE DU CLOS and his ORCHESTRA**
From the Hotel Cecil
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
OUR PROGRAMME, by Mr. and Mrs. G. K. CHESTERTON
- 6.0 **Mr. W. BRANCH JOHNSON:**
'Santa Claus Day'
STRICTLY speaking, St. Nicholas has no genuine connection with Christmas time. His own feast, which rivalled Christmas in the revelry with which it was celebrated, and is still, in some countries, one of the most important festivals of the year, is much earlier in the month, and it is only recently that Saint Nicholas has become the Santa Claus of English nurseries, and the whole ceremonial of giving presents been attached to Christmas itself. How the change came Mr. Branch Johnson, an author well versed in folklore and popular hagiology, will explain in this evening's talk.
- 6.15 **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.30 **Musical Interlude**
- 6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
PIANOFORTE DUETS—SCHUBERT
Played by ETHEL BARTLEY and
RAE ROBERTSON
F Major Overture
March in D, Op. 40, No. 4
- 7.0 **Mr. JAMES AGATE: Dramatic Criticism**
- 7.15 **Musical Interlude**
- 7.25 **Mrs. PORTEUS: 'Christmas Poetry'**
- 7.45 **Wassail à la Carte**
A FRANKAU-BRITISH OVERTURE
REX PALMER
YVETTE DARNAC
THE GERSHOM-PARKINGTON
QUINTET
and
RONALD FRANKAU



King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

3.30 **Christmas Eve Carol Service**
From KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
Processional Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City'
Bidding Prayer and Lord's Prayer.
Invitatory Carol—'O Little Town of Bethlehem' *Walford Davies*
First Lesson—Gen. iii, 8-15. Reader—A Chorister
Carol—'In the Bleak Mid-winter' *The Bishop of Oxford*
Second Lesson—Gen. xxii, 15-18. Reader—An Undergraduate
Carol—'I saw Three Ships'
Third Lesson—Isaiah ix, 2, 6, 7. Reader—A Choral Scholar
Carol—'God rest you Merry, Gentlemen'
Fourth Lesson—Micah v, 2, 3, 4. Reader—A Fellow
Carols—'Lullay my Liking'—'The Holly and the Ivy'... *Holst, arr. W. Davies*
Fifth Lesson—St. Luke i, 26-33 and 38. Reader—The Tutor
Carol—'Shepherds in the Field Abiding'
Sixth Lesson—St. Matthew i, 18-23. Reader—A Free Church Minister
Carol—'While Shepherds watched'
Seventh Lesson—St. Luke ii, 8-16. Reader—The Mayor's Chaplain
Carols—'O Night, Peaceful and Blest'—'I heard an Infant Weeping'
Eighth Lesson—St. Matthew ii, 1-11. Reader—The Representative of the Sister-College at Eton. Carol—'In Dulci Jubilo'
Ninth Lesson—St. John i, 1-14. Reader—The Provost
Carol—'O come all ye Faithful.' Collect for Christmas Day
The Blessing. Recessional Hymn—'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing'

8.30 **Carol Service**
By the WIRELESS CHOIR
Conducted by STANTFORD ROBINSON
FROM ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WHITECHAPEL



Whitechapel Church.

- 8.30 **Carols**
From Whitechapel
(See centre of page)
VERY early in the short history of broadcasting the Rev. John Mayo was one of the very first clergymen to take a sympathetic interest in the new medium, and he broadcast an address from the Studio the first Christmas that the B.B.C saw—in 1922. The carols relayed from his church in Whitechapel have been among the most successful of Christmas broadcasts, and listeners will be glad to hear them again this year.
- 9.0 **WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 9.15 'The Confessions of Charles Linkworth,' a Ghost Story by E. F. BENSON, specially adapted for broadcasting and read by the Author
CONNOISSEURS of ghost stories are a fastidious breed, and only the subtlest forms of horror pass their tests. Mr. E. F. Benson's book, 'The Room in the Tower,' is in all these collections, and one of the most highly-prized volumes there. It is now, unhappily, out of print, and there is all the more reason to welcome the author's reading of one of the stories from it, in a special adaptation that he has made for broadcasting, tonight. Those who are not connoisseurs of ghost stories, and who are not too sure of their nerves, had better not listen tonight.
- 9.30 **Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast**
- 9.35 **Old Folks Programme**
GLADYS PALMER (Contralto)
ALFRED CAMMEYER and BERNARD STREIFF (Vibrante Banjo Duets)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON
O'DONNELL
Overture, 'Mirella'..... *Gounod*
- 9.42 **GLADYS PALMER**
An Old Garden.... *Hops Temple*
Down the Vale..... *F. L. Moir*
- 9.50 **BAND**
Selection, 'Lucrezia Borgia'
Donizetti
- 10.6 **ALFRED CAMMEYER and BERNARD STREIFF**
Down Devon Way.... } *Cammeyer*
Laughing Water..... }
Caprice Accidental.... }
- 10.20 **BAND**
La Cinquantaine... *Gabriel-Marie*
Cavatina..... *Raff*
The Gipsy Rondo..... *Haydn*
- 10.35 **GLADYS PALMER**
The Kerry Dance.... *J. L. Molloy*
The Star of Bethlehem
Stephen Adams
- 10.42 **BAND**
Selection, 'Il Trovatore'... *Verdi*
- 11.0-12.0 (Daventry only):
DANCE MUSIC: THE CAFE DE PARIS BAND,

Monday's Programmes continued (December 24)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 810 KC.

1.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.45 MAJOR C. J. EVANS, T.D., 'Guisings,' a Pembrokeshire Christmas Custom.

5.0 JOHN STRAN'S CARLTON CELEBRITY ORCHESTRA
Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35-11.0 Christmas Crackers
by PICKFORD GIRARDOT
Let off by SANTA CLAUS

I. The Waits
The fuse is lighted

II. 'Snap Dragon'
Scene: A Country House
Sir Ian Templeton
Lady Templeton
Nora Templeton
Bobbie Mackintosh
Higgins—the butler

III. The Christmas Box

IV. Christmas Past
Colonel Bogey
Jackson, his man
Jester

V. Christmas Present
'Flaming Hearts'
A Christmas Film Scenario
Specially prepared for the Microphone by Santa P. Claus

VI. Potted Pantomime
The amazing story of 'Puss in Boots'

VII. Surprise Item

VIII. That Christmas Feeling
The Man
The Woman
The Other Fellow

IX. Harlequinade

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

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 S.B. from Cardiff

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

9.35-11.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-11.0 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:
Waiting for Santa Claus: Surprises for Everyone

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-11.0 S.B. from London. (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

12.0 A Variety Programme of Gramophone Records

1.15-2.0 The Tuesday Midday Society's Concert
Relayed from the Houldsworth Hall
A Special Christmas Carol Concert
by
THE MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR
Conducted by Dr. A. W. WILSON

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
March, 'Joyous' *Adams*
Selection, 'Christmas Dreams' *Williams*
J. J. SHEPHERD (Ventriloquist)
Christopher Columbus (A Ventriloquial Sketch) *J. J. Shepherd*
Little Novels *Dick Henry*

ORCHESTRA
Ballet Music, 'Coppelia' *Delibes*
JESSIE MORPETH (Mezzo-Soprano)
Elegy *Massenet*
Gentle Shepherd *Pergolesi*
To a Wild Rose *MacDowell*
(Manchester Programme continued on page 811.)

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

Always Fresh

Monday's Programmes continued (December 24)

ORCHESTRA
 Entr'acte, 'Dance of the Little Feet' *Breville*
 Waltz, 'Tonight's the Night' *Rubens*
J. J. SHEPHERD
 Our School (A Ventriloquial Sketch)
J. J. Shepherd
 Nobody Knows what I Know *Burchill*
JESSIE MORPETH
 Robin Adair *Traditional*
 Starry Woods *Phillips*
 What Child is This? *Traditional*

ORCHESTRA
 Suite, 'The Three Bears' *Coates*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
S.B. from Leeds
 Christmas Eve Revels
PUNCH and JUDY visit the Children's Hour and perform to a party of invalid children who are having tea in the studio

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London
 (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35-11.0
 'Scrooge'
 Adapted by
J. C. BUCKSTONE
 From 'A Christmas Carol,'
 by **CHARLES DICKENS**

Cast:
 Scrooge .. **LEO CHANNING**
 Bob Cratchet
 F. A. NICHOLLS
 Mr. Middlemark
 GEORGE BERNARD SMITH
 Fred Wayland
 A. G. MITCHESON
 The Ghost of Jacob Marley
 D. E. ORMEROD
 Fanny .. **HYLDA METCALF**
 Boy **DONALD BURKE**
 The Spirit
 EVELYN MAXWELL

Mrs. Catchit **BERNICE MELFORD**
 Belinda **KATHLEEN KEOGH**
 Girl **EILEEN KEOGH**
 Martha **EDITH TOMS**
 Tiny Tim **ARTHUR LYONS**
 Mr. Worthington **MICHAEL VOISEY**
 The Boy in the Street **CHARLES NESBITT**

Incidental Music by **DORA BRIGHT**
 Played by the
NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Scene: Scrooge's Office, about 6.0 p.m., on December 24

Picture House. **5.15**—The Children's Hour. **5.58**—Weather Forecast for Farmers. **6.0**—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **6.15**—S.B. from London. **6.30**—Capt. G. Stanley Smith, Brigade Secretary: 'A Christmas Message to the B.B.' **6.45**—S.B. from London. **9.30**—Scottish News Bulletin. **9.35**—S.B. from London. **11.0-11.15**—A Reading of 'The Inspector.' A Christmas Story by Colin Milne.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

3.45—Studio Concert. George Wiseman (Flute and Piccolo). E. Oliphant Low (Baritone). The Station Octet. Octet: March. 'The Liberty Bell' (Souza); A Children's Overture (Quilter). **4.0**—E. Oliphant Low: O Mistress Mine (Quilter); In Absence (Vincent Thomas) The Late Player (Allison). **4.10**—Octet: Czardas, No. 8 (Michiels). **4.15**—George Wiseman: Polka de Bravoura (Sabathil); The Comet (Piccolo Solo) (Brewer); La Romantique (Clardi). **4.25**—Octet: Evensong at Twilight (J. H. Squire); Bride Song (from 'The Rustic Wedding') (Goldmark). **4.35**—E. Oliphant Low: Elégie (Massenet); Bois Epais (Lully, arr. A. L.); Macusha (MacFarrough). **4.45**—Octet: Prelude to Act I, 'Lohengrin' (Wagner). **4.50**—George Wiseman: Impromptu (Sabathil); Forest Echoes (Piccolo Solo) (Danare); Revorio (Punt). **5.0**—Octet: Fantasia, 'Romeo and Juliet' (Gounod). **5.15**—The Children's Hour. **6.0**—Mrs. M. Gerard Cameron: 'Some Christmas Menus.' **6.15**—S.B. from London. **6.30**—Juvenile Ocean.



IN PIANOFORTE DUETS.

Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson playing Schubert's pianoforte duets in the Foundations of Music this week.

rations' Bulletin. **6.45**—S.B. from London. **9.30**—S.B. from Glasgow. **9.35-11.0**—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 500.1 M. 980 KC.

12.0-1.0—Concert. The Radio Quartet: Ballet Music, 'Le Cid' (Massenet, arr. Alder); Hymn to the Sun (Brosky-Korsakov); Suite, 'Othello' (Coleridge-Taylor). Kathleen Daunt (Soprano): Spindrift (E. Fogg); The Lake Isle of Innisfree (M. Herkert); Sylvan (Landon Ronald); In the Woods (H. Austen). Quartet: Selection, 'The Arcadians' (Monckton and Talbot); Three 'Nell Gwyn' Dances (German). **2.30**—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **4.45**—Organ Recital by Charles Howlett relayed from the Classic Cinema. **5.15**—The Children's Hour. **6.0**—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **6.15**—S.B. from London. **7.45**—Medley Moments. Orchestra: Savoy Christmas Medley; Savoy Medley of Medleys; Savoy Irish Medley; Savoy Welsh Medley; Savoy Scottish Medley; and Savoy Medley One-stop. 'Childhood's Memories' (Debussy Soeners). **8.10**—'Christmas Eve in Ballyroulcahey.' Mat Mulcahey, the Owl Besom Man, gives a party. **9.0**—S.B. from London. **9.35**—A Concert. Trevor Jones (Tenor). Orchestra: Movements from Suite, 'Nuit de Noël' (Rimsky-Korsakov). **9.50**—Trevor Jones: The Star (M. Phillips); The Cloths of Heaven (T. Dunhill); An Epitaph (M. Sheldon); Bonfires (H. Hart). **10.2**—Orchestra: Noë (Balfour Gardiner). **10.10**—Trevor Jones: I saw from the bench (H. Hughes); A Cradle Song (M. Sheldon); Patriotic, the Fiddle. (J. F. Larchet). **10.22**—Orchestra: Valse 'Noël' (from 'The Seasons', No. 12) (Tchaikovsky); Holly and Mistletoe (from 'Suite Pastorale') (Ansoff); Christmas Bells (Ellenberg). **10.45**—'Muddy Moments.' What is it? (And some may ask 'Why is it?'). **11.15**—Dance Music relayed from Daventry. **11.55-12.10** app.—Christmas Bells relayed from Holywood Parish Church, Holywood, Co. Down.

Listen at 7.25 for five minutes on Christmas Day

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 512.5 M. 960 KC.

3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **5.15**—The Children's Hour. **6.0**—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **6.15**—S.B. from London. **9.35**—Albert Whelan (The Australian Entertainer). **9.50-11.0**—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

3.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry. **4.45**—Organ Recital by S. W. Leitch, relayed from the New Savoy

5GB Calling!

(Continued from page 807.)

A Symphony Concert.
THE weekly symphony concert takes place on Saturday evening, January 5, when Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony in C is the chief item. In the programme also are Maurice Cole, an old pupil of De Greef, and Watcyn Watcyns (baritone), who will give an aria from *Don Giovanni*.

A New Year's Party.
A PORTION of the New Year's party at Pattison's Café Restaurant, Corporation Street, Birmingham, is being broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on December 31. Norris Stanley will, as usual, direct the orchestra, and others who will help to play in the New Year are Mary Pollock (soprano), Percy Owens (entertainer), and Mason and Armes (light duets).

'Peter, Peggy, and the Piccadilly.'
AT intervals during the last six months Alfred Butler and Chrissie Stoddard have given a series of light features made up of reminiscences of those tuneful numbers originally made famous by 'The Follies' under H. G. Pelissier. Peter and Peggy have entered largely into them, and they will appear again at 10.20 p.m. on Saturday, January 5, when the programme will be given the above title. Their appearance on this occasion will be in conjunction with the Midland Pianoforte Sextet, a combination of instrumentalists, which, under the leadership of Frank Cantell, has on more than one occasion added to the success of the plays and fantasies broadcast from the Birmingham Studios.

The Children's Hour.
A SHORT time ago an amusing little play from the pen of Mabel France, involving a policeman and some poultry, was broadcast in the 5GB Children's Hour. Another—*The Book Shop of Long Ago*—a New Year's play, will be heard on January 1.

The Fairy Train makes another journey on Thursday, January 3. In the same programme will be Chrissie Thomas and her musical glasses.

When we mentioned skates to Snooky the other day, being a very correct person he inquired, 'Roller, blade, or fish?' However, he's going skating on Saturday, January 5, if the ice holds.

High-Power 'Short Waves.'
IN the light music programme from 5GB at 6.30 p.m. on Monday, December 31, listeners will hear Herbert Thorpe (tenor) and Harry Brindle (bass) in solos and duets. Both singers are, of course, well known in the operatic world, Harry Brindle with the Carl Rosa Company, and Herbert Thorpe—a native of Bradford, which has been the home of many great singers—at the Old Vic.

The service on Sunday evening, December 30, comes from Birmingham Cathedral, and will be conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Hamilton Baynes, D.D. The service will be preceded by the bells.

Arthur Chackett (tenor) and Nellie Finch (soprano) sing in the broadcasts from Lovells Picture House on Monday and Thursday, December 31 and January 3, respectively.

Included in the choral concert at 10.15 p.m. on Tuesday, January 1, is the Cantata, *St. Cecilia's Day*, by Van Bree, the Dutch composer. Stiles Allen will be the soloist.

Tom Kinniburgh (bass) is the artist in the City of Birmingham Police Band Concert on Wednesday afternoon, January 2.

Desiree Macewan (pianoforte) and Hilda Blake (soprano) appear in the light music programme at 6.30 p.m. on Wednesday, January 2.

The Vaudeville bill on Thursday evening, January 3, includes Alec Chentrens (the Anglo-French comedian), Patricia Rossborough, whose syncopated piano-playing is well known to 5XX and 5GB listeners, and Stainless Stephen, who needs no introduction.

YOUR CHRISTMAS

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.)

(1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)

7.25

AN APPEAL

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

10.40-11.15 A Studio Service

Preceded by

THE BELLS OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

The Hymns will include:

- 'While Shepherds watched' (A. and M. 62)
- 'Hark! the Herald Angels sing' (A. and M. 60)
- 'Brightest and best of the sons of the Morning' (A. and M. 643)
- 'O come, all ye Faithful' (A. and M. 69)

1.0-2.0 ALPHONSE DU CLOS and his ORCHESTRA
From the Hotel Cecil

3.30 A Christmas Concert

CATHERINE STEWART (Contralto)
WILLIAM PRIMROSE (Violin)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
Christmas Overture
Coleridge-Taylor

3.36 CATHERINE STEWART

An old Sacred Lullaby
arr. Samuel Liddie
A Christmas Carol
Malcolm Davidson
New Year's Song
Albert Mallinson

3.44 BAND

Suite, 'Santa Claus'
Theodore Holland
Toyland; Starland; On Tiptoe;
Xmas Joy

4.2 WILLIAM PRIMROSE

Five Negro Spirituals
arr. Arthur Benjamin and William Primrose

4.16 BAND

'Casse-Noisette' (Nutsacker) Suite
Tchaikovsky

4.42 CATHERINE STEWART

Night but abides for a span
To an Isle in the Water
The Shepherd's Song
Albert Mallinson
Elgar

4.50 BAND

Suite from 'The Miracle'
Humperdinck

5.15 A Pianoforte Recital

by

MAURICE COLE

- Impromptu in A Flat *Schubert*
- Impromptu in F Sharp *Chopin*
- Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue *César Franck*
- Fairy Tale, Op. 26, No. 2 *Medtner*
- Rush Hour in Hong-Kong *Chasins*
- Christmas Day in the Morning *Holst*
- Shepherd's Hey *Percy Grainger*

7.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

7.35 An Instrumental Concert

THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET

Fantasia, 'Hänsel and Gretel' *Humperdinck*

7.45 KATE WINTER (Soprano)

The Lass with the delicate air } *Arns*
Where the Bee sucks }
Have you seen but a whyte lillie grow? ... *Anon.*

7.53 SEXTET

Two Shakespearean Sketches .. *Norman O'Neill*
Nocturne; Masquerade

8.2 JOHN THORNE (Baritone)

Jester Songs ... *Granville Bantock*
The Jester; Will o' the Wisp;
Under the Rose; Tr-la-lie

8.10 KATE WINTER

The Carol of the little King
Eric Fogg
Orpheus with his lute .. *Sullivan*
St. Nicholas Day in the Morning
Easthope Martin

8.18 SEXTET

Three English Dances ... *Quilter*

8.28 JOHN THORNE

It was a lover and his lass
Morley, arr. Keel
When icicles hang by the wall *Keel*
O Mistress Mine } *Quilter*
Blow, blow, thou winter
wind }

SEXTET

Drink to me only *arr. Quilter*
Witches' Dance *MacDowell*
Noel *Balfour Gardiner*

8.45 IAN HAY reading 'The Christmas at Dingley Dell,' from 'The Pickwick Papers,' by Charles Dickens

(See picture on opposite page.)

9.15 A Popular British Programme

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

Overture, 'The Bohemian Girl' *Balfe*
Petite Suite de Concert *Coleridge-Taylor*

9.35 FRANCIS RUSSELL (Tenor)

Songs of Araby *Clay*
I pitch my lonely caravan }
I heard you singing } *Eric Coates*

9.42 ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Yeomen of the Guard' .. *Sullivan*
Three Dances, ('Nell Gwynn') *German*

10.0 FRANCIS RUSSELL

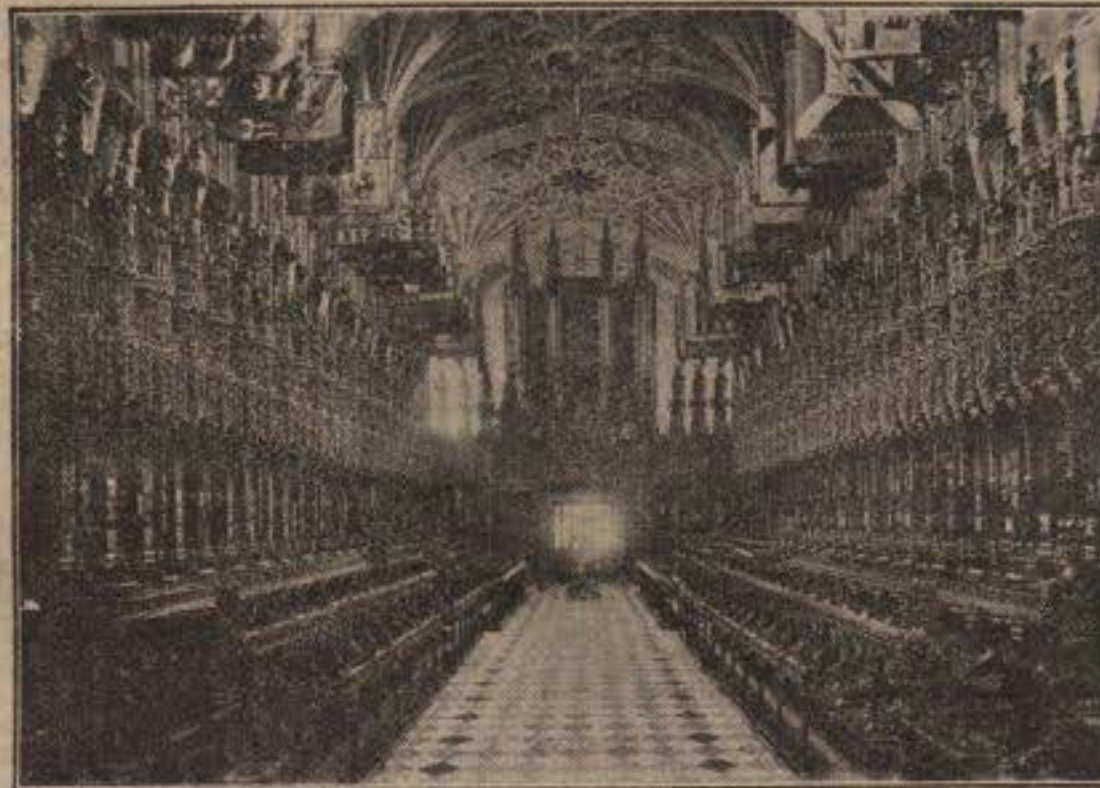
Give *Herman Loh*
The Blind Ploughman *Clarke*
Because *Guy d'Hardelot*

10.8 ORCHESTRA

Three Dale Dances *Arthur Wood*
Suite of Light Pieces *Fletcher*

10.30 DANCE MUSIC: JAY WHIDDEN'S BAND, from the Carlton Hotel

11.15-12.0 AMBROSE'S BAND, from the May Fair Hotel



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR,

from which a special service, with an address by the Dean, will be relayed by London and Daventry this evening at 6.30.

