

RADIO TIMES

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

WE wish every listener a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year—a conventional greeting, but we are inclined to be conventional about Christmas, deploring the cynicism which has crept into the modern celebration of the Feast. Christmas, we maintain, should be a time of Snowballs and Skating, Holly, Robins, Frosty Carillons of Bells, Waits, Mummers, Santa Claus, Stockings, Greeting Cards, Calendars, Crackers, Carols, Christmas Trees, Crystallized Fruits, Mince-pies, Snapdragons, Almonds and Raisins, Turkeys and Tips, Mottoes and Mistletoe. A Heart-warming Catalogue from the Items in which we should miss as few as possible, for they are the Component Parts of the Perfect Christmas, to be 'assembled in the home.' Nature is stingy these days in the matter of Snow and Skating. Finances, too, are not what they were. Yet we beseech all those who are able to keep up the Old Tradition of Feeding and Foolishness—and to preserve a little corner in their minds for the Story which it celebrates. Down with Cynicism! Down with those who scorn to wear a Paper Cap, to fill a stocking with Toys, Brazil Nuts, and a Tangerine, to snatch a Burning Raisin from the Dish. We are delighted to observe that our Editor (Worthy Man) has discouraged this Modern Stuff and Nonsense and brought to his Christmas Number only those writers who have a True Respect for the Season.

As Christmas approaches, there is detectable in the somewhat hectic air of Savoy Hill a distinct Atmosphere of Festivity. The Pantomime is in rehearsal, snatches of Carol Singing drift from the Studios, the Talks Department babbles of Ghost Stories, mysterious Presents appear on our table. This year's Programmes for Christmas Week contain a more than usually large number of Seasonable Items. Monday brings a relay of the Nativity Play, 'Bethlehem,' from the distant

Cornish Coast, and a light-hearted Programme entitled 'Contrasts.' Carols come on Christmas Eve from Cambridge and Whitechapel, while the evening programme includes a Symposium of Ghost Stories and a talk by a Famous Magician. Christmas Day begins with a Service from York Minster. In the evening there is a Christmas Programme in charge of 'Mrs. Buggins,' Burnand and Sullivan's comic opera 'Cox and Box,' and a Scrooge impression by Bransby Williams, while 5GB has the Christmas pantomime 'Cinderella.' On Boxing Day 'Cinderella' comes to London, with Tommy Handley, Alma Vane, Jean Alistone, and other favourites. There is also a new story by A. J. Alan. On the same evening music-lovers can hear Handel's 'Messiah' from 5GB. The play of the week is 'Rupert of Hentzau,' a sequel to 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' broadcast last week. A seasonable Talk of the week is that which Mr. Willson Disher gives on Friday, on 'Astley's,' the famous circus-music-hall of the last century, celebrated by Charles Dickens in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

At the mention of Dickens we pause. If we had hats, we would raise them, for the kindness of Dickens is the kindness of the old Christmas which should never be allowed to vanish. Somewhere ahead of us may be an Era of Tabloid Puddings, Talkie Pantomimes, and Special Safety Crackers to be Pulled by Psychologically Certified Children. Had we really the energy with which we are credited we should attempt to band the world together in a League for the Preservation of Old Christmas—but we have no energy, only a Touching Faith in the Essential Goodness of Humanity.

A Merry Christmas to you!

'The Broadcasters.'



The Good Old Christmas

by
G. G. Coulton.



IT would be very difficult, even in a longer article than this, to convey a true impression of any society in the distant past. It is easy to create a picture by simply picking out oddities; but there we fall into the distortion of those who try to attract tourists by misspelling everything in the village, from 'Ye olde Hostelle' down to 'Ye olde Petrolle Pumpe.' It is easy, again, to imagine a vanished Arcadia; just to pick out the things that most annoy us in modern life, and to say confidently off-hand: 'It was not so in the Middle Ages.' The real difficulty is to exercise imagination without invention; to draw a picture that shall be characteristic, yet no caricature. The old Christmas holiday was kept by men who were far more immediately dependent upon natural conditions than we are. The survivals from prehistoric nature-worship are very marked. Let us take roughly, for the beginning of our survey, 550 years ago, when Chaucer was in his full vigour.



The monasteries of London, and some of the richer citizens, had their gardens and orchards; but most of the inhabitants were badly crowded within the city walls. There were farmyards with their cattle and manure heaps; there were common dungheaps in the streets, refuse in Fleet Ditch and in the city moat; no real system of scavenging; pigs and fowls sometimes sharing the rooms with the owners. When the bubonic plague appeared in 1349, it carried off a third—possibly more—of the population. Very few people possessed glazed windows or regular chimneys. Winter vegetables were scarcely known, except leeks and kail. There was little winter fodder; therefore the beasts were killed in autumn, salted, and consumed gradually through the winter. To some extent men were inured to these hardships (they felt the cold as little as our habitually bare face and hands feel it in comparison with our habitually clothed feet), but they felt quite enough to long for spring and summer with an intensity which has left its stamp on all their literature. Long before history begins, we don't know for how many thousands of years, there had been organized feasts and rejoicings at the turn of the year, and again when the first real green showed in the trees. Pope Gregory the Great had given the wisest advice to his missionaries: Don't be unnecessarily destructive; keep, wherever you honestly can, the old temples and feasts and customs; only baptizing them to Christianity. (Thus the spring festival has not even changed its name among the Teutonic nations; Easter is a prehistoric and pagan word.)



The turn of the year, then, was celebrated by Chaucer and his friends much as it had been celebrated at the Saturnalia of pagan Rome. It was a time of revolt, of topsyturvydom; 'We have gone through November and December fogs and frosts; January and February are still to come before

the first mild day of March; let us eat and drink for tomorrow we freeze again.'

The merriest days were twelve from Christmas to Epiphany, thence called Twelfth Night. The ordinary labourer, apparently, took a compulsory holiday; there was no work for him. At Eton College Chapel, while the highest class, the freemasons, fell down to sixty-seven for that fortnight, as compared with 108 in the fortnight before, the nine other classes of workmen fell from 121 to twelve; the numbers were not normal again till the last week in January. Schoolboys, again, often began their holiday before Christmas, with their feast of the Boy Bishop on St. Nicholas' Day (December 6). We have an amusing schoolboys' rhyme in doggerel Latin and English.

Then we choose one day our leave for to take,
When Christmas is over, full for shall we quake,
At our coming back Latens for to make.

Meanwhile, however, under cover of their Boy-Bishop custom they often managed to run riot. Every cathedral, probably, had its Boy Bishop; and certainly the custom was officially recognized and was smiled upon by a broad-minded churchman like Dean Colet. It flourished especially on Innocents' Day (December 28) when, as a prohibitory proclamation of Henry VIII puts it, 'children be straingelic decked and apparayled to conterfeit Priests, Bishops and women, and to be ledde with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people, and gathering of money; and boves do sing masse, and preach in the pulpit, with such other unfittings and inconvenient usages.' On the other hand, there was sometimes a custom that, if any boy could be caught in bed that morning by an earlier bird, he might be flogged then and there in commemoration of the sufferings of the Holy Innocents slain by Herod on that day. Others, without being schoolboys, celebrated some similar survival from the Saturnalia—'Lord of Misrule,' 'Abbot of Unreason,' etc. Here the 'prentices were naturally to the fore; and we have a picturesque though very jaundiced description of them from the Puritan Stubbes:

'All the wilde heads of the parishe . . . crown him with great solemnity, the king, anointed, chuseth for the twentie, fourtie, threescore or a hundred lustie guttes liketo hymself.' They deck themselves out with bells at their knees, and all the finery they can get, 'borrowed for the moste parte of their pretie Mopsies and loovng Bessies'; thus they ride on with hobby-horses, dragons, pipers and thundryng drommers, to strike up the Deville's daunce withall' into the churchyard, into the church, in spite of parson and service. 'Then the foolishe people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageauntes solemnized in this sort.' They collect money, and many folk are so foolish as to encourage these 'hell-hounds' by giving them food or drink. These are the words of a bilious Puritan; yet they are not much stronger than what we hear from Chaucer's contemporaries and predecessors. The mediæval dance was a definitely pagan survival, like many other Christmas and Easter and midsummer customs, of which our main record comes from the scandalized complaints of the orthodox clergy. There are few greater modern delusions about pre-Reformation times than the idea that Chaucer's Poor Parson would have sat patriarchally under the village oak and rejoiced to see his flock dancing on the village green. There

is scarcely one mediæval churchman who makes even a mild allowance for dancing, except on the most exceptional occasions. On the other hand, we are told of dancers miraculously punished, like the most of Sabbath-breakers, in this world and the next; and nobody who goes carefully into the subject can refuse some sympathy to this puritanism of the mediæval Church; for here, as elsewhere, our ancestors ran to extremes, and Father O'Flynn's job was rather to repress than to encourage merry-making.



Equally uproarious, and equally reprobated by the stricter authorities, were the Christmas mummers. In Chaucer's day they often enjoyed royal patronage; but Henry VIII, in his earlier years of orthodoxy, issued a proclamation against the custom, by reason whereof 'murders, felonie, rape and other great hurts and inconveniences have aforetime growen and hereafter be like to come'; therefore masked revellers and mummers are to be committed to gaol, without bail, as vagabonds. By a statute of his father, apprentices had been debarred from card-playing, under heavy penalties, except at Christmastide. No doubt one serious objection to all these sports, in some unimaginative minds, was financial. All these merry-makers, without exception, had their system of begging, and even of extortion, where begging did not avail. We come here to the still-surviving pagan custom of the Christmas-box. This was originally an earthenware box with a slit in it, such as are still made for children, to be broken when the money had been collected.

Space fails us for any but the briefest survey of the holly and ivy, yule log and carols; of the boys' squirrel hunts; or of the London folk turning out on the marshes of Moorfields for ice sport, tying bones under their feet 'and, shoving themselves by a little piked staffe, doe slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the ayre.' This was also a natural time for theatrical entertainments; and, of course, for good cheer in households that could afford it. Here again, however, some moralists were inclined to complain, in something like the words of a later disciplinarian, 'You say it is a brave holiday; I tell you it is a brave belly-day.'

An ancient poem, almost as old as Chaucer, characterizes Christmas according to the days of the week. If it falls on a Tuesday, 'a drye sonier that yere shall be.' How about Wednesday, which is our day for this coming Christmas? 'That yere,' says our prophet, 'shall be an harde wynter and strong, And many hydeus wyndes amonge.' We shall, however, have a 'merry and good' summer, with 'great plenty.'



'THE FAIRY GOD-DAUGHTER'

A Christmas Tale. By Compton Mackenzie.

IT was a snowy Christmas toward the close of the nineteenth century, a Christmas as cold and white as any of those famous Christmases which were celebrated by Charles Dickens in the earlier part of that century. It is just as well to give a thought to Charles Dickens at the beginning of this tale, because Miss Kimpton was such a Dickensian little person herself that one would almost have been less surprised to see her stepping out of an old volume of 'Bleak House' or 'Martin Chuzzlewit' than to see her about six o'clock standing outside the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, and reading the announcements of the pantomime of *Cinderella*, which was to have its first performance that Christmas Eve.

'But I really can't afford the time or the money,' Miss Kimpton was saying to herself. 'Not this year, anyway, with Mamma so ill and all.'

Miss Kimpton had no fears that anybody would overhear her when she talked to herself like this, because she always wore a respirator, and with her mouth thus curtained she felt that all her thoughts were safely locked up in a cupboard of their own. Miss Kimpton has been referred to as little. She was more than little, she was tiny. People were always mistaking her for a small girl, and this every Christmas Eve a red-faced man who was standing behind her, a turkey slung over his back like a postman's bag, pulled her ear playfully and asked in a jovial voice if she were going to the panto. What a look Miss Kimpton did give that red-faced man when she turned round! He, poor fellow, was so much taken aback by the evidence of Miss Kimpton's age in her thin cheeks and heavily-lined forehead that he opened his mouth nearly as wide as Miss Kimpton seemed, with that black respirator, to be opening hers.

'I beg your pardon?' she said haughtily.

'I beg yours, mum,' muttered the red-faced man, and gripping his turkey tightly by the neck he made his way through the crowds of Christmas shoppers in King Street toward the golden murk of the Broadway.

Presently Miss Kimpton, after a last longing glance at the photographs of Prince Charming, of the debonair Dandini, and of Cinderella herself, took her own way along King Street.

'I wish I hadn't bought myself these goloshes,' Miss Kimpton was muttering to herself. 'And, oh, dear, I do wish Mamma's feet weren't quite so big. It does make things so perplexing, her size and mine being two different problems, as you might say.'

Miss Kimpton's remarks were caused by the difficulty she was having in walking through the slushy snow on the pavement. The trouble was that Miss Kimpton was so poor that she could never afford to buy any clothes for herself alone, but always had to consider whether at what was literally inclined to be a pinch they would fit the ampler form of old Mrs. Kimpton. Indeed, the only thing that little Miss Kimpton could regard as her own was the respirator. This evening she had bought herself a pair of goloshes so large, with a view to her mother's being able to use them when she was well again, that she was having to slither along with her feet at right angles in order to keep them on at all. She looked as uncomfortable as a parrot on a polished table.

'Regrets are foolish,' she told herself on the

other side of her respirator, 'but unless Mamma does get rapidly better I really shall wish I had gone to the pantomime instead of treating myself to these goloshes.'

As Miss Kimpton went flopping along through the slush of that snowy Christmas Eve, her petticoats dragging, her mantle looking as if it would slip right off her thin shoulders every moment, and a lilac-laden hat she had bought for her mother to go to church last Easter Sunday bobbing about her fringe like the basket of a Covent Garden porter, Miss Kimpton



A red-faced man was standing behind her, a turkey slung over his back like a postman's bag.

was telling herself about the pantomimes she had seen thirty years ago.

'Dear me,' she exclaimed. 'What a one I was for laughing then! Harlequin, Mother Goose, or the Fairy Queen's Palace of a Thousand and One Delights! Very droll and delightful it was, too, and though I wouldn't like to say that the Clown aimed it on purpose at me, still—however—well, you never know—he might have done . . . A picture from the past thrilled Miss Kimpton's tumbledown little form. It was of herself sitting in one of the front seats at the old Surrey Theatre and clapping wildly when the Clown began to throw his crackers into the audience, it was of herself seeing a cracker glittering red like a great ruby descending in a wonderful curve right into her lap. It was of herself pulling it from her father when they got home, with her dear father dead these twenty-five years and more.

'Such a handsome man!' Miss Kimpton ejaculated with so much passionate conviction

that her respirator was nearly blown inside out like an umbrella.

'It may be my imagination,' she went on to herself, 'but on looking back to that occasion I cannot help fancying that particular cracker had a very unusually loud bang. I distinctly remember that I observed "Oh!" when the explosion occurred, and that, though the large portion remained in my hand after we had pulled it, I allowed it to drop on the floor in my alarm. And I remember dear Papa saying: "Pick it up and see what's inside." And inside there was a most beautiful little pendant. Not real stones, of course, because it was only a cracker, but still a pendant that anybody might have been proud to wear. And indeed I did wear it until I lost it in the crowd the day the dear Prince of Wales drove to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for his recovery. What a crowd it was, to be sure! I remember I began to wonder whether I ever should find my way home.'

By this time Miss Kimpton had reached the corner of Hammersmith Broadway, where the green horse-trams stopped on the way to Shepherd's Bush. She paused uncertainly on the edge of the kerbstone.

'Ought I to spend a penny?' she asked herself. 'Or should I endeavour to take off these goloshes?' The snow was much thicker and whiter where she was standing, for here, away from the shops, the passenger traffic was considerably less. 'A penny is a penny,' she went on, 'but I really cannot proceed any further in these goloshes, and the soles of my boots are quite incompatible. Quite incompatible,' she repeated, for she was rather proud of finding such a long and respectable word to describe soles that were worn through to the last thin layer of leather. 'And with Mamma wearing our slippers in bed owing to this spell of seasonable weather, I shall not be able to change my boots when I arrive home. And I do declare there's actually a tram waiting. A penny? Well, Christmas comes but once a year, as they say, and though it is sadly extravagant to spend a penny on riding in a tram without going the whole distance I could go for a penny, still—there's one thing I always like about trams, the step is so much lower than the step of an omnibus.' Miss Kimpton opened her purse and peeped into it by the light of a fluttering gas-lamp. 'Yes, there is a penny,' she proclaimed. 'So it's not as if I would be breaking into any silver.'

Miss Kimpton contemplated the two half-crowns, the florin, the four shillings, the three shillings, and the five threepenny bits which represented all the wealth she had in the world until she was paid for her work next week. In such genteel company the solitary penny, so large and so coarse and so dark, looked like a vulgar intruder. It really almost seemed a social duty to get rid of it. Miss Kimpton hesitated no longer, and though it was extremely difficult to board the tram without leaving at least one of her goloshes in the road behind her, she did just manage it. The first golosh remained on her foot by a supreme muscular effort of her little toe, and the second by the momentum of the sweep upward of the leg she had left behind her when with the other she mounted the tram.

The vehicle was not full when it started. Indeed, it was empty apart from Miss Kimpton and a fair-haired girl about thirteen years old who was sitting in the seat opposite the one Miss Kimpton took and a somnolently drunken

but amiable individual who told the conductor that he was prepared to go anywhere, to America or Australia or Timbuctoo or any destination for which tickets were issued, provided he was not disturbed again until he got there. Miss Kimpton murmured behind her respirator how painful it was that people could not let even Christmas Eve go by without taking a glass too much; but the obligingly indefinite traveller did not hear what she was saying and received in the end a ticket punched to the Ultima Thule of Shepherd's Bush, pending his arrival at which he tucked himself back into a corner of the tramcar and snored heavily. As for Miss Kimpton, she forgot all about her fellow passengers and began to talk to herself about her disappointment over the pantomime at the Lyric Opera House.

'I would not have minded quite so much,' she said, 'if it had not been *Cinderella*. But *Cinderella* has always appealed to me as a story. Still, the notion of spending two shillings on a seat was quite outside the bounds of possibility. Besides, I could hardly have left Mamma to look after herself for the rest of the evening. Oh, no, it was not to be thought of. For one thing, although she is wearing our slippers, she will undoubtedly require to have the hot water bottle renovated before she turns over for the night. Though somewhat stouter than me, she feels the cold as keenly as I do. And then there's her hot drink. Sarsaparilla may not be champagne, but it is a tonic, and it would have been highly remiss of me to consider going to see *Cinderella* without caring a button, as you might say, whether Mamma had her sarsaparilla or not.