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

'A CHRISTMAS CAROL'

A Play adapted from Charles Dickens, by C. E. HODGES

With Incidental Music by THE OLOF SEXTET

6.30 A Christmas Service

RELAYED FROM ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

Processional Hymn, 'O come, all ye faithful'
Shortened Evensong
Psalm LXXXV

Lesson

Magnificent (Marbeck) (adapted)

For the Anthem: Three Carols

- (a) Christ was born on Christmas Day
- (b) A Babe lies in the Cradle
- (c) The Holly and the Ivy

Short Address by the DEAN

Final Carol, 'In dulci jubilo'

7.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

DAY PROGRAMMES

11.0-12.15 Christmas Morning Service
Relayed from the Central Hall, Birmingham

Order of Service:
Organ Solo—Choral Prelude, 'Blessed Jesu, here we stand' *Bach*
Sentences
Hymn, 'O come, all ye faithful' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 123)
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Motet for Soprano and Chorus, 'Child of the Star' *Wolstenholme*
Reading, St. Luke ii, verses 1-20.
Hymn, 'Christians, awake, salute the happy morn' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 124)
Organ Voluntary
Carol, 'Unto us a boy is born' (Fifteenth Century) (Oxford Book of Carols, No. 92) (By permission of O.U.P.)
Hymn, 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 127)
Address by the Rev. E. BENSON PERKINS (Superintendent of the Birmingham Central Mission of the Wesleyan Methodist Church)
Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 132)
Organ Postlude

(At the Organ, Mr. GEORGE PLANT)

3.30 A Symphony Concert
(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
(Leader, FRANK CANTILL)
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'The Marriage of Figaro' *Mozart*
MIRANDA SUGDEN (Soprano) and Orchestra
Ave Maria *Max Bruch*

3.42 MARY ABBOTT (Pianoforte) and Orchestra
Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16 *Grieg*

GRIEGS Pianoforte Concerto in A Minor has always been a favourite, alike with performers and audiences; its vivid and picturesque themes make it easy to forget that the piece as a whole suffers from Grieg's weakness in developing his subjects.

With a roll of the drums and a loud chord from the orchestra, the pianoforte announces an introductory theme which has a large say in the course of the movement. After a silent pause, woodwinds and soloist between them announce the first main tune, made up of two contrasting phases, and thereafter the course of the movement is easily followed. In the customary place there is a brilliant cadenza, after which the movement is rounded off by a Coda based on the principal theme.

The strings begin the slow movement with a simple melody of folk-tune character, and this, with a brilliant commentary by the soloist, furnishes the whole of the brief movement; it leads without a break into the energetic last movement in which, after a very brief introduction, the soloist announces the merry theme, a tune which no one would have the slightest difficulty in recognizing as Grieg.

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

This evening at 7.15

'DICK WHITTINGTON'

The first performance of this special Christmas Pantomime will be broadcast from 5GB this evening at 7.15. There will be a second performance, from London and Daventry, tomorrow night, and full details of the production appear on page 818.

MIRANDA SUGDEN

My heart ever faithful *Bach*
If there were dreams to sell *John Ireland*
To one who passed, whistling *Gibbs*



CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL.

The original Phiz illustration to the episode from 'Pickwick' which Ian Hay will read from London and Daventry tonight.

4.30 ORCHESTRA
Symphony in G ('The Surprise') *Haydn*

Adagio; Andante, vivace assai; Minuetto; Allegro di Molto

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
(From Birmingham)

'A Punch and Judy Show,' presented by J. Bardin. Songs by MAJORIE HOVED (Soprano), and CUTBERT FORD (Baritone)

5.45 A BAND CONCERT

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
(From Birmingham)

Conducted by RICHARD WASELL
Selection, 'Merrie England' *German, arr. Godfrey*

CHARLES DEAN (Baritone)
King Charles *M. V. White*
Victorious! Victorious!... *Carissimi*

6.5 BAND

Fantasia, 'Komarinskaja' (A Picture of a Slav Wedding) ... *Glinka*
Euphonium Solo, 'Nazareth' *Gounod, arr. Godfrey*

PERCY OWENS (Entertainer)
Pipes *Owens*

CHARLES DEAN
The Ballad Monger } *Easthope Martin*
Fairings }

The Open Road... *Duncombe*
BAND

Fantasia, 'Cock-Robin and Co.' *Stately*

PERCY OWENS
The Postman *Gibson*
Jargo *Robinson*

BAND
Descriptive Piece, 'The Bells' *Byrd, arr. Jacob*

7.15 'Pantomime Season -1928'

'Dick Whittington and His Cat'

Written, Composed and Directed by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE
(For further details see page 818.)

8.45 Dancing Time
(From Birmingham)

A programme of Dance Music arranged for Old and Young by PAUL RAYMAN and his BAND

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST: GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15-10.30 Dancing Time
(Continued)

Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 25)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.30 S.B. from London (7.30 Local Announcements)

7.35 Upon the Midnight Clear
A Christmas Evening in a Welsh Village
By VAUGHAN THOMAS

Characters:

- John Williams, the precentor
- Mrs. Williams, his mother
- Gwen, his daughter
- David, his nephew
- The Rev. Richard Davies
- Mary, his wife
- Hugh, their son, a doctor
- Billy Bach, a simple village 'character'
- Villagers, Carollers

Scene 1. The dining room at the precentor's house

Scene 2. On the road

Scene 3. The study at the Manse

8.30 S.B. from Swansea

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London

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

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.45 S.B. from Cardiff

6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

7.35 S.B. from Cardiff

8.30 The Gwauncaegurwen
Silver Prize Band

Directed by TAL MORRIS

Descriptive Piece, 'A Sunday Parade'... Hawkins

BEN DAVIES (Tenor)

Three Welsh Melodies:

- Gogoriddan arr. B. Richards
- Y Farn a'i Baban arr. John Thomas
- Y Gwew Fach arr. R. Bryan

BAND

Fantasia, 'Poetic Fancies' Laurent

BEN DAVIES

Serenade Schubert

The Bells of Christmas Martin Shaw

The Star of Bethlehem Stephen Adams

BAND

Hymn Varie, 'Maidstone' Ord Hum

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 325.1 M. 910 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (7.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
The Cracker

What a pull! With a story for boys, entitled 'The Christmas Spirit' (Major J. T. Gorman)

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (7.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry



MISS VAUGHAN THOMAS has arranged the Christmas evening programme, 'Upon the Midnight Clear,' which will be broadcast from Cardiff and Swansea at 7.35.

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
Christmas Day

FATHER CHRISTMAS visits the Studio and gladdens the hearts of a party of invalid children, who are also entertained by a Variety Concert

A Story told by JEAN NIX

Songs sung by HARRY HOPEWELL, 'Twelve Days of Christmas' (Traditional)

J. MASSEY (Xylophone Solos)

ERIC FOGG will play 'Noël,' by Balfour Gardiner Carols

6.30 S.B. from London (7.30 Local Announcements)

7.35 A Christmas Programme

From Manchester

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

The 'Dickensian' Suite..... Editha Hopcraft
Bumble Land; Barkis is Willin'; Dolly Varden; Buffs and Blues

7.55 From Sheffield

THE SHEFFIELD ORPHEUS MALE VOICE QUARTET: G. NORTH (1st Tenor), T. H. RATCLIFFE (2nd Tenor), B. MARSHALL (Baritone), E. BROOMHEAD (Bass)

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing Mendelssohn
Jesu, High and Holy Henry Coward
Hail, Smiling Morn Spofforth

8.5 From Liverpool

STEPHEN WEARING (Pianoforte)

Aufschwung (Soaring) Schumann
Humoresque Rachmaninov
Toccata Debussy

8.30 From Manchester

ORCHESTRA

A Christmas Symphony Hely-Hutchinson

8.40 From Sheffield

CHORUS

How beautiful upon the mountains Stainer
Sweet and low Barnby
On Ilkka Moor Balit 'at Traditional

8.50 From Liverpool

STEPHEN WEARING

Study Arensky
Scherzo from Sonata in B Minor Chopin
Noël Balfour Gardiner

9.0 From Manchester

ORCHESTRA

Bethlehem (Alexis Gunning)

9.15-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 512.5 M. 960 KC.

10.40-11.15:—London Programme relayed from London.
3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.45:—The Children's Hour. 6.30-12.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

10.40:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30:—An O-chemical Concert. The Station Orchestra: Christmas Bells (Ellenberg); Idyll, 'All on a Christmas Morning' (Amers); Joseph Russell (Baritone); The Late Player (Allitsen); Bird Songs at Eventide (Coates); The Gentle Maiden (arr. Summerville); Orchestra: Suite, 'Santa Claus' (Holland); A Devonshire Wedding (R. L. Phillips); Red Devon by the Sea (R. C. Clarke); The Nights (Ed. Murray); Orchestra: Christmas Tree Suite (Rebikov). 4.30:—Dance Music relayed from the Plaza. 5.0:—Dorothy Pugh (Soprano); My true love hath my heart, and My heart is like a singing bird (C. H. H. Parry); James Gibson (Reciter); The Street Watchman's Story (G. J. Winter); Astronomy made easy (Artemus Ward); Dorothy Pugh: Thy hand in mine (M. Besly); A Blackbird's Song (G. Scott); Love's Philosophy (R. Quilter); James Gibson: The Lion of Kilbride; Jock's Homecoming (W. D. Cocker); The Whistle (Chas. Murray); Dorothy Pugh: Someone, Columbine and The New Umbrella (M. Besly). 5.42:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 5.45:—The London Children's Hour relayed from Daventry. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 7.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 7.35:—'No Room at the Inn.' A Christmas Morality Play by David Cleghorn Thomson. 8.0:—S.B. from Edinburgh. 9.15:—S.B. from Aberdeen. 10.30-12.0:—S.B. from London.

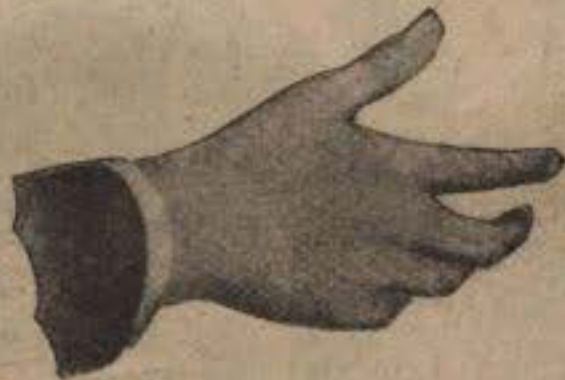
2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

10.40-11.15:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—Vaudeville. R. E. Anderson (Baritone), Dorothy Forrest (Syncopated Songs), Bobby Stephenson (Xylophone), Alice Stephenson (Speciality Pianiste). 5.45:—The Children's Hour. A Christmas Concert. Old and New Carols sung by the Ruthrieston Intermediate School Choir, conducted by Mr. J. Hutcheson. 6.30:—S.B. from London. 7.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 8.3:—S.B. from Edinburgh. 9.15:—Scottish Feature Programme. 'Farmer Mowat's Christmas at the Mains o' Drumspeffer.' Taking part in the Musical Programme are Neil Paterson (Soprano), Hugh Mackay (Tenor), Pipe-Major G. S. MacLennan, and The Orchestra of the Aberdeen Reed and Strathepsy Society, directed by Alec Elm. 10.30-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 KC.

10.40-11.15:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30-12.0:—S.B. from London.

**'O-OH!
THANKS
AWFULLY
UNCLE JACK'**



**THE
GIFT OF GIFTS!**

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Cossor
Melody Maker**

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Price includes the three Cossor Valves, the handsome cabinet, all the parts, and even the simple tools—everything necessary to assemble this wonderful Receiver. Long Wave Coils 8/6 each extra if required.

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give it as a complete Receiver . . . anyone can build it in 90 minutes, no holes to drill, no panel to saw, no wires to solder, it's as simple as Meccano. Included in the sealed box (obtainable from any Wireless Dealer) are the three Cossor Valves, the handsome cabinet, all the parts and even the simple tools necessary for its assembly. Get full details from your dealer or . . .

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IN the days of old, at Christmastide, the gallant and his lady danced daintily to the strains of the "fiddle" and the harpsichord, nowadays we dance to the broadcast music of the most famous of Dance Orchestras.

A SIEMENS BATTERY in your set will mean that every note is strong, smooth and pure, and cadence well defined.

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THE NATIVITY IN ART

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY R. H. WILENSKI



PL. 1. Fra Angelico.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Photo. Anderson.

NO subjects have called forth more numerous and more varied works of art than *The Annunciation*, *The Nativity*, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, and *The Adoration of the Magi*. For the first thousand years of Christianity the treatment of all religious subjects was prescribed in general lines by the Church. It was the desire of the Church that all holy figures should be treated in a formal, dehumanised and majestic way; and the style of the figures, their attributes and their gestures were repeated with minor variations in all mosaic decorations and illustrated manuscripts.

After the year 1000 A.D., great churches and cathedrals arose in the West, and the Birth and Life of Jesus were related in stone carvings in the Romanesque and Gothic styles which translated the mosaics and manuscripts into stone; and between 1100 and 1400 thousands of figures and reliefs were embodied in the structure of the cathedrals.

The golden age of stained glass accompanied this golden age of sculpture; and the sacred subjects appeared coloured in sky and flame in "rose" lights and long Gothic windows. Tempera painting in fresco on walls or on wooden panels with gold backgrounds represented the next stage in Christian religious art; oil painting, invented in the Netherlands in the middle of the fifteenth century, followed; and in the early Italian Renaissance the old art of fresco painting in tempera and the new art of the easel picture in oil colours were developed side by side.

The later Italian Renaissance produced from 1450-1550 the world-famous religious paintings which express the Renaissance science and culture; and this style was followed from 1525-1660 by the Baroque style which depicted sacred history as an imposing drama.



Pl. 2. Sculpture on Chartres Cathedral.

THE NATIVITY.

Photo. Et. Howet.



Pl. 3. Sculpture on Chartres Cathedral.

THE NATIVITY.

Photo. Et. Howet.

THE stone carving on Chartres Cathedral reproduced above (Pl. 2) dates from the twelfth century. The conception of the subject is both formal and simple. Note the cradle at the top. The other carving (Pl. 3), also from Chartres, is a century later. The conception here is equally simple and formal, but the execution is a little less severe and there is a rhythmic grace in the curve of the Virgin's arm and the bending figure, now alas! headless, at the foot of the bed. The names, even the nationality of the sculptors who produced the thousands of carvings on Chartres Cathedral are unknown. But it is known that from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries there were large colonies of foreign sculptors and masons living at Chartres and that these specialists in religious carvings travelled from one place to another whenever a church or cathedral was being built. These specialists had not only the designs of master-sculptors to guide them but also instructions from the Church, because the sculpture—like the glass—was intended to be the Bible of the people in an age when hardly anyone could read or write. Chartres Cathedral illustrates the faith, the science, the ethics, and the mysticism of the age; and every inch is also architecturally controlled. Structure, sculpture and illustration are inextricably dovetailed in this wonderful art; and when architecture, sculpture and illustration became three separate arts in later centuries, all three suffered from the isolation.



Pl. 4. Jerome Bosch.

ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Photo. Anderson.



Pl. 5. Petrus Cristus.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Photo. Anderson.



Pl. 6. Petrus Cristus.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Photo. Anderson.

THE three pictures on this page are Netherland oil paintings of the fifteenth century. The early Netherland school of religious painting was less formal than Gothic sculpture, though, as we can see in the top picture, the figures are still conventionally disposed. These artists delighted in a minute reproduction of natural details and they imagined the scenes of sacred history as episodes happening in contemporary life. The top picture (Pl. 4) should be examined with a magnifying glass. While the Magi bring their offerings the local peasants are shown peeping round corners, and even climbing the perilously decrepit thatch roof to watch the happening. In the background of the centre panel there are groups of horsemen, a charming landscape and a distant city. In the outer panels the donors of the picture are seen kneeling with their patron saints standing by their side and the background in each case contains a minute "genre" pictures of peasants dancing, a peasant being attacked by a wild beast, and so forth. The artist is Jerome Bosch (1460-1516) and the picture is in the Prado Gallery in Madrid. The lower pictures (Pls. 5 and 6) of "The Annunciation" and "The Adoration of the Magi" are by Petrus Cristus (1410-1473) by whom oil painting was probably introduced into Italy; for the first Italian artist to use oil paint was Antonello da Messina, and Petrus Cristus went to Italy and was in the service of the Duke of Milan with Antonello in 1456.



Pl. 7. Memling. *Photo, Anderson.*
THE NATIVITY.



Pl. 8. Geertgen tot Sint Jans. *Photo, National Gallery.*
THE NATIVITY.



Pl. 9. Van der Goes. *Photo, Anderson.*
THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

HERE are further examples of the Netherland school. "The Nativity" (Pl. 7) in the Prado Gallery, Madrid, is by Hans Memling (1430-1494) whose name is principally associated with the city of Bruges where he worked for many years and where many of his pictures are preserved. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Pl. 9) by Hugo van der Goes (1435-1482) is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. The reproduction of this remarkable picture should also be examined with a magnifying glass for every detail from the iris and columbines in the foreground to the pigeons on the window sills and the shepherds in the wind on the distant hill, is carried out with relentless precision. Most Netherland paintings of this century are relatively small in scale but the figures here are almost life size and the colour is exceptionally light and clear. The wings of this altarpiece contain a cool spring landscape with leafless trees most delicately drawn. "The Nativity" shown in Pl. 8 by Geertgen tot Sint Jans (1465-1493), a recent acquisition by the National Gallery, is remarkable in another way. The scene is here imagined not in the light of an April morning as in the Van der Goes picture, but as a night scene illumined by the radiance from the Child; and outside we see the angel, a figure of starry light against the dark sky, appearing to the Shepherds who are clustered round a fire. This, at the time, was a most original conception of the subject and Geertgen's convention was developed later in Italian Baroque art (*cf.* Pl. 20) and in the German-Dutch school culminating in Rembrandt.



PL. 10. *Simone Martini.*

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Photo. Anderson.



PL. 11. *Gentile da Fabriano.*

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Photo. Anderson.

WHILE the Netherlands were developing their characteristic art, with its great delight in homely detail, another style known as "International Gothic" was perfected in France and Italy. This style, seen in "The Adoration of the Magi" (Pl. 11) by Gentile da Fabriano (1360-1428), expressed sacred history in terms of the pageants of chivalry, the hunting parties, the cavalcades and processions of the later feudal times. Technically the artists were influenced by the illuminated manuscripts, and their pictures—such as this work by Gentile—glow with gold leaf and elaborate patterning in pure colours. Gentile conceived "The Adoration of the Magi" as an adoration by the kings and nobles of his day. The picture reproduced (which should also be examined with a magnifying glass for the scenes in the background) is accounted his masterpiece. It is in the Gallery of Ancient and Modern Art in Florence. At the same time the Italians were also developing a gracious dignified and more simple art of their own based on the Byzantine mosaics of earlier centuries and employing gold leaf as a radiant background. One of the earliest and greatest of these Italian masters was Simone Martini (1283-1344) whose lovely picture "The Annunciation" (Pl. 10), now in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, is reproduced above. The rhythmic beauty of this composition, the pathetic awed attitude of the Virgin, and the beauty of the colour make this one of the loveliest Annunciations in the world.



Pl. 12. Luca della Robbia. Photo. Mansell.
ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.



Pl. 13. Perugino. Photo. Ainari.
THE NATIVITY.



Pl. 14. Luca della Robbia. Photo. Brogi.
THE NATIVITY.



Pl. 15. Melozzo da Forlì. Photo. Anderson.
THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.



Pl. 16. Piero dei Franceschi. Photo. National Gallery.
THE NATIVITY.



Pl. 17. Melozzo da Forlì. Photo. Brogi.
THE VIRGIN.

THE grace, charm, repose and decorative poise of the Italian Renaissance at its most perfect moment, which we associate with the city of Florence, are seen in the works reproduced on this page, to which "The Annunciation" (Pl. 1) by Fra Angelico (1387-1455) and "The Annunciation" (Pl. 10) by Simone Martini may be regarded as preludes. "The Nativity" (Pl. 16) by Piero dei Franceschi (1416-1492) is in the National Gallery. Here we have a new conception of the "Nativity" as an event of gladness at which the angels sing; and this conception is amplified in "The Nativity" (Pl. 22) by Botticelli (1444-1510) also in the National Gallery. The Angel and Virgin reproduced (Pls. 15 and 17) are companion wings from an altarpiece by Melozzo da Forlì and they are preserved in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. The ceramic roundels of "The Nativity" (Pls. 12 and 14) are the work of the celebrated Luca della Robbia (1400-1481) the founder of the school of ceramic workers of that name whose panels have milky white figures, powder blue backgrounds and gaily coloured garlands as borders. The example reproduced in Pl. 12 is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. That in Pl. 14 is in the Church of S. Niccolò da Tolentino at Prato. The top centre picture (Pl. 13) in Perugia is by Perugino the master of Raphael. "The Crucifixion" in the Mond Room at the National Gallery shows how closely the youthful Raphael modelled his art on Perugino's gracious and intellectual style.



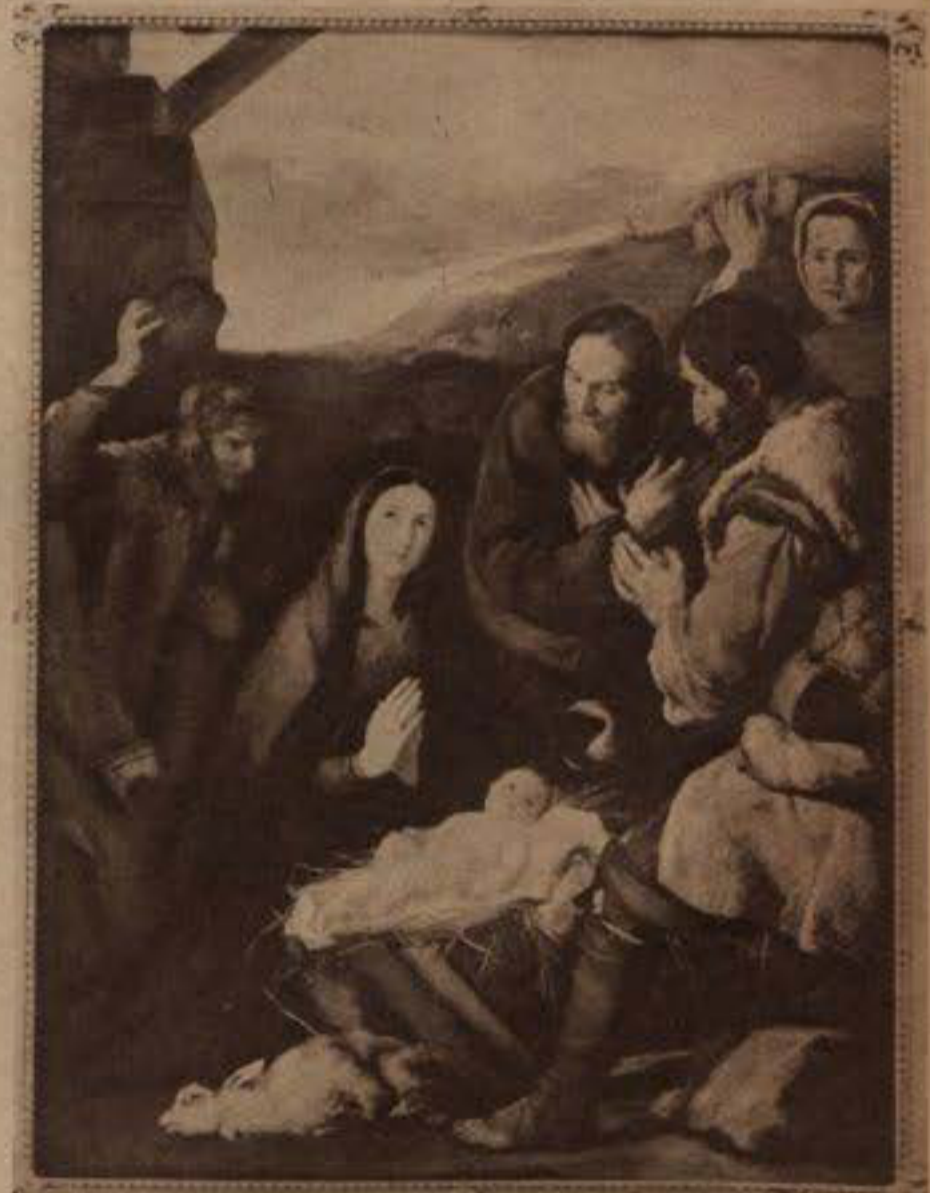
Pl. 18. Van Dyck. *THE NATIVITY.* Photo. Anderson.



Pl. 19. Rubens. *THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.* Photo. Bruckmann.



Pl. 20. Correggio. *"LA SANTA NOTTE."* Photo. Alinari.



Pl. 21. Ribera. *THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.* Photo. Alinari.

THE pictures reproduced on this page represent the treatment of the subjects by Baroque artists. "La Santa Notte" (Pl. 20), by Correggio (1494-1534) transforms Geertgen's simple night scene (Pl. 8) into an imposing drama. Like all Baroque art it is rather theatrical, but the Baroque artists aimed at exciting the emotions of the spectator and their theatricality was a means to that end. Correggio was really the founder of the Baroque style. The picture is in the Dresden Gallery. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Pl. 21) by the Spanish painter Ribera (1589-1652) is in the Louvre in Paris. Ribera's method of exciting the spectator's emotions was to model the figures with such solidity that the spectator feels he is close to them and could touch them and he therefore projects himself into the scene before him and participates in it. "The Adoration of the Magi" (Pl. 19) by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) in the Antwerp Museum is a transformation of the pageant art of the International Gothic style of the early fifteenth century (cf. Pl. 11) into terms of the more gorgeous and flamboyant pageantry at the end of the sixteenth century when the Spanish Viceroys made triumphant progresses through Antwerp and Brussels. This majestic *tableau vivant* is one of the Flemish master's very finest works. "The Nativity" (Pl. 18) is by Rubens' famous pupil, Sir Anthony van Dyck, the greatest of all Society portrait painters, who occasionally painted religious and other subject pictures. This work is in the Corsini Gallery in Rome.



Pl. 22. Botticelli. THE NATIVITY. Photo. Mansell.

THE lovely picture on the left by Botticelli already referred to in connection with Pl. 16, is a paean of joy. No "Nativity" in the world suggests more exquisitely the rejoicing of the spheres, and as a lyrical interpretation of the subject it has never been surpassed. This picture is reproduced on this page because Botticelli was a source of inspiration to D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882) painter of "The Annunciation" (Pl. 23) in the National Gallery, Millbank, and also to Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898) painter of "The Adoration of the Magi" (Pl. 24) in the Birmingham Gallery which is reproduced below.

THE religious pictures painted by Rossetti and Burne-Jones are among the most important productions of the Pre-Raphaelite and William Morris schools; and if we compare Pls. 23 and 24 with the pictures reproduced in the foregoing pages we can see that



Pl. 23. Rossetti. THE ANNUNCIATION. Photo. Mansell.



Pl. 24. Burne-Jones. THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. Photo. Hollyer.



both artists in these works stand closer to the formal styles of the early periods and even to the sculpture on Chartres Cathedral than to the rather rhetorical virtuosity of the Baroque masters represented by Pls. 18, 19, 20 and 21. This same reversion to the formality of the early masters is seen in the two modern engravings in the Cubist style here reproduced. "The Nativity" on the left, a design for an engraved Christmas card, is by Miss Joan Ellis. That on the right is by Mr. Leon Underwood. Both artists are not only influenced by Gothic sculpture but have clearly studied the light effects of later periods as well.



'NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION.'

(Continued from page 791.)

occupied by a triangle of polished mahogany, like some monstrous blackboard in triplicate. Two sides were studded with brass studs and switches, speaking tubes, light indicators. The third gave the impression of an enormous telephone switchboard. By means of this last the programmes were despatched to the various stations for relaying purposes. On this Christmas Eve, three men sat in the control room: the assistant-director of programmes, his secretary, and a sullen-looking, black-haired engineer on night duty. They sat, drowsy with the opiate of routine, hardly listening to the programme as it passed out into the room through the loud-speaker that crowned the apex of the mahogany triangle.

Suddenly the assistant-director sat up with a jerk. 'My gosh!' he stammered. 'The fellow's gone mad—or—or can it be genuine?'

The secretary, a pallid young man, blinked himself awake. 'That's not an announcer's voice,' he said at last.

'Switch the darned thing off!' cried the assistant-director.

The engineer-in-charge pushed back his chair and stood up. The door into the control room opened and five men stood on the threshold. They were all armed, and their weapons covered the chairs.

'Sit down, please, and don't interrupt,' said the leader.

The assistant-director and his secretary stared, speechless. But the engineer, a man of action, lacking alike in imagination or fear, sprang for the switchboard.

Three pistols flared out. In the confined room the noise was thunderous. Through the smoke the leaguers saw the engineer spin slowly round and go down in a heap. All three bullets had found their target. The other two men sat still as if glued to their chairs, their eyes fascinated by the smoking muzzles. And above their heads the loud-speaker gave the journalist's message to a listening country.

In his private office the president lay crumpled in his chair, a terror-stricken mass of flesh, whilst the message came to him, amongst all the others who heard it that night: the message that told of the plot to bring back war and death into the lists of Europe. His telephone wires had been cut, his door locked on the outside. He had been forced to sit there listening to the relation of his iniquity, imagining the consequences.

The Chairman of United Metallic Industries was standing by the fireplace in his sitting-room. At his feet lay the fragments of his loud-speaker, into which, in a spasm of ungovernable fury, he had hurled the poker. On the corner of the mantelpiece was a glass of water. Into the water the chairman was emptying a small phial, with a hand still steady though his lips were grey and twisted in a bitter, mirthless grin.

... and now that the people have heard the truth of this damnable plot against their lives and their happiness,' concluded the journalist into the microphone, 'the task of my League is done. Peace has been pre-

served. Nation has spoken peace unto nation—peace not war! For us it is enough. It is to the peoples and governments concerned that we leave the consequences of our action, and the punishment of the guilty. Good night. Peace on earth! Goodwill towards men!'

He turned away from the microphone and walked out into the corridor. The reaction was stupendous, so that for some moments he leaned against the wall, fighting to maintain his composure to achieve sufficient of reality to believe in his success. Then he went down to the control room.

His Leaguers had gone, the engineer's dead body lay sprawled on the floor. Only the pale-faced secretary was there, gibbering with reaction from panic.

'Murderer,' he snarled, with all the ferocity of the essentially weak nature. 'But you're trapped! I've telephoned for the police! They'll get you!'

The journalist shrugged his shoulders. The tramp of heavy boots sounded behind him in the corridor.

'How could you do it, you maniac! Why, in God's name?' went on the secretary.

The journalist turned to face the policemen in the doorway.

'It is expedient that two men should die for two peoples,' he said. 'A small casualty list for a war, don't you think?'

And with a superbly simple gesture of self-abnegation he held out his hands for the handcuffs.

(Continued from page 799.)

commented Gore. 'Perhaps not Ruddell. All the same, I should like to see if there's anything in that clump of beeches.'

They pushed on for a last mile, and passed into the gloomy shadow of the trees. In there was an abandoned farm, silent and desolate. But in its living-room they found the remains of a recent picnic meal for four people. And in a padlocked cellar of extremely disagreeable dampness and darkness they found Chief-Inspector Ruddell, handcuffed and flat on his back on the slimy floor to which he was securely pegged down. Above his head a water-butt stood on trestles, and from its spigot, at intervals of thirty seconds or so, a drop fell upon his forehead. For the greater part of three days and two nights that drop had fallen in precisely the same spot—between the victim's eyes. Ruddell was a man of iron nerve, but he was rambling a bit already.

Day was breaking when Gore deposited Inspector Clutsam outside his house at Balham. He waited until the big, burly man came hastening down the narrow little strip of garden again.

'Good news, Colonel,' he said. 'The kid's got through the night. They say he'll pull through now. I won't forget this to you. It'll be a big thing for me.'

'Good,' smiled Gore. 'But don't forget the little things. You never know...'

Whatever it proved for Inspector Clutsam,

the Yard maintained a modest silence concerning the affair. But Lady Isaacson was quite frank about it in a little chat which she had with Gore next day. In their anxiety to identify her male companion on the night of the smash (they suspected that he had been the driver of the car), Ruddell and Clutsam had undoubtedly overdone their repeated examinations of the lady, who had determined to 'get some of her own back.' Thornton, a well-known flying man and, as Gore suspected, the hero of the 'smash up,' arranged the plan and enlisted the necessary aides, three reckless airmen. The imitation necklace was procured and a vacant office opposite Thornton's taken; a bogus robbery of the real necklace was actually carried out, leaving careful clues as bait for the police. The next step was to enlist Messrs. Gore and Tolley as stool pigeons, and get Ruddell to their offices at a known hour. At three o'clock on the Monday afternoon the lift had been put out of action, Ruddell was in Gore's office, and everything was ready.

As he went down the stairs, Ruddell had been met on the third floor by a young man who, under the pretence of having some information to give him, had persuaded him to enter 'Weider's' offices. There, in an inner room, the fake necklace had been produced and had completely deceived the Chief Inspector. While he was examining it, Thornton and his fellow conspirators had entered the outer room.

As Ruddell came out, they had garrotted him neatly with a noosed rope, gagged him, and handcuffed him—not without a severe struggle, despite the odds—and, when the building was quiet, had lowered him in a sack to the yard, and quite simply carted him off to Bath. There he had been transferred to a big passenger plane, and carried off a little before midnight to the lonely old farm on the Plain which had been rented for the 'stunt.'

The mysterious windfalls were simply accounted for. Above the edge of the Plain Thornton had had the pleasant idea of slinging the unfortunate Chief Inspector over the side of the plane by his waist and legs. In due course Ruddell's pockets had emptied themselves of their heavier contents; the rope holding one leg had slipped and had pulled off one of his boots.

It had not been intended to carry the torture of the dripping drop to any serious point. The prisoner had been visited twice a day, and was to have been released on the Friday. Lady Isaacson, who had made personal inspection of her victim, was quite satisfied that she had got more than her own back in return for her ruffled self-respect.

'I'll say this for the brute,' she laughed, 'he never squealed from start to finish. Look here, what put you on to us.'

Gore rose, smiling, to finish the interview.

'Oh, one or two little things,' he said,

BOXING DAY PROGRAMMES

- 10.15 a.m. The Daily Service**
- 10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**
- 11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records**
- 1.0-2.0 FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA**
Directed by **GEORGES HARCK**
From the Restaurant Frascati
- 3.30 A Popular Concert**
DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano)
STUART ROBERTSON (Bass-Baritone)
THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET
A Vision of Christmastide
J. H. Squire
Five Minutes' Musical Tour of Russia, India, Austria, Finland and Ireland
- 3.42 DOROTHY BENNETT,**
Two Baby Songs:
Do you know?..... *W. E.*
Learning to Walk / *Cornabé*
A Lullaby..... *Harty*
Spreading the News
Herbert Oliver
- 3.50 OCTET**
Romance..... *Scandson*
Reminiscences of Grieg
arr. Godfrey
- 4.7 STUART ROBERTSON**
The Vagabond
Vaughan Williams
In Summertime on Bredon
Graham Peol
Old Clothes and Fine Clothes
Martin Shaw
- 4.15 OCTET**
The Chorister's Dream (First Performance). *Theo. Ward*
Waltz Brilliance, 'Nina'
Waldteufel
- 4.30 DOROTHY BENNETT**
Oh, never sing to me again
Rachmaninov
L'Oiseau bleu (The Blue Bird)
Camille Decreux
- 4.38 OCTET**
Liebestraume (Love's Dream)
No. 3..... *Liszt*
Memories of Schubert
- 4.52 STUART ROBERTSON**
When dull care
arr. Lans Wilson
Shenandoah (by request)
arr. R. R. Terry
Hullabaloo Balay *S. T. Harris*
- 5.0 OCTET**
Songs of the Eighties
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
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Alderman Fitzwarren of Fitzwarren's Emporium, on the cheap side..... **JOHN RORKE**
Alice (his pretty daughter)..... **ALMA VANE**
Sally (the cook, plain but good).... **JEAN ALLSTONE**
Idle Jack..... **TOMMY HANDLEY**
Dick Whittington (a young adventurer)

HAROLD KIMBERLEY

His Cat (black, with white shirt-front and one white paw)..... **MIRIAM FERRIS**
His Imperial Majesty (The Emperor of Morocco)

FOSTER RICHARDSON

Chorus of Apprentices, Customers, Sailors, Rodents and other Riff-Raff

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Conducted by **ERNEST LONGSTAFFE**

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Scene III. Highbate Hill, N.20. Scene IV. The Port of London. Scene V. The Rats' Stronghold.
Scene VI. The Emperor's Palace

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The Melancholy Merchant; Ermytrude, Berengaria and Beauty—his three daughters Jehan, the Trusty Henchman; and A Perfect Beast

6.0 A Recital of Gramophone Records

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

PIANOFORTE DUETS—SCHUBERT

Played by **ETHEL BARTLETT** and **RAE ROBERTSON**
Variations in A Flat, Op. 35

7.0 Mr. F. M. LAWSON: 'A New Discovery'

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.30 'Dick Whittington'
(See centre of page)

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND-GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 A Talk by Mr. H.V. MORTON

9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 Chamber Music

THE ENTENTE STRING QUARTET

CECIL BONVALOT (Violin)
DOROTHY CHURTON (Violin)
TAMS LOKKER (Viola)
EDITH CHURTON (Cello)
String Quartet in D Minor, K.421..... *Mozart*

9.55 DOROTHY HELMRICH (Contralto)
Christkindlein's Wiggenleid..... *Erich Wolff*
Frau Nachtigall..... *Wolff*
En Priere..... *Fauré*
'Midst the Rushes' *Palmgren*
Serenade..... *Strauss*

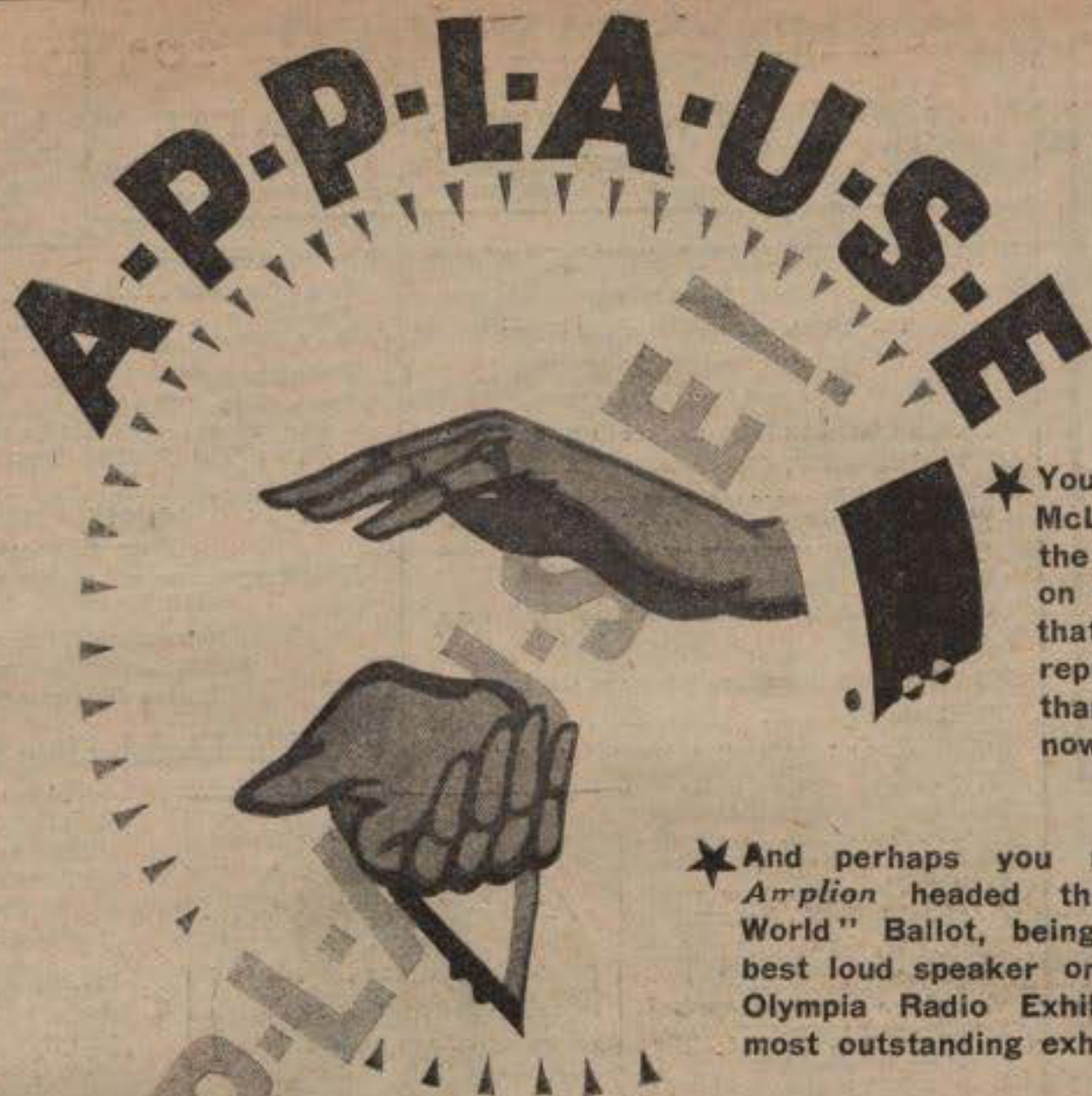
10.5 String Quartet
Germaine Tailleferre
Modéré; Intermède; Finale

10.20 DOROTHY HELMRICH
Minstrel's Christmas Carol
Woodgate
The Holy Babe.... *Dunhill*
Stars all dotted over the Sky
Sharpe
Spring..... *Peter Warlock*
New Year Song.. *Mallinson*

10.30 String Quartet in G Minor, Op. 27.... Grieg

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

(Boxing Day Programmes continued on page 820.)



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★ And perhaps you noted that the *New Amplion* headed the recent "Wireless World" Ballot, being voted not only the best loud speaker on view at the recent Olympia Radio Exhibition, but also the most outstanding exhibit of the show.

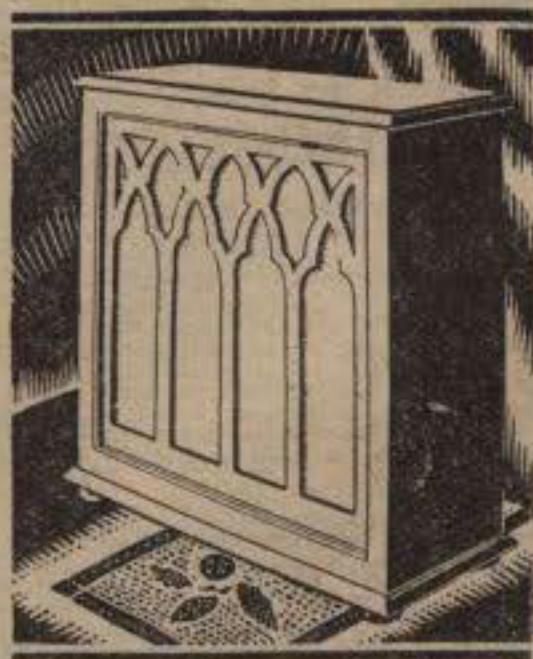
★ What says the North? On November 28th the Manchester Radio Society devoted their meeting to loud speakers, half-a-dozen being tried. They were switched on in turn both on speech and music, and the members voted by numbers, the make of the speaker not being known. To quote the "Manchester Evening Chronicle." "The *New Amplion* was easily the first in the voting."

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(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND
Conducted by W. A. CLARK

March, '5GB' Dallaway

EMILIE WALDRON (Soprano) and PHILIP TAYLOR (Tenor)

The Voyagers Sanderson

Come to Arcadie German

Maying Smith

BAND

Overture, 'Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna' Suppé

3.50 MARJORIE EDWARDS (Songs at the Piano)

'Er Upstairs Kitchen

Tomboy Russell

BAND

Czardas (Hungarian Dance), 'Zsambeki' Gung'l

Xylophone Solo, 'Cirque Renze' Peter

(Soloist, E. W. PARKER)

EMILIE WALDRON and PHILIP TAYLOR

A Night in Venice Lucantoni

The Second Minuet .. Besly

Beyond the Meadow Gate Phillips

4.15 MARJORIE EDWARDS

Good little boy, and bad little boy Long

My Funny Daddy Bernard Newman

BAND

Invitation to the Waltz Weber

4.30 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

LILY BURNS and NORMAN PARRY (Light American Numbers)

JACK NORMAN (The King of All Animal Mimics)

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

(From Birmingham)

'Mrs. Smitherkin's Party,' by NORMAN TIMMIS

Songs by DAPHNE HICKMAN (Soprano). 'Producing a Pantomime,' by John Anderson

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

Overture, 'The Wanderer's Goal' Suppé

MARY POLLOCK (Soprano)

Now sleeps the crimson petal Quilter

Love's Philosophy Quilter

6.48 ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'San Toy' Jones

HAROLD MILLS (Violin)

Andantino Martini, arr. Kreisler

Liebesfreud (Love's Joy) Kreisler

Czardas (Hungarian Dance) Monti

7.13 MARY POLLOCK

The Spell of True Love Easthope Martin

Drift down, drift down Landon Ronald

Saint Nicholas Day in the Morning Easthope Martin

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Lilac Time' Schubert, arr. Clutsum

7.36 HAROLD MILLS

Humming Bird Drlta

Meditation Massenet

First Gipsy Dance Natchez

ORCHESTRA

Dance Suite, 'The Shoe' Ansell

The Sabot; The Ballet Shoe; The Court Shoe; The Sandal; The Brogue

8.0 A Request Programme

(From Birmingham)

This Programme will consist of items frequently asked for by our Listeners

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

HARRY SENNETT (Tenor)

9.15 The English Harp Ensemble

(From Birmingham)

(Comprising Two Harps, Soprano, Violin and Violoncello)

Directed by

MINNIE STOCKHAM

Two Harps, 'Selection of Welsh Airs' .. arr. Thomas

Song, 'A Little Coon's Prayer' Hope

Violin, 'Serenade' .. Pierné

Song, 'Waltz Song' ('Tom Jones') German

Two Harps, 'Men of Harlech' Thomas

Song, 'Serenade' .. Gounod

Violin, 'Canzonetta' d'Ambrosio

Songs { 'Il Bacio' (The Kiss) Arditi

'My Blue Heaven' Donaldson

Harps and Violin, 'Berceuse' Oberthür

Harps, 'Hungarian March' Berlioz

THE modern concert harp, with whose tone in the orchestra listeners are familiar, is a very elaborate instrument as compared with its ancestors. In its primitive form, of course, it is one of the most ancient of all musical instruments, but, as far as we can guess from old pictures and sculptures, the early harp must have had quite a slight and rather deep tone. There is no appearance in the oldest known forms of it, of any device which could have withstood the strain of strings stretched at all tightly. In a small and fairly simple form the harp was adopted somewhere in the middle ages by the Celtic races, and Welsh, Irish, and Scottish Celtic harps are still played, usually by a singer who accompanies himself or herself, much as the old minstrels must have done.