But I should like to go. It's such a long, long time since I went to the pantomime. One might without undue exaggeration call it ages. Still, I must not say any more about my disappointment. I'm too old now to spend my time crying over spilt milk. Moreover, there's work to be done. That I must not forget amid these Christmas frivolities. The money I spent on these goloshes has got to be earned, and those covers for Easter eggs take making. Painting on satin may not be the highest form of art, but it can't be scamped or skimmed, and I must always remember the Village Blacksmith. What did the dear man say? Something attempted, something done to earn a night's repose. There's an example for all of us. All and sundry. Tonight I shall finish off those two kittiwitties looking with innocent baby eyes at the little bunny just popping his head out of the broken egg. I have undoubtedly made his ears too short, poor little fellow. I wonder what will be inside the Easter egg covered with my picture. Chocolates? Or satin pralines? I should put satin pralines inside myself. I'm bound to say that if I could afford it I should very much like to buy one of my own eggs and see what was inside it. Yes, that would certainly be a treat. I can't imagine anything nicer than popping into a shop on a fine April morning and asking for one of my own Easter eggs from the window. Of course, I shouldn't let on to the girl in the shop that I had painted the cover. I shouldn't let on that I was Miss Kimpton herself. Oh, no! I should just say: "That's a very pretty egg with the two kittens watching a baby bunny coming out of an egg. Hand done, I suppose? And what is inside?" Though I daresay she wouldn't know. Oh, she'd know nothing about the inside, I'll be bound. Still, if I had the money I'd buy whatever was inside. Even burnt almonds, though

burnt almonds would not be my choice nowadays. They're such obstinate sweets. I wonder how much an egg like that would cost. Five shillings at the least, I dare say, for I shall get a shilling for the case myself, and even with the pink tissue paper inside there's bound to be at least eight ounces of sweets in such a monster. That would mean another eightpence on the cost of production, and it could hardly be sold for less than five shillings. People must get their profit, or otherwise where should we all be? It's a mercy people can get their profit. It's something to be grateful for, when one has to live by what other people make, the way I have. Yes, a nice state Mamma and I would be in if nobody could make any profit out of my work. Well, we should both be in the gutter, and that's a sure thing.'

Miss Kimpton shuddered at the thought. It was no kind of a night for imagining oneself in the gutter. The snowflakes were falling so fast now that the houses on either side of the



'I've come to fetch you to the pantomime,' said the little girl. 'To fetch me,' Miss Kimpton gasped. 'But —'

road were hardly visible through the windows of the tramcar.

'A dreadful night,' Miss Kimpton went on, talking so loudly in her dismay at the prospect she had just conjured that her respirator absolutely belied at the urgency of her excited breath. 'A dreadful night,' she repeated. 'I cannot think however I came to suppose that I might have gone to the pantomime. Of course it was just a passing fancy. The notion just came into my head that I would like to go. I suppose it might be called a temptation. Yes, there I was, standing outside that blessed theatre and calmly arguing with myself whether I could or could not spend two shillings, and that does not take the programme into account, which would probably have broken into the better part of a threepenny bit—spend two shillings on an evening's amusement, as if I was the only person in all the wide world who wanted a little fun this evening. I'm really quite ashamed of myself; and now I've gone and spent a penny on a tram-ride which is not even a full penny-worth, for here we are at Brook Green already, and in two two's I shall be at home.'

Miss Kimpton rose from her seat as the tram pulled up and walked as carefully as she could over the wooden grating that covered the floor of the car, because she was expecting every instant that the heels of her goloshes would

stick and that she would be compelled to bend down in a most undignified way in order to extricate them.

'Good night, mum,' said the conductor, who paused from thumping his chest to hand his diminutive passenger on to the pavement. 'And a Merry Christmas!'

'A Merry Christmas, and thank you,' said Miss Kimpton, who was quite unaware that the conductor had heard all she had been saying behind that respirator, which was the only thing in the world that Miss Kimpton could call her own.

The fair-haired child who had been sitting opposite to Miss Kimpton alighted after her, and turned up the same dark turning.

'A Merry Christmas,' she called back to the conductor.

'A Merry Christmas to you, miss, and many of them,' he responded cordially. Then he gave a sharp jerk to the bell of his tram, at which the somnolent man in the corner stirred in his sleep to say that if that was the man come for the water rate he was not at home and would he call again.

It was very quiet down that side-street of small two-storied houses, in one of which Miss Kimpton shared a room with her mother. Miss Kimpton was so intently engaged upon keeping her goloshes on in the snow that lay thick on the pavement that she did not look round, or she might have wished the fair-haired child walking along behind her 'A Merry Christmas.'

When Miss Kimpton reached her lodgings she found that everybody had gone out. It gave her quite a turn until she found that her mother was still fast asleep.

'Fancy if she'd woken up and wanted her sarsaparilla and found herself all alone. Well, I'll get the supper ready for when she does wake, and then I'll have a little rest by the gas-fire before I get on with my painting.'

Miss Kimpton moved round the little room on tiptoe. Oh, yes, she had taken off her goloshes, because if she had tried to walk about on tiptoe in them she would have awakened the deepest sleeper in the world with their flapping.

When the preparations for supper were finished—and, to tell the truth, they only consisted of cutting some bread and slicing some cheese for toasting over the gas-ring—Miss Kimpton sat down by the gas-fire and made pictures out of the glowing lumps of asbestos, wandering about like Red Riding Hood in the heart of the forest they created for her fancy. The little woman did not regret having resisted the temptation to visit the pantomime, so much shocked had she been to find her mother all alone in the house; but she could not help looking up from time to time at the cheap alarm-clock on the mantelpiece and noticing how the hands were getting nearer to half-past seven.

She could not help wondering on what scene of splendour the curtain would rise in another twenty minutes.

'Possibly on the Palace of the Fairy Queen,' she murmured, and as she was picturing that palace, a dazzling silver abode thronged by silver shapes of singing fairies, the front-door bell rang.

'The front-door bell,' Miss Kimpton told herself solemnly, for she had been so deeply buried in the theatre of her imagination that for a moment she had fancied it was the bell which gave the signal for the curtain to rise. She had been so far away off in the days of her childhood that it was quite an effort to bring herself back

to face the problem of a front-door bell ringing in her middle-age.

And then it sounded again through the quiet house.

'Well, there's only one thing to be done,' Miss Kimpton declared, 'if I don't want Mamma to be woken up out of her sleep. I must go down and answer it.'

Miss Kimpton felt slightly tremulous at the prospect. It was so quiet outside in the falling snow, and so quiet inside with nothing but the low purring of the gas-fire and her mother's gentle breathing to tell her there was any life in the whole world, that Miss Kimpton dreaded going down-stairs to open the front door.

'It might be anybody,' she told herself, and to her fancy, anybody shot up into a great, menacing figure capable of the worst.

The bell sounded a third time through the silent house. Miss Kimpton opened the door of the room and peered out on to the landing that was dimly lighted by a blue crocus of gas. She remembered one or two recent murders and felt inclined to turn back and hide under the bed.

'Still, anybody wouldn't be so likely to murder anybody on Christmas Eve,' she told herself, and plucking up her courage she went slowly down the narrow stairs. Then, after confronting the silent street door for a few palpitating seconds, she turned the handle.

There on the snowy steps stood a little fair-haired girl in a pale blue velvet riding-hood, and outside in the snowy street a carriage and pair was waiting, the steam from the sleek bays rising into the frore December air and curling like incense round the lamp-post.

'I've come to fetch you to the pantomime,' said the little girl.

'To fetch me?' Miss Kimpton gasped. 'But—'

'And while you are there I will stay and look after your mother,' the visitor continued.

'Well, really, I—well, perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping upstairs—well, I declare I'm all of a flutter—'

Miss Kimpton was as near at that moment to believing in the reality of fairies as she was ever likely to be in her life.

'However, there's one thing, if I do meet a real fairy I'll know I won't lose my head, because I didn't lose my head then. I simply said "After you" and showed her the way upstairs.'

The little visitor was in a hurry to get Miss Kimpton off to the pantomime.

'You oughtn't to miss a moment of it,' she told her.

'Oh, but really, I don't think I really could—'

'Oh, yes, but you must. The carriage is waiting, and my uncle is inside.'

'Your—I beg your pardon, did you say your uncle?'

'Yes; he was going to take us all to the pantomime tonight, and then I said I'd rather you went instead of me.'

'Well, I'm sure it's most kind of you. Most kind. But, well, it's a question of clothes. You see, I'm not really dressed for a theatre.'

The little girl smiled and shook her head.

'You can't get out of it that way. I'll lend you my cloak. You're not a bit bigger than me. It'll fit you splendidly.'

With this the fair-haired visitor took off her pale blue velvet riding-hood and put it over the shoulders of Miss Kimpton, whom it did indeed fit perfectly.

'And I think you'd better wear my shoes.'

But, small though Miss Kimpton's feet were,

they were not small enough to get inside those silvery shoes.

'Well, as a matter of fact,' she confided in the little girl, 'I have a new pair of goloshes.'

'I know you have,' said the visitor.

'You know I have?'

'Yes, I heard you talking about them.'

Miss Kimpton shook her head in bewilderment. It was all too much like magic.

'And what must I do when your mother



The man who asked whether this Handel's Lager he'd heard so much about was 'great stuff.'

wakes up?' the little visitor asked as she steered Miss Kimpton downstairs toward the front door.

'Hot sarsaparilla. About two tablespoonfuls I usually give her.'

'Hot sarsaparilla. I won't forget. Good-bye. I do hope you'll enjoy the pantomime.'

There was only one thing that marred Miss Kimpton's enjoyment of the evening, and that was the loss of one of her goloshes. To be sure, such a loss brought her nearer to the original Cinderella, but nevertheless, she was vexed, because, after all, it was a brand-new golosh only bought that afternoon. Otherwise the evening was one long enchantment. Inside the carriage was a jolly gentleman with a large red moustache and jet black hair.

'A most unusual combination,' said Miss Kimpton, when she was giving the history of this adventure to her mother. 'I should be sorely puzzled to know whether to make him hearts or spades if I was telling his fortune.'

The jolly gentleman had made Miss Kimpton sit between him and a girl rather older than the fair-haired visitor who had been responsible for this treat. Opposite there were three jolly boys, two of them in Etons and the third in a white top.

'To the pantomime, William,' said the fair-haired little girl to the coachman, and as the horses started off Miss Kimpton saw her

through the window of the carriage standing in the snow, her spangled frock glittering like a snow-fairy's.

Is it necessary to describe that pantomime? It was the story of Cinderella. What more to add? Miss Kimpton sat in the best corner of the box, enraptured. It will not do to be too sentimental, though this is a sentimental story and only meant to be read at Christmas-time, when people are feeling kinder than they sometimes feel. Still, let it be remembered that this was the first pantomime Miss Kimpton had seen for more than twenty years. Let it be remembered that the pantomime was Cinderella, and that it spoke to the heart of the wizened little woman who lived by painting on satin pictures for confectioners of kittens and puppies and fluffy birds. And do not laugh at Miss Kimpton when she nearly jumps out of the box to catch the cracker that the clown seems to have thrown to her and to nobody else in the audience. Do not laugh at her when, with trembling fingers, she opens the half that remains in her grasp after she has pulled it with the jolly gentleman with the red moustache, and do not laugh at her when she finds inside not a pendant, but a paper night-cap. Least of all, laugh at her when it is time to leave the enchanted box and Miss Kimpton discovers that in her excitement she has kicked off one of her goloshes. In spite of its value to her and, as she hopes, to her mother, in the showery days of April that will come at last, she does not dare confess what she has done, and leaves the golosh behind her in the box.

'Your mother has only just woken up,' said the fair-haired little girl when she met Miss Kimpton on the landing outside the Kimpton room, and taking back her pale blue velvet riding-hood she hurried downstairs and out of the front door across the snowy pavement into the carriage without giving Miss Kimpton a chance to thank her.

'A most extraordinary dream, my dear,' Mrs. Kimpton wheezed from the bed. 'I actually fancied I saw a—well, it seems ridiculous to say such a thing at my age—but if I had been awake I should have called it a fairy. And she was hotting up my sarsaparilla!'

Little Miss Kimpton sat down and cried softly to herself. She was looking at an enormous box of chocolates on her knee.

'I couldn't have painted those two kittens better myself,' she sobbed as she put a knotted finger and a thumb as rough as emery paper into the box and put into her mouth a large chocolate which melted there like a lovely dream.

'Why, good gracious me, Mamma, I do declare,' she exclaimed.

'Do declare what?'

'I never took my respirator.'

'You'll catch your death one of these days,' the old lady wheezed, 'if you're so careless, Emmeline.'

There is a postscript to this tale. On Boxing Day Miss Kimpton's golosh arrived back, accompanied by two goloshes that fitted her perfectly; and on the day after Boxing Day there came a letter from one of the big houses in Brook Green to invite Miss Kimpton to tea with a view to discussing the possibility of her giving painting lessons to a little girl who had greatly admired her work.

CHRISTMAS CONSIDERED

Matthew Quinney says
his Weekly Piece.

THIS being the Christmas Number, I am instructed to be festive and Christmassy. I obey to the extent of discussing an aspect of Christmas, but I decline to be festive. Instead I intend to provide the element of contrast by intruding a serious and truculent note.

People are saying that Christmas is not what it was. Nothing ever is, or can be, what it was, because people are not what they were.

The fact is, the spontaneous spirit of the Christmas of twenty-five years ago has disappeared, owing to our foolish habit of forestalling the event. Carol-singing of the hoarse, itinerant and cadging sort now starts before the end of November; even in the middle of that month the more vociferous of our daily papers begin to develop hysteria in regard to Christmas shopping, giving illustrations of crowded stores, and in leading articles passionately begging us to 'Shop Early!' Christmas numbers of magazines now appear in late autumn (*The Radio Times* is one of the few honourable exceptions); and even church choirs burst forth into Christmas music well in advance.

In the same ridiculous fashion the eating and drinking side of the festival has its edge taken off by anticipation. At a restaurant several weeks ago I found myself with a shudder facing a man who was wolfing roast turkey, following it with plum pudding of singular richness—a revolting spectacle. Obviously he was the kind of man who would do that sort of thing any day of the week or any month of the year. What will his Christmas dinner mean to him? I hold that the turkey should not be seen (save in the raw state) for a month before December 25. For this bird is the Christmas dish over all. Roast beef is always with us; so is the chicken. You can no more strike a special note with such fare than with boiled mutton. As for the goose, he has had his day (or should have had it) on the Feast of Michael; and anyway he is a much overrated bird, of no account if not fat, and tallowy when he is. The turkey, then, for the Christmas dinner. His richness stops well on this side of cloying, and he has the added merit of being a fine standby for those days after the 25th when shops are closed and nobody wants to cook. You may come back time after time to his cold but generous carcase, sure of a cut, not mere shreds such as a chicken yields after he has been once attacked.

The most annoying thing I have seen lately was a huge notice outside a big store:—**FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS ARRIVED IN A SUBMARINE.**

This was early in November! I pass by the date, however, for stores and public are alike in this matter of foolish anticipation. But I can hardly restrain myself when I think of that submarine. Last year Father Christmas alighted per aeroplane in full daylight in the midst of a grinning crowd on the roof garden of a West End store. So we go from bad to worse. There is now nothing left for a

mechanized Father Christmas but a rumbling progress down Oxford Street in a Tank.

Although the present age is one calculated above all to stimulate the imagination, our magnates, in business, amusement, and the press, seem determined to kill that priceless faculty. When I was a youngster we never saw a personification of Father Christmas: the utmost was an occasional coloured picture. We knew that in some mysterious way he contrived to descend on every home during the night before the Day of Days, leaving gifts against our waking—which was always two or three hours earlier than usual. Weren't

seen in a large proportion of present-day toys. I pass by the absurdly expensive mechanical specimens, and mention only one of the pet animal toys. At the store mentioned above there was, among many other monstrosities, a toy dog as big as a pony (I do not exaggerate) marked up at a figure to match—ten guineas.

A few yards from where I sit writing is a ridiculous toy dog of no known breed, that cost not ten guineas but nearer ten pennies. He is short of an eye, part of one ear is missing, and his canvas hide is shamefully exposed in patches where its coat has disappeared. He has been with us for about six years, and is still made much of by his owner, who endows him with almost human properties, and takes him to bed nightly. What would that owner make of a toy dog the size of a young steed?

When I see the costly and inappropriate toys that are being thrust upon children I tremble for the imagination and the sense of value (especially in money) of the next generation.

New leagues are constantly being formed, most of them unnecessary. A badly-needed one is a League of Parents, with a monthly journal in which should be discussed frankly all the present-day food provided for the mind, and imagination of the young, in books, toys, games, and entertainment—including the Children's Hour sent out from Savoy Hill. The League's monthly journal might well begin by considering the fiat that has just gone forth from the Teachers' College of Columbia University to the effect that children shall no longer be allowed to waste their time over fairy tales. 'A child's reading,' says one of these wise-acres, 'must be regulated in the same way as his diet. We must remove from the nursery and kindergarten those utterly ridiculous fairy tales in which animals and birds are endowed with human qualities and talk with human beings.' So shall our children be helped to grow up into energetic business men and women—go-getters and boosters.

In the matter of presents, adults have long ago lost their sense of fitness. Time was when the right Christmas gift was something to eat, drink, smoke, or read, and the

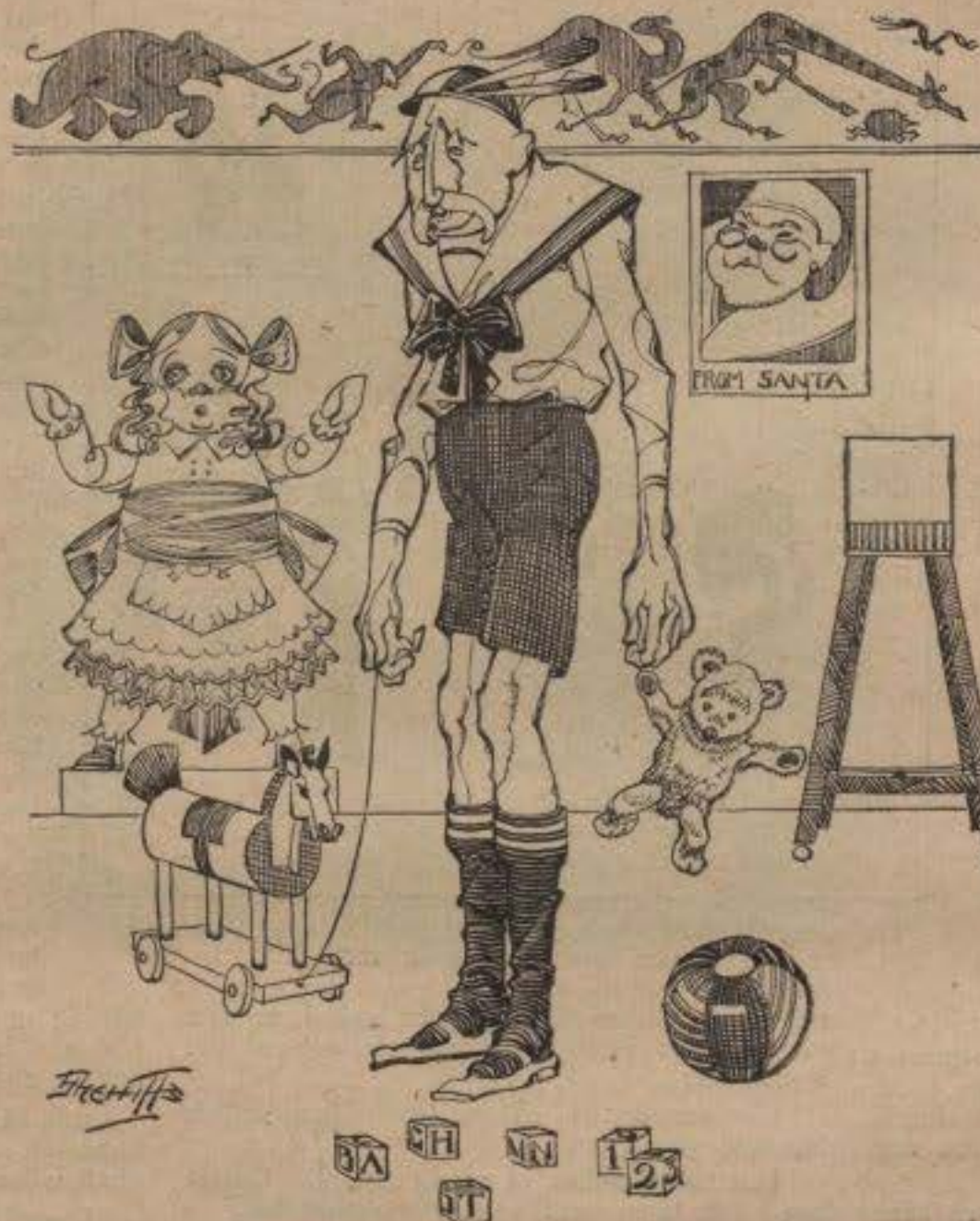
best of all were books—especially poetry, essays, and fine reprints of old works. Today we have allowed ourselves to be cajoled by shopkeepers into giving such dull things as umbrellas, mackintoshes, pieces of house furniture, and what not.

Well, the old-fashioned Christmas spirit would be worth recapturing, if only because in the process we should be bound to shed a lot that is fatuous and unimaginative in our outlook. And first we should take care that the celebration begins on December 25, and not early in November.

Very much to the point is a wise word from one of the greatest of Victorian women. 'Seek not,' said this ornament of her sex, 'Seek not to anticipate.'

MATTHEW QUINNEY.

* Mrs. Sarah Gamp.



B.B.C. OFFICIALS AS OUR ARTIST SEES THEM.
II—'The Children's Hour Director.'

we better off than our successors, who see a padded shop assistant, or an out-of-work actor made up for the part, arriving by aeroplane or submarine? My own youngsters (with no good will on my part) went two or three days ago to one of the Christmas-mad stores. For a shilling a head they were taken in a passable imitation of a submarine to the 'Ocean Bed' (of all places) where they found the usual bored and unconvincing Father Christmas. He asked their ages, and in a cool, business-like way handed them presents from pigeon-holes—four of them, labelled 'Under 7, Boys—Under 7, Girls.' 'Over 7, Boys—Over 7, Girls.' Could anything be more damnably prosaic? That children enjoy such goings on is no justification. (I confess with shame that my own brood came home full of the dismal sham. My smack-hand itched . . .).

The same absence of any sense of fitness is

A TALE OF FOUR COCKTAILS

By A. J. Alan

On the rare occasions when A. J. Alan can be persuaded to write down a story, he entirely conveys in print the joyous spontaneity of his spoken tales.



ABOUT three days before last Christmas I was walking home after rather a dull dinner I'd had to go to. The time was something like half-past ten, and as I was passing a house in a quiet road not far from my home, a woman came out of the front door and stood at the top of the steps. She seemed a bit worried—so much so, in fact, that I overcame my natural shyness and asked her if anything was the matter. She said, 'Yes—I'm looking for someone to send to the chemist's,' and then she went on to explain that her husband, her cook and her house-parlourmaid had all suddenly gone down with 'flu—there was a bit of an epidemic just then, if you remember.

They'd all been put to bed and the doctor had just been and written three appropriate prescriptions for them, but she was alone in the house and completely stuck for anyone to send to get them made up.

I said, 'You'd better give 'em to me. So she did, and I went along and knocked up the nearest chemist.

I sat for over twenty-five minutes while he made these three prescriptions up. You know what a desolate, eerie place any shop is after it's shut—well, this was. The only light there was somewhere right at the back where the man was doing his dispensing. There was nothing to do but listen to the tinkle of glass stoppers being taken out of bottles and put in again.

However, the job was done at last, and I bore these three precious bottles back to the good lady. I wished her a Merry Christmas, but we both decided that the odds against her getting one looked fairly heavy with her entire household crocked up. I thought she looked pretty rotten herself, too, only it wouldn't have cheered her to tell her so. We said good-night, and that was that, but on the morning of Christmas Day it occurred to me to ring up and inquire how all the patients were. The telephone was through to upstairs and 'Mrs.' answered it.

She said she was in bed now as well as her husband and both the maids, the house was being run by a devoted charlady, and they were having a very merry Christmas, thank you. Could I suggest anything to liven things up a bit? Otherwise they were thinking of cutting their throats.

I asked if visitors or cocktails were allowed. She answered, 'Visitors, yes; cocktails, no. We are only drinking medicine in this house, and nasty medicine at that.' Now this gave me an idea. Once upon a time, when I was having one of my periodical attacks of influenza, my doctor prescribed for me an extremely unpleasant mixture. It was

so peculiarly filthy that when he called next day I cursed him and made him drink a dose himself. His face did me so much good that he let me get up there and then.

I mentioned this incident on the telephone, and suggested going and doing the same for them. Rather a rash offer to make, but Christmas is Christmas, and one is apt to do foolish things.

It so happened that we had some crackers in the house, so I collected eight of them and sallied forth. The charlady opened the door and ushered me upstairs. My first visit was to the lady of the house. She was most definitely not looking her best. Her temperature was 102, and I hate boudoir caps anyway. I produced my crackers and we gravely pulled two. She got a false moustache on a piece of elastic (which I made her put on) and I got a yellow cap. Then came cocktail number one.

I give the recipe, as it's only fair that you should know what I suffered, although this first one wasn't too bad. The prevailing taste was lemon with a background of camphor, but I don't honestly recommend it.

The fact that we clinked glasses didn't help very much.

We talked as brilliantly as might be for a few minutes, and then she said it was time for me to call on her husband. He was in the next room.

As you know, influenza takes various forms, and in his case it was distinctly bronchial. I was especially sympathetic because that's how it generally takes me.

We pulled our crackers (just a thought sheepishly), and this time I got a false nose while he came in for a pink sun-bonnet. It didn't quite suit him. What with having a somewhat bristly moustache, and having been too seedy to shave for three days, he looked rather like the wolf dressed up as Red Riding Hood's grandmother. His particular tippie was as follows:—

and he stood me a full dose. In passing I should like to mention that the symbol which looks like zzz and occurs just above the word 'food' is pronounced 'table-spoonful,' and it seems rather a lot when the mixture contains a generous proportion of ipecac. The cinnamon (ingredient No. 5) didn't help a great deal—it merely had the

effect of giving the ipecac a time lag. My host offered me the other half, but I said it wasn't in the contract. Furthermore, there was no saying what the cook and house-parlourmaid might have in store for me.

I took my leave and wandered upstairs, knocking at doors until a female voice said 'Come in.' This was cook. Apart from a tint of green in her complexion, she was looking fairly bright. We greeted each other with enthusiasm, and she informed me that she was feeling 'That disturbed inside as how.' I told her that I was, too, and hoped that her medicine would do us both good. I expect it did, as it consisted of the following:—

Never in my life have I been so glad to split a small bismuth with anyone. We pulled our two crackers as per schedule, and I acquired a tin trumpet. Cookie, on the other hand, became the proud possessor

of a highly undressed china doll. I laid it beside her in the approved fashion, beseeched her to call it after me, and left her in complete confusion but doing astoundingly well.

My last visit was to the house-parlourmaid—they ought to have warned me that she was a slightly cardiac case, instead of leaving me to find it out from her prescription; as it was, my entrance might easily have killed her.

The sudden irruption of a complete stranger wearing a yellow fireman's helmet, a false nose, and blowing a trumpet out of the blue, so to speak, might have shaken the nerve of a person in the best of health. But it might easily have been the death of anyone as ephemeral or evanescent as a house-parlourmaid. Fortunately it wasn't.

I insisted on applying a restorative as under:—

Then we pulled the last two crackers. Even as they cracked the doctor came in.

No one had told him anything about me, and it was no end of a job to persuade him that I wasn't a lunatic—especially when he heard about my four doses of his different concoctions. He dashed out and fetched the other three prescriptions to see if any of the ingredients clashed unduly.

When he discovered that two of them did in fact make something approaching nitroglycerine, I decided it was time to leave, and I took care not to eat any detonators for lunch.

R Sola Sol gr ʒ
Phenazone gr ʒ
dy Amyra Aeratis ʒp
Sp. Amyra ʒp
Syr. Amyra ʒp
Aq. Camph. ad ʒp
Dose ʒss ad ʒss ʒp
every 4 hours - water.

V Vin. Ipecac mʒss
Tinct. Camph. ʒp
Sp. Amyra ʒp
Syr. Glycyrrhizae dy mʒss
Aq. Cinnamon ad ʒp
Dose ʒss ad ʒss ʒp
this time only after food - water

R Cypripedium gr ʒ
Tinct. Nucis Vomicae mʒss
Tinct. Card. C. mʒss
Sp. Vin. Gallie ʒp
Sp. Zingiberis ʒp
Aq. Mout. Rip. ad ʒp
Dose ʒss ad ʒss ʒp r. d.
p. c. 10 days.

NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

This is a most unusual Christmas Story by the Author of 'The Flower Show,' etc.

IT'S an odd way for a Christmas story to begin, but there it is. The sun was blazing down out of an absolutely cloudless sky, the dusty pavements shimmered in the heat, the grass in the parks was scorched to a yellowish grey, the whole huge city panted and gasped in that merciless glare, swimming-baths were crammed, ice-cream tricyclists were working overtime, pith-helmets had appeared in several important thoroughfares, cinemas were desperately announcing that it was cooler inside, and for an entire week the midday temperature had soared to not less than eighty degrees in what meteorologists foolishly described as the shade.

'Aha!' comes a chorus of gentle readers, at this point. 'We know just what you are going to say next, and you haven't fooled one of us. It's going to be an Australian story.'

But it isn't. And if you hadn't interrupted like that, we were just about to add that it was half-way through the jovial month of June, and that the scene to which we are on the point of introducing you is no nearer the Antipodes than Notting Hill. To be still more precise, it is the one and only reception-room of a small maisonnette—'my studio,' George Wilkinson had been known to call it—with an outlook over and into a singularly uninspiring section of the Metropolitan Railway. And at this moment George Wilkinson himself, suitably attired in a tennis shirt, a pair of grey flannel slacks and a couple of extremely decrepit slippers, was scowling over a large sheet of Whatman's board, while his pencil industriously reproduced the folds of his old green dressing-gown where he had draped it over a bolster near the window.

At intervals of from two to three minutes trains roared by in the ravine outside, and every time that this happened, the whole edifice shook like a jelly. But George was used to that, even if he didn't much like it, and as his only chance of escape from the maisonnette lay in making drawings like this, and then selling them, and then making others, and then selling those too, he stuck doggedly to his task, though the plaster fell from the ceiling and the temperature had risen twelve degrees since breakfast. An excellent fellow, this George. What the dickens, you keep on asking, has he got to do with Christmas?

Wait, please. It will all be quite clear in a moment. Look at George suddenly turning with a start (though we have heard nothing), look at him taking the spare pencil from behind his ear, and the india-rubber from his mouth. Look at him leaping to his feet, and brushing the shavings of cedar-wood from his legs, and wiping his forehead with his large handkerchief. Look at him darting towards the door, and then hesitating, and then glancing at his slippers, and then dashing forward again in spite of them, and suddenly snatching it open.

'Hullo!' he said, in the airiest manner imaginable. 'I was just—ah—I mean, I thought it might be the postman.'

The girl who had just come out of the opposite doorway laughed, and George Wilkinson again deeply regretted his slippers.

'No,' she said. 'It was only me. Isn't this weather awful?'

'Ghastly,' said George, trying to hide his feet behind the door.

'My room's like a furnace,' said Miss Marshall. 'I've got everything wide open, but it's simply impossible to concentrate. I've written exactly three lines in the last hour. And those trains!'

'I know,' said George, oozing with heat and sympathy.

'Are you getting on any better?' asked Miss Marshall.

George Wilkinson cleared his throat.

'I—I—I——' he said. 'I—I——'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I was only going to say, I—I wonder if you'd care to come and see.'

'What you're doing?' Miss Marshall seemed a little doubtful. 'Now, do you mean?' she asked.



'Hullo!' she said. 'Why are you drawing that old dressing-gown, Mr. Wilkinson?'

'Yes,' said George eagerly. 'I—I wish you would.'

Not that he really wanted to show her his rotten drawing, but anything was better than letting her go away—and not meeting her again, perhaps, for days.

'Come on,' he said, ingratiatingly.

Why not? What harm in crossing the landing, in broad daylight, after six months next to so quiet and harmless a neighbour? What harm, anyhow, in the second quarter of the twentieth century?

'All right,' said Miss Marshall, and stepped through the doorway, and—as less attractive people might have done in the same circumstances—drifted straight over to Mr. Wilkinson's work-table.

'Hullo!' she said, looking first at the sheet of Whatman's board and then at the curious phenomenon near the window. 'Why are you drawing that old dressing-gown, Mr. Wilkinson? Is it for an advertisement?'

'No,' said George, coming as close to her as he dared. 'Can't you see what it is?'

'Not quite,' said Miss Marshall, screwing up her eyes.

'It's an idea,' said George—with some effrontery, seeing that it had already occurred to not less than a hundred other artists, 'that I got from looking at those roofs over there. You see, he's trying to reach that chimney, and he's got tangled up in the aerial. Of course, I'm only just roughing it in at present—'

'Yes,' said Miss Marshall, tilting her head on one side. 'But why's he doing that? I mean, who is he?'

'Can't you guess?'

'Someone in a story?'

'No—No,' said George, firmly but patiently, 'It's Father Christmas.'

To his astonishment, Miss Marshall shuddered.

'That old brute!' she exclaimed. 'Yes, I see now. And it would be, of course. Copping up again like that, just when I'm trying to get away from him. In this weather, too! Oh, if you only knew how I hated that horrible old man!'

Mr. Wilkinson goggled at her.

'Why?' he asked. 'What are you talking about?'

'Don't make me say his name again,' cried Miss Marshall. 'You know whom I mean. It would be bad enough writing about him at the proper time of the year, but when an editor gets hold of one in the middle of June—well, it's impossible! Of course I can't afford to say No, but have to sit down on a day like this and churn out drivel about carol-singers and snow-balls—well, it's beaten me; that's all. You saw what I was doing just now. I was running away.'

'Running away?' gasped Mr. Wilkinson.

'Oh, not for good,' said Miss Marshall. 'I couldn't afford to do that, either. But the story's got to be in by the end of the week, and I've hardly even started it yet. Oh, why do people want Christmas Numbers?'

'I can't think,' said George. 'But they do, apparently. And, of course, if your story has got to be illustrated, and then if it's got to go to press in August—'

'Oh, I know all that,' said Miss Marshall. 'It's all perfectly reasonable and businesslike, and I've no right to complain. But this is the third Christmas story I've had to do in the last month, and I tell you I'm just about reaching the end of my tether.'

'Well,' said George, consolingly, 'this is the sixth drawing I've had to make of that old dressing-gown in the same time—and I tell you it's no help that it's the wrong colour and that I haven't got a lay-figure—but you know, Miss Marshall, if it weren't for Christmas—'

He broke off abruptly with a look of nausea. The utterance of that fatal word, on this hot morning and in the presence of this fascinating creature, had suddenly snapped the last thread of his self-control.

'Christmas!' he yelled. 'No, by gosh, you're right, Miss Marshall! It's loathsome enough when it comes, with its slush and its extravagance, and its vulgarity and its bills, with all its rotten sentiment and everybody expecting to be tipped; but when it tries to ruin the lives of decent, self-respecting people like you and me in the middle of summer, the thing's getting past a joke. And I'll tell you another thing; I've stood it long enough. There!' cried George

A STORY BY DENIS MACKAIL.

It all takes place on the very hottest day of a very hot summer indeed.

Wilkinson, striding across his so-called studio and punching his bolster as hard as he could. 'Take that, you old impostor! That'll teach you to keep out of my way when you're not wanted. Come along, Miss Marshall. I say, let's go for a ride on a bus.'

'Oh!' said Miss Marshall. 'But your picture!'

'What about it?'

'Won't you have to start it all over again, now?'

'No,' said George Wilkinson, as with super-human strength he ripped the sheet of Whatman's board in two. 'If I do a Christmas picture at all, it's going to be— By Jove!'

'What's the matter? Why are you staring at me like that?'

'An idea,' said George. 'Don't move for two seconds. Do you know you're looking just like a what-d-you-call-it?'

'What's that?'

'A Columbine,' said George Wilkinson, as his pencil raced over his sketching-block.

'Yes, but—'

'Sh! Keep still.'

Well, really, thought Miss Marshall, this was rather curious treatment at the hands of her fellow-tenant. But she liked him, and perhaps it was her fault that he had torn up that other drawing, and if she could help him in any way just by standing still for a minute or two—

'Marvellous!' said George Wilkinson, under his breath.

And suddenly the authoress smiled. For suddenly it had flashed across her that though she could never hope to finish that story about the orphan and the millionaire, she had been presented with another subject which would more than take its place. For supposing, that was to say, this room was rather more of a garret than it actually was; and supposing the snow was falling outside instead of this stifling heat. And supposing a young artist and a girl who wrote for her living were to meet, rather as she and Mr. Wilkinson had just met, only on Christmas Eve; and then, supposing— Oh, yes; it all fell together into the most beautiful pattern, with a beginning, a middle, and a regular punch at the end. Just what the magazines wanted. An old-fashioned love-story with a rich Christmassy flavour. 'I've nothing else to offer you,' the artist would say; 'no party; no Christmas-tree. But I've bought this box of crackers, just for you and me, and—'

With his last shilling, of course. And then there'd be that footstep on the stairs, and then the rich client would come in, or the rich publisher perhaps, or both of them, if one could only get it planted right, and—

'There!' said George Wilkinson, slamming his sketching-block face downwards on the table. 'Thanks awfully, Miss Marshall. I'm not going to show it you yet, but I can get on with it right away now. That's to say,' he hesitated, 'unless—'

'Unless what?'

'Well, I did ask you to come out with me, but—'

'Oh, that's all right. I'm going now. I've just had a sort of idea for my work.'

'Have you, by Jove!' said George. 'That's funny. Look here.'

'Yes?'

'Will you dine with me tonight? Nothing swagger, I'm afraid. Just Comelli's, I mean, or some joint like that. But if only you would—I mean it would be most awfully kind of you—and, after all, I mean—ah—'

'I'd love it,' said Miss Marshall. 'I hate being alone.'

'By Jove,' said Mr. Wilkinson. 'So do I. Half-past seven?'

'Thanks awfully.'