For many years inventors were busy trying to evolve devices which would enable the harp to play in more than one key without retuning, and the form now in use was devised mainly by Erard, of the famous pianoforte firm. Thanks to his inventive brain, it is now possible, by means of pedals which the player's foot moves, to effect, quite simply, almost any desired change of key, so that the range of the instrument is practically as complete as that of the pianoforte.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: MARIUS B. WINTER'S BAND, from the Hotel Cecil

11.0-11.15 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA



MARIUS B. WINTER, whose dance band will be relayed from the Hotel Cecil again tonight.



He made £12

last week in his SPARE Time—SYNCOATING

A year ago his playing was just average—he was not even a good sight-reader. Then I taught him the modern "rhythmic style"—syncopation. Taught him personally through the post, in six months he was the envy of all his friends. Found it profitable too—started a dance band and their engagement book is full this season. I can do the same for you, if you can already play. I've not had a failure in thousands of students. Send your address and a 6d. stamp, and I will post you my book "Lightning Fingers," together with full details of my special personal offer if you write NOW, marking "syncopation."

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Billy Mayerl

School, Studio 9,
29, Oxford Street
London, W.1.



Programmes for Wednesday.

5WA **CARDIFF.** 353 M. 850 KC.

1.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 'Hänsel and Gretel'

A Fairy Opera in Three Acts by ADELHEID WETTE

Translated and adapted into English by CONSTANCE BACHE

Music composed by ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

Cast:
 Peter, a broom-maker FREDERIC COLLIER
 Gertrude, his wife CONSTANCE WILLIS
 Hänsel (their) MURIEL NIXON
 Gretel (children) KATHLYN HILLIARD
 The Witch who eats children CONSTANCE WILLIS
 Sandman CLARICE DAVIES
 Dewman, the Dawn Fairy .. FLORENCE BUTLER

Chorus of Gingerbread Children—
 LOTTIE WAKELIN'S LADY SINGERS
 NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
 (CERDDORFA GENEDLAETHOL CYMRU)
 Leader, ALBERT VOORSANGER

Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

ACT I

Scene I. At Home: In a poor room the boy Hänsel (Mazzo-Soprano) and the girl Gretel (Soprano) are seen. They complain of hunger.

'O Gret, it would be such a treat,
 If we had something nice to eat;
 Eggs and butter and suet paste,
 I've almost forgotten how they taste.'

so sings Hänsel, and Gretel tries to cheer him by showing him a jug of milk, out of which their mother, when she returns, will make a blanc-mange. Hänsel cannot wait. He begins to taste it.

Gretel then tries to keep her troublesome young brother out of mischief by giving him a dancing lesson, and the children sing as they dance.

The fun gets noisier, and then, when it is at its height, in comes Mother (Contralto), whereupon—sudden quiet. She scolds the children for neglecting their work, and, in her anger, accidentally overturns the jug of milk which was to have provided the family supper.

Weary and distracted, she drives the children out to gather wild strawberries, and, with a prayer for help, drops asleep, exhausted.

A gay song is heard, and there enters the Father (Baritone). The Mother awakes and expresses her discouragement; the Father goes on merrily singing, and at last shows the cause of his happiness. He has sold the brooms he had made, and bought ham and butter and flour and sausages and vegetables and tea—such provision as the cottage has not seen for many a long day.

Then the Father asks where the children are, and on learning that they have (so near nightfall) gone into the forest, he is alarmed. He talks, shuddering, of magic, and sings an eerie song of a 'gobbling ogress,' who lures children and bakes them in her oven.

With a cry, the Mother wrought up by this narrative, rushes out of the door to save her children, and the Father follows.

ACT II

The Forest—Sunset: The children are seen, Gretel making a garland of wild roses, Hänsel looking for strawberries. Gretel sings a quiet song, 'There stands a little man in the wood alone.' Hänsel takes up the garland, and crowns her as Queen of the Wood. Ho, courtier-like,

(Cardiff Programme continued on page 523.)

SORE THROAT?

COUGHING? SLIGHT-
 CHILL? SNEEZING?
 SHIVERS? HOARSE?
 HEAD SWIMMING?
 EYES WATERING?
 TIGHT CHEST?
 TAKE FEEL STUFFY?



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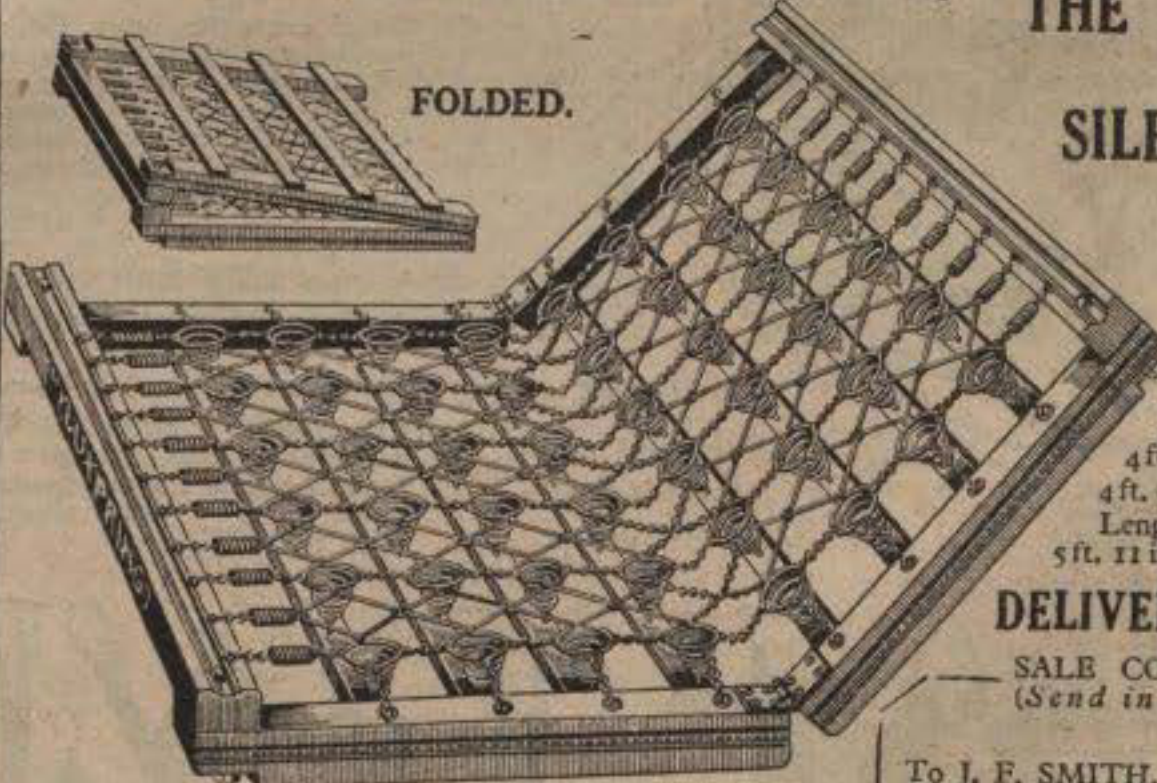
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5ft. 11 ins. or 5ft. 8 ins.

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PRESENT—The entire family, the spirit of goodwill and happiness, good cheer and kindness, gaiety and laughter, music and song.

ABSENT—Ill-will and hatred; stinginess and "Scrooge"; melancholy and depression.

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Working off the electric light supply, from wall-plug or lamp socket, just like any other electric domestic appliance the 'Met-Vick' Mains Set starts at the touch of a switch, and a further touch shuts it completely off.

Absence of Accumulators

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Absence of Batteries

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Absence of Hum

All valves with directly heated cathodes (i.e. "Raw" A.C. Valves) operate with HUM. Even if small this hum makes them quite unsuitable as detectors—the most critical position. "COSMOS" All Electric Valves are suitable for all stages and have no hum.

Absence of Disappointments

Good reception one time, poor another? Failing to do its best when critical friends are present. Unless the power station shuts down the "Met-Vick" Set is always 100% good. With it there are—no disappointments.

Absence of Grid Emission

A valve that emits from the grid cannot be used in R.C.C. Sets, nor, if serious in transformer coupled sets. It is a more serious defect than "Softness" and who would dream of using a "soft" valve? "COSMOS" All Electric VALVES have no grid emission!

Cosmos All Electric valves cost little more than ordinary battery valves.

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AC/G
Green Spot } 15/-

(For Power Amplification)

(For High Amplification.)

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Metro-Vick Supplies Ltd., 155 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 26)

(Cardiff Programmes continued from page 821.)

presents her with his basket of strawberries: they both begin to eat. The Cuckoo is heard, and the children sing an old song about him. A friendly quarrel arises. Hansel snatches the basket and finishes off the strawberries. Gretel, horror-struck, reproaches him. It begins to grow dark.

Soon the light has quite gone. The children are frightened. They see faces grinning from every tree. Hansel calls, and echo answers. The children crouch together.

The Sandman (Soprano) quietly creeps to the children, singing his song. He strews sand in their eyes. Half asleep, they sing their evening prayer.

ACT III

Dawn: The Dewman (Soprano) comes, singing, 'I'm up with early dawning!' The children awake.

As the mist finally clears, they find themselves in the haunts of the Witch (Mezzo-Soprano) who in these scenes shuts Hansel in her cage (to fatten him for eating) and transfixes Gretel, but is eventually pushed into her own oven by the children. The oven flares up, then crashes to the ground. Spells are broken and a lot of children whom the witch has entranced come to life again. There is a general dance and song of all the children.

11.0-12.0 S.B. from London

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

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London
- 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 325.1 M. 920 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Christmas Pantomime
'LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD'
Arranged for broadcasting by ZENA ZELANGOR
Little Red Riding Hood PAULINE CARR
Her Mother MOLLY SKYMOUR
Granny SYBIL GRAY
Will Woodman (First Wood-cutter)
CHARLES STAPYLTON
Harry Harefoot (Second Wood-Cutter)
HARRY GROSE
The Wolf PETER SCOTT
Scene I. Little Red Riding Hood's Home
Scene II. The Way through the Forest
Scene III. Granny's Cottage
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

- 3.30 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
ALFRED COCKCROFT (Baritone)
FLORENCE POWER (Soprano)
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
S.B. from Leeds
Uncle Jumbo's Opera,
in which everybody joins, including
D. NICHOLS,
J. WOODS SMITH
M. ROSE-PRICE

- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.15 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 Old Time Dances

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

- Mazurka, 'The Czarina' Ganne
- Minuet Boccherini
- Gavotte, 'Stephanie' Czibulka
- Polka, 'Go as you please' Fahrbach
- Valse Cotillon, 'My Lady Fayre' arr. Kaps
- Barn Dance, 'Belle of Mayfair' Stuart, arr. Kaps

10.15 ALBERT WHELAN
The Australian Entertainer

10.30 Old Time Dances (continued)

- ORCHESTRA
- Waltz, 'Over the Waves' Rosas
- Cake Walk, 'Down South' Myddleton
- Schottische, 'Mirette' Bosc
- Lancers, 'Tommy and Jack' Williams
- Sir Roger de Coverley Traditional

11.0-12.0 S.B. from London



Hugh Cecil

MURIEL NIXON

sings the part of Hansel in Cardiff's production of *Hansel and Gretel* tonight at 9.35.

Other Stations:

5NO NEWCASTLE. 513.5 M. 950 KC.
3.30:—London. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London.
6.15:—London. 6.30:—Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin.
6.35:—London. 6.45-12.0:—London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.
3.30:—Dance Music, relayed from the Plaza. 4.0:—The Station Orchestra. Robert Fairman (Baritone). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Organ Recital. 6.15:—London. 6.30:—Mr. Dudley V. Howells: 'Horticulture.' 6.45:—London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35:—The Station Orchestra. Bertha Armstrong. Fairy Tales. 11.0-12.0:—London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 500 KC.
3.45:—Stedman's Orchestra. 5.0:—A Vocal Interlude by Alfred J. Forbes (Tenor). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London. 6.30:—Mr. George E. Greenhow: 'Horticulture.' 6.45:—London. 9.30:—Glasgow. 9.35-11.0:—London.

2BE BELFAST. 505.1 M. 950 KC.
12.0-1.0:—Gramophone Records. 4.0:—Dance Music. 5.0:—Betty Thompson (Mezzo-Soprano). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—Organ Recital. 6.15-12.0:—London.



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**7.45
Light
Orchestral
Concert**

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27

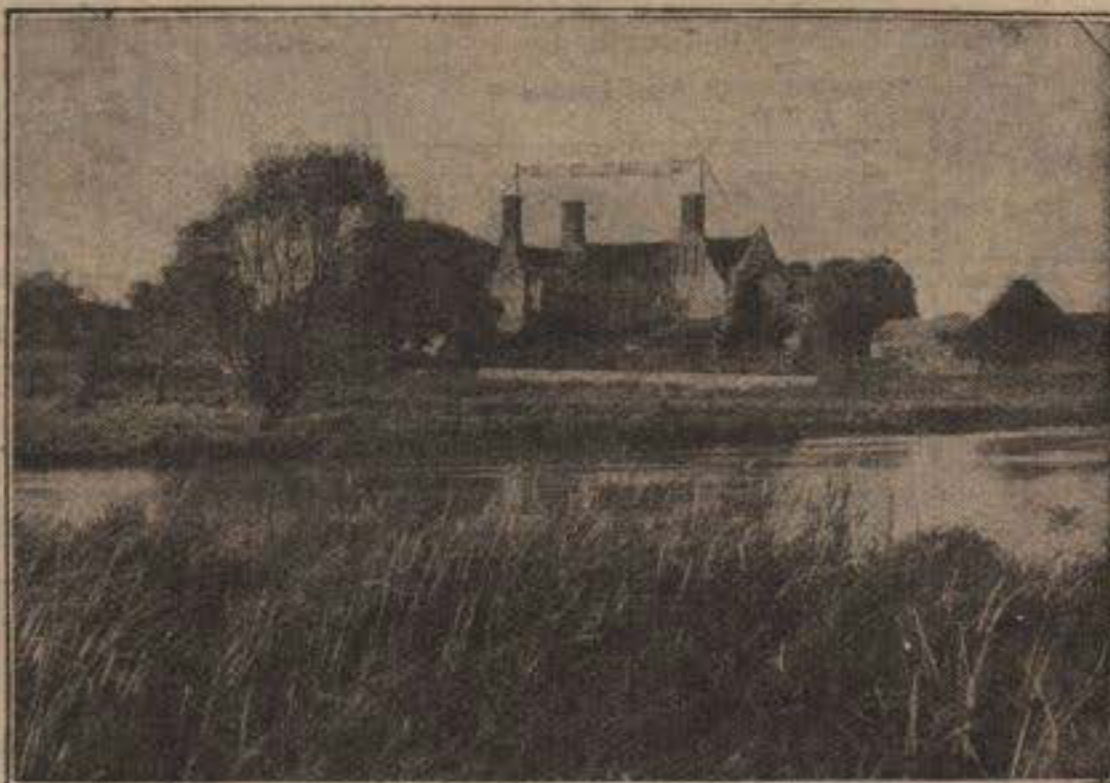
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)

**9.35
Can Voices
be
Visualized?**

- 10.15 a.m. **The Daily Service**
- 10.30 (Daventry only) **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**
- 11.0 (Daventry only) **Gramophone Records**
- 12.0 **A STUDIO CONCERT**
ROSEMARY WALDRON (Soprano)
THE ALICE ELIESON TRIO
- 1.0-2.0 **A Recital of Gramophone Records by Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE**
- 3.0 **Even-song**
From Westminster Abbey
- 3.45 Miss **JAN MACDONALD: A New Experiment in Welfare Work**

FOR the past few years, an industrial revolution as striking as any of the last century, has been going on in the new coalfields of Kent. Luckily however, precautions are being taken to ensure that the result is not another Black Country such as mars the North of England. One of the most interesting movements for keeping the coalfields from the worst evils of industrialism is the settlement which has been founded almost as soon as the coalfield, and which it is hoped will grow as the coal-field grows and provide the people living on it with a centre for recreation and education from the first, instead of coming into the midst of a highly industrialized area, as such settlements as Toynbee Hall and Mansfield House have had to do. Miss Jan Macdonald will describe this interesting experiment in her talk this afternoon.



THE LONELY AERIALS OF KESTON GRANGE,
the quarters of the Keston engineers, from which an experimental transmission will be relayed by London and Daventry tonight.

- 4.0 **A Brass Band Concert**
FRANELYN KELSEY (Baritone)
THE LUTON RED CROSS BAND
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
"ERBERT AND HIS FAMILY PREPARE FOR their CHRISTMAS PARTY"
Lottie CONSTANCE GALLAVAN
Alfie E. LE BRETON MARTIN
Grandad RALPH DE ROHAN
"Erbert C. E. HODGES
- 6.0 **Musical Interlude**
- 6.15 **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.30 **Market Prices of Farmers**
- 6.35 **Musical Interlude**

- 6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
PIANOFORTE DUETS—SCHUBERT
Played by ETHEL BARTLETT and RAE ROBERTSON
Lebensstürme ('Life's Tempests')
SCHUBERT calls this piece 'a characteristic Allegro,' and with that, and its name, in mind, little more explanation can be needed. Both players set forth the rather stern theme with which it begins, but that mood gives way very soon to a more tender one. Like all Schubert's music, this is rich in melodies, some of which suggest that life's tempests are not all of a very violent order. The mood of the music is at times quite gentle, and at other times almost playful, though it has, of course, its stormy movements.
- 7.0 Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON: 'New Novels'

- 7.55 **HOWARD FRY**
Thou art risen, my Beloved ... Coleridge Taylor
Trottin' to the Fair Stanford
- 8.2 **ORCHESTRA**
Overture, 'Orpheus in the Underworld' Offenbach
- 8.12 **VIVIEN LAMBELET**
Death of Robin Hood Eva Pain
Twenty Maids ('Songs from a Cherry Orchard') Rowley
- 8.18 **ORCHESTRA**
Berceuse Gounod
Hungarian Dance Brahms

- 8.28 **HOWARD FRY**
A Banjo Song .. Sydney Homer
Onaway, awake, beloved Cowen
- 8.34 **ORCHESTRA**
Selection from Verdi's Operas
- 8.44 **VIVIEN LAMBELET**
YOU V. Lambelet
Rushes Shenton
- 8.50 **ORCHESTRA**
Chanson Triste Tchaikovsky
Polonaise in A Chopin
- 9.0 **WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 9.15 **Mr. VERNON BARTLETT:**
'The Way of the World'
- 9.30 **Local Announcements.**
(Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.35 Can Voices be Visualized?
Relayed from Keston

THIS is an experimental transmission of great human as well as technical interest, under the direction of K. B. Indoe, in the course of which some, at least, of the voices heard will be familiar to listeners. Among those who have been invited to participate in the experiment is A. J. Alan.

- 7.15 **Musical Interlude**
- 7.25 **A VAUDEVILLE TURN**
- 7.45 **A Light Orchestral Concert**
VIVIEN LAMBELET (Soprano)
HOWARD FRY (Baritone)
THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON SAXOPHONE ORCHESTRA
ORCHESTRA
Military March Schubert
Serenade Schubert

- 10.15 **SURPRISE ITEM**
- 10.30-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC: FRED ELIZALDE and his SAVOY HOTEL MUSIC, from the Savoy Hotel**

Which Programmes have you enjoyed most in 1928?

- The Boat Race?
- Great Plays?
- 'Kaleidoscope'?
- The Derby?
- The 'Proms'?

Four listeners contribute to next week's *Radio Times*

articles on

- Sir Walford Davies?
- Charlot's Hours?
- Ceremony of the Keys?
- 'Inaninn'?
- 'Gurrelieder'?

'MY FAVOURITE PROGRAMMES OF THE YEAR.'

THURSDAY, DEC. 27

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 A Symphony Concert

No. XII of the Thirty-fourth Winter Series
(Relayed from the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth)

FRANCESCO TICCIAI (Pianoforte)

THE BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'The Mastersingers' Wagner
Symphony in B Minor ('Unfinished') .. Schubert
Allegro moderato; Andante con moto

TICCIAI and Orchestra

Pianoforte Concerto (No. 5), in E Flat ('The Emperor') Beethoven
Allegro; Adagio un poco mosso; Rondo

ORCHESTRA

A Somerset Rhapsody
Holst

4.30 LOZELLS

PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

(From Birmingham)

FRANK NEWMAN (Organ)

Overture, 'Oberon' Weber

Slumber Song Schumann

HILDA ABBOTT (Soprano)

To Daffodils Michael Mullinar

To Daisies .. Quilter

FRANK NEWMAN Selection, 'Tosca' Puccini

Polka, 'Reconciliation' Drigo

Barcarolle from Fourth Concerto Sterndale Bennett

HILDA ABBOTT See early

Nicholas Gatty Angus Macdonald Roedel

FRANK NEWMAN The Grasshoppers' Dance Bucalossi

Suite, 'Mex Scenes' Tootell

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

(From Birmingham)

'On the Fairy Train,' by Winifred Ratcliff

CONSTANCE MELBOURNE (Songs at the Piano). WINIFRED COCKERILL (Harp)

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

8.0 'Montezuma'

LAST OF THE AZTECS

A History Play

by

CECIL LEWIS

The Music specially composed by ROBERT CHIGNELL

For full details of the production see page 830.