'I'll bang on your door,' said Mr. Wilkinson. And the vision vanished, and he turned over his sketching-block and took a clean sheet of Whatman's invaluable board, and shoved the spare



Even the waiter smiled at them as he hobbled forward with the thumb-stained menu.

pencil behind his ear, and gripped the india-rubber between his teeth, and rumbled his hair a bit more, and set to work again with what can only be described as will. The trains roared past as before, the sun shone more overpoweringly than ever, but George Wilkinson hummed as he toiled, and instead of glaring at an old dressing-gown on a bolster, saw everything that he wanted whenever he closed his eyes.

'Good!' he said, at intervals, as the Columbine grew gradually into being. And: 'Good!' said Miss Marshall, on the other side of the landing, as she pounded away on her portable typewriter. And even if the picture and the story weren't quite as original or admirable as they seemed to imagine, what did this matter so long as the artist and the authoress were happy?

And they were happy. You should have heard their laughter as they ran downstairs together at half-past seven, and as they hurried round through the stuffy, smelly streets to the stuffy, smelly Italian restaurant which we have chosen to call Comelli's. Even the waiter smiled at them as he hobbled forward with the thumb-stained menu.

'Hungry?' asked Mr. Wilkinson.

No; somehow Miss Marshall was no longer hungry, even after that long bout of literary creation. Perhaps it was the Italian atmosphere. Perhaps it was something else.

'All right,' said Mr. Wilkinson. 'We'll just have the dinner, then.'

Comelli's three-course dinner at one-and-eightpence. You had the same soup every night under a different name; a joint or an entrée; and then a sweet or a savoury. You made your choice at the beginning, and the waiter invariably forgot it.

'And to follow?' he would ask, as he removed each course. That gave you the chance of changing your mind, which you were almost always glad to do after you had seen what was on the other tables.

'If,' said Mr. Wilkinson, at about nine o'clock, 'you could possibly come back with me for a few minutes, and just let me make another very quick sketch—?'

Well, really Miss Marshall didn't see why she shouldn't. So she did, and George Wilkinson made several sketches in this rather difficult light, and while he was making them his sitter thought of several more exceedingly helpful details for her story of the garret. And then they sat there talking until nearly eleven, and then George Wilkinson sat there by himself, thinking, until nearly one. And then he gazed out of the window, quite as though he were overlooking the Grand Canal instead of a cutting on the Metropolitan Railway, and then he sighed and went to bed. And it was hotter than ever that night, and still hotter and more stifling in the morning.

But the picture went on, and so did the story, as the trains rumbled by outside. And no doubt that the Columbine was a very attractive and graceful Columbine, as she stood there so provocatively under that sprig of mistletoe; and no doubt that Miss Marshall's narrative was crammed full of exactly the same spirit, as her hero and heroine continued their lonely feast. After all, and as anyone will tell you, it's the feeling that counts in matters of artistic expression, quite as much as mere technical ability; and the feeling, on both sides of the landing, was becoming remarkably intense.

'Good!' said George Wilkinson again. And: 'Good!' said his neighbour, Miss Marshall. This, they both knew, was the stuff that the editors wanted. The real, ripe, Yuletide sentiment, with just that touch of imagination and romance, just that essence of sincerity that—well, there was no getting away from it. There was just that kind of universal appeal about Christmas that no other season possessed. It brought people together, it brought out the best in them, it gave one that queer sense of innocence, and friendliness, and optimism. It excited one, and at the same time it made one feel good.

Both Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Marshall felt very good as they dined with each other at Comelli's again that night. And afterwards, in the former's so-called studio, they both felt better than ever. And when they separated Mr. Wilkinson felt so good that he went out for a long walk in the moonlight, while Miss Marshall felt so extraordinarily good that she

(Concluded on page 895.)

SAMUEL PEPYS, LISTENER, GOES X^t. MASSING

Dec. 10.—Coming a letter from Pall from Huntingdon, she bids us thither for X^tmass and to lie over the se'nnight beginning Dec. 21: whereto Nubbins do add in a postscript his warm hopes hereof. So debating, my wife and I, what we shall answer sister—having it allready in mind, albeit not yet positively so determined, to goe X^tmassing by our two selves to East Bourne. Which was a matter of some deliberating, in weighing the *pros* and *cons*, taking first the *cons*:—*item*, Pall's house small and impossible of privacy, not soe much as a corner anywhere to escape into: *item*, Hours and other household matters too much governed by the twins: *item*, Nubbins a common fellow, though hospitable-hearted enough: *item*, his family (with whom we shall have to consort) worse: *item*, little to do beyond stuffing food, with forfeits, clumps, rummy and other like stale pastimes.

Pros: *item*, being within neare hail of deare old mother at Brampton and perchance may not be here next X^tmas: *item*, free lying, eating, drinking, for a whole se'nnight, whereby (ballancing this against East Bourne) do reckon to be above 20^l in pocquet over it: which in these ill times is a thing to think of. In the end, being 5 *items* to 2, East Bourne had it, and soe resolved; my wife to write to Pall of our great sorrow, but her letter most unhappily comes too late, having already bespoken rooms at the *Majestick* and cannot now unbespeak them. So in order to truthen this, before the letter goes, I forthwith to get the *Majestick* on the foan, and by God's mercy have one good room left, on the 1st floor. Which I did then and there bespeak, to the great easing of my conscience, in what my wife writes to Pall being true by the time it was writ.

Dec. 12.—Ticquet-clipper at St. James's Park good-mornings me this forenoon, the first time he have good-morninged me all the year: and the fellow that takes my ticquet at The Mansion House does the same. So here am I twice good-morninged by ticquet-men (and that for the first time) in one forenoon: which methought timely, for the good will of it, to this blessed season.

Dec. 13.—My wife in the full tide of our X^tmass givings, buying, allotting and packing them: which she do feign to find a sore burden, in particular having mine to do as well as her own, with some jerks at me that I leave all to her: yet inwardly, I can see, revels in it, and her grumbles against me but to add to her revelling. So where were either sense or kindness in my depriving her hereof?

Dec. 15 (*Lord's Day: 3rd in Advent*).—To church my wife and I, to Mr. Blick. What liked me best was the opening hymn, 'On Jordan's banks,' to *New Winchester*, one of the noblest tunes, methinks, ever writ. Sermon, however, liked me not soe well, being for the sick and poor, and asks a special offering to gladden theyr X^tmass to them. So 10^s into the plate instead of mine accustomed 2^s 6^d, as I could not in conscience do less, yet in a manner (God forgive me) secretly a little peeved hereby. In singing the Psalms did observe (looking ahead) that this Evening's Psalm is the longest, for a single office, in the whole Psalter. Whereby was put in mind of my wife's gt he-cozen, Balty, that was a most regular twiccer every Lord's Day, saving onelic when it fell upon the 15th of the *mon*, and then always cutt Evensong, upon a consideration that 73 verses of psalm at one standing be too much to ask of any man.

Dec. 18.—My wife, by mine instigationn, offers Cook and Doris to goe home for the holiday, and will bring in Mrs. Blagg, the Charlady, to mind house in their absence. Whereto their answer is they can neither of them think of imposing upon us herein, the added expence of Mrs. Blagg, and so forth; seeming not to see that the added expence of Mrs. Blagg be more than compensated by the subtracted expence of their 2 Keeps (with X^tmass extras in), yet we cannot with dignity acquaint them of



this. And the devilish thing is, our considering of them is hereby made to appear their considering of us, which do make me mad. My wife, however, doubts that all they consider of is Doris of William, Cook of George, from whom they will neither of them be parted for safety's sake, knowing what he-lovers are when they be out of their sweetheart's eyes, and husbands sometimes not much better. Which, the look my wife gives me in saying this did trouble me, lest it mean she have wind of my night-clubbing it with Squillinger while she was at Frome. But watching her narrowly, did conclude for its being nothing worse than a general wipe, with noe particularity behind it, to mine infinite good content.

Dec. 21. (*Thomas's Day. Shortest Day*).—My wife to the barber's to her permanent-waving for East Bourne, the third time she have been permanent-waved since Whitsun; soe why they call it permanent, God knows. However, upon my pressing the questionn, acquaints me of the wave's being indeed permanent in respect of the old hairs, but this repeated business be for the new hairs sprouted since last waving, and these, unless I w^d have her make a guy of herself, must be periodically waved into conformity with the rest. Whereby do seem to me these barbers must reape a rich harvest out of the meticulous

vanity of our modern women, my wife and others, God forgive them.

She gone, I to my tailor's for the last try-on of my new holiday-suit, middle gray with faint pink pin-stripe, which is very noble; and when the fellow have made certain nice adjustments wherewith I charged him—in particular, the unpinching of the pinch at the coat's waist by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, neither more nor less, at either seam—shall, I believe, become me mightily. Pestered all this evening with little urchins, boys and girls, that come round in 2^d and 3^d singing 'While Shepherds Watched,' on the doorstep: and, if left unnoticed, do ring the bell and go on ringing till someone answers it. So bade Doris, next time they ring, let them ring till they tire themselves. Presently coming a longer, louder ring then ever, I out in a great fury to put the feare of God into the little devills by suddenly flinging wide the door and nabbing one of them; whereby within an ace of nabbing Mrs. Blick that stands on the step with a winter-cherry in her hand; which she brings my wife for X^tmass, and hath, says she, been ringing these 5 min and more. So bade her within, albeit have some misgivings what may be behind, when Vicar's ladies come round with offerings of winter-cherries. Herein soon justified, when madam, after some aimless civilities, do presently remarque, in the most casual manner, she supposes my wife cannot possibly take the mothers' meeting for her come Monday. Which my wife cannot do, being the day we goe to East Bourne, and so told madam, with infinite joy in seeing her face fall and inwardly (as I perceive) cursing herself, the 2^d she have wasted on the winter-cherry.

Dec. 24.—At East Bourne. Come hither yesterday. A most full house and have to share our table with an elderly gentleman and his pretty young wife, not $\frac{1}{2}$ his age and in all respects too good for him. My wife, however, most sniffy of her, saying, if they be married, must have vamped him into it, but for her part doubts the marriage. Whereto, I confronting her with pretty young madam's wedding-ring, makes scornful answer that, if this be all there is to it, any woman can be married any day for 6d. at Woolworth's or Marks and Spencer's. Hereby do perceive my wife be jealous of madam's youth and beauty, and behoves me to be most circumspect in any civilities I show her.

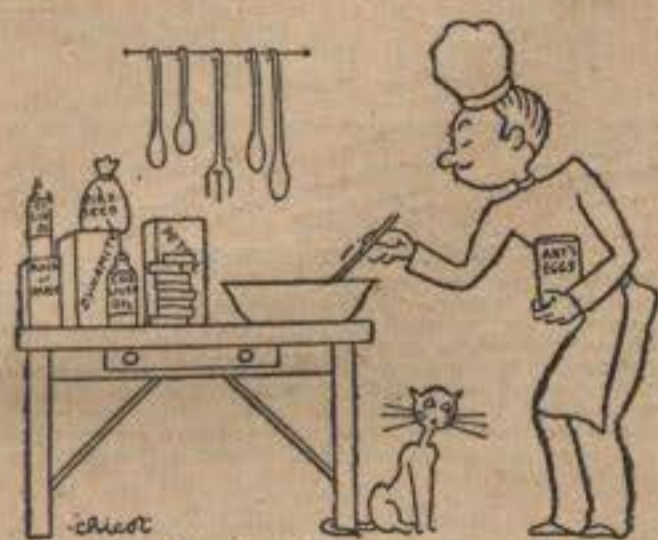
Dec. 25. (*X^tmass Day*).—We to Church to S. Saviour's this forenoon, and sets me thinking of mother's old friend, Mrs. Ada Bailey ('Edna I, yall') that did one time worshipp here, and got the bells for the church by writing books to pay for them—'Donovan,' 'We Two,' 'In the Golden Days,' and others, that had, in their day, a great vogue, but none me fears do now read them, being not enough spicey for the present ungodly generationn, God rest her!

At the X^tmass dance this night, my wife gone early to bed of the head-ake, I did twice fox-trott with pretty young Madam, seeing no need to acquaint my wife hereof; but, when I goe up, winds Madam's scent on me beyond my expectationn, saying Pah! It makes her sick, with other such matters; and is this, prithee, what I do when her back is turned? Whereto did, in the most conciliatory manner possible, protest my complete innocence of offense: yet inwardly mighty vext with my wife, her keen nose in winding Madam's scent on me, and even more vext with myself that I had not killed it before coming to bed, with a full segar.

R. M. FREEMAN.

RECIPES, ROMPS AND REACTIONS.

Sauce for This Year's Christmas Pudding. By TOMMY HANDLEY.



'I never imagined that anyone would take me seriously.'

A CHRISTMAS pudding must, I understand, be made several weeks before Christmas, just as an Easter egg has to be laid a long time before Easter, and potatoes must be dug before eating. And so when I broadcast a recipe for making a pudding a few days before last Christmas I warned my listeners that if their family pudding wasn't already hanging beside the holly in the hall, they had better run round to the ironmonger's and get a ready-made one, boil it for three days, and serve it up so smothered in brandy sauce that no one would care whether it was a Christmas pudding or a Jerusalem artichoke.

When, however, I included in my recipe (or receipt, if you prefer it, Mrs. Beeton) such ingredients as plaster of Paris, bird-seed, petrol, dynamite, horse-radish, cod-liver oil, beeswax, and boot-polish, I never imagined that anyone would take me seriously. Imagine my perturbation and discomfiture when, a few days after Christmas, I began to receive an avalanche of angry letters; some from families, some from lawyers, others from hospitals and nursing homes, where the victims of my recipe were endeavouring to get the petrol and plaster of Paris out of their cisterns—I mean systems. So this year the very mention of a mince-pie gives me melancholia, and the sight of a Christmas pudding sends me into hysterics which can only be cured by a basinful of brandy sauce.

Of course, I didn't enjoy a real good, old-fashioned Christmas last year because I had to broadcast on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, so I spent both days at Savoy Hill, and with all due respect to that homely and hospitable caravanserai, I do not want to spend Christmas there again. Since, however, the listening public seem to relish inside information of the goings on in the Bureau de Broadcaste, I will tell you in intimate detail just what happened at the party provided for us.

Naturally, the organization of the B.B.C. is so perfect, every moment occupied and every ampere utilized, that behind its padded doors and in its padded cells our great national festivals often go unnoticed; Pancake Tuesday seems the same as Sheffield Wednesday, and April 1 differs in no respect from November 5. Last Guy Fawkes Day I tried to remedy this by letting off squibs in the studio, turning a few

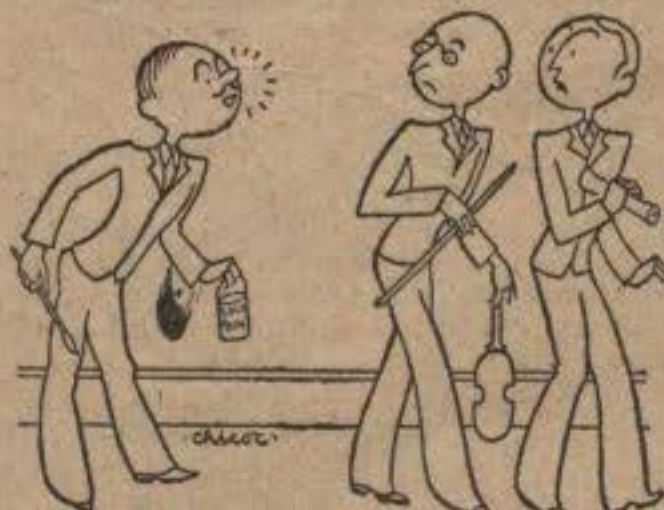
catherine wheels in the waiting-room, and painting my nose like a Roman candle, but such boyish pranks meet with a poor reception where such serious work has to be done.

But to return to the Festive Season, as it is called in the Sunday papers—I don't want to give the impression that Christmas Day at Savoy Hill had anything in common with Christmas Day in the Workhouse. We differed from the depressed inmates of the latter in this respect—we *did* have Christmas pudding! We had, in fact, a real Yuletide revel, and if my own performance that day did not do me justice it was because I had already done too much justice to the repast prepared for us by the B.B.C. chef—M. de la Salle d'Ammoniac. To be perfectly candid (although a trifle pathological), I was suffering from a distended diaphragm or an extended epigastrium—whatever it was, I was too full for words!

Our Christmas dinner was laid out in the canteen, and the artists were laid out in the corridor. Oh, yes! we have a canteen, but it is as dry as a battery; all that is obtainable there is tea that is called coffee when it tastes like cocoa, suggestive biscuits, and B.B.C. buns full of cross currents, while occasionally they try bacon on a condensed grid and serve it up with eggs relaid from China. On this occasion the canteen was transformed, and I must congratulate the transformer. He had obtained a wonderful atmospheric effect with garlands of garlic and mistletoe hung in all the most inaccessible places. There was holly on the chairs to make those who sat down sit up, and axle-grease on the floor to make those who stood up sit down notwithstanding.

We commenced with oysters, succulent bivalves, Nature's own two-valve sets. It wasn't the fault of the chef that in some of these sets the licence had long-expired! I thought I found a pearl in one of mine, but it was only a crystal. They were followed by leek soup, grid-leek soup or Potage a la Batterie. M. de la Salle d'Ammoniac, the chef, must have strained this through his whiskers, for I found one in mine. I suggested that he should be put away in a dry cell, but as all the artists and announcers were inhaling their soup at the time, I couldn't make myself heard.

Then came the turkey, specially fattened at Brookman's Park, where the new station was then in process of erection. Pieces of old



'I tried to remedy this by painting my nose like a Roman candle.'



'Two of our favourite waitresses, Milly Volt and Milly Ampere.'

aerial were still protruding from his torso, and as soon as the carving knife touched his control-box sparks flew from his dynamo. Naturally, a daily diet of iron-filings had not improved his contours, but this was made up for by filling him with transformer stuffing. When I wished the guests the compliments of the seasoning I was given such a short circuit that I had to be brought round with an electric pick-me-up.

The Christmas pudding was brought in with musical honours by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and for no apparent reason the choir sang *The Roast Beef of Old England*—but they often make mistakes like that. It was carried by our two favourite waitresses, Milly Volt and Milly Ampere. And they were dressed to Kill O! What! On the composition of the pudding I will observe a discreet silence, but it was full of good things. In my helping I found a lucky horseshoe and a piece of induction-coil—others were not so fortunate. One of the commissionaires found a threepenny bit and didn't know what to do with it, and a page boy found a visitor he had mislaid six months ago. I have never seen a pudding so full of surprise items!

The port was circulated when the pudding had expired, and it proved to be Old Daventry 5XX vintage, matured in the wood and not yet out of it, but very, very portable! It induced us to play games until it was time to close down, and then we sat down and told riddles and ghost stories round the ampli-fire. I must admit I enjoyed the games; we played 'Hide the Kipper,' 'Here We Go Round the Microphone,' 'Kiss in the Studio,' 'Strip Jack Payne,' and 'Brookman's Bluff.' It was like a Children's Hour played in your second childhood.

And then we put on the best hats and coats we could find in the cloak-room, kissed the commissionaires and fell down the stairs. We all stood outside tattling the whiskies—I mean whistling for taxis, and I couldn't decide whether it was right to tip a taxi-cabby or tax a tipsy cabby, so I walked home singing 'I'll take the low-brows and you'll take the high-brows, and I'll be in Belfast before you.' What a party! I'll never see its like again. Principally because I won't be allowed in!

TOMMY HANDLEY.



What the Other Listener

'JOURNEY'S END.'

WE have to work hard, my ex-Service husband and I, because we are farming, and the B.B.C. is our one great pleasure and relaxation. Talks, music, plays, and vaudeville, we listen to and enjoy most of them, but of them all *Journey's End* stands out, in our opinion, as the supreme work of art given to us by the B.B.C. I lived through the war, husband, brothers, and friends in the trenches, but never before has the life they endured been made so real to me, and nothing before has so poignantly shown the waste and futility of war. Our warmest thanks and congratulations to the B.B.C. and the artists who performed with such restraint and ability.—*Katharine M. Price, Crouse, Chenton Bishop, Nr. Exeter.*

THE MORNING SERVICE.

I HAVE valued most in 1929 the morning service so beautifully chosen and helpfully rendered. It is, I am sure, doing infinite good to very many. I should like to send my warmest thanks to our beloved 'Padre' and his choir for their thoughtful and earnest care in conducting it.—*Wilhemina F. Haslam, 6, Ursula Lodge, Sidcup, Kent.*

THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE.

I SEND my reply to your question in bad English and worse rhyme:—

It is difficult to say, what
I enjoyed most in '29,
Since the B.B.C. gave so much
That was beautiful and fine
It seems almost impossible
For anyone to make a choice,
But my fluttering heart whispers
I—I loved the announcer's voice.

—*Bichetta Corradi, Casa Corradi, Bordighera, Italy.*

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

MY favourite transmissions this year have been the Promenade Concerts. We have enjoyed some of the finest music performed by a splendid orchestra and conducted as only Sir Henry Wood can conduct. On top of this, the acoustic properties of Queen's Hall appear to be so suited for broadcasting that when one is listening, the reception is almost as good as being in the Hall itself.—*Mrs. Emmie A. Hill, 'Ratmore' Park Hill Road, Sidcup, Kent.*

'PROMS' AND LEONARD HENRY.

WITHOUT heavy concentration of thought the two items in the 1929 programmes which arise in my mind as having given me great pleasure are, firstly, the Wagner nights at the Queen's Hall 'Proms' and, secondly, Mr. Leonard Henry with his refreshing wit. Truly a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, but, in the language of the dead Caesars, 'De gustibus non est disputandum,' which being freely translated means—there is no accounting for tastes; and after all, does this choice of mine not reflect the truly remarkable versatility of the B.B.C. programme?—*Orphicus.*

OPERA FROM COVENT GARDEN.

MY favourite broadcast item during the year was the relay of *La Bohème* from Covent Garden Opera House, with the excellent singing of Mr. Heddie Nash, whose career I have followed since his 'Old Vic' days. I hope that there will be more relays of opera from Covent Garden in the coming year.—*Winifred Mansfield, 194, Northborough Road, Norbury, S.W.16.*

CLAPHAM AND DWYER.

WHAT have I liked best in 1929? Of the 'standing dishes' certainly the inimitable Clapham and Dwyer. I don't know why these comedians 'come off,' where so many apparently similar artists 'flop,' but they do, every time. And just as these two have excelled in humour, so have 'Airy Nothings' in wit. May we hear them again and often. Second, I would put the talks, especially those on animal psychology, and Dr. Coulton on medieval life.—*Freda C. Bond, 12, West Eaton Place, S.W.1.*

THE DISEMBODED PROFESSOR.

WHAT did I enjoy most? Let me confess it straightaway: the educational talks. But then, you see, unlike most Englishmen, I thirst for knowledge. Broadcast music is all very well; but I prefer my music undistorted by the loud-speaker—however superlative it be. So with Vaudeville: more than half the enjoyment of a good variety turn comes from watching the performer. With talks it is a very different kettle of fish. I have sat at the knees of all sorts of professors in my time; but who of them could compete with the disembodied professorial voice at the microphone? In the lecture-room there were a hundred things to distract one; but in my own room there are none. And, best of all I like the one disembodied professor, because I can, at will, shut him up altogether.—*Uplift, Wrenney Kot, Tooting Bec.*

A. J. ALAN.

FOR a perfect gem in its way, I vote for A. J. Alan's 'Joy Ride.' Twenty minutes of sustained interest, humour, wit—with a final surprise in the elucidation of the adventure. Of a truth, none but himself can be Mr. Alan's parallel.—*E. S. Ellis, 8, Mount Avenue, Ealing.*

WHAT did I enjoy most in 1929? A. J. Alan, every time! Just because he's so enjoyable. (Anyhow, enjoyment is not the word for such wonderful things as *Journey's End*, and that beautiful reading of the 'Death of Socrates'.)—*A. Bardsley.*

1929 for the Editor

has been memorable for the multitude of letters—grave, amusing, and even mildly abusive—which he has received from his friend 'the other listener.'

Every letter sent to him, whether published or only read and noted has helped him in conducting *The Radio Times*, and has made him feel that he is in touch with and has the confidence of his readers.

Therefore he would thank all his correspondents of 1929 and hopes that they, and many others, will write to him during 1930.

THE LUNCH-TIME MUSIC.

THE best regular feature in the programmes for 1929 has been, I think, the lunch-time music. I like this music best because it contains the largest percentage of items which are both good and popular, and which, therefore, appeal to the 'middle-brow,' for it is to this class that, like the majority of your listeners, I belong. If you had further asked which items your listeners liked least, I should have replied—(alleged) 'Educative' talks, (alleged) 'Great' plays, Chamber Music, and Jazz.—*Rev. D. G. Reynolds, Asby Rectory, Appleby, Westmorland.*

REMINISCENCES OF CHEVALIER.

YOU ask what item I enjoyed most during 1929: First comes Mr. E. Lane's reminiscences of Chevalier; why—because my father sang them to me when I was a kiddie at home. Second, Mabel Constanduros in Buggins sketches; why—she keeps my wife amused. Really, I should have put the morning service first, because it gives us a closer sense of God's presence.—*E. Mallows, The Elders, Kelvedon Common, near Brentwood.*

THE CAT IMITATOR.

WHAT we enjoyed most was when someone imitating a cat came through the loud-speaker, and our dog, sleeping on the rug, woke up and rushed down the garden barking to frighten it away.—*T. Barron, 85, Saxon Road, Luton, Beds.*

THE SERVICES IN WELSH.

AS a Welshman I am sure that I voice the unanimous verdict of your Welsh listeners when I claim that the monthly Welsh services were the most enjoyable items for us in your interesting and varied programmes during 1929. Welsh folk, whatever be their faults, do love and appreciate praise, prayer, and preaching in their mother tongue. They grip one's heart and soul, and with ears alert, heads bowed, and voices joining in the well-known hymns, these broadcast favours are both a joy and a blessing to ill and hale and to young and old.—*Evan John Williams, 13, Pimhill Street, Liverpool.*

'THE VOICE OF LONDON.'

THE biggest thrill we had in 1929 was 'I am the voice of London'—our whole village of thirty souls were in the road outside my window listening to the only set in the place. We were just on the point of dispersing for the night when I said 'Wait a moment for the Surprise Item.' The voice we heard really sounded to us as if the mighty city had spoken.—*M. Richards (Station Master), Glandyff, Cards.*

THE NEW YEAR GREETING.

ONE item from out a year's plays and poems, symphonies and quartets, tales and talks? Must I balance the Ninth Symphony against *Carnival or Journey's End*, or Vernon Bartlett's friendly wisdom against the Kreutzer Sonata with Harold Samuel at the piano? Must I decide whether A. J. Alan's lazy voice talking delightful nonsense outweighs the freshness and purity of Alberto Volonino's tenor in 'O Sole Mio'? No. I vote for your New Year greetings, because I live in that little shop on the corner, because I was quite alone and you drew me into brotherhood with all the nation.—*Kay Summers, Bridge Street, Fakenham.*

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

I MUCH enjoyed the Household Talks, not so much because of the information given, but because they help to move the despised housework into the realm of the arts. The course from the Institute of Industrial Psychology was specially good in this direction and the last talk was ideal.—*Alice J. Burt, Bridge House, Reetham, Norwich.*

A TRIBUTE FROM HUNGARY.

WE are very lucky people being the possessors of two sets. One with eight valves and one, a short-wave set, with three valves. With the latter we get all day through Sidney, Schenectady, Bandoeng, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and Huisen; On the eight-valves we get the rest. We have all the best music of the Continent together with our wonderful artists from Budapest and the Viennese and Milan operas, so that we are very spoiled, but still we spend a deal of our time listening to the English stations. What we liked the best in 1929 as yet was the Staff Birthday programme, 'We are Seven.' We never miss the talks and toasts of celebrities, and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales is our favourite speaker. Then the announcers—they are a special item themselves. We have *The Radio Times*, the German *Funk*, and a Hungarian weekly programme, and each week we run through the items and jot down what we want to hear, and must say that the greater number of the jottings are items in the English programme taken from *The Radio Times*.—*Mr. and Mrs. May, 1st Vangoalmad, Debreczen, Hungary.*

A SURPRISE ITEM.

IN reply to your query. One of the most enjoyable items of the year, and certainly the best 'surprise item,' was when you gave us the second half of the last 'Prom' in place of a variety show that had so conveniently and miraculously failed to materialize.—*H. A. S., The Cinque Ports Philatelic Society, 110, Leather Road, Bournemouth.*

A RUSSIAN TWILIGHT.

I ENJOYED 'A Russian Twilight' more than any other item in the 1929 programme. In this broadcast the private family atmosphere was so strong that it made one feel they should not be listening. At the same time, everything was so natural and simple that it reminded me of several charming evenings in my youth when Victorian English home life was very similar.—*D. Jackson Wilks, The Nook, Minchington, Farnham, Blandford.*





TWO HOOTS FOR TOMMY HANDLEY.
 You ask which item I enjoyed best. 'Best,' you say, as if there were any number of good ones to choose from. There is only one broadcaster for whom I care two hoots: and he is Tommy Handley. The rest, so far as I am concerned, may all go round the corner and drown themselves in the Thames. Not to be rude, however, which of them has a chance against this prince of entertainers—whose voice, penetrating a million homes brings a smile to help a chap on his way? Laughter, more than kindness, makes the whole world kin. So here's to Tommy! —T. T., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

CHAMBER MUSIC.
 ALTHOUGH I have enjoyed very many B.B.C. programmes during the year, I have certainly enjoyed the chamber music most! and hope very sincerely that I shall have as many treats in 1930.—Mrs. R. C. McBrien, Drung Vicarage, Cavan, Irish Free State.

THE STAFF BIRTHDAY PROGRAMME.
 As a wireless 'fan' I enjoy items which shed light upon life 'behind the scenes,' and therefore vote for the staff Birthday Programme 'We are Seven!' I knew it was to be the work of 'friends' of mine—the 'poor helots' who help to make life worth while, especially for the sick and suffering. And I was not disappointed. The idea of 'Alice' (?) falling asleep over the spelling of 'scandalous' and tumbling down her loud-speaker into the 'enemy' stronghold was an amusing one! How jolly it was, too, to meet our old friend, the gentleman wearing the very latest in belts, i.e., one of 'low pressure,' and the unfortunate individual whose contract with the B.B.C. kept him and his 'depression over Iceland'! Whilst the dire threat of eight days of 'highbrow' music per week for all grouse was great!—Winifred Margaret Ingham, 6, Whalley Road, Padtham, Lancs.

STUDENTS' SONGS.
 I LIKE the Students' Songs best of all. They are not highbrow; They do not try to educate me; They are not morbid or tragic; They are cheerful, refined, And all British. —J. M. Brown, The Bungalow, Clewley St., Ware, Herts.

A VAUGHAN WILLIAMS CONCERTO.
 I ENJOYED most in 1929 Vaughan Williams' Concerto Accademico, played by Jelly d'Aranyi at a Promenade Concert. It is a delightful work, and this performance of it has special interest and authority as it was conducted by the composer, and played by the violinist for whom it was written.—I. Boyle, Bushey Park, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

MUSICAL INTERLUDES.
 'FULL many a gem of purest ray serene'—and so forth 'wastes its sweetness' as an unrecorded air. I allude to your 'Musical Interludes.' Your programmes cater perfectly for all, with an impartiality that I am sure is difficult in execution. I suppose I am out of date—a dusty back number on the top shelf. Tatiana Makushina and Jack Payne leave me cold—my want of true appreciation, I suppose. But, when you broadcast something that reaches my heart, such as 'Daisy Bell,' 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee,' 'The Man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo,' and 'The Bogie Man,' please don't smother them up as if you were ashamed of them, under the heading 'Musical Interlude.'—R. C. Russell, Appledore, N. Devon.

THE NIGHTINGALE.
 AS I am deaf, you can imagine how delighted I was to hear, thanks to the B.B.C., the nightingale for the first time in my life—and I am no longer young. I was hoping there would have been another Nightingale Week, and I should much like to say what I think of the horrible people who grumbled at the dance music being stopped for even so short a time to enable us to listen to the bird's song. But to say what I would, I should have to borrow from some of the profane sailor men beloved by W. W. Jacobs!—A. M. C., York.

TILL THE YEAR ENDS.
 WHEN there are so many items equally dear which all go to make different programmes on nearly every day—'The Unfinished Symphony,' 'Spring Song,' 'Linden Lea,' Rupert Brook poems, a play, a violin solo, church bells, a favourite singer—what can one do? But after all, I think I will tell you my favourite programme—it started at one minute past twelve on the morning of January 1, 1929, and will not have ended when you go to press.—Janet Austin, The Briars, Cold Ash, Newbury, Berks.

A MOZART SYMPHONY.
 I HAVE enjoyed nothing more than the rendering by Sir Thomas Beecham on November 13 of the seldom played 'Symphony 34 in C,' by Mozart. To my delight, it was given again the following week from Birmingham. Can we not have this symphony 'all air and fire' again shortly?—H. W. Grimes, 191, Thorold Road, Ilford.

OLD FOLKS PROGRAMME.
 I CONSIDER that 'The Old Folks Programmes' broadcast from 5GB were the best of the year. These were programmes of good old songs, which brought back pleasant memories to my mother, to the happy days of childhood to be re-lived, and to my children songs that they had only to hear once to remember.—Fred. E. J. Pruden, 174, Navarino Mansions, Dalston Lane, E.8.

1929
for 'the other listener'

has been, it would appear, a pleasant year. Nearly 3,000 letters have been received in response to the Editor's suggestion that readers should write saying what broadcast item has pleased them most during the year.

A small selection made from the letters received appears in these pages, and further examples, together with a short account of the general opinions expressed in this correspondence, will appear in our next issue.

Will our correspondents please appreciate, even if their letters are not printed, that they have helped to form a valuable and useful symposium?

'CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION.'
 I WAS most amused and interested by Captain Brassbound's Conversion because of Gertrude Kingston's clever interpretation of the character of Lady Cicely. I thought her voice and the little pauses she made perfect.—A. C. P., 88, Park Hill Road, Nr. Birmingham.

NOTABLE TALKS AND DISCUSSIONS.
 OF the B.B.C. broadcast programmes, this year, I liked best the discussion between Desmond McCarthy and Miss V. Sackville-West on Marriage; Mr. Francis Toye's talks; the 'Points of View' series and the 'What is wrong with Scotland' series, because I find it passionately interesting to hear clever and genial people discuss their opinion of actual subjects.—Mrs. Mary Eddison, 43, Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

THE ALHAMBRA BALLET.
 WE have only had a radio since August last, and the item that stands out as the most enjoyable one was the Alhambra Ballet Music with a descriptive commentary by Compton Mackenzie. My bedridden uncle of 88 was much opposed to the wireless, but that so very-tuneful reminder of old days gave him quite a good opinion of it, and I myself, without the enhancement of memory, 'revelled in' that hour more than any other.—A. E. Payne, The Lams, Seinsford, Rugby.

A MIS-SPENT YEAR.
 YOUR query is sure to bring you bagful of appreciations from wireless fans. If it doesn't, you will pretend it does. I have looked back over the year, however, and I find I cannot honestly lay my hand on my heart and say: 'Now that, by Jove, was really good.' No, sir, I find it much easier to say what I enjoyed least. That 'Birthday Programme,' for instance. Who could have thought that so many half-wits could have been found in any one organization as those ninnyes who offered us gratuitous insults over the microphone? Or those chamber-music concerts? Or that insane whirligig called Caraval? Sir, I ask you? No, I am afraid, not being a wireless fan, I see things too critically, too dispassionately: I find no programme worthy of my discriminating praise. I am sorry. (I do not expect you to print this letter.)—G. R. Johnson, Westminster.

TYPHOON.
 I CONSIDER Typhoon the most interesting thing that I have heard broadcast. I experienced typhoons, tornadoes, and cyclones in the five years I had at sea, and the impression of wind and storm given in the play was marvellous.—James H. Dale, 133, Kingsley Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

'TYPHOON' would have been mildly interesting as a typhoon: it was merely irritating as a play.—Robert Tattersoe, Priory Lodge, Mill Hill.

PLATO'S APOLOGY.
 I AM inclined to put first (among a multitude of enjoyable items) the reading from Jowett's translation of Plato's Apology of Socrates and the Dialogue Phaedo. This was, in my opinion, remarkable, alike for the loftiness of the theme, the beautiful English of the translation, and the fine diction of the reader.—T. H. Ward, 41, Ardgowan Road, Catford, S.E.6.

THE WEEK IN LONDON.
 AS there are so many enjoyable items it is very difficult to pick upon one in particular, but we do so love Mr. Gerald Barry for his delightful personality, and hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing him many times in the future.—J. Leare, 9, Hermitage Road, Richmond, Surrey.

THE NIGHT WORKERS.
 ONE of the most interesting features of this year's broadcasting has, in my opinion, been the series of talks given by actual workers about their jobs during the night. One is so dependent on this work and in general so ignorant of it; and when the men themselves broadcast, it seems so much more human than if an account were read by anyone else.—Mrs. H. Stanley Jevons, The Meadows, Llanethern, Abercromby.

BEETHOVEN, MOZART AND HAYDN.
 WE place first those Symphony and Promenade Concerts in which Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn predominated as composers, especially when a piano (or other) Concerto was included. Since we became listeners, we have learned to enjoy the works of these composers, when played by a first-class orchestra.—A. R. Ahrendt, 55, Warren Road, Reigate, Surrey.

A FINAL COMPLIMENT.
 THE puzzle you have set your readers in asking them to state which they enjoyed most in 1929 is as difficult as trying to solve a crossword puzzle and, for myself, I am leaving it unsolved; for the persons responsible for arranging these programmes could not possibly have functioned better and I can only state it is a situation I would not like to fill, for to try and please everybody is an utter impossibility and I only hope you will carry on in the same fearless way in the future as you have done in the past and wishing you every success.—G. W. Johnson, 26, Trinity Road, Headington, Oxford.