9.25 A Pianoforte Recital

By ARTHUR BENJAMIN

Preludes:

From English Suite, in A Minor, No. 9, Book II Bach

In B Major, Op. 45, C Sharp Minor. Chopin

In G Sharp Minor Prokofieff

Op. 12 Debussy

Le vent dans la plaine (The wind on the plain) Debussy

La Fille aux cheveux de lin (The lass with the lint-white locks) Debussy

La Danse de Puck (Puck's Dance) Arthur Benjamin

From Suite for Piano Arthur Benjamin

G Sharp Minor Rachmaninoff

G Major Rachmaninoff

E Major Rachmaninoff

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15-11.15

Chamber Music

KENNETH SKEAPING (Violin); BERNARD SHORE (Viola); EDWARD ROBINSON (Violoncello)

DOROTHY ROBSON (Soprano)

KENNETH SKEAPING, BERNARD SHORE, and EDWARD ROBINSON

Serenade in D for String Trio, Op. 8 Beethoven

- (1) Marcia, Allegro.
- (2) Adagio. (3) Menuetto, Allegretto.
- (4) Adagio—Scherzo, Allegro molto, Adagio — Allegro molto — Adagio.
- (5) Allegretto alla Polacca. (6) Andante quasi Allegretto — Allegro — Marcia Allegro

BARBER and LORNER

American Duets at the Piano

DOROTHY ROBSON

Twilight Fancies Delius

Sweet Vnevil Delius

The Piper Bizet

Song of the Water Maidens Norman Petrickin

O Sleep Peter Warlock

Spring Peter Warlock

KENNETH SKEAPING, BERNARD SHORE and EDWARD ROBINSON

Serenade in C for String Trio, Op. 10 Dohnanyi

(Thursday's Programmes continued on page 826.)

THE RADIO TIMES.

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Published every Friday—Price Twopence.

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10.15 Chamber Music

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Thursday's Programmes continued (December 27)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 A. K. LITTLE: 'Christmas in Greenwich Village'
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 'All the Fun of the Fair'
 A Christmas Evening at the Pump Room, Bath
 Relayed from the Pump Room, Bath
 THE SHOWMAN
 Walk up! Walk up!
 THE PUMP ROOM ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by JAN HURST
 Country Dance, 'Fun of the Fair' arr. Jan Hurst
 GEORGE BAKER
 Come to the Fair Easthope Martin

SIDE SHOWS

The Clock is Playing Blaauw
 Dance of the Marionettes .. Savino
 Dance of the Tumblers ('The Snow Maiden')..... Rimsky-Korsakov

GEORGE BAKER (Baritone)
 Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen Trad.
 All the Fun of the Fair
 Easthope Martin

ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'Merrie England' German

A PROLOGUE

Outside the Booth Theatre, where the thrilling Drama, 'The Fairest of the Fair,' or 'The Beauty of Bath,' is about to be performed

LEONARD COPESTAKE (Xylophone) and Orchestra
 The Juggler Ditrich

ORCHESTRA
 Spanish Fantasia, 'A Fête in Aranjuez'..... Demersseman
 Arrival of the Guests; Bolero; The Chase; National Song (Violin Solo, JOHN ROBERTS)

GEORGE BAKER
 The Floral Dance Katie Moss

THE SHOWMAN
 beats the big drum

CLEM KOPP and his RIVOLI DANCE BAND
 Fox-trots

ORCHESTRA
 The Tame Bear ('The Wand of Youth')... Elgar
 All the Fun of the Fair ('Rustic Revels' Suite)
 Fletcher

9.0-12.0 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
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 9.30 Musical Interlude, relayed from London
 9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Mrs. GOULD: 'Christmas Customs'
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Mr. J. W. F. CARDELL: 'Under the Southern Sky—The Coast of Surf and Sand'
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry



Sydney Ellis

THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH.

A Christmas evening programme, called 'All the Fun of the Fair,' will be relayed by Cardiff Station from the Pump Room this evening, starting at 7.45.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
 THE GUBBINS FAMILY gather at the microphone and relate how they kept Christmas Day
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

12.0-1.0 A BALLAD CONCERT
 S.B. from Liverpool
 SYDNEY GRAHAM (Pianoforte)
 Impromptu, Op. 29 Chopin
 Waltz, 'Arabesque' Rees-Nowland
 HAROLD ENNION (Baritone)
 Beloved, it is Morn Aylward
 Vulcan's Song Gounod
 KATHLEEN DALY (Violin)
 Melody Gluck, arr. Kreisler
 Prelude Bach, arr. Kreisler
 IRENE WILDE (Contralto)
 When [the Swallows hoarse-ward fly..... M. Valerie White
 Ring, bells, ring

SYDNEY GRAHAM
 Study in C Flat, Op. 25 Chopin
 Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 Mendelssohn
 HAROLD ENNION
 The Windmill Nelson
 Youth Allitsen
 KATHLEEN DALY
 Andante ('Spanish Symphony') Lalo
 Molly on the Shore Grainger, arr. Kreisler
 IRENE WILDE
 Unmindful of the Roses Coleridge-Taylor
 Here in the quiet hills Gerald Carne

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Mrs. JANE HILDITCH: 'Gods of the Kitchen'
 4.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Mirella' Gounod
 Selection, 'Sally' Kern
 Gramophone Records
 ORCHESTRA
 Gipsy Suite German
 Gramophone Records
 ORCHESTRA
 A Hunting Scene Bucalossi
 March, 'Young England' .. Farban

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
 Animal Antics
 Songs sung by BETTY WHEATLEY
 Mr. Frog Maskell Hardy
 The Squirrel }
 The Mare } Alec Rowley
 The Elephant }
 Songs sung by HARRY HOPEWELL
 The Animals went in two }
 by two } Folk Songs
 The Derby Ram }
 Poor Old Horse }
 Piano Solos, played by ERIC FOGG
 The Homesick Crocodile } Helen Pyke
 The Peevish Kangaroo }

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.30 Market Prices for North of England Farmers
 6.45 S.B. from London

7.45 A Light Orchestral Programme

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'The Naiads' Sterndale Bennett
 Waltz Suite, 'Three Fours' .. Coleridge-Taylor
 ANNIE PIMBLOTT (Contralto)
 Love the Pedlar German
 Langley Fair..... } Easthope Martin
 Fairings }
 ORCHESTRA
 Suite, 'Cobweb Castle' Lehmann
 ANNIE PIMBLOTT
 Hills of Donegal Sanderson
 A Blackbird Singing Head
 Down Here Brahe
 When Song is Sweet Sans Souci
 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'Merrie England' German

9.0-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

(Thursday's Programme continued on page 829.)

Sensational Case THE TRIUMPH OF RADIUM OVER RHEUMATISM

The Well-known Authoress, Lilly Porthan,
Relates Her Experiences

"A SMALL grey piece of flannel that looked like worn-out homespun." Thus begins the Authoress in her account of her experiences of Radicura radium pack. She continues:—

So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radium pack Radicura. But it contains radium, which substance for the human body means health and strength. And therefore the pack is worth more than gold and jewels.

As I have myself been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid paregoric qualities which the Radicura packs possess.

A year ago I fell ill with pains, which began in both knees and quickly spread to all the joints in the body. The doctor declared that it was a most severe kind of rheumatism in the joints, and very hard to cure. Medicines, compresses, electricity, nothing relieved or helped. The pains were horrible. The joints had become much inflamed, and I could not in the slightest degree move the left arm and the right leg. New ointments, new compresses. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me the presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist.

I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain, Spartan piece of flannel which was called Radicura, and which would for certain restore me to health.

There on the sick table was standing a considerable collection of proud jars containing expensive ointments, bottles of strong-smelling and richly-coloured liquids, and patent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had not helped at all. And now the small radium pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. About half an hour after I fell asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the little pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And thanks to these two packs I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks, I had no more pains whatever and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the radium, that wonderful substance which soothed and cured.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

So much for the authoress. But it is not only against Rheumatism or its numerous forms that Radicura has proved its unique healing effect, but also against Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and other diseases which have their origin in defective metabolism. Our imposing collection of testimonials from persons in all ranks of society and in different countries bears witness to this.

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It can be kept in the home for years and used again and still retain its activity. The Radicura material may be purchased for a few shillings upwards according to size.

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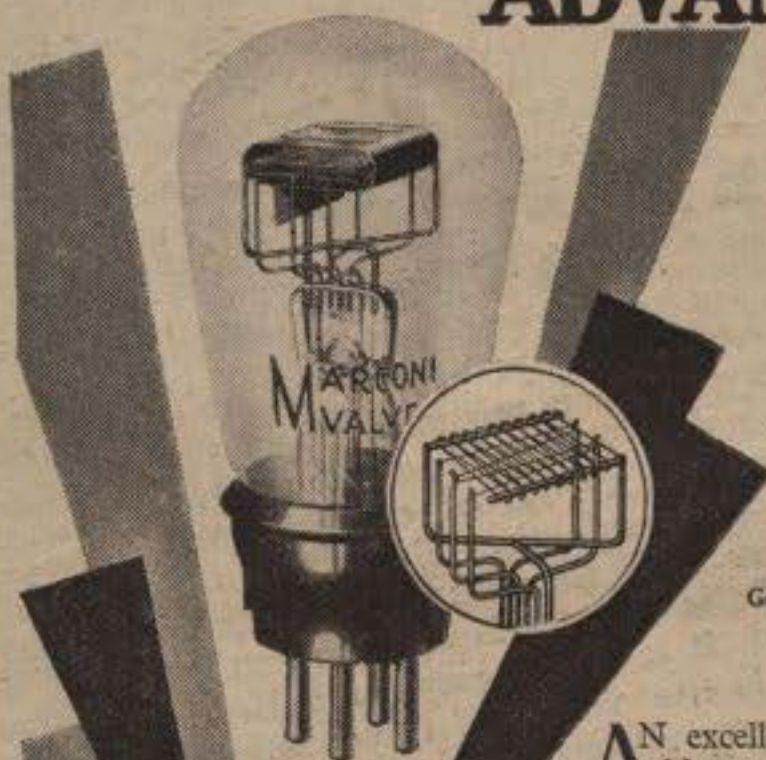
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Marconi Type HL.610 may be followed by resistance-capacity coupling or a high impedance transformer such as the Marconi "Ideal" (Ratio 2.7 to 1) with which a very high amplification is obtained.

For the output stage Marconi HL.610 should be followed by a Power Valve such as Marconi DEP.610, DE.5A, P625 or P625A.

If you prefer a 2-volt accumulator, Marconi Type HL.210 is equally dependable for similar circuits. This may be followed by a Marconi DEP.215 or DEP.240 in the output stage.

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mentioning RADIO TIMES.

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CHRISTMAS

IN OLDEN TIMES -



THE MUSIC OF THE WAITS

IN the brave days of old, the waits played their music without the castle walls. To-day, in castle and in cottage, the carols of old still are heard—through the Brown Loud Speaker. And, because the reproduction of the Brown is so completely faithful, it is quite easy to believe that it is the voices of the carollers themselves upon the yuletide air.

If you would bring the true spirit of Christmas into your home this year—buy a Brown Loud Speaker, and its sweet music will gladden the festive time. If, too, there is one whom you would honour—give a Brown Loud Speaker, and the beauty of its voice will express, throughout the coming years, your message of goodwill.

The Loud Speaker on the right is the stately Brown Cabinet. It costs 6 guineas and is but one of the comprehensive Brown range which includes models from 30/- to 15 guineas—each one a perfect gift. Read about some of them below.

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THE MUSIC OF A BROWN LOUD SPEAKER

A FEW XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS



For young Jack
A Brown C.T.S. Unit so that he can build his own loud speaker. Complete outfit 16/-



For brother George
A Brown Electrical Pick-up, because he's got a gramophone. Price, including adaptor plug, only 28/-



For Uncle Fred
The Brown "Universal" Loud Speaker, to take the place of his old "Whizzer!" Price £6



For Father
Nothing would please him more than the new Brown Cabinet Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Price 15 gns.



For the Family
The handsome Sphinx, whose appearance will make Mother proud! Price £12. 10s.

Thursday's Programmes continued (December 27)

(Continued from page 820.)

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 812.5 M. 960 KC.

12.0-1.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—'King Midas,' an Operetta in One Act. The words by Edith Veltch, with music by Norman Veltch. 9.0-12.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 408.4 M. 740 KC.

11.0-12.0:—Gramophone Records. 2.10:—S.B. from Dundee. 2.40:—Musical Interlude. 2.45:—Mid-week Service, conducted by the Rev. Chas. McKinnon, M.A., of St. Paul's Parish Church, Pollokshields, assisted by the Station Choir. Choir: Hymn, No. 46, 'Hark the Herald'; Reading, Luke II, vv. 8-14; Christmas Address: Prayer; Benediction; Voluntary. 3.0:—Musical Interlude. 3.15:—Dance Music, relayed from the Plaza. 3.45:—Mrs. Janetta Murray: 'Christmas—the Winter Festival.' 4.0:—A Concert. The Station Orchestra: French Comedy Overture (Foulds). Morag MacDonald (Soprano): Deirdre's Farewell to Scotland and Churning Lilt (Kennedy-Fraser); An 'A' Pleas Milleach (Traditional); Islay Reaper's Song and The Cuckoo Gatherer (Kennedy-Fraser). Orchestra: A Lightning Switch (Alford); Three 'Nell Gwyn' Dances (German). Morag MacDonald: The Dhealin (Traditional); Hio Hio Hanadal, Kistinn's Galley, Benbecula Bridal Procession and MacLeod's Galley (Kennedy-Fraser). Orchestra: Christmas Fantasia (Hollander). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Organ Recital by S. W. Litch, relayed from the New Savoy Picture House. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Scottish Market Prices for Farmers. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—A Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra: Overture, 'Mirella' (Gounod). Philip Bertram: The Lute Player (Albisen); A Bedouin Love Song (Pisanti); Coat Song (from 'La Bohème') (Puccini); Thy Voice (Moss). Orchestra: Dance from 'Prince Igor' (Borodin); Suite, 'Nautical Scenes' (Fletcher). Philip Bertram: Blow, blow, thou winter wind (Bartok); To Anthea (Hutton); Ring, bells, ring (M. C. Day); Invictus (Huhn). Orchestra: Selection, 'The Show Boat' (Kern). 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

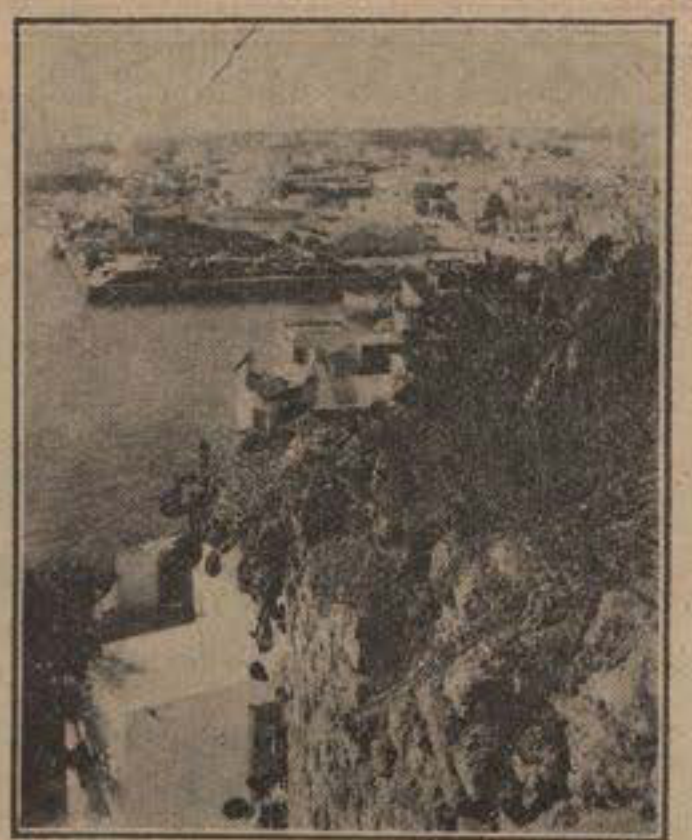
2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

11.0-12.0:—Programme relayed from Daventry. 2.10-2.40:—S.B. from Dundee. 3.45:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0:—Concert by the Station Octet, relayed from the Sculpture Court, the Art Gallery. Overture, 'The Barber of Seville' (Rossini); Selection, 'The Mikado' (Sullivan); Suite, 'Four Indian Love Lyrics' (Woodforde-Flinden); Entr'acte, 'Monnet Musical' (Schubert); First Norwegian Rhapsody (Svendsen); Barcarole from 'The Tales of Hoffmann' (Offenbach); March, 'Blaze Away' (Holtzmann). 5.0:—A Short Song Recital by Ivan Knox (Baritone): The Tune of Rose, O Mistress Mine, Fear no more the heat o' the sun, It was a lover and his lass, Take, O take those lips away, and Hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain (Roger Quilter). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Christmas Tales. The Most Honourable The Marquis of Aberdeen and Terner, K.T. The Northern Vocal Quartet. Nora Atkins (Soprano); Christie Moir (Contralto); Hector Center (Tenor); Burnett Dickson (Bass); Lord Aberdeen: 'A Christmas Tale.' The Radio Players. The Station Octet. Octet and Vocal Quartet: Christmas Memories (arr. Finch). 7.55:—William Macready: 8.5:—Quartet: Viking Song (Coleridge-Taylor); Valentine's Day (Stanford). 8.10:—Octet: A Dream of Christmas (Kettelbey). 8.20:—Quartet: My bonnie lass she smilth (German); A Song for Marching (from 'The Winter Journey') (Schubert). 8.26:—Octet: Suite, 'A Kiss for Cinderella' (Bucalossi). 8.40:—'White Shepherds Watch.' A Sketch by L. du Garde Peach. 8.55:—Quartet: In the Bleak Mid Winter (Gustav Holst). 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 508.1 M. 980 KC.

3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0:—Light Concert Music. Orchestra: March, 'Take Courage,' Op. 84 (Blon); Overture, 'Djamilch,' and Egyptian Dance, 'Djamilch' (Bizet). Swedish Rhapsody, Op. 23 (Hallen); Mazurka Brilliant (Liszt, arr. Müller-Borghans). 4.40:—A. V. Froggatt (Baritone): When the King went forth to War (Keeneman); The Slighted Swan (arr. Lane Wilson); Come, my own one (Butterworth); The Woo Toun Clerk (arr. Robertson). 4.52:—Orchestra: Elgandou (Rameau, arr. Noren); South Slavonic Rhapsody (Bendl); Imperial Waltz (Strauss). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Light Entertainment. Orchestra: A Fairy Overture in A Major, 'Aladdin' (Horneman); A Dream of Christmas (Kettelbey); Glee Singers: The First Nowell, God rest you

merry gentlemen, Good King Wenceslas, and It came upon the midnight clear (Traditional). 8.10:—Orchestra: Entr'actes, 'The Honey Bee' (Somerville) and 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee' (Rimsky-Korsakov). 8.20:—Wallace Cunningham in



THE COAST OF SURF AND SAND.
A view of the sea-front of Rabat, in Morocco, about which Mr. Cardell will talk in his travel series from Plymouth this afternoon.

his Humorous Ventriloquist Act. 8.32:—Mayfair Glee Singers: Sweet and Low (Barby); Breeze of the Night (Lamotte); Gentle Maiden (arr. C. J. Brennan); Simple Simon, Piccinny's Lullaby (Macey). 8.42:—Wallace Cunningham: More Original Humour. 8.54:—Orchestra: Ballet, 'Les Millions d'Arlequin, (Drigo); Reconciliation Polka; Valse des Alouettes. 9.0-12.0:—S.B. from London.

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7.45
A Light
Symphony
Concert

- 10.15 The Daily Service**
- 10.30 (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST**
- 11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records**
- 12.0 A Sonata Recital**
ELSIE OWEN (Violin)
VIVIAN LANGRISH (Pianoforte)
Sonatine in D, Op. 137 .. Schubert
Sonata in F Minor, Op. 120, No. 1
Brahms
- 12.30 ORGAN RECITAL**
by LEONARD H. WARNER
from
St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate
Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor Bach
Concerto No 2 in B Flat .. Handel
arr. G. S. Holmes
Introduction; Allegro; Adagio;
Allegro ma non presto
Basso Ostinato in 5-4 time
Arensky, arr. C. W. Pearce
Concert Toccata in B Flat Hollins
- 1.0-2.0 LUNCH TIME MUSIC**
MOSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA
From the May Fair Hotel
- 3.0 An Orchestral Concert**
Relayed from Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO
ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
Overture, 'Raymond'
Ambroise Thomas
First Norwegian Rhapsody
Svendboen
FRANK PHILLIPS (Baritone) and
Orchestra
Aria, 'My heart now is merry'
(Phoebus and Pan) Bach
- 3.25 ORCHESTRA**
Suite, 'From the Countryside'
Coates
BEATRICE EVELINE (Violoncello)
Symphonic Variations... Boellmann
ORCHESTRA
Pizzicato for Strings, 'Thistledown'
Barrs Partridge
- 3.55 FRANK PHILLIPS**
When I heard the learn'd Astronomer
..... Bairstow
Captain Stratton's Fancy... Warlock
La Belle Dame Sans Merci Stanford
BEATRICE EVELINE
Waldesruhe (Forest Quiet)... Dvorak
Spanish Serenade Glazounov
- 4.14 ORCHESTRA**
First Suite, 'The Maid of Arles'
Bizet
- 4.30 FRANK WESTFIELD'S ORCHESTRA**
From the Prince of Wales Playhouse,
Lewisham
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
Imitations, Improvisations and
Songs at the Piano, by RONALD
GOURLEY
'Karuri, Keeper of Goats' (Mary
Entwistle) with African Bird Calls
and Native Songs by PHYLLIS
HOPSON
'The Care of Birds in the Winter'
(Reginald Gaze)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)



From a Costume-Drawing by Charles Ricketts.

9.35 'MONTEZUMA'
Last of the Aztecs

A History Play, by CECIL LEWIS

The Music specially composed by ROBERT CHIGNELL
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA. Conducted by the COMPOSER

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

Tonight the above (and below) mentioned author presents to you his first play. It was begun five years ago. It will never be finished. The story—which I must remind you, is historically accurate—is so vast and so moving in all its beauty and tragedy, that I very much doubt if it will ever be compressible into the narrow limits of dramatic dialogue.

The Aztec Empire at the height of its power had probably the most splendid barbarian civilization the world had ever seen. Certainly, its costume and ritual were unequalled for magnificence and brutality.

Cortez, the Spaniard, at the age of 33, undertook this Crusade which was distinguished by his audacity, cunning, perseverance, and personal bravery.

It all belongs to the heroic age, and that is why I have tried to make the language heroic. Much of it is in verse, but don't let that dismay you! If people do not really talk as I make them, let me beg you to accept the convention as fitting the story—accept it as part of the whole convention to which you are a party when you settle down to listen to any play—making each your own scenery, your own costumes, and allowing the author, actors, and musicians to do what they can to summon up a pageant on the threshold of your minds.