'GOOD NIGHT—EVERYBODY.'
 THE gentleman who says, so human like, so artistically, so graceful and beautifully, 'Good night everybody' and then adds for all of us because we cannot answer back, though much we wish we could—'Good night.'—James Whentley, 20, Harold Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.



HARKING BACK TO LONG AGO

WINIFRED HOLTBY, in sentimental vein, pauses over some of the Christmases she would like to share.

IN the dark nursery at the back of the long, grey brick farmhouse, my sister and I lay awake on Christmas Eve. I was four and she was six-and-a-half, and the hour seemed to us prodigiously, daringly, joyously late. It was a quarter to ten on a bright frosty night, and through the square, uncurtained window the stars glistened, mapped out into unastromical constellations by the woodwork between the small square panes, just as on our nursery map the continents were marked off into squares by the lines of latitude and longitude. The maids who had been clattering in the pantry below us were silent; in the horse-pasture beyond the garden an iron-shod hoof once clanked heavily on the frozen field road; the night was very still. We lay—not speaking—listening.

Then it came. We sat up in bed, all ears, and heard it; the crunch of feet on the gravel of the drive, the shuffling as men took their places round the light of a single lantern, the schoolmaster's muffled, 'One—two—three'—

*'Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.'*

We were out of bed. We were scampering barefoot along the nursery passage, up two steps into the bad bit of unlighted corridor past the silver cupboard that harboured ghosts and tigers, on to the front landing and through a door into the best spare room. And peering between the slits of the Venetian blind, there we saw them. The grown-ups had not gone to bed; they had drawn back the curtains from the drawing-room windows, and the lamplight streamed out on to the gravel drive. In moonlight, and starlight, and lamplight, and lantern-light stood the singers. Their faces were pale and their long coats black dark, but here and there a scarlet muffler or a pair of fine, glowing cheeks caught the lamplight. There were twenty men and boys from the choir standing round the schoolmaster's lantern, singing:—

*'Peace on earth and mercy mi-ild
God and sinners reconciled.'*

The draught blew in through the cold bedroom; the chill air was sharp as eau de Cologne, as icy water, on our bodies; we gathered our night-dresses around us and huddled together for warmth.

*'Mild he lays His glory by
Born that man no more may die.'*

I can close my eyes and see them; I can shut my ears and hear them; in the warmth of my lighted room I can feel the wind on my bare arms, and the chill boards under my naked feet. I can even smell the queer cold, smoky, frosty smell of the unused bedroom. It is all there.

But it is mine. Nobody else can ever hear it as I heard and hear it. No other living memory now carries the echo of those particular singers in that particular garden, though a million children have stolen from bed and scampered like mice through a dark house to hear the carollers on Christmas Eve. When I die, nobody will ever again know that particular sweet fierce exaltation which stirred the rapturous, unblurred imagination of a child.

Or will they? Suppose it comes true. Suppose that men do one day invent a machine which will listen to the past, pick up the sound waves as they slide off the air waves on to the ether, and reproduce for us all sounds that have ever been. Then, perhaps, turning a dial carelessly, a dry-goods salesman in Chicago, or a herdsman in Kenya, or a silk merchant in Rangoon, may suddenly hear the crunch of feet on gravel outside a Yorkshire farmhouse, and the schoolmaster's breathily 'One, two, three,' and the burst of singing that summoned two children from their beds.



But I do not think that that particular little private ecstasy will be recaptured. The world has heard too many Christmas sounds of more imposing significance. If I had my own way, my instrument that listened to the past, my table of dates and latitudes and longitudes, and if I could eavesdrop when and where I would among the centuries, what Christmas Festival would I summon? My own Christmases live in my own memory. I do not need the delicate, terrifying omniscience of an instrument to tune in for me on to the sound of Waacs and English Tommies in a hut under French orchard trees toasting the First Christmas after the Armistice in claret cup. I need no help to hear again the village choir, with the squire's son playing the cornet, braying out into 'O come, all ye faithful,' at the vestry door, nor to hear the sound of crackers exploding round the table, nor the gasping scurry at the front door as small children broke in upon us with 'I-wish-you-merry-Christmas-n'a'ppy-new-year-n-please-will-yer-give-s-a-Christmas-box?' nor to hear the shouting of the maids and their young men and my nieces and the rest of us dancing round the Christmas tree, blowing out candles to the tune of:—

*'Sally went round the sun,
Sally went round the moon,
Sally went round the chimney pots
On a Christmas afternoon. Pouff!
Sally went round the sun.'*

And so on, till the last candle was extinguished with a triumphant 'Pouf.'

All that is done. All that is mine. But there are others whose Christmas memories I would most joyously purloin. I think I would turn my dial to Rome, and to the year 800 A.D., the year before Pope Leo III had been maltreated in the streets, and had appealed for protection to the Frankish king, the great Charles, Charlemagne, the conqueror of Pavia, the conqueror of the Saxons, the patron of the Church, the Hammer of Christendom. Big and robust in frame he was, measuring about seven of his feet in height, great hunter, and ruler, and father; like Solomon, the lover of many concubines, like Judah, a brave begetter of sons. The Church was beset by enemies; the Lombards in the north of Italy, the pagans in Germany, the heathen round the Mediterranean. The shifted its headquarters to Byzantium. The left, guard-body of the spirit of dom and hard. In Charlemagne Rome 'to der,' and on Day he knelt



in the church of Saint Peter, the most powerful worshipper in the Western world. And behold, as he rose up from prayer, the Pope set on his head the imperial crown, and proclaimed him Holy Roman Emperor in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and all the people applauded and the warriors in the streets outside clashed their weapons, and it was as though the voice of the people spoke with the voice of God, hailing the birth of a new epoch. It was the birth of a new epoch. From that cry arose the Holy Roman Empire, and the Middle Ages, and Dante's dream of a unified Christendom. And I envy the New Zealanders and Latvians and Brazilians of the future who will one day tune in to hear that epoch-making tumult.

But while my hand was on the dial I would turn back. The Venerable Bede once told us 'that the ancient people of the Angli began the year on the 25th of December, when we now celebrate the birthday of Our Lord; and the very night which is now so holy to us, they called in their tongue "modranecht" (modra niht)—that is, the mother's night—by reason, we suspect, of the ceremonies which in that night-long vigil they performed.' I should not understand a word of the rough tongue spoken by my forefathers in their pagan Christmas; I should only hear shouts and the rattle of oaken spears, perhaps, and the grinding of stones, and perhaps the shriek of a victim sacrificed. Or would there be a gentler ritual on modranecht, mother's night? I should like to hear.

I should like to listen to the first English Christmas after Charles II, the Merry Monarch, came back to his kingdom, and banished the gloom of the Puritan festival with laughter, and feasts, and dancing. I should like to tune in to the court of Saint James, where the jokes might be a trifle coarse, and where the noblest princes would belch and spit like coal heavers; but my loud-speaker would only give me sound, not scent nor sight. The flickering candle-light, the heat from the great fires, the stew of sweat and paint, and stuffiness and cooking, and perfume and humanity, and wine and cosmetics would be lost to me. But I might hear the King's deep, witty voice, and Lady Castlemaine's mad, musical laughter. There are inconveniences about a medium which appeals to one sense only.

And while I was in London, and Westminster, and the seventeenth century, should I tune in to the year 1662, and go with Mr. Pepys to the chapel in White Hall, coming 'too late to receive communion with the family,' but in time enough to hear Bishop Morley preach upon the song of the Angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men'? No. Here I think eyes are better than ears, for I would rather read Pepys' ever-unspoken comment, 'A poor sermon, but long.' How excellent that 'but,' as though length compensated for poverty in preaching! I would rather listen on another year to the Pepys household. '1668. Christmas Day.—To dine alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar and Des Cartes' Book of Musick.' I should hear the boy's voice, and the rustle of Mrs. Pepys' noble silk and her husband's yawn as he turned from Julius Cæsar.

Slowly, slowly the dial would turn, and the years fall away, and I think that one place I would linger would be on no land, but 'in the chops of the Channel, with the Scilly Isles on

(Continued on page 864.)

NOT IN THESE DAYS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

The Story of a Yorkshire Christmas by the Author of 'The Good Companions.'

"**N**AY, Tom, I can't be bothered wi' stuff like that." And Sir Samuel Ormondwyke threw down the magazine. It was the Christmas Double Number of the magazine, and, of course, it had one of those Ye Olde Merrie Christmase coloured covers that bored artists set to work on when they return from their holidays in September. And the story that Sir Samuel had been trying to read, on his friend's recommendation, was one of those Christmas Double Number stories, all about a selfish rich old squire of the eighteenth century, a prodigal son or daughter, a coach broken down in the snow outside the Old Hall, and a reconciliation while the Christmas bells rang out or the waits with Ye Olde Lanterne sang outside the squire's window.

"You want everything cut-and-dried, Sam, everything cut-and-dried. That's you," Mr. Thomas Birstall retorted.

"An' you're too soft, Tom," Sir Samuel declared, thrusting out his chin, so that he looked more like a Yorkshire version of Mr. Punch than ever. "You'll stuff yourself wi' owt, any silly muck. If I'm to read a tale," he continued, with the air of a man who was not prepared to read many, "I want summat that's a bit like life, not treacle toffy for kids an' far-fetched at that."

"Well, I must say it amused me," said Mr. Birstall, who obviously knew he would not be able to hold his own long. "Though I'll admit it couldn't happen in these days."

"Nor any other days either." And having clinched that, Sir Samuel heaved his square bulk out of the chair and walked over to the window. "Snawing, too," he observed, peering out of the window.

"Proper Christmas Eve weather, then," said Mr. Birstall, appreciatively.

"Nar then," cried his friend, with affectionate contempt, "you're off agen, Tom, you're off agen. Happen you'll be popping out and listening for t'stage coach and t'long-lost son afore so long?" And he returned to the fine blaze of logs.

The two men were of the same age, and, indeed, had been boys together in Bruddersford, and good friends for nearly half a century. Good friends they remained, though Mr. Birstall was nobody in particular, only one of the cashiers at Holdsworth's in Bruddersford, whereas Ormondwyke, always the stronger, a man with a nose and chin and huge shoulders, had hammered his way through to a fortune and a knighthood and the despotic control of innumerable concerns. He was a childless widower, and for the last few years he had invited Tom Birstall, who was a bachelor, to spend Christmas with him at this country house of his, on the edge of the moors. And all this was really pure sentiment, though Sir Samuel would have died rather than have admitted it.

"Say what you like, Sam," Mr. Birstall began, reflectively, "but give me a good old-fashioned snowy Christmas Eve. It's thick on the moor already. I noticed it as I was coming along this afternoon. There'll be some big drifts, too, if it's keeping up. Do you remember that Christmas Eve we once spent at the Brown Bull, when we got snowed up?"

But he got no reply, because at that moment they were interrupted by Jonas, handyman and husband of Rebecca the cook. "Chap wants to see yer," Jonas announced, "an' he gi' me this." And, contemptuously, Jonas handed over a visiting card.

Sir Samuel examined it. "Never heard of him," he said. "However, let's have a look at him."

There was a great deal of shaking and stamping outside, and then there entered a tall man, who appeared to be wearing the overcoat and muffler of a still taller man, besides a considerable amount of snow that he had not been able to remove.

"Sir Samuel Ormondwyke?" he inquired in a mellow and fruity voice, looking from one to the other. He had a droll eye, a wide mouth, a very dignified bearing, and—a manner.

"That's me," said Sir Samuel, looking him up and down.

"You have my card, I see, Sir Samuel," said the stranger. "I'm Knowle-Mowbray, J. G. Knowle-Mowbray, very well known, if I may say so, in entertaining circles in the North of England—and—er—for that matter—the South, too—and London, of course. London, certainly. Conjuring, ventriloquism, paper-tearing, thought-reading, and so forth. No doubt you've seen me, with Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray, as the Knowle-Mowbrays in Their Refined Drawing-room Act—"

"Never set eyes on yer," Sir Samuel declared with brutal heartiness.

"Really! You astonish me, sir. But, of course, a busy man like yourself—large interests—well, I understand," said Mr. Knowle-Mowbray, almost as if he were accepting an apology. Then he stepped forward a pace or two, looked very grave, and continued hurriedly: "But I'm wasting precious time. Sir Samuel, I had an engagement tonight over at Lord Gargrave's place—the other side of the dale there—he's giving his tenants a supper and entertainment, and I was to bring a little party, myself, Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray, and a vocalist, Miss Marsden, charming, refined girl. We set off in my car from Bruddersford. We've had one or two halts—car breaking down—and now we're stuck, can't move it. And there are the two ladies—delicate ladies, both of them—just outside there, getting snowed up, dying of cold. They can't stay there—"

"And who said they could?" Sir Samuel roared. "Fetch 'em in, man, fetch 'em in, and

don't stand there gassin' away. I didn't know you wanted a bit of fire an' roof over your head. By t'way you were talking, I thowt you wanted to do us a turn. Fetch 'em in. Never mind t'car. I'll ha' that attended to." And he roared for Jonas and went bustling about, while Mr. Knowle-Mowbray hurried away.

The Christmas Double Number of the magazine caught the eye of Mr. Birstall. He winked at it.

Mr. Knowle-Mowbray returned with the two ladies, both of whom looked very damp and depressed. Sir Samuel came charging in, followed by Jonas carrying a tray.

"Now then, ladies," cried Sir Samuel, before Mr. Knowle-Mowbray could say a word, "you're very welcome. Just have a drink of summat hot and get them wet things off, quick as you can. Jonas, put that tray down and tell yer wife I want her."

"This is Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray," said that lady's husband, gravely, with an air of introducing her to a large audience. Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray smiled faintly, held out a hand, brought it back again, then held it out further than ever, and had it shaken by Sir Samuel. She was one of those middle-aged women who look at once too stout and too faded, as if they have just been colossal in bulk and have recently shrunk.

"And this is Miss Marsden, Miss Rosalind Marsden, a very well-known—" But he was stopped by a little cry from the pretty girl at his side and by a roar from Sir Samuel.

"By gow, it's not!" cried Sir Samuel, staring at her in amazement.

She looked away for a moment, then met his glance, looked very cold, very haughty for another moment, then suddenly smiled. "Quite a surprise, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid I'm—er—I don't understand," Mr. Knowle-Mowbray began, with dignity. (Though Mr. Birstall thought he saw a twinkle in his eye.)

"You're not intended to," said Sir Samuel, turning away as Mrs. Jonas came into the room. "Nar get all them wet things off, sharp. Have



"Now then, ladies," cried Sir Samuel, "you're very welcome. Get them wet things off as quick as you can!"

a hot bath, and if you've owt to change into, change into it, and if you haven't, we'll lend yer summat. Off yer go, all on yer.' And they went, the two ladies with Mrs. Jonas, and Mr. Knowle-Mowbray with Jonas himself.

The minute they had gone, Sir Samuel began to chuckle. 'Tom, yer nivver met my niece-in-law, did yer?'

'You mean—Jeffrey's wife? The one who—er—left him last summer, eh?' said Mr. Birstall. 'No, I never did meet her, Sam. She never gave me time.'

'Well, you've met her now, Tom,' said Sir Samuel, grimly. 'That's her. That lass that just went out.'

'What!'

'Ay, yer may well say "what." It's now't to what I wanted to say when I saw who it was. I didn't notice when she first came in. I'll bet she nivver thout she were coming here for Christmas. It's t'last place she'd ha' picked out if she'd been choosin'.'

'But what's she doing here? How did she get here?'

'Come in out o' t'snow, like Mr. Melton Mowbray or whativver he calls himself. It's simple enough. She goes and has a quarrel wi' Jeff, poor lad, walks out in a huff, and has nowt more to do wi' him. Tells him she won't tak' a penny piece from him. She'll go an' earn her own keep, she will. And this is how she's been doing it, seemingly, going round singing wi' Melton Mowbray and such like. She were trained to it afore she were married, yer see, Tom. She's a right nice singer is t'lass. It's a marvel to me she's had sense enough to stop here once she saw where she'd landed. Happen she's learning a bit o' sense nar.'

'She looked a nice girl, Sam. I'm sorry for her.'

'Ay, yer would be, Tom. Well, happen I am, too, a bit. But she were as proud as a peacock afore, and she shouldn't ha' gone off like that, when Jeff ere ready to do owt for her, fairly worshipped her. And it was all through her I've had that bother wi' him.'

Mr. Knowle-Mowbray came down first. The upper half of him was in the evening dress of his profession, but the lower half was in a pair of shabby and baggy tweed trousers. 'The effect, gentlemen, I know is incongruous,' he said, smiling, 'but if you don't mind, I don't.'

'I like yer better that way,' Sir Samuel remarked, grinning. 'But now them wet trousers is off, I think yer'd better have another drop o' whisky, Mr.—er—'

'Knowle-Mowbray,' replied that gentleman. 'Still the same, Knowle-Mowbray. And the whisky is gladly accepted. Shall I help myself? Thank you.' And he promptly had a very large whisky. When he had finished it, he looked down at his trousers and suddenly exclaimed: 'The real trouble with these trousers, gentlemen, is that you never know what they are up to. For instance.' He leaned forward and produced from somewhere behind his knee a handful of playing cards.

'A-ha!' cried Mr. Birstall, appreciatively. 'That's good.'

Mr. Knowle-Mowbray then, with equal gravity, stared at Sir Samuel's left elbow, and being asked what he found wrong with it, replied by grasping that elbow lightly with one hand and bringing out of it with the other half a dozen coloured silk handkerchiefs.

'Good enough!' said Sir Samuel, pretending not to be as delighted as a schoolboy.

'Excuse me, sir,' said Mr. Knowle-Mowbray. 'One moment, please.' And, with that, from behind the lapel of Sir Samuel's coat he brought out a stream of brilliant ribbons.

Perhaps he might have produced a rabbit from Mr. Birstall's moustache next, but the performance was interrupted by the arrival of the two women.



'Well, I'll be damned!' cried Sir Samuel. He went nearer to the loud-speaker and listened carefully for a minute or two.

The younger one immediately marched up to Sir Samuel and took him to one side.

'Well, Mrs. Ormondwyke?' he said, grimly. She faced him boldly, her eyes bright and a glowing spot of colour on each cheek. 'Where's Jeff?' she demanded.

But before he could reply, she stopped him with a quick nervous movement of the hand. 'Listen, though,' she continued. 'I might as well tell you that it was about you that Jeff and I quarrelled. He wasn't happy, and I told him why. He wasn't standing up for himself. He was under your thumb. He was losing all his independence. It was spoiling him. He knew it was true—and it was making him miserable—but when I told him so, he was too proud and silly to admit it, and that's why we quarrelled. Stupid, wasn't it?' She gave an unpleasant little laugh.

Sir Samuel looked at her steadily. 'What did you want to run away for, Rosalind? You knew what the lad thought about you. You could have made it up in a week or two. I've no patience with such kid's work.'

'It's not been fun for me. I've had a rotten hard time, though I've earned my own living decently and I can go on earning it, in fact, I can earn a much better one. It isn't that. I want to see Jeff now. I've been wanting to see him for weeks. And now—it's Christmas—and, last Christmas, we were here—and, well, you see.' She bit her lip. 'Why isn't Jeff here?'

'You want to know where Jeff is,' said Sir Samuel, slowly. 'Well, I can't tell you. I don't know myself.'

She gave a little cry.

'Ay, you can cry about it as much as you like, but there it is,' he continued. 'When you went off like that and left the lad pining, he seemed to think it was all a bit o' my work. So one fine day he comes round to tell me what he thinks about me—repeating his lesson, no doubt, that you'd given him—throws his job in my face and says he finished wi' me and walks out. And that's nearly four months ago, and I've heard nowt since, can't tell you where he is. And, mind you, I knew that lad a long time afore you did—he's my nephew, and since his father died he's had all he's had from me and nobody else—and happen I'm bit fonder of him than you.'

'And you don't know where he is?' she said.

'No more nor t'man i' t'moon,' he cried, becoming, as usual, more broad in his talk in this moment of stress. 'I've not clapped eyes on him for nearly four month. He's been seen, once or twice, but not by me. I don't know where he is nor what he's doing.'

'I'm sorry, Uncle Sam.' And she held out her hand.

'And so am I,' he growled. But he took her

hand, held it a minute, and wagged his head amiably at her. 'But I'm pleased to see yer, Rosalind. And I'll bet,' he added, with a grin, 'you're a bit easier to get on with than you were a year ago. I'll bet you've learnt a bit o' summat these last six months.'

'I have.' And she pulled a face at him. 'Too much. It's no joke being a third-rate soprano.'

'Not so much o' your third-rate. You're better than most I've heard. You'll have to sing us a song or two tonight, just to cheer us up a bit.'

'All right. I will if you want me to,' she said, rather listlessly.

'Na then, na then!' he put an arm about her, then moved her nearer the fire and the others. 'Don't get down i' t'dumps, lass. I'm right glad you've come. And just ring that bell for Jonas.'

'And so I said to him,' Mr. Knowle-Mowbray was telling Mr. Birstall, evidently at the end of a long story, 'I said to him "Now, look here, my dear sir, either you send me a public letter of apology before next Tuesday or I'll show you up before the whole profession. One or the other, and I don't mind which." I told him that to his face. And he made me an apology, didn't he, my dear? He had no alternative, not having a leg to stand on.'

'Na then, you fowk,' roared Sir Samuel, 'at his broadest, Jonas here says supper's laid and ready, and you'll all oblige me by following him out o' this room into the next and eating as much as you can. The more yer can manage, the better Jonas'll like yer. I can't join yer because my doctor says I haven't to an' I'm saving up for tomorrow, so if yer'll excuse me, I'll stop here till yer come back. I want to listen to them carol-singers in Manchester, so I'll be all right. Take yer time.'

'Very good of you, Sir Samuel, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray suddenly, and in a startling deep bass voice.

Left to himself, Sir Samuel lit a cigar and then tuned in to Manchester on his excellent wireless set. Instead of the music of the carol-singers, however, there came from the gilded cone of the loud-speaker simply a solitary speaking-voice.

'... of my friend, the author, who is suffering from a severe chill,' the voice was saying. 'I must apologize in advance for what will be—compared with the author's—a very inadequate reading. Fortunately, he has given me a little coaching, and I have heard him reading this story himself, so that I may possibly be able to give you some idea of how Mr. Atkinson would have read his beautiful little story to you if he had been able to come tonight. "The Wild Goose: a Christmas Story." The snow had been falling all day. The hills above the village, and the forest to the east of it—'

'Well, I'll be damned!' cried Sir Samuel. He went nearer to the loud-speaker, listened carefully for another minute or two, then switched off and rushed across the room to the telephone. He spent the next twenty minutes at that telephone, sometimes merely holding it or smoking at it, sometimes cursing it, and sometimes talking to various people who were separated from him by some of the wildest country in England, the high moorlands of the Pennines, now thick in snow and as desolate, for mile after mile, as the centre of Greenland.

But when the others returned, he was sitting by the fire, listening to the carol-singers in Manchester, and he never said a word about 'The Wild Goose' or his telephone messages. And if they noticed that he seemed very pleased with himself, they never said anything. But he would not hear of their going. It was still snowing, he said; the car could not be repaired; and there was room for them all in the house. He brewed a bowl of rum punch, and his niece.

(Continued on page 858.)



IN a country where I was once walking there was an enormous castle on the top of a rock. It was all ruined; but it was very difficult to climb the rock, and there was still enough of the walls left to make it quite hard to get in. And inside the walls an old charcoal burner had built himself a cottage, to live there with his wife and his little girl.

At the time he built it there were a tremendous lot of wars. Not just one big war, like we have nowadays sometimes, but any number of little ones going on at the same time and in the same country, so that sometimes you would find as many as three separate battles going on in the same field, and armies falling over each other to get at their own enemy.

The old charcoal burner did not like this: so he thought if he built his cottage up inside the ruined castle, the armies wouldn't find him and he would be out of the way of all these wars. So he built it, and was very careful not to tell anyone where he lived, in case they went and told one of the armies.

But one night late, as he was coming back from the town, he met an old pedlar on the high road. The pedlar was very old and wobbly on the pins, and he asked the charcoal burner how far it was to the town.

'Ten miles,' said the charcoal burner.

The old pedlar groaned. 'Dearie me,' he said, 'I don't feel as if I could walk another step.'

Now the charcoal burner was in a great difficulty. If he left the old pedlar he might die before ever he got to the town; but if he took him to his cottage, he might be a spy who would tell an army where he lived.

But all the same, he thought it would be kinder to take the old man home and risk it.

So he took him up to his cottage, and gave him supper; and then the old pedlar, who was very tired, went to bed.

No sooner was he in bed, however, than the charcoal burner's wife began to row him. 'You silly idiot!' she said. 'I'm sure he isn't a real pedlar at all, but a spy who will tell the armies where we are, and we shall all be killed!'

'Well, let's go and look at him,' said the husband.

So they went up to the pedlar's room and looked at him: and sure enough he had taken off his white beard and hung it at the end of his bed, and was really quite a young man.

'What are we going to do now?' said the charcoal burner.

'We must kill him!' said his wife. 'You go and get your axe, and cut him in half while he is asleep.'

So the old charcoal burner went and got his axe and came back; but when he saw the stranger lying asleep he found it very difficult to make up his mind to do it.

'My axe wants sharpening,' he said.

'Then sharpen it,' said his wife.

So he went down to the grindstone and sharpened and sharpened it till it was sharp as a razor. Then he came back.

'Now do it,' said his wife.

'I can't,' he said. 'You do it.'

So the charcoal burner's wife took the axe; but before she could do anything the stranger woke up, and they only just had time to get out of the room before he should see them.

'Never mind,' said the old woman. 'I will do it as soon as he is asleep again.' But, instead, while she was waiting, she fell asleep herself, and didn't wake up till the morning, when the pedlar had already got up and put on his beard and was ready to start on his journey.

But before he went he took a big glass ball, bigger than a football, out of his pack.

'That is a present for your little girl,' he said. 'Thank you for being so kind to me.' And away he went.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' said the old charcoal burner to his wife. 'Now he will tell the armies and they will come and kill us all!'

But the little girl took the glass ball and put it on the mantelpiece, and loved it dearly. And as a matter of fact the stranger was not a spy at all, so it was very lucky they hadn't killed him. But it did happen that a few days later one of the armies fighting about the place, saw the old castle, and so they said: 'Let's go up there and have a rest, where the enemy won't find us.'

So a whole lot of soldiers began to climb the rock.

'Here they come!' said the old woman. 'Now we shall all be killed. Oh, where can we possibly hide?'

'Haven't you seen there is a whole country inside the glass ball?' said the little girl. 'It's ever so tiny, only about an inch across, but we might hide there.'

'Good idea,' said her father. So they all three made themselves absolutely tiny and got into the country inside the glass ball. They made themselves so tiny they were just the right size for the country.

Meanwhile the soldiers reached the cottage, and they ate all the food, and put their muddy

feet on the beds, and laughed and drank and behaved perfectly horribly. At last one of them said: 'Look at that glass ball! What fun it would be to throw it from the top of the rock, and watch it smash to little bits in the valley below!'

So he took the ball, with the country inside it, and the three people inside the country, and went to the edge of the rock and threw it over. And it fell down, down, down into the valley beneath, where it hit a big stone and was smashed to atoms.

But when the ball was smashed the country that was inside fell out and lay on the ground. It was about as big as a small frog, and first it was hidden under a leaf. But then it began to grow. That was a curious thing. By the afternoon it was quite three feet across. Of course the people grew with it, so they didn't notice what was happening, except that the leaf that at first covered the whole world had now shrunk until it only covered two fields. And all that night the country grew, till by morning it filled all the meadow where it was lying.

Just then a wounded soldier came hobbling along, with another soldier after him trying to kill him.

'Come in here,' called the little girl. So the wounded soldier got into the country; but when the one who was chasing him tried to get in he couldn't do it. And lo and behold, who should the wounded soldier be but the very stranger who had given the little girl the glass ball.

'What country is this?' she asked him.

'It's the Peace Country,' he said. 'None can fight inside here.'

No more they could. Some of the farmers who were trying to get out of the way of the wars came in, but the armies couldn't.

And still the country went on growing till now it covered the whole county, and the armies found themselves getting rather cramped for space to fight in. But still they went on fighting, and still the country went on growing, till at last there was no room for them at all and they were all pushed into the sea and the whole lot were drowned. But the Peace Country grew till it covered all the old warry country, and there the farmers and other quiet people all lived together happily, and they made the charcoal burner and his wife king and queen and the little girl princess.

'Now I am a princess,' she said. 'I think I will marry the stranger who gave me the lovely ball.'

But he had disappeared for good.

RICHARD HUGHES.

THE FROSTBOUND WOOD

Poem by Bruce Blunt

Song for voice and piano

Music by Peter Warlock

Very slow and quiet throughout

Mary that was the Child's mother Met me in the frostbound wood;

Her face was lovely and care-laden Under a white hood.

Ritenuito Molto

Ped #

She who once was Heaven's chosen Moved in lone-li-ness to me, With a slow grace and weary beauty

Pi-ti-ful to see. Bethlehem could hear sweet singing, Peace on earth, a Saviour's come.

mp

Ped #

Here the trees were dark, the Heavens Without stars, and dumb. Past she went with no word spoken,

pp *P*
Ped #

Past the grave of Him I slew, Myself the sower of the woodland And my heart the yew.

Ped #

Ma-ry that was the Child's mother Met me in the frostbound wood:

pp

Her face was lovely and care-laden Under a white hood.

(L.H.)
Ped #





'Babies and How to Rear Them'



—and—



—some—

J. B. PRIESTLEY treats us to a Yorkshire Christmas.

(Continued from page 854.)

still listless and the least convivial member of the party, sang two songs for him, and Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray, flushed, loquacious, and twenty years younger than the woman who had tottered in from the snowy road, played the piano, and Mr. Knowle-Mowbray, filled with enthusiasm and punch, told stories, held a remarkable conversation with an old woman whom he manufactured out of his right fist and a pocket handkerchief, and produced so many cards and ribbons out of unexpected places that he had to be told to stop.

They were all down late on Christmas morning. Rosalind was the last of them all and did not look very cheerful, but she was friendlier than she had been and presented her uncle-by-marriage with a kiss somewhere near his left ear.

'I shall expect a better one ner that when you've seen my Christmas present, Rosalind,' Sir Samuel told her. He seemed to be in the highest spirits. 'It's coming, but it isn't here yet.'

Now, a girl may be sorry she has quarrelled with her husband, may be desperately anxious to know where he is, may be feeling that this is the rottenest of all Christmases, but that does not mean she has no curiosity and interest left for a rich uncle's present. 'Lovely!' she cried. 'But how can it be coming? I mean, you didn't know I was to be here, did you? I don't understand.'

'Nar you wait, just wait, that's all,' she was told. 'Have a bit o' patience, lass.'

While they were waiting for this mysterious present to arrive, Mr. Knowle-Mowbray, who had been out, returned to announce that the wind had blown the night's snow off the road and that he and Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray would have to get away, having an engagement at a children's entertainment in Leeds at five o'clock. 'How are you going to get there?' Mr.

Birstall asked. 'Your car's broken down, isn't it? It hasn't been mended.'

Mr. Knowle-Mowbray looked from him to Samuel. 'Well, gentlemen,' he whispered, 'fair's fair. The fact is, that car never did break down. We had stopped on the way, and couldn't get through to Lord Gargrave's, but we

It's Christmas. And stop and have a bit o' dinner.'

And there was a commotion at the outer door. A car had arrived and with it an excited young man.

'Jeff!' screamed Rosalind, and hurled herself at him.

It was at least half an hour later when Sir Samuel said to her: 'Well, Mrs. Ormondwyke, what do you think o' my present? All right, you can tell me after. Take her away, Jeff lad, I can see you've lots to say yet. Only don't forget we like to have a bit o' dinner here on Christmas Day.'

They had had the bit of dinner when he explained what had happened. His audience was Mr. Birstall and two cigars. 'Mind you, Tom, though I said to myself right off "By gow! that's Jeff's voice or I'm a Dutchman," I don't know I'd ha' risked it if I hadn't known that this chap, Atkinson, who wrote t'story, were a friend of his. That settled it. I got through to 'em at Manchester, and after a lot o' bletherin' and blatherin', I got 'em to give t'lad a message. And there y'are, Tom.'

'And that's the long arm of coincidence and no mistake,' said Mr. Birstall. 'Now look at it, Sam. Your missing niece turns up out of the snow. Your missing nephew suddenly talks on the wireless.'

'Well, it's surprising, I'll admit, Tom, but there's nowt so marvellous about it. Rosalind came to this house o' purpose 'cos she thowt Jeff'ud be here. And Jeff's just told me that t'chief reason why he took that readin' job on was that he thowt Rosalind might possibly hear him, a sort o' S O S like.'

'That may be, Sam,' said Mr. Birstall, who for once shall have the last word. 'But it's a good job you didn't read about it in a Christmas Double Number, isn't it, old lad?'

IF WE FED LIKE THIS!

At a Feeste-Royall Pecokkes shall be dight on this manere :

TAKE and flee off the skynne with the fedurs tayle and the nekke, and the hed thereon; then take the skynne with all the fedurs, and lay hit on a table abrode; and strawe thereon grounden comyn; then take the pecokke, and roste him, and endore hym with raw yolkes of egges; and when he is rosted take hym of, and let hym cool awhile, and take hym and sove hym in his skyn, and gilde his combe, and so serve hym forthe with the last cours.

(from Arundel Collection, XIVth-XVth Century)

deliberately broke down just outside here. Miss —er—Marsden suggested it, but the responsibility's mine. I've deceived you, Sir Samuel, and I apologize for it.'

'You've no need,' said Sir Samuel, 'I knew there was nowt wrong wi' that car ten minutes after you'd come. My chap told me. We weren't born yesterday. Say no more, though.'



—of—



—the—



—listeners.

SERIOUS TALK ON PICKING MISTLETOE

By CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM

A famous Poet lapses into great Prose

IT has always shocked me profoundly to discover how little the general public really knows about mistletoe, how unappreciative it is of the difficulties attached to the growing, the rearing, the tending, even the picking, of that plant before it is put to those amorous uses—occasionally alas! in somewhat doubtful taste—wherein it eventually fulfils the purpose for which it was created.

Often, as I travel on the top of an omnibus down Regent Street, or even up Oxford Street, or perhaps along Bond Street, and observe so many of my fellow-men with the expressions of sheep (or even pigs) and, farther on, others again with the expressions of more sheep (or even other pigs), I ask myself how many of these apparently ovine (or porcine) individuals have ever enjoyed the experience of actually picking a sprig of mistletoe. And when I ask myself this and can get no reasonably lucid answer, I feel extremely depressed. It is as much as I can do not to burst into tears. I find myself making the peculiarly wry kind of face that one makes when one is unwilling to weep in public, and the conductor, thinking, perhaps, that I am suffering from some subtle but very acute form of alcoholic poisoning, begs me to get off the bus.

Many of you, my dear readers, have doubtless picked blackberries, or edelweiss, or even oakum. Very well, then; you know what an enjoyable pursuit it is. Take edelweiss, for instance. No, don't take edelweiss; take blackberries—we'll take edelweiss later—take blackberries. Now I'm as fond of blackberry jam as anyone, and, personally, whenever I go blackberrying I make it a rule not to eat more than three out of every five that I pick. The remaining two I lay reverently in my hat and carry home in triumph to the kitchen.



While a colleague with (if possible) an even longer (and certainly a whiter) beard would stand below.

I remember a wonderful day's sport I had in the thick of the blackberry country last autumn. I was walking them up in a bit of rough ground near Bagshot, where the berries were plentiful and strong on the twig, and in a couple of hours I had bagged no less than forty-five and a half brace (including several rights and lefts) to my own hat. It was almost a record for that part of Surrey, and created quite a sensation. Indeed, on the following Sunday when I attended the local Harvest Thanksgiving Service, several members of the congregation nudged one another and pointed me out to their children. This cannot have been entirely due to the fact that my face was still stained a delicate purple as the result of the day's sport, nor to my tripping over a cairn of melons in the porch. (I must confess that I have a perfect passion for pumpkins as a form of ecclesiastical decoration; without them at a Harvest Festival I should feel lost, gourd-forsaken, one might almost say. However . . .)

Now, take edelweiss. No, we won't take edelweiss yet; let's take oakum. Picking oakum, as so many of you are aware, is a messy and fatiguing job, very destructive to the temper and the nails, and liable to make the keenest sportsman self-conscious. I happened to run up against dear old Percy Widdleton—'Splosh' Widdleton we always called him—last Easter. One of the most eminent financiers of his day is 'Splosh,' and I hadn't seen him for ages. 'Well, Splosh,' I said, 'What have you been at these last six months?' 'I've been at oakum,' he said. 'Had good sport?' I said. Of course, you see, I thought he meant Oakham; I thought he'd been hunting with the Cottesmore! How we laughed when I explained my mistake! Old Sir Claud Poggle—'Gaga' we always called him—came up at the moment, and I explained the joke to him. How he laughed! I thought he would have died. I wish he had. 'Next time,' he said to 'Splosh,' 'I hope you'll pick a bit for me!' Well, well, those were merry days! Dear, dear . . .

However—now we come to edelweiss.

I don't want to boast, but I may safely say that there can be very few men who have picked more edelweiss than I have. Whenever I climb the Alps—especially the Matterhorn—I always make a point of picking a piece—sometimes two pieces—just for luck. As a matter of fact, I never climb the Alps if I can help it—I generally go round, or through in a tunnel—but that's neither here nor there.

My Uncle George, I remember, had a sort of edelweiss complex—it's in the family, I dare say. He had trained a tame chamois to hunt it for him. The intelligent creature would climb the most inaccessible peaks and then stand and point at tufts of the rare plant until Uncle George sent his chauffeur up with a pair of clippers to dislodge it. He had had an awful job training Charles—that was the chamois' name—because at first the little beast would eat the edelweiss himself before my uncle or the chauffeur could come up. However, by dint of painting some clumps of it with bitter aloes,



'Old Sir Claude Poggle came up at the moment and I explained the joke to him.'