Cecil Lewis

9.35
Cecil Lewis
presents
'Montezuma'

- 6.0 Miss ARNOT ROBERTSON: 'Trials of a Young Novelist'**
- 6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.30 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin**
- 6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
PIANOFORTE DUETS—SCHUBERT
Played by ETHEL BARTLETT and
RAE ROBERTSON
Rondo in A (Landler)
- 7.0 Mr. G. A. ATKINSON: 'Seen on the Screen'**
- 7.15 Musical Interlude**
- 7.25 Historical Reading from Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall'**
Chapter 18: The Character of Constantine the Great
Chapter 40: Description of the Nika Riot at Constantinople
- 7.45 A Light Symphony Concert**
THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Leader, S. KNEALE KELLEY
Conducted by JULIUS HARRISON
Gagliarda .. ('Ancient Airs and Villanelle ..) Dances for the Lute'
Passo mezzo e Mascherada (Transcribed by O. Respighi)
- 8.0 BELLA BAILLIE (Soprano) and Orchestra**
Dove sono (Where am I?) ('Figaro')
Mozart
- 8.6 ORCHESTRA**
Symphony No. 5, in E Minor ('From the New World')..... Dvorak
Adagio—Allegro molto; Largo; Scherzo—Molto vivace; Allegro con fuoco
- 8.48 BELLA BAILLIE**
O Lovely Night .. } London
Down in the Forest } Ronald
- 8.56 ORCHESTRA**
Slav Dance, No. 8, in G Minor
Dvorak
- 9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 9.15 Captain MALCOLM CAMPBELL:**
'My Adventures in the Sahara'
- 9.30 Local Announcements; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast**
- 9.35 'Montezuma'**
(See Centre of Page)
- 11.0-12.0 (Daventry only) DANCE MUSIC: CIRO'S CLUB BAND,** directed by RAMON NEWTON, from
Ciro's Club

FRIDAY, DEC. 28

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.5 M. 610 KC.)

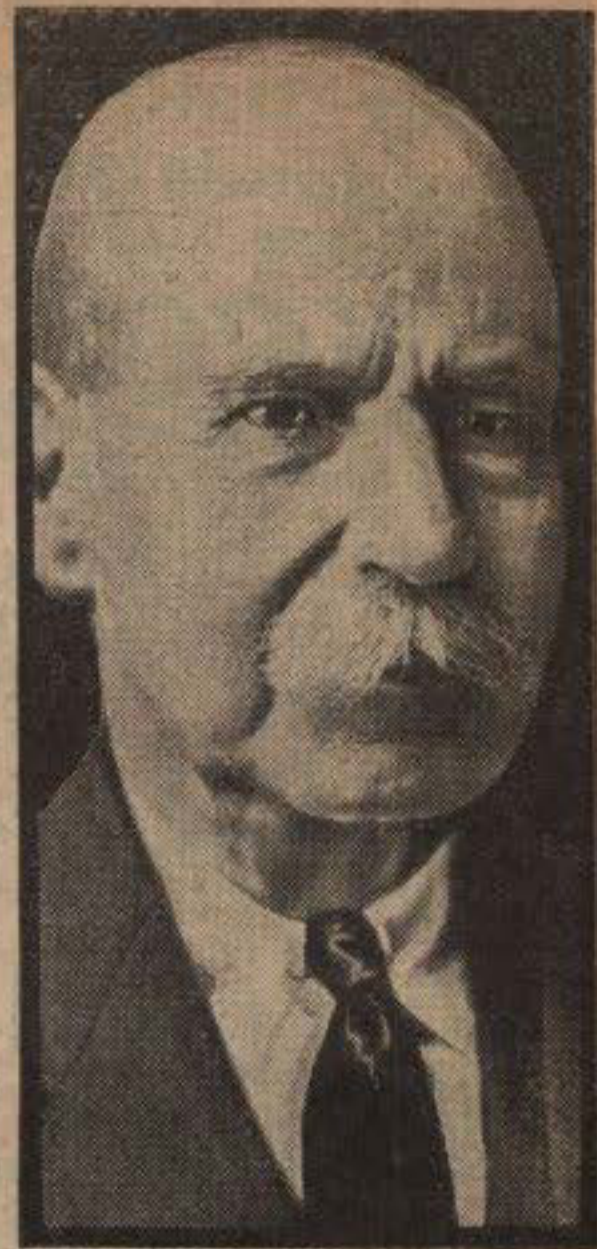
TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

9.0

Orchestral Concert

- 3.0 ORGAN RECITAL**
by
LEONARD H. WARNER
from
St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate
- ORGAN**
Overture, 'Athalie' *Mendelssohn, arr. W. T. Best*
PHYLLIS WELLS (Soprano)
Oh! yes, just so ('Phœbus and Pan') } *Bach*
Be thou contented }
In Bethlehem City (Northamptonshire Carol)
arr. Fuller Maitland
- ORGAN**
Air and Variations in A *Haydn, arr. Woodhouse*
Pastorale in E *César Franck*
- PHYLLIS WELLS**
Come sing and dance *Herbert Howells*
Soft-footed Snow *Sigurd Lie*
Mistletoe *Armstrong Gibbs*
- ORGAN**
Two Christmas Preludes *P. C. Buck*
(1) In dulci júbilo; (2) The Holly and the Ivy
Finale (Sonata No. 1) *Guitmant*
- 4.0 JACK PADBURY and his COSMO CLUB SIX**
LILY BURNS and NORMAN PARRY
(Light American Numbers)
JACK NORMAN
(The King of Animal Mimics)
- 5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
(From Birmingham)
'A Wonderful Pudding,' by Mildred Forster.
'Weights and Waits,' by Nicolina Twigg.
Christmas Carols by THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR of
THE 'FORELANDS' CONVALESCENT SCHOOL
- 6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 6.30 Light Music**
(From Birmingham)
- PATTISON'S SALON ORCHESTRA**
Directed by **NORRIS STANLEY**
Relayed from the Café Restaurant, Corporation Street
- Ballet Suite, 'William Tell' *Rossini*
Sizilietta *Von Blon*
ALFRED BUTLER (Baritone)
Friend o' Mine *Sanderson*
- 6.50 ORCHESTRA**
Selection, 'The Happy Day' *Jonca-Reubens*
Chant Russe (arranged for Violoncello and Organ) *Lalo*
(**HARRY MILLER**, Violoncello)
(**G. PENLEVE**, Organ)
- ALFRED BUTLER**
Eight Bells *Butler and Dallaway*
- 7.15 ORCHESTRA**
Three Dances ('Henry VIII') *German*
NORRIS STANLEY (Violin)
Zigounerwiesen (Gipsy Airs) *Sarasate*
ALFRED BUTLER
Once a Sailor *Butler and Dallaway*
- 7.40 ORCHESTRA**
First Entr'acte ('Nero') *Coleridge-Taylor*
CHARLES BADIHAM (Pianoforte)
Love Waltz *Moszkowski*
ORCHESTRA
Valse, 'Dream on the Ocean' *Gungl*

- 8.0 'Out of the Hat'**
(From Birmingham)
A CHRISTMAS VAUDEVILLE DRAW
Presented by
MARJORIE PALMER and ETHEL WILLIAMS
HARRY SAXTON
JESSIE and MAX COYNE
MABEL FRANCE
KENNETH RANDALL and his BAND
And THE STAGE DOOR KEEPER
- 8.45 ALBERT WHELAN**
The Australian Entertainer
- 9.0 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**
(From Birmingham)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
Leader, **FRANK CANTELL**
Conducted by **JOSEPH LEWIS**
- Overture to a Comedy *Balfour Gardiner*
- SEVERAL diverse influences went to the making of Balfour Gardiner's musicianship: Charterhouse, New College Oxford, Frankfurt, and Sonderhausen, all contributed a share, and for a time he was Music Master at Winchester. His music is all fresh and melodious, and in dealing with the orchestra he is thoroughly at home. This Overture is not inspired by any actual comedy, nor has it any fixed programme; its name is the best possible clue to its intention.
- There is a short introduction with hints of the first principal tune; it appears at once on the first violins when we reach the main part of the piece—a very merry, bustling tune. The second main tune is more suave and flowing, but not less happy, and on these, along with little reminders of the introduction, the Overture is built up on orthodox lines. There is a short coda in the same bright spirits as the rest of the piece.
- JOAN ELWES** (Soprano) and Orchestra
Salome's Air ('Hérodiade') *Massenet*
- 9.17 ORCHESTRA**
Tone Poem, 'With the Wild Geese'
Hamilton Harty
- ACCORDING to an old legend the spirits of the men of the Irish Brigade who were killed on the field of Fontenoy, took the form of wild geese, when darkness fell, and flew home to Ireland. That is the theme which Sir Hamilton Harty has set forth in this picturesque orchestral piece, making use of Irish idioms, if not actual Irish tunes.
- There is a slow and rather plaintive introduction, and then two brisk Irish tunes played by flutes. A quiet tune on the oboe comes next, with a hint of martial music in the accompaniment, and the music sinks to the stillness of night, although the mutters of coming battle can still be heard.
- A call on trumpets brings in the Irish tunes once more, now in a more stirring vein, and the tone poem comes to an end with a theme which depicts the flight of the wild geese after the battle.
- 9.37 JOAN ELWES**
To the Queen of Heaven *Dunhill*
Cradle Song *Byrd*
Christmas Eve at Sea *Davidson*
ORCHESTRA
Suite, Neapolitan Scenes *Massenet*
- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**
- 10.15 DANCE MUSIC: HERMAN DAREWSKI and his BAND, from the Royal Opera House Dances, Covent Garden**
- 11.0-11.15 CRO'S CLUB BAND, directed by RAMON NEWTON, from Cro's Club**
(Friday's Programmes continued on page 832.)



WONDERFUL RECOVERY AT 79!

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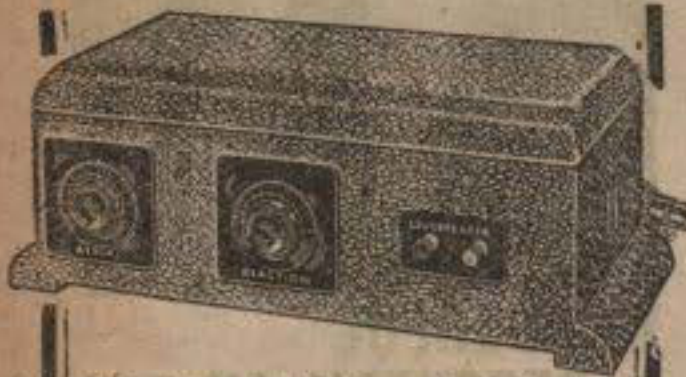
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Friday's Programmes continued (December 28)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

1.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 JOHN STEAN'S CARLTON CELEBRITY ORCHESTRA
Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Mr. A. G. PRYS JONES: 'Three-Characters from the Welsh Countryside!'

6.15 S.B. from London

6.30 Mr. A. WATKIN JONES: 'England and the Octopus'

6.45 S.B. from London

7.45 'Happy Christmas!'
A MINCE-PIE
With Incidental Songs and Music
Prepared by
F. MORTON HOWARD
Old Squire Wilmerston, of Wilmerston Hall
RICHARD BARRON
Derek, his grandson
RAYMOND
GLEN DENNING
Pamela, his granddaughter
DORIS M. JONES
Bates, his butler
THOMAS JONES

An Announcer
Mr. Hezekiah Gattle, landlord of 'The Blue Barge Inn'
T. HANNAM-CLARK
The Ancient Mr. Solomon Ducker
ANDREW BLUNT
(Of the *Jane Gladys*)—
Captain Peter Dutt
JACK PARKIN
Joseph Tridge
JAMES PADDON
'Orace Dobbs, a sea-cook
SIDNEY EVANS
Dai Jones, of Wales
J. EDDIE PALRY
Garge Purton, of Berkeley Vale

DANIEL ROBERTS
Mrs. Hezekiah Gattle
MARY MACDONALD-TAYLOR
The Conductor of the Village Band
RUDOLPH FRINTON
Mr. Alf Higgins D. HAYDN-DAVIES
The Village Band

Scene: At Wilmerston Hall. Afterwards at 'The Blue Barge Inn,' somewhere on the Berkeley Ship Canal.

9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,070 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 S.B. from Cardiff

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

9.35-11.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

6PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
Almost Normal
We return to a reading entitled 'A Falling Out,' from 'The Golden Age' (Kenneth Grahame), and some Dance Music

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Forthcoming Events, Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 354.0 M. 780 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
S.B. from Leeds
A TIMELY PROGRAMME,
by GRANDFATHER
CLOCK

9.0 a.m. The King's Breakfast
10.0 a.m. Feeding my Cow

Fraser-Simson
11.0 a.m. Jography
Strong

12.0 noon. Boys and Girls come out to play... Traditional

1.0 p.m. Rice Pudding
Fraser-Simson

2.0 p.m. Rest Hour:
A Story

3.0 p.m. Puppy and I
4.0 p.m. Before Tea
Fraser-Simson

5.0 p.m. The King who wanted Jam for Tea.... Charles

6.0 p.m. The Children's Hour

6.0 Mr. W. REDPATH SCOTT: 'Famous Boys'

6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

Other Stations:

5NO NEWCASTLE. 512.5 M. 980 KC.

3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.30:—Music relayed from Fenwick's Terrace Tea Rooms. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Col. G. R. B. Spain: 'Christmas Customs in the North Country.' 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—For Farmers: Dr. H. W. Whistoun, 'Farm Foods'—24 8.45-11.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

3.30:—A Light Concert. The Station Orchestra: Overture 'Plymouth Hoe' (Ansell). Ronald Campbell (Baritone): To Lucasta on going to the Wars. If thou wouldst ease Mine heart, To Altina from Prison. Why so pale and wan, and Through the Ivory Gate (C. H. B. Parry). Orchestra: Selection: 'Looking Backward' (Finck); A Keltic Suite (Foulds). Donald Campbell: Annabel Lee (Martin Shaw); Care flies from the lid that is merry (Arne); Thou art so like a flower (Schumann); Now Phœbus sinketh in the West (Arne). Orchestra: Selection: 'Madame Pompadour' (Fall). 4.45:—Organ Recital by S. W. Leitch.

(Continued at foot of page 835.)

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The new Exide DTG series of Low Tension Batteries provide yet a further example of Exide leadership. In those little details which make perfection they are supreme. Note the smoothly moulded lid with the terminal pillars actually moulded in so that they cannot work loose and let the acid creep past. Note also the non-interchangeable terminals, differently coloured and differently shaped, thus leaving no doubt which is the positive and which the negative even in the dark.

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CHRISTMAS**

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Notes From Northern Stations.

Manchester's Gateway to the Sea.

JANUARY the first will be the 35th birthday of the Manchester Ship Canal. As a result of this canal, Manchester is today one of the greatest ports of the kingdom, its annual trade being round about a hundred million pounds. The story of the inception of this mighty scheme, and of its beginnings, makes dramatic reading. A celebration programme has been drawn up for broadcasting from the Manchester Station, on Tuesday, January 1. Captain W. C. Bacon, Chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal, will broadcast, to all stations of the Northern grouping, a talk on the Canal in general. Earlier in the day, Mr. K. R. Brady, a member of the Canal Company's staff, will broadcast locally some amusing tales of the lighter side of the Canal's birth-story; and in the evening, there will be a specially designed celebration programme, for Manchester only, that will include numbers by the Canal Male Voice Choir. I shall have much more to say about this next week.

Wireless for the Blind.

THE Lord Mayor of Manchester (Colonel G. Westcott) will appeal, on Sunday evening, December 30, on behalf of the Manchester Station Wireless for the Blind Fund. The fine work of this fund is being held up, at the moment, for lack of immediate response. Up to date, some 400 sets have been distributed among the blind of Manchester (and within a radius of 25 miles of Manchester), Southport, and Blackpool. There is a 'waiting-list' of well over 600, whilst the Manchester and Salford Blind Aid Society, and other similar organizations are only awaiting the word to send in further lists of equally deserving cases. The benefits of wireless to the blind are so obvious as to be pathetic; and one hopes that the excellent work of this fund will, by the Lord Mayor's appeal, be quickly enabled to continue its service. Please make a note of the date.

A Contemporary Composer's Concert.

A CONCERT of orchestral music and songs by contemporary composers will be relayed to all stations of the Manchester grouping on Wednesday evening, January 2. Manchester and Liverpool, on this occasion, will 'entertain' their sister-cities—the Northern Wireless Orchestra from Manchester, and Eleanor Toye from Liverpool. One of Miss Toye's two groups of songs contains alternative settings of two poems by the modern Irish poet, Paduaic Colum.

The Browns of Owdham Again.

THE Browns of Owdham continue their gay gallivantings before the microphone by appearing in a humorous play at the beginning of the year. There should be plenty of opportunity for fun in a play that centres round a birthday celebration in this inimitable family. The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Brown, discovering that the New Year Party will coincide with her son Herbert's 'loosing' (21st birthday) makes extra efforts to entertain in a fittingly sumptuous manner. 'Sarah Brown's Happy New Year, 1929,' is the title of the programme, and Thursday evening, January 3, is the date of the broadcast (to Manchester only).

A Christmas Song Recital.

TUESDAY is Monday—so far as this year's New Year's Eve programme of the Tuesday Midday Society's Concerts is concerned. The programme will consist of a recital of Christmas and New Year Songs, to be sung by Miss Muriel Robinson, who has made a feature of such concerts during recent years in Manchester. Indeed, both for their individual choice of songs and for the fine artistry Miss Robinson brings to them, these recitals have been much appreciated. Her selection this year will, as usual, bring to light several unfamiliar gems, including the New Year aria from Bach's cantata, *Jesus, now we will praise Thee*, two old French carols, Douglas Taylor's *Ring out, wild bells*, and two songs by Lilian Robinson (sister of the singer) *Welcome Yule* and *Cradle Song*. The recital (Monday, December 31, remember) will be radiated to all stations of the Manchester grouping.

The Theatre in the Provinces.

THE Liverpool Playhouse has, and rightly, won a place in the very front ranks of provincial theatres. Its success is very largely due to the efforts of Mr. William Armstrong, who, since 1922, has been producer and director there. Among the plays which he can claim as having introduced to this country are Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors* and two plays by Eugene O'Neill. In his time he has been an actor (Bernard Shaw wrote a special part for him in *The Music Cure*) and an author (he collaborated with Brett Young, the novelist, in *The Furnace*, and with A. P. Herbert in *King of the Castle*), but today his activities necessarily centre round the repertory theatre in general and the Liverpool Repertory Theatre in particular. On Saturday evening, January 5, he is giving a talk to all Northern stations on 'The Provincial Theatre.'

Programmes for Friday.

(Continued from page 832.)

GLASGOW (Continued)

relayed from the New Savoy Picture House. 5.15.—The Children's Hour: Request Day for December. 5.58.—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15.—S.B. from London. 8.30.—S.B. from Edinburgh. 6.45.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—'Oor Ain Fireside,' A Scottish Christening. By Duncan Graham. 9.0.—London. 9.30.—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35-11.0.—London.

2BD

ABERDEEN.

3.45.—Scottish Song Recital by Jean Halrland (Contralto); Ae tonal kiss The Auld Hoose, The Boatman o' the Forth, and Auld Robin Gray (Traditional). 4.0.—The Playhouse Orchestra, directed by R. E. Cahill, relayed from the Picture Playhouse. 5.0.—Mr. Alex. Keith: 'Old Scottish Festivals—1. Old Customs of Hogmanay.' 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0.—Mr. Peter Craigie: Football Topics. 6.15.—S.B. from London. 6.30.—S.B. from Edinburgh. 6.45.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—Vaudeville. Albert Whelan (The Australian Entertainer), Stainless Stephen (Comedian), Grace Ivell and Vivian Worth (Synopsated Duettists), C. Powell Eastbury and Marjorie Bowya (Entertainers with a Violin and Piano), With Interludes by The Station Octet. 9.0.—S.B. from London. 9.30.—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-11.0.—S.B. from London.

2BE

BELFAST.

12.0.—Organ Recital of Request Items by Herbert Westoby, relayed from the Grosvenor Hall: The Great Fantasia in G Minor (Bach); Solemn Melody (Walford Davies); (a) 'The

Question,' and (b) 'The Answer' (Wolstenholme); Nocturne 'Under the Stars' (Humphrey Stewart); A Summer Idyll (Meale); Finale Jubilante (Pollitt). 12.30-1.0.—Musical Comedy. The Radio Quartet: 'The Desert Song' (Rosenberg); 'Princess Charming' (Charig). 4.0.—Dance Music: Larry Brennan and his Piccadilly Revellers, relayed from the Plaza. 5.0.—A Violoncello Recital by J. W. Sowerby. 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15.—S.B. from London. 7.45.—A Symphony Concert. Nina Smith (Mezzo-Soprano); Arnold Trowell (Violoncello), Symphony Orchestra, conducted by E. Godfrey Brown, Orchestra: Overture, 'Prometheus' (Beethoven). 7.53.—Arnold Trowell: Slow Movement and Finale from Concerto in B Minor, Op. 104 for Violoncello and Orchestra (Dvorak). 8.17.—Nina Smith: A Spirit Flower (C. Tipton); The Bells of Christmas (Martin Shaw); Cottin' Rushes (C. Willeby); Fair House of Joy (R. Quilter). 8.30.—Orchestra: Two Minuets from Serenade in D (Brahms); Symphonic Poem, 'Le Chausseur Maudit' (C. Franck); Air de Ballet for Strings, Op. 1, No. 1 (Perry Pitt). 9.0.—S.B. from London. 9.35.—Symphony Concert. Orchestra: Overture to the Opera 'The Roguish Peasant,' Op. 57 (Dvorak). 9.45.—Nina Smith: Queen Mary's Song (Elgar); Now sleeps the crimson petal and June (R. Quilter); In Happy Mood (Chaminade). 9.55.—Arnold Trowell: Wayfarer's Song (Trowell); Minnetto (Paderewski); Chant sans Paroles (Tchaikovsky); Hungarian Rhapsody (Poppet). 10.8.—Orchestra Norfolk Rhapsody (R. Vaughan Williams); 'Fear Gyat' Suite No. 2 (Grieg); Ingrid's Lament; Arabian Dance; Storm; Solovig's Song. 10.30-11.0.—Dance Music: Larry Brennan and his Piccadilly Revellers, relayed from the Plaza.



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7.45
A Turn from
The
London Palladium

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,552.5 M. 192 KC.)

9.55
'Virginia'
from the
Palace Theatre

10.15 a.m. **The Daily Service**

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

1.0-2.0 **THE CARLTON HOTEL OUJET**
Directed by **RENE TAPPONNIER**
From the Carlton Hotel

3.30 **A Ballad Concert**

LILY FAIRNEY (Mezzo-Soprano)
HARDY WILLIAMSON (Tenor)

HARDY WILLIAMSON
My Lovely Celia...
Phyllis has such charming graces... *Old English*

3.38 **LILY FAIRNEY**
The Lake of Innisfree. *Angus Morrison*
The song of the Palanquin Bearers. *Martin Shaw*

3.45 **HARDY WILLIAMSON**
Beloved, I shall wait. *Guy d'Hardelot*
The Young Rose. *Stewart Macpherson*

3.52 **LILY FAIRNEY**
Two Red Letter Days... *Easthope Martin*
St. Valentine; St. Nicholas day in the Morning

4.0 **JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA**

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**
'Vox Angelica and Lieblich Gedacht'
From 'The Glassmender and Other Stories, (Maurice Baring)
Arranged as a Dialogue Story
With incidental music by **THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET**

6.0 **Musical Interlude**

6.15 **TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SPORTS BULLETIN**

6.40 **Musical Interlude**

6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
PIANOFORTE DUETS—SCHUBERT
Played by **ETHEL BARTLETT and RAE ROBERTSON**
Characteristic March II
Three Military Marches

7.0 **Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN: 'Next Week's Broadcast Music'**

7.15 **Musical Interlude**

7.25 **Sports Talk: Col. PHILIP TREVOR, 'The Test Matches'**

7.45 **Vaudeville**

ALBERT WHELAN
(The Australian Entertainer)
MURIEL GEORGE and ERNEST BUTCHER (Folk Songs and Duets)
ARTHUR PRINCE and JIM
(The First Ventriloquial Figure with a Personality)
MABEL MARKS
(Syncopated Songs at the Piano)



The Second Act of *Virginia* will be relayed from the Palace Theatre tonight at 9.55. Here are some of its stars—George Gee and Emma Haig (above), Marjorie Gordon (left), and John Kirby (right).

JACK PAYNE and THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
and
A VARIETY TURN
From the
LONDON PALLADIUM

9.0 **WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN**

9.15 **Topical Talk**

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

9.35 **A VIOLONCELLO RECITAL**
By **GERSHOM PARKINGTON**

9.55 **'Virginia'**

Excerpts from the Musical Comedy
Relayed from 'The Palace Theatre'
Book and Lyrics by **HERBERT CLAYTON, DOUGLAS FURBER, R. P. WESTON and BERT LEE**

Music by **JACK WALLER and J. A. TUNBRIDGE**
The Play produced by **WILLIAM MOLLISON**
Dances and Ensembles invented and arranged by **RALPH READER**

Cast in order of Entrance:
Bournet (Manager of the Hotel Grand) **ROBERT NAINBY**
Jules (a Porter) **ERNEST GRAHAM**
A Local Jeweller **LANCELOT QUINN**
A Local Florist **EDNA BROUGH**
Nicholas Ninnijohn (Secretary to Silas B. Hock) **GEORGE GEE**
Marie **GLADYS FLACK**

Lord Bransmere
A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT

Lord Campton
HAROLD FRENCH

Hewson (Lord Campton's servant)
S. A. LOCKE

Lady Campton
MARJORIE GORDON

Virginia Hock
EMMA HAIG

Silas B. Hock (a multi-millionaire)
JOHN KIRBY

Cesar (Hock's chauffeur)
JIMMIE FERGUSSON

Gendarme
JOHN GORDON

Sambo (a Negro butler)
ERNEST TRIMMINGHAM

Edinburgh
WILLIAM TAYLOR

Lizzie (a maid)
CORA LA REDD

Uncle Ned
WALTER RICHARDSON

(Excerpt)
ACT II

Opening Chorus
FULL CHORUS

I love you More than you Love me
EMMA HAIG and GEORGE GEE

(Music by **HARRIS WESTON**)

Virginia Bride **JOHN KIRBY and CHORUS**

Roll away Clouds **WALTER RICHARDSON and FULL CHORUS**

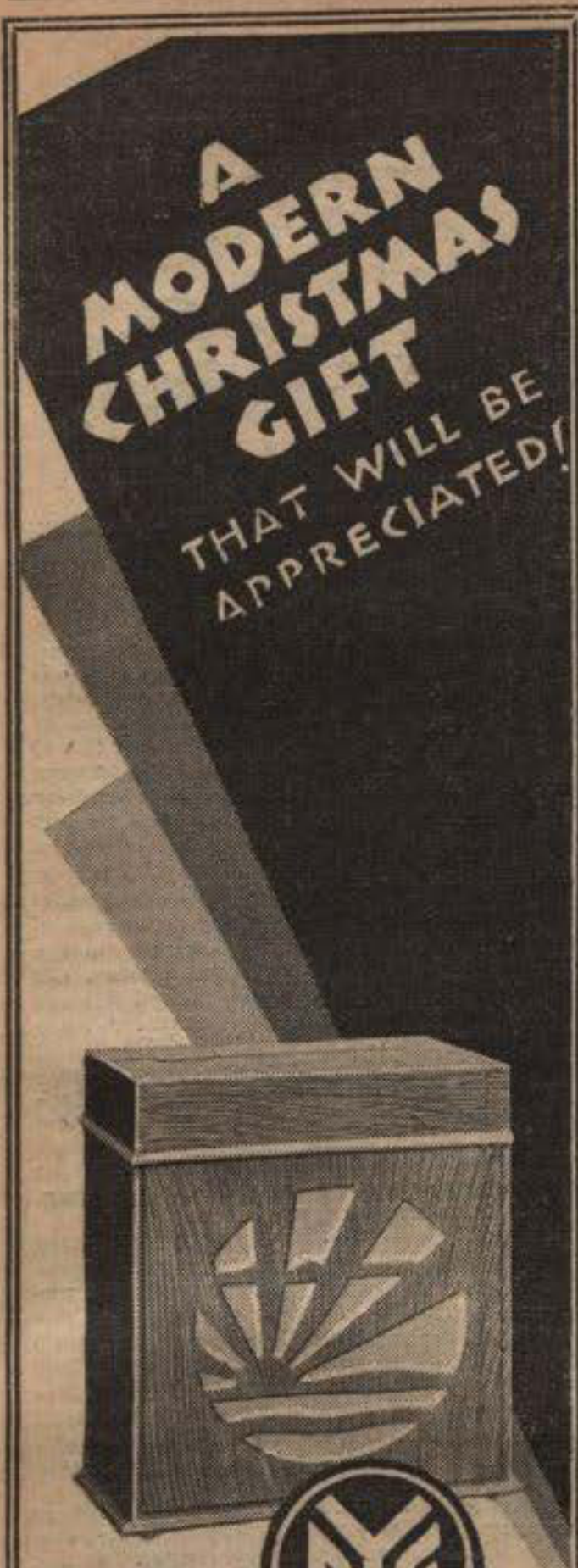
ORCHESTRA under the direction of **J. A. TUNBRIDGE**

ORCHESTRA under the direction of **J. A. TUNBRIDGE**

THE play opens with a scene outside the Hotel somewhere on the Riviera, where Lord Campton (Harold French) is spending his honeymoon. His creditors among the local tradespeople are many and noisy, which makes it all the more difficult for him when his trustee, Lord Bransmere, arrives to tell him that he has been so successful in spending his money that none is left. Lady Campton (Marjorie Gordon) refuses to be frightened by the prospect of love in an impoverished cottage, but pretends to change her mind after a conversation with Lord Bransmere. The wily nobleman reminds her that her husband's family is so infuriated by his marriage to an actress that it has cut him off with the proverbial shilling and suggests that she should perform an act of noble renunciation and divorce her husband. Lord Campton's prospects would then be rosy, for Silas B. Hock (John Kirby) the American multi-millionaire has just arrived at the hotel with his daughter Virginia (Emma Haig), who is doomed to marry an English nobleman if her father's scheming can possibly achieve that end. He is willing to pay all Lord Campton's debts if he marries Virginia. Virginia has other ideas on the subject, and has, in fact, already married her father's secretary, Nicholas Ninnijohn (George Gee), but does not confess the fact. At the end of this act Silas B. Hock has lived up to his appearance of a human Steam-roller and flattened out the objections of the four unfortunate pawns in his matrimonial game.

10.43-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC: FRED ELIZALDE and his SAVOY HOTEL MUSIC, from the Savoy Hotel**

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 838.)



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Easter Term, 1929.

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- Elementary French Manual, No. II. E. M. Stéphan.
- Foundations of Poetry, Course 2. J. C. Stobart and Mary Somerville.

- What the Onlooker Saw, Course 2. Rhoda Power.
- Nature Study, Course 2. Miss Von Wyss.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 810 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.30 A BAND PROGRAMME

(From Birmingham)

THE METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND
Conducted by GEORGE WILSON

- Triumphal March *Ord Hume*
- Overture, 'Prometheus' *Beethoven*
- Theresa Ambrose (Soprano)
- Widmung (Dedication) *Schumann*
- Gesang Weylas (Weyla's Song) } *Wolf*
- Verborgenheit (Secrecy) }

3.50 BAND

- Barcarolle *Tchaikovsky*
- Cornet Duet, 'Rippling Riplets' *Hawkins*
- (Soloists, W. STEPHENS and T. BRENNAN)
- MIDDLETON WOODS (Entertainer)
- Politeness *Beer*

- Theresa Ambrose
- Winds in the Trees
Goring Thomas
- In the Silent Night
Rachmaninov

4.15 BAND

- Dream Minuet ... *Beethoven*
- Euphonium Solo, 'Mary of Argyle' ... *arr. Hawkins*
- MIDDLETON WOODS
- 'Art a Cigar' *Herbert*
- Shut up *Lymbery*
- BAND
- Selection, 'Lady be Good'
Gershwin, arr. Ord Hume

4.45 A Sonata Recital

(From Birmingham)

- ARTHUR KENNEDY (Viola)
- GRANVILLE BANTOCK (Pianoforte)
- Sonata *Bantock*

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

(From Birmingham)

- 'Kitty the Clockwork Mouse,' by Barbara Sleigh. AUNTIE RUBY, UNCLE LAURIE, and HORACE will entertain. JACKO and a PIANO. NORRIS STANLEY (Violin)

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SPORTS BULLETIN

6.40 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)

6.45 Light Music

LEYLAND WHITE (Baritone)

- THE BERNARD RUSSELL HARP QUINTET
- Prelude and Rigaudon *Niemann*
- Minuet *Rameau, arr. B. Russell*
- Air and Jig ('Georgian Suite') *Rowley*
- Air à Danser *Borowski*

7.5 LEYLAND WHITE

- The Brisk Young Widow }
- O no, John } *Folk Songs*
- Dashing away with the smoothing iron }
- Because I were shy *arr. Lyell Johnston*

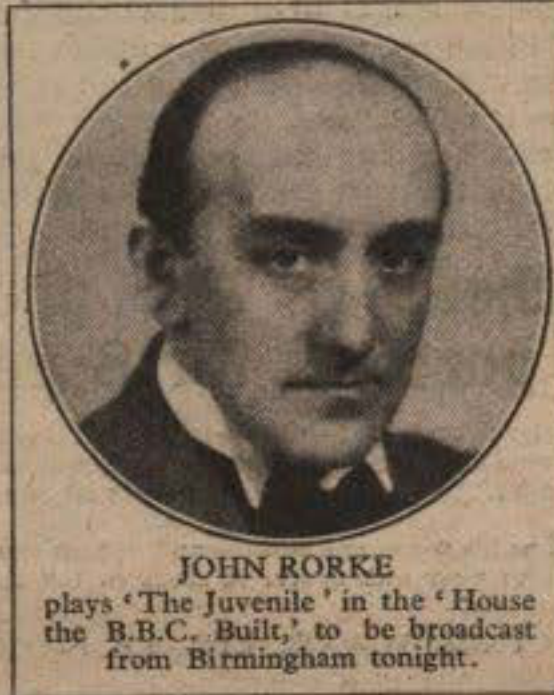
7.14 QUINTET

- Fairy Tale Suite *Adlington*
- Cinderella; The Pied Piper; The Tailor and the Bear
- The New Spinnet *Foulds*
- Spanish Dance *Albeniz*
- Serenade *Pierré*
- Jig *Sumsion*

7.34 LEYLAND WHITE

- The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

H. Stanley



JOHN RORKE
plays 'The Juvenile' in the 'House the B.B.C. Built,' to be broadcast from Birmingham tonight.

- The Tramp *Taylor*
- O Mistress Mine *Quilter*
- Captain Stratton's Fancy *Peter Warlock*

7.42 QUINTET

- Pensées d'Amour (Thoughts of Love) ... *Bucalossi*
- Burlesque *Sir H. Brewer*
- On the Balcony *St. Denis*
- En Bohème (In Bohemia) *Smctana*
- Serenade *Leoncavallo*

8.0 Popular Celebrity Concert

Relayed from the Central Hall, Birmingham

- CLARA SERENA (Contralto)
- HARRY RUNNETT (Baritone)
- ARNALL OSCROFT (Pianoforte)

9.0 'The House the B.B.C. Built'

(From Birmingham)

A Pantomimic (Re)Vue into the Future

- Books, Sketches, and interpolated numbers by CHARLES BREWER
- Music by NORMAN HACKFORTH

- This is the House the B.B.C. built
- 'Up West'
- This is the Girl who sang in the House, etc.
- COLLEEN CLIFFORD
- This is the Dude who was after the Girl, etc.
- AYLES CLIFTON

- This is the Juvenile who stymied the Dude and married the Girl, etc. JOHN RORKE

This is the Comedienne, who was after the Juvenile, also the Dude, and anything else in gent's suitings that frequented the House the B.B.C. built EDITH JAMES

This is the Staff (HAROLD CLEMENCE and GEORGE BUCK), that booked the Comedienne and all the Cast, and did all the work with a business-like air, and pleased the Public and (That's quite enough—ED.)

- NIGEL DALLAWAY } Pianofortes
- WALTER RANDALL }

Household Decorations by THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS and ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)

10.20-11.15 A Ballad Concert

- MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano)
- SYDNEY COLTHAM (Tenor)
- EDITH LAKE (Violoncello)

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 841.)

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Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Freeman.



Nov. 29. My wife mighty glum this morning, which troubled me, what she may have agaynst me; in particular some late foolish, though innocent, passages with the wench at the dairy. But remembering, on a sudden, of today's being our wedding-day, did, with great thankfulness, perceive that mine offence is having forgot our wedding-day, and not the wench at the dairy. So make haste to prevent my wife's reproaches by first reproaching her (with forgetfulness) before she could reproach me; and whereby the poor wretch is brought to say she is sorry she have misjudged me, and I forgave her and we kist on it, to my very good content.

Nov. 30. This night meets our Listening-in Circle at Widow Fripp's to hear Col^l Buchan on John Bunyan, and I am promist afterwards to address the Circle heron. Wherefore, in the hope of usefull rinciples for more address, did first, at home, listen-in to M^r Lloyd George on the same topick at the City Temple. A thing that pleased me was his speaking of Bunyan as the broadest-minded of all the Puritans, specifying, by the instance, how albeit himself a Baptist, he hath nothing in his book about dipping Christian nor any other, but is sayd, when challenged hereon, to have answered that, had he dipped his pilgrims, he had staid their progress. Which, methought well sayd.

So to Widow Fripp's, where, having heard Col^l Buchan, did turn off the wireless and proceed to mine address. The most play I made was in dwelling on the real Pilgrim's Way, to Canterbury, along the North Downs, from the which Bunyan got his first notions, and of Vanity Fair that was old Gilford fair; which did set me thinking inwardly of brother Tom and to thank God for there being no Gilford fair nowadays for brother to goe a-playing the giddy goat therein.

But which be the true Delectable Hills is a pretty questioun, whether those about Newlands Corner, or Burford or Reigate, or the Titsey ridge, which be the highest of them all and so, in a manner of speaking, the nearest Heaven.

Moreover, 'twas here, in Titsey Woods, that I did first ask my wife to marry me, having refreshd copiously, in the way thither, at the Whyte Lyon in Warlingham, or I doubt I had ever brought myself to do it.

'AG, FROM BERT' * * * 'BERT, FROM AG.'

(Continued from page 801.)

explained to the Lady Administrator that while you cannot be considered eggsackly what you might call a genii, yet your intelligence over cookery is of an 'eighth that would surprise 'er.'

'It isn't that, Bert. I—I can't go.'

'Nonsense! You got ter go. Don't I tell you I've paid fer it!'

Ag looked up at him in despair.

'Mondays, Wednesdays an' Fridays are the days I promised to work late at the hostel, so—so's to pay fer your smoker's companion, Bert,' she said.

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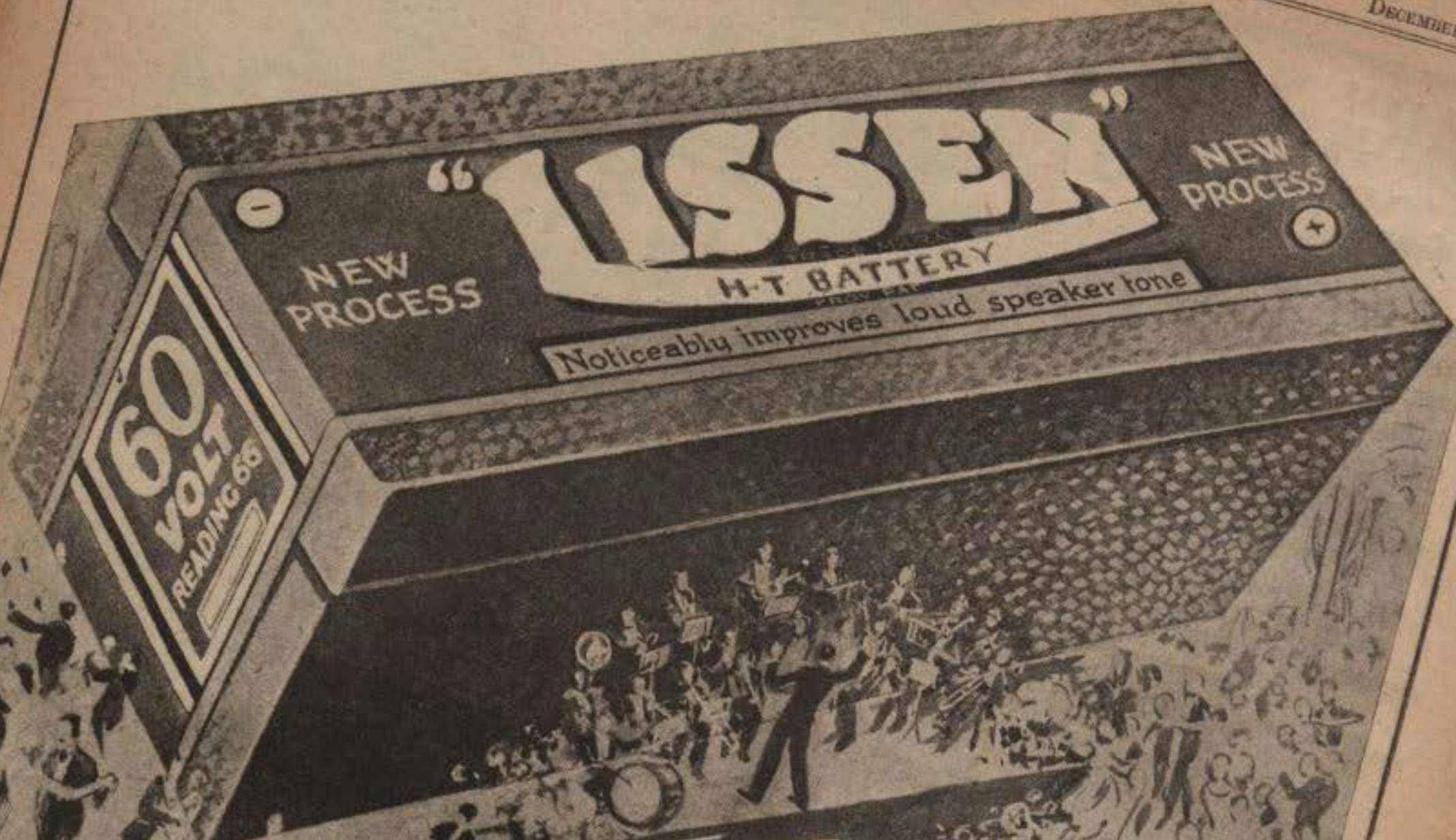
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"Modern Outlook—How it Arose." Professor Leonard Russell. (5XX only.)

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Saturday's Programmes continued (December 29)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 450 KC.

1.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45 S.B. from London

7.0 Miss ESYLT NEWBERY: 'Chinese Drama'

7.15 S.B. from London

7.25 L. E. WILLIAMS: 'Mid-Season Reflections'

7.35 Leigh Woods: 'West of England Sport'

7.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 4020 KC.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 S.B. from Cardiff

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.40 S.B. from Cardiff

6.45 S.B. from London

7.0 S.B. from Cardiff

7.15 S.B. from London

7.25 S.B. from Cardiff

7.45 S.B. from London

9.30 Sports Bulletin S.B. from Cardiff

9.35-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 KC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Recital

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12.0-1.0 A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL

March, 'Homage' Wagner

Christmas Dance Frank Bridge

Offertory on Two Carols Guilman

Noël; Adeste Fidelis

Selection, 'This Year of Grace' Coward

Two Negro Spirituals:

Go Down Moses arr. Edna Thomas

Steal Away Huntley, arr. C. F. Mauney

Entr'acte, 'Adorée' West

The Carnival of Animals (Parts 1 and 2) Saint-Saëns

Selection, 'La Boutique Fantasque' .. Rossini

The Two Imps Alford

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: THE TOYS' CHRISTMAS PARTY
Roll Call at 5.15 p.m.
The Last Post, 6.0 p.m.

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45-12.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Items of Naval Information; Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

12.0-1.0 Musical Comedy

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Girl Friend' Rodgers

Selection, 'Tell Me More' Gershwin

VERA FOY (Soprano)

Vilia ('The Merry Widow') Lehár

I can dance ('La Poupée') Audran

9.35 Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan Operas

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

'The Mikado' arr. Winterbottom

'The Gondoliers'

'H.M.S. Pinafore'

'Patience' arr. Binding

10.43-12.0 S.B. from London

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 KC.

12.0-1.0:—Music relayed from Fenwick's Terrace Tea Rooms.

3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.15:—Music relayed from Tilley's Backett Street Restaurant. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 10.3:—Dance Music: Tilley's Dance Band, relayed from the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge. 11.15-12.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

11.0-12.0:—Gramophone Records. 2.5:—Running Commentary on the Association Football Match, Celtic v. Dundee, relayed from Celtic Park, by Mr. J. Gordon Baker. 4.0 app.:—A Concert, The Station Orchestra. Muriel Child (Contralto). 5.15:—Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Organ Recital by S. W. Leitch, relayed from the New Savoy Picture House. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Scottish Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Joe Garcia: The Broken Line. 7.15:—Albert Whelan, the Australian Entertainer. 7.30:—The Choral and Orchestral Union of Glasgow. Eighth Saturday Concert, relayed from the St. Andrew's Hall, Conductor, Albert van Raalle. Solo Violoncellist, Sheridan Russell. Orchestra: Overture, 'The Bartered Bride' (Smetana); Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in E Minor, Op. 85 (Elgar); Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, from 'The New World,' Op. 95 (Dvorak). 8.45 app.:—Scottish News and Sports Bulletin. 8.55 app.:—The Choral and Orchestral Union of Glasgow. Concert. Orchestra: Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a (Brahms). Sheridan Russell: Plainte (D. Hervey); Arietta (D'Andrieu); Allegro Spiritoso (Senaillé). Orchestra: Overture 'William Tell' (Rossini). 9.45 app.:—Second General News Bulletin. 10.0 app.:—A Short Variety Programme. Isaac Lozowsky (Violin): La Capricieuse (Elgar); On Wings of Song (Menjelsohn). Jewel Manning Hicks in Two Character Sketches; Sunny (Arkansas Dialect) (Ruth McE. Stuart); Patsy comes to Call (San Francisco Dialect) (Kate Douglas Wiggin). Isaac Lozowsky: Rymns to the Sun (Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. Kreisler); Tambourin Chinois (Kreisler). 10.43-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BL ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

3.30:—Dance Music by Len Russell and his Orchestra, relayed from the New Palais de Danse.

4.10:—Studio Interlude. Hanzel T. Raddach (Soprano). Ruth L. Pirie (Violoncello). 4.40:—Dance Music (continued)

5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 7.15:—Musical Interlude. Three Fantasias played by Marie Sutherland (Pianoforte): Fantasia in G (Handel); Fantasia in D Minor (Mozart); Fantasia Impromptu (Chopin). 7.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 8.45 app.:—Musical Interlude. 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Scottish News and Sports Bulletin, relayed from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 KC.

3.30:—Orchestra. 4.0:—A Vocal Interlude. Bertie Woodbourne (Baritone). 4.45:—Organ Recital by Charles Howlett, relayed from the Classic Cinema. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Irish League Football Results. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—A Popular Programme. The Barndi Trio: Vi len Lambel (Soprano); Ma Ramsay (Soprano); Elsie Williams (Contralto). Orchestra: Dance Revels (Three Dances) (M. F. Phillips). 9.43:—Trio: Negro Spirituals: 'Swing Low,' and 'Heav'n, Heav'n' (arr. Burleigh); Elsie Williams: A Mood (Alison Travers), April is a Lady (Phillips). Ma Ramsay and Vivien Lambel: Duets, 'Just a Memory' (Ray Henderson, arr. Higgs), and 'A May Morning' (Denza). Vivien Lambel: Faint Heart (Lambel); 'Rushes' (E. Shenton). 9.58:—Orchestra: An Old Time Tune (E. Martin); Folk Dance, 'Dickens o' Devon' (Holiday); Entr'acte, 'A Forest Woeing' (Ancliffe). 10.10:—Trio: Orpheus with his lute (German); 'Trio' from 'Lise Trine' (Schubert, arr. Chasman). Ma Ramsay: Flowers of forgetfulness (Cudman); 'The Wedding Gown' (Monica West). Trio: 'In Derry Vale' (Londonberry Air), and 'The Irish Reel' (Traditional). 10.25:—Orchestra: Selection, 'Hit the Deck' (Youmans); March, 'The Gladiator' (Sousa). 10.43-12.0:—S.B. from London.



A CHINESE PLAY IN PROGRESS.

The two actors in this scene are wearing flags on their backs, each one of which represents a division of the Imperial Army. This is one of the ways in which the Chinese theatre dispenses with costly effects. Miss Esylv Newbery will discuss the Chinese drama in her talk from Cardiff this evening at 7.0.

The Little Maiden..... ('Gipsy Love') Lehár

The Looking Glass.....

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Her Soldier Boy' Romberg

VERA FOY

The Pipes of Pan ('The Arcadians')
Manckton and Talbot

The Piccolo..... ('The Waltz Dream') Strauss

The Waltz Dream.....

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Desert Song' Romberg

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Musical Consequences

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S.B. from London

6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.45 S.B. from London

7.0 Mr. J. CUMING WALTERS: 'Diaries'

7.15 S.B. from London

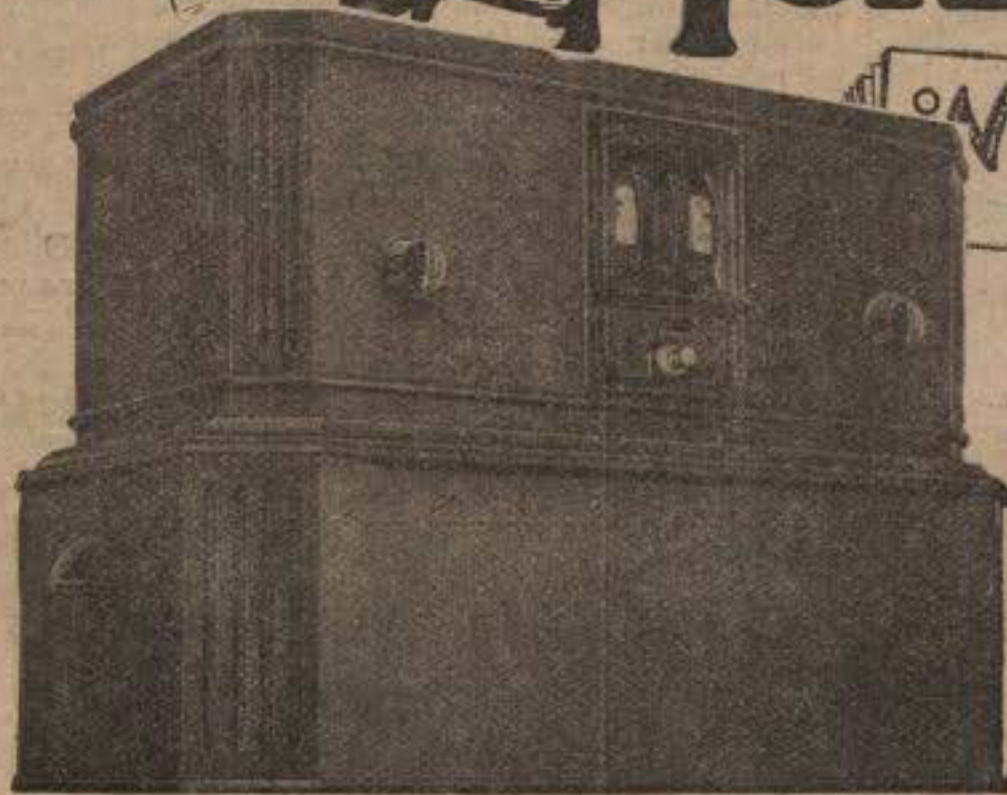
9.30 Regional Sports Bulletin and Local Announcements

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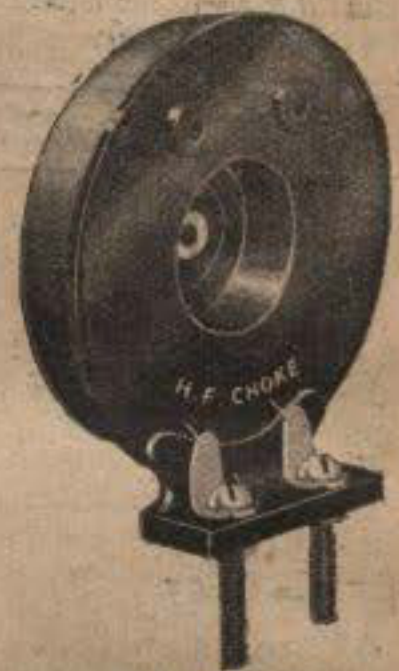
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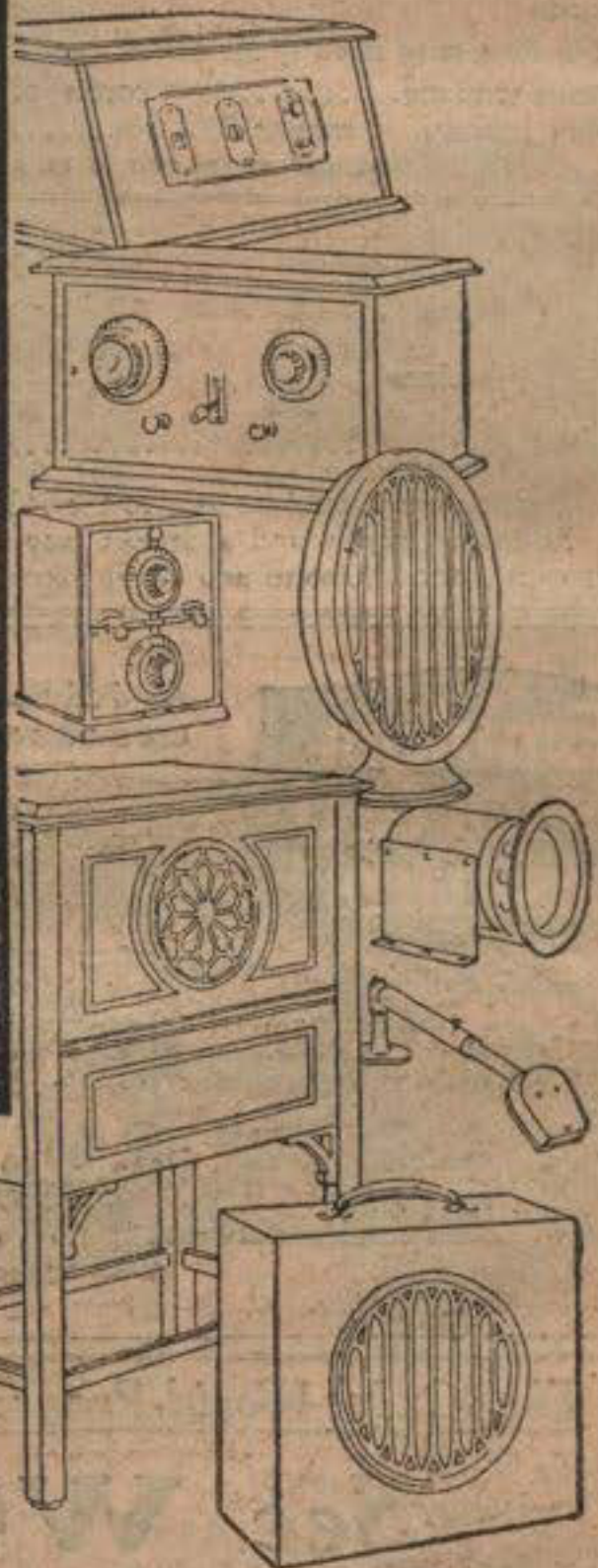
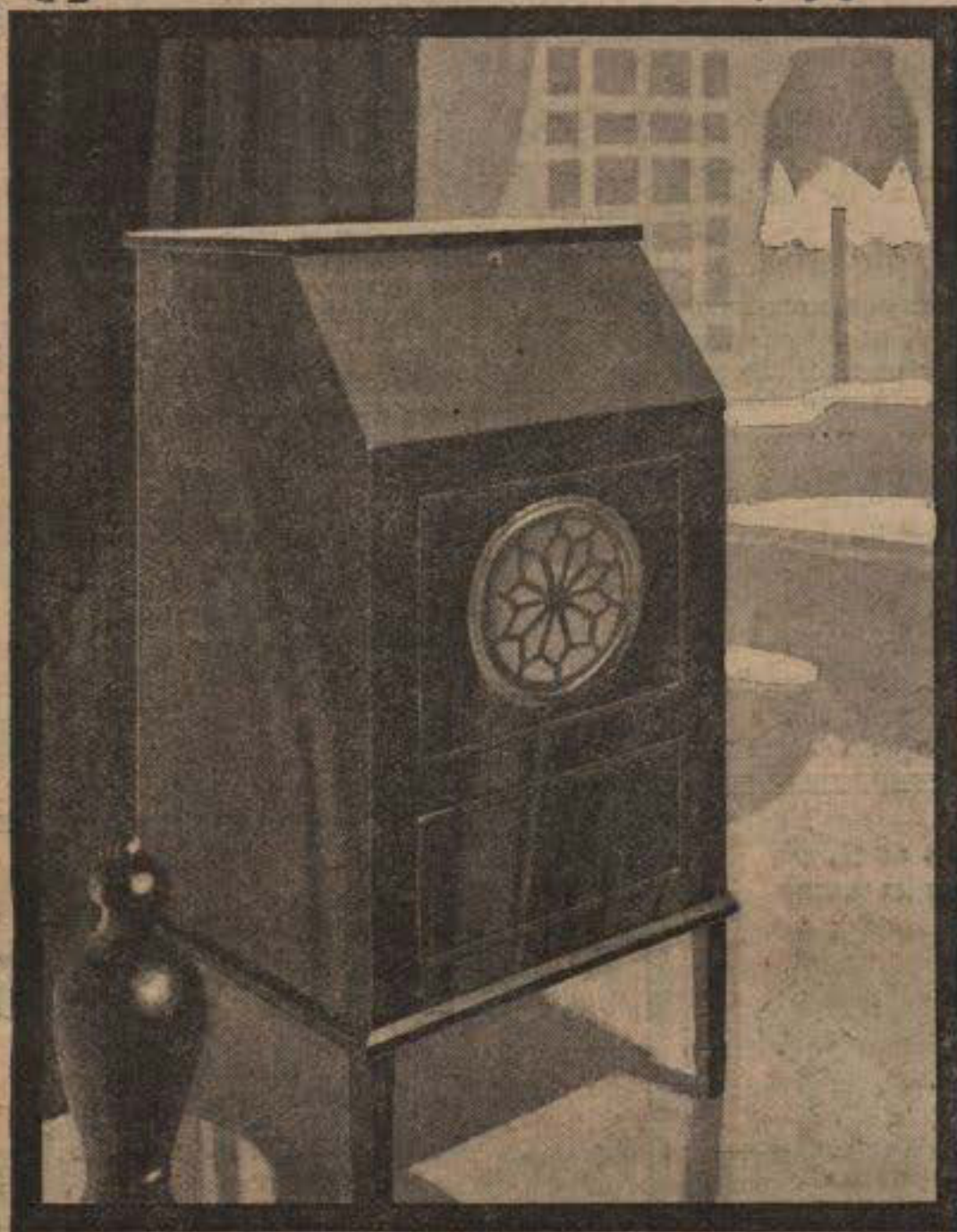


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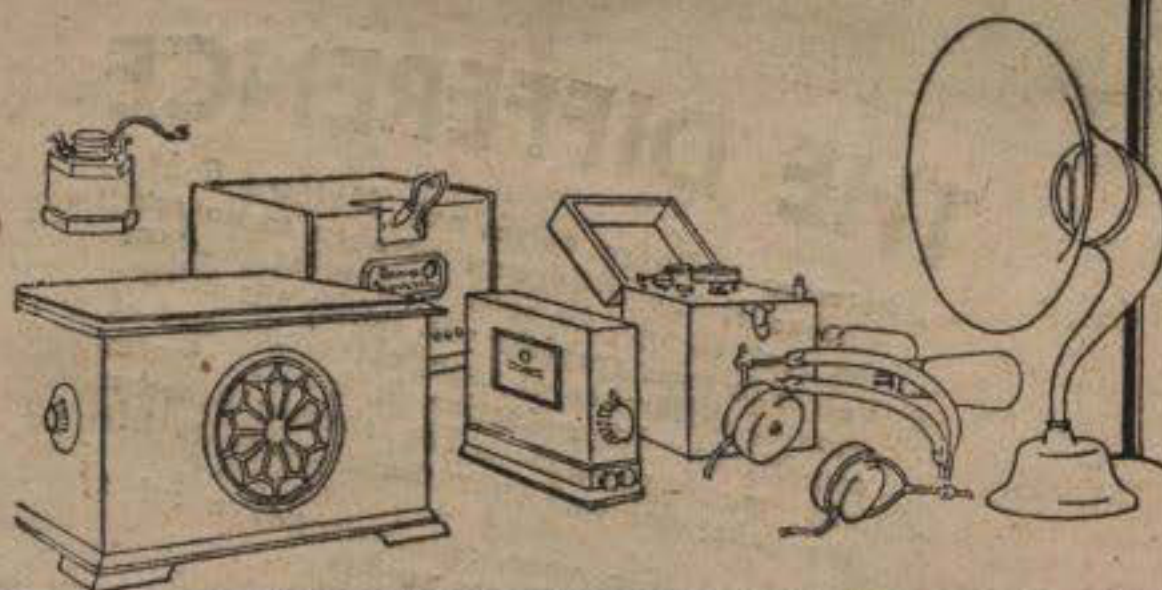
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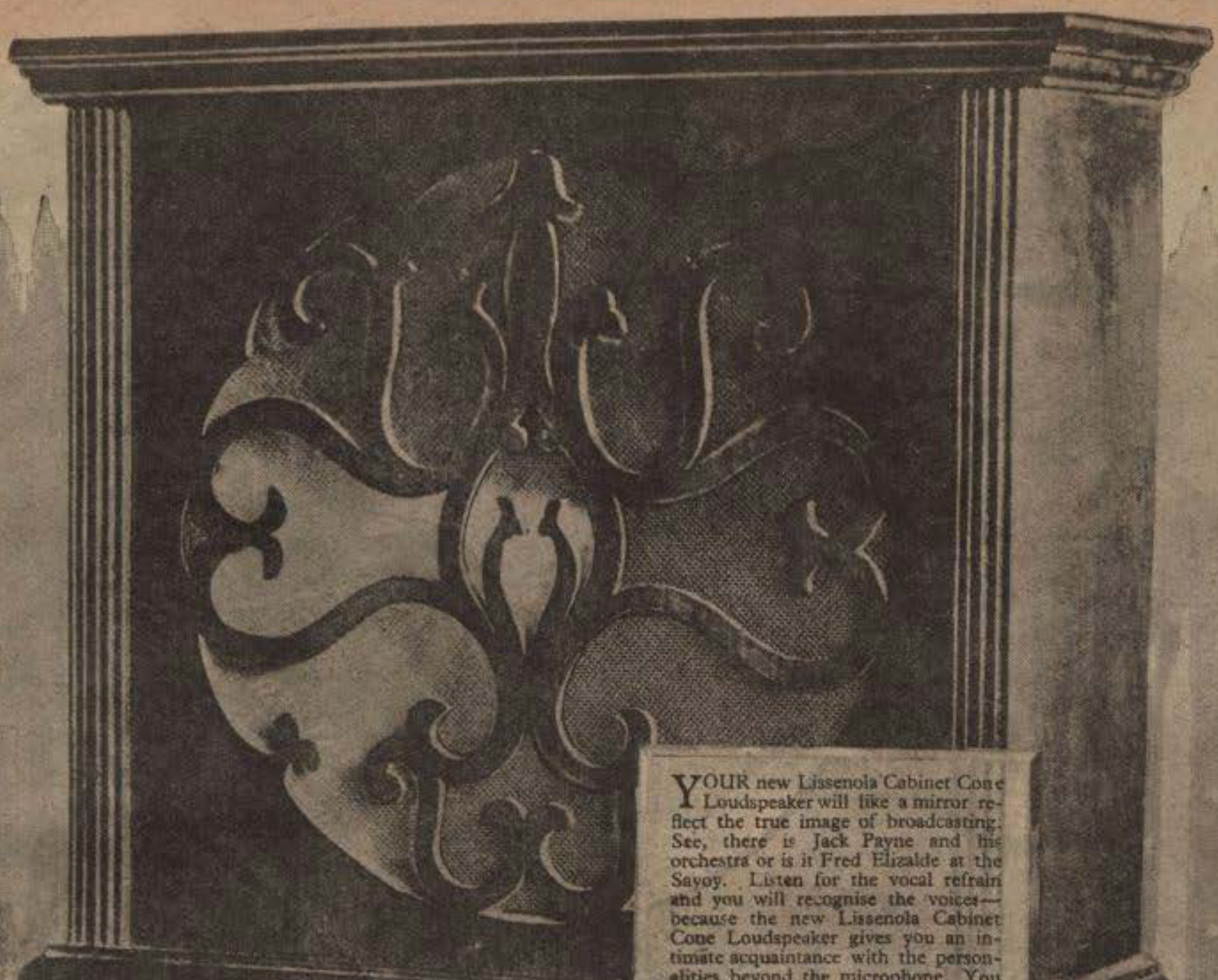
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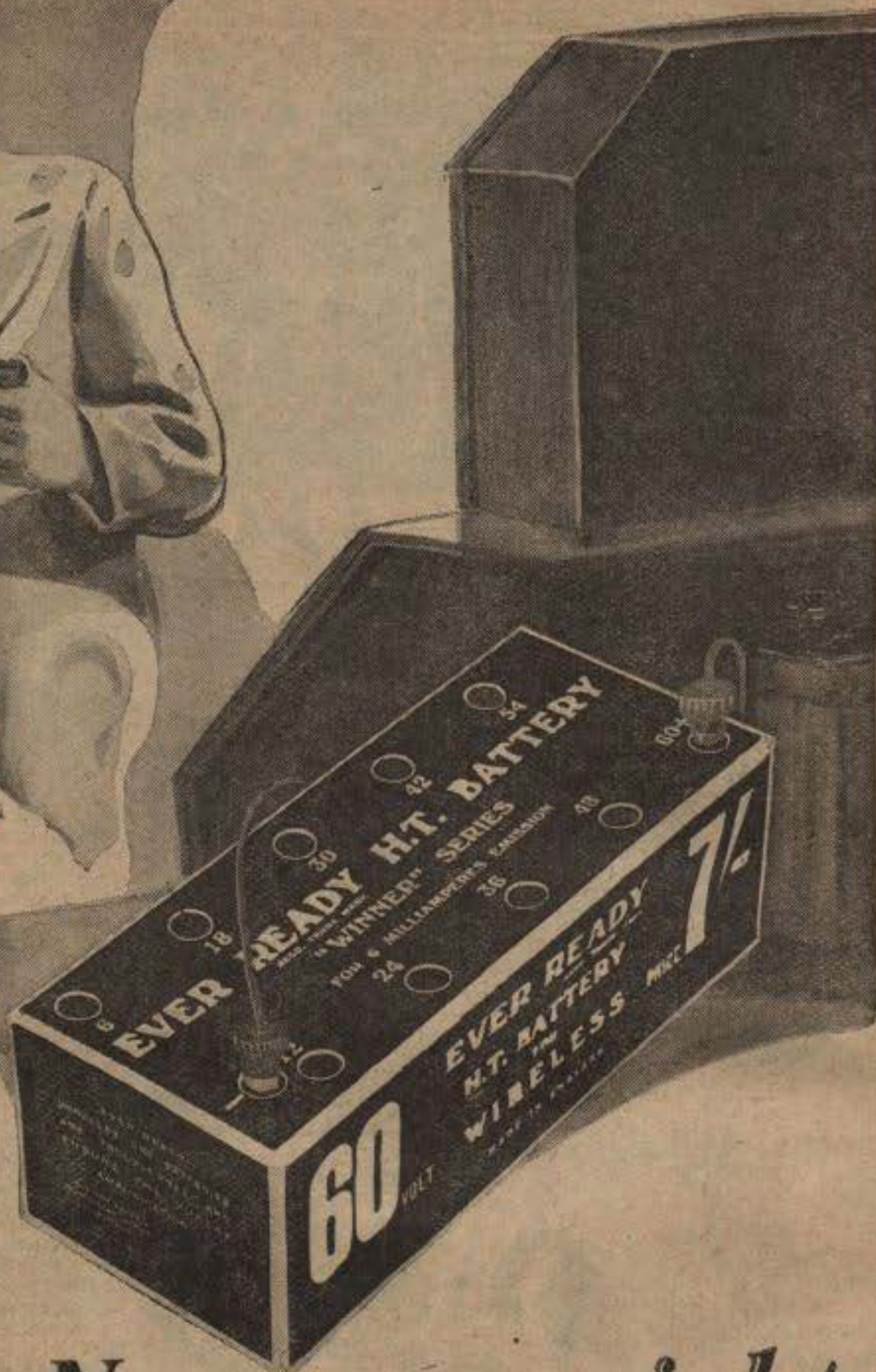
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