Uncle George managed to cure Charles of this deplorable habit. (I had an aunt who cured her canary of biting its toe-nails in a very similar fashion.) Poor Charles! The faithful creature died this winter, full of years and edelweiss, and Uncle felt his loss acutely. Yes, after moping for some time, he gradually fell into a decline, and then into a crevasse, and that was the end of Uncle George. Take him for all in all, as Aunt Hilda said, he was a man—I mean Uncle George, of course, not Charles, who was merely a goat. We shall not look upon his like again—at any rate, not until the Spring.

We now come to the subject of mistletoe proper. Mistletoe—and, mind you, I simply hate having to say this about it, but it has to be said by somebody—mistletoe is nothing more nor less than a parasitic plant. There's no getting away from it; we must face facts and admit the sad truth, namely, that mistletoe is, as I said before, a parasite. A shameless trespasser, like the cuckoo among birds, it lays its eggs (or I suppose I should say its seed) on the branches of others, quite promiscuously, thoughtlessly, without invitation or permission. And there it grows and thrives, and there we find it, sometimes on an oak, sometimes on an apple, sometimes not—and thence, with such precautions as are necessary to so delicate a pastime, we pick it.

In ancient days, as you will no doubt recall, the Druids made a religious ceremony of mistletoe-picking. Whenever an Arch-Druid happened to come across a mistletoe bough growing from some forest oak he would blow a low, deep note upon his conch—an instrument slightly resembling the modern saxophone in tone, but less cumbersome—and all his fellow Druids would come running from their homes and assemble in great excitement round the sacred tree. A pair of white bulls would then be driven beneath the branches, and, after a short address by the Arch-Druid (followed by a collection), the Druid with the longest beard would be sent up the tree with a golden sickle in his hand, while a colleague with (if possible) an even longer (and certainly a whiter) beard would stand below with his whiskers spread

(Continued on page 885.)

IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE MEN



'Dr. Livingstone, I presume,' I said with a bright, boyish smile.

LISTEN: in the month of March, 1923, the first morning and afternoon programmes were transmitted; Glasgow Station was opened; the first reading of a short story was given; the first outside broadcast of music to a film and the first O.B. from a church took place; the first dance music programme was broadcast, and also the first weather forecast. (My authority for the foregoing is the B.B.C. Year Book.)

And, on March 14, 1923, from London Station, I gave my first talk. (This fact seems to have been crowded out of the B.B.C. Year Book. When I am dead and gone they will be sorry for that omission, I expect.)

Another thing, that first talk of mine was obviously a success, I think, because when I arrived at the studio only one man said 'Hullo' to me, but when I left, after my talk, they all shouted, Good-bye.'

So now, I am told, although still in the lissom thirties, that I am a veteran of broadcasting, that my reminiscences of 'those early days'—I quote the Editor—are suitable Christmas fare for you, if served 'in a light vein.' The Editor also tells me that he finds it difficult to get writers who can describe broadcasting experiences during 1922-23. So, you see, the mortality rate among the talkers evidently is high; although, possibly, not so high as listeners have sometimes wished it to be.

One question I was asked often in those pioneer days was: 'What on earth made you think of talking into the microphone?' The most apt reply—and one which I almost invariably gave—seemed to be that made by a bright young reveller who, on waking up in hospital, was asked why he had jumped through a plate glass window the night before. 'Well,' he said, 'it seemed a jolly good idea at the time.'

I am not a funny man—not, that is, purposely—but my first talk was, hopefully, of a humorous nature and included a number of funny stories, like that one about the reveller, only perhaps not so good.

It was on the wet and dreary evening of March 14, 1923, that I padded along the Strand to Marconi House, where the one and only London Studio was then hidden. Yes, hidden; for, after a long journey by lift, I wandered and wandered, through narrow, deserted corridors, peeping now and then into cold, black rooms. Lost, I was, and very lonely, and with a sort of

felt so lonely as when I was standing, half on and half off the feet of the front row of the orchestra, before that microphone, which looked, perched on a couple of soap-boxes, a brutal, unsympathetic jumble of raw mechanism. I thought of the 'vast, unseen audience' of which we heard so much in those days, and I went hot. I shivered at the reception of my first story (to this day I bless the three musicians—or was it only two?—who laughed!) and I went cold.

Ah, we slaved and suffered—we talkers to the 'unseen millions'—in those early, rough-and-ready, pioneer days, when men *were* men at the top of Marconi House; those nights before the arrival of handsome, golden-haired announcers, in boiled shirts; before studios outrivalled the Ritz and Claridges. But I lived to tell the tale. (Yes, your joke this time.) I was even invited by Arthur R. Burrows (Uncle Arthur of the 'golden voice'; remember 'The Night Shall Be Filled With Music,' fellow-veterans?), who was then Director of Programmes, to broadcast regularly, without fee, once a month. This I did from all the eight stations then established.

Thus we come, if you are still awake, to stories of my travels. In those wild and woolly days, you know, we hardy pioneers had actually to go to, say Manchester and Glasgow, if we were broadcasting, as some of the more intrepid of us were, from Manchester and Glasgow. That will show you soft stay-at-homes the risks we were forced to take. I penetrated into both studios. And staggered out alive. Nowadays, as you know, you can stay cosily in an expansive, velvet-lined studio at Savoy Hill, with a bunch of hot-house blooms at your elbow, a nice, announcer to hold your hand, and broadcast from all manner of quaint places—Cardiff, for instance, or Newcastle. (This article is not going to do your circulation much good, Mr. Editor.)

It was at Cardiff, or it may have been at Newcastle—memory and discretion both prevent me from saying which—that I had a weird experience. It happened like this: I walked into the studio unheralded and unsusung, and found myself in the midst of a whole lot of gentlemen of colour, performers in a jazz band or a minstrel troupe, I imagine. At the far side of the studio stood one lone white man. And right there I thought of a very good joke, and decided to see if I could pull it off. This was the joke I recalled: A barrister went into the library of the Middle Temple, which he found packed with

Leonard Crocombe tells stories of the Stone Age of Broadcasting—'mainly against myself.'

empty feeling. Then I heard voices and the tuning up of a violin. So I opened another door, dived in the cigarette fumes, and there I was, in the studio. 'Hullo!' said the orchestra leader, announcer, and presiding genius of the evening. (He was known then as Uncle Jeff.)

I sat there in that small and very stuffy room while the news was read, the orchestra played, and so on; and then I was announced to the listening multitude. I do not think I have ever

coloured students studying law books. At the far end of the room he saw a lone white man. The barrister's sense of humour overtook him. He walked the whole length of the library, held out his hand, and said in a loud voice: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

So my sense of humour overtook me, too, and I had no sooner thought of that joke than I walked straight up to the one white man at the far end of that studio, my hand extended: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' I said, with a bright, boyish smile.

He raised his highbrows. 'Er—no,' he replied, loftily. 'I am Captain Ramsbottom.'

Time is getting on. Let us leave Newcastle—or was it Cardiff?—and forge ahead to Glasgow. Now I always have to occupy my mind with pretty strenuous thinking whenever I travel up to Glasgow, otherwise I get so depressed; and so that time I thought out the idea of arranging for the studio orchestra to act as my audience and to laugh and applaud at the right moments. (The right moments being, as I was careful to explain to them, when I signalled to them from the microphone.) Well, they were all good fellows, not above doing a poor visiting Sassenach a good turn, and they played up to me bravely and so successfully that the *Glasgow Evening News*, the next day, gave us all a pat on the back and said what a good idea it was to have a studio audience. Now, this idea of mine led to a devastating adventure at my next broadcast, the following month, from another station. I was received by a funny little fire-eater type of person—a majah, or sergeant-majah, I have forgotten (and such titles no longer matter, nowadays, thank Heaven)—and I asked him if he would allow the orchestra to help me as the Glasgow fellows had done. But the majah did not think it worth while to arrange it for me himself and left it to me to put the idea to the musicians briefly, just as I was about to be announced. I thought they understood what they were to do—possibly they did, which makes this story against myself all the better—and so I began my talk. After my first funny story they gave a fine, hefty howl of laughter. Excellent. After the second story the outburst of laughter was not so loud. At the end of my third story—dead silence! Yes, I turned round from the microphone in astonishment, just in time to see the last of the men tip-toe out of the studio.

It was explained later that my talk had taken place during their interval for refreshment. I have never ceased to wonder what the 'unseen multitude' (if any) thought about the silence during the remainder of my talk. The majah seemed to think it did not mattah.

I feel sure he was right.

LEONARD CROCOMBE.

Don't forget to listen to
'CINDERELLA'
the Broadcast Pantomime
on Christmas Day (5GB)
and Boxing Day

CHRISTMAS TREES

By HAROLD NICOLSON



THE Mark of Brandenburg, which encloses in its sandy wastes the populous city of Berlin, is thickly coated with conifers—little stubby green things lining the railway from Hanover with sad reiteration. My train stopped, the other day, for some unknown reason in the middle of a solid wedge of these crowded but upright objects. The brakes hissed with steam; the radiators within my carriage radiated with redoubled violence; the window became coated with mist. I rose and opened the window, pulling it down as far as it would go. The silence, the dank November silence, was broken only by the hiss of steam. I leant out to see what was happening. Nothing was happening. The fir trees opposite stood close up to the line. It was half-past four, and already it was getting dark and sad. I leant out farther and observed that some workmen on the line had lit a fire on the embankment in the midst of which was balanced a little wobbly saucepan. A young man, coming up from the forest, carried some green fir-branches in his arms. He placed one of the branches upon the fire, laying the other two carefully beside the track. A puff of smoke drifted up from the fire and along the train. It reached my carriage. I became a child again, watching a pink candle smoulder among the fibres of a Christmas tree.

My eldest brother (we were in Constantinople at the time, and it was, at the time, the winter of 1894) being already a militarist and reactionary had conceived a marked dislike for Captain Dreyfus. This unfortunate officer had been arrested in October of that year for selling military secrets to the German Embassy. The incident had filled my brother, then aged seven, with passionate indignation. He determined to give me an example of what happened to people who sold secrets to the German Embassy. I had observed, and desired, when unpacking things for our Christmas tree, a little figure of a French soldier which jumped and dangled upon an elastic string. My brother told me that this entrancing and resilient figure was in reality Captain Alfred Dreyfus. He indicated that, for this officer, destiny had reserved a sentence of death by slow torture. He told me to wait till December 22, which was the date fixed for our party. 'You wait!' he said, menacingly, observing doubtless that I showed signs of being a Dreyfusard. I asked my mother whether I might not be allowed to have the little French soldier as a special present, reserved for myself alone, detached from the Christmas tree. She said that I must not beg for things in advance, and that perhaps, *perhaps*, if I were very good she would see that this particular object was reserved for my portion. But I wanted it now. I wanted to hide Captain Dreyfus in my play-box before fate could overtake him. She merely smiled.

Four days later, after many sticky mouths had munched at an enormous tea, the sliding doors which led to the drawing-room were suddenly opened and there in front of us,

glowing and crackling like the lights of Brighton from the sea, stood this pyramid of glistening pendant things starred with a thousand flickering candles. We said 'Oh!'—knowing that it was expected of us. Our minds, however, were concentrated greedily upon what we could obtain. My brother reached the tree before me, and began to walk round it quickly, searching for Captain Dreyfus. This officer, for his part, had managed to

hide himself away from the blaze of publicity in some shadowed recess of this sparkling conifer. I found him first. They had attached him to the branch, not by his own piece of elastic, which was frail enough, but by an additional hawser made of twisted golden string. I tugged silently at these moorings, my heart beating for fear lest my brother should emerge from behind the tree. I tugged and tugged. It was impossible to release Captain Dreyfus. I covered his little dangling body with my hand, praying that my mother would appear with the scissors. But it was my brother who appeared. He was two years older than I was, and he was allowed a knife. He detached Captain Dreyfus while I watched in agony. He was, as I still feel, really angry with the Captain

for having sold those papers to the German Embassy, although even at the time the evidence of his guilt was questionable. I watched his indignant determination with increasing terror. He kept on saying 'Traitor!' quite close to Captain Dreyfus's ear, and then he went and put that ear, in fact the whole face of the officer, in the flame of the nearest candle. Captain Dreyfus was made of papier maché and did not burn as briskly as other criminals. His face and figure were formed, indeed, by two profiles stuck together with glue; the glue melted in the heat of the flame, and the two profiles of Captain Dreyfus began at that to curl outwards and away from each other, smoking terribly. I let forth a howl of unutterable anguish, and dashed to the rescue. I showed great merit in seizing at the candle rather than at the figure itself which was already held firmly in the stronger hands of my brother. I pulled the candle sideways, bending it down into the fibres of the Christmas tree. A sharp smell of burning pine woods reached my nostrils. I howled again. It was then that I was rescued by my mother. Captain Dreyfus, as an organic substance, had by that time ceased to exist.

My people, I feel, displayed but little sympathy. They were more gratified by my brother's vicarious and (as was clearly shown by the Rennes court-martial) mistaken patriotism, than by my own passionate defence of a man who was clearly being victimized by a rigid military system. Besides, I had looked forward to possessing Captain Dreyfus and allowing him to dance and dangle at the end of my bed. My father was amused by the incident and went and told the French Ambassador, who happened to be present at the party. He also was gratified. He came and tweaked my brother's ear, speaking words of commendation. This incident, I am convinced, had a profound influence on my later life. From that moment I became anti-militarist, pro-Jewish, and pacifist; from that

moment the smell of a Christmas tree evoked associations, not of love, hope, charity, and material acquisition, but of hatred, torture, and injustice.

That my affection for Captain Dreyfus was no mere passing whim is brought home to me by the recollection of an incident which occurred five years later. It was in the autumn of 1899. I had been a year at my private school. The boys in the big schoolroom were allowed the *Daily Graphic*, and I had followed with feverish interest the progress of that famous trial by which Captain Dreyfus was vindicated. The paper would arrive about eight-thirty, at the very moment when we were released, after morning prayers, for a ten-minute run in the playground. I would linger behind, watching the little wooden rack near the green baize door of the headmaster's study. In a minute, I knew, the door would open, and the arm of the headmaster would appear round it stretching out to drop the *Daily Graphic* into the rack. On the day when the Rennes verdict was to be announced I watched that door with bated

breath. I could hear the cries of the other boys from the playground. I was alone. I hid behind a desk so as not to be seen by the headmaster. The door opened, the arm appeared, the *Daily Graphic* dropped folded into its rack, the door closed again. I rushed for the paper. He had been acquitted; there was something about extenuating circumstances which I did not understand; but it was quite clear from the *Daily Graphic* that he had been acquitted. Wild with joy, I dashed into the playground, waving the paper above my head. 'He's free! He's free!' I yelled. I was received somewhat coldly by my comrades. Such exhibitions of hysteria were not in the best traditions of the school. 'He's free!' I shouted again, defiantly. But my voice was dimuendo. I retired to the racquet courts to enjoy my triumph, and my great happiness, alone.

Such were the memories which crowded into my mind the other day as I leant out, looking upon the darkening fir-trees on that stretch of railway between Stendhal and Berlin. Dreyfus? Christmas trees? That playground at my private school? The train hooted and began to move on slowly past the fire upon the embankment. I shut the window and returned to my book. I was reading Professor Fay's excellent work upon the origins of the European War.

HAROLD NICOLSON.



THE POETRY OF RADIO

WIRELESS

NOW the heart has passed beyond
her last interpreter
verse, the diaphanous bond
wherewith speech fettered her.

Now the mind, like a flower printing
its shape upon eyes blind,
is borne, with naught preventing,
directly on the mind.

Now the soul has surrendered
to a force it did not guess
the far stations sundered
by spoken speechlessness,

keyed to a signal flung farther
than the word's decadent spark,
whose brightness did but gather
and point the deepening dark.

The great towers stand idle,
but we at this Midnight are
swept into touch on the tidal
wave-length of the Star.

HUMBERT WOLFE

EARPHONES

SOUNDS came sifting down
As I fastened the phones.
Music crowned the cottage.
The trees outside
Wrung their hands and cried in vain,
Unheard, forgotten.
And the owls
Signalled in their own world
Whence humanity had departed.
The ghosts of solitude
Came and went,
Blowing the logs to purple fire,
Sucking the flame for wine,
But they could not affright me
By my English hearth.
No latch clicked,
Nor door rattled,
Nor ivy at window tapped,
For I was far away,
Listening to the great orchestra
Bowing and drumming
In Germany.

RICHARD CHURCH

(From 'Mood without Measure': Faber & Faber, Ltd.)

AT A RING OF BELLS

HARK! They are ringing over the hills
the peals of Old England,
The octaves of yeomen, and staves of the soil.
The wheelwright pulls tenor, the old sexton
the treble bell,
And the village lads back from the wars pull
their ropes,
Dinging their music, their bravoes and salvoes,
Shaking the belfry till starlings a-tremble,
Chatter and fret with the clatter and rope-grind.

Now the pæan is set, and the major's full
clangour
Goes ringing—swinging—dinging, full-sailed
down the octave,

Then up to the overtone, and breaks in its
tangle,
Jangling and wrangling from bass tone to
tenor,

Running the octaves as sharp as the whipcrack
Of teamers at harvest-home, proud of the grain.
Loud peal and pæan, bourdon and burden
Swinging, one voice, ringing 'Rejoice!'

Tumble the monsters, the pride of the
valley;

And over the tumult, slow steering and
mounting,

The overtone thrums and hums, and
leads them together

In the hymn to Old England, pulled by
her yeomen. RICHARD CHURCH

AGAROL FOR CHRISTMAS

THE RICH CAVALCADE

CHRISt for kindness
Have you in hope!
Now the hour
Is fast approaching:
Day has failed,
And a drop of light
(Hung in the height
And cold of heaven)
Blesses the still
Delight of winter.
Steal from your fires!

A sharp frost
On grassy ways
Catches the glitter:
Down the dark
In a cavalcade—
This way—they went.
You saw them not
On the homely road,
You heard them not
On the road;
But now, oh, attend!
A shout, a song,
With a burst of music
Moves the bright air—
It is the hour again!
Christ in His kindness
Have you in hope!
A child is god!

FRANK KENDON

LINES WRITTEN AT A CONCERT OF DELIUS' MUSIC*

WITH hair like flames, and shining
face,
How comes he here in this grey place—
Who in old Greece with frolic lip
Taught the deft natives how to skip?
There all the music that he made
Was one tune only—whether in shade
Of the blue olives under the moon
Or under the sun in the sleepy noon:
'Love, it is life! There is none other.
Our father the sun and the earth our
mother
Declare it. Everything that has breath
Declares it. All else, all else is death!
—How comes he here, where labour lies
Heavy as pennies on our eyes;
And play is a masking of the truth
And bitter as aloes and sad as ruth;
He, who was used to pipe in a land
Where work and play went hand in
hand,
And love was the whole of life? . . .
Ah Pan,
Taunt us no more, for we never can
Follow you now—our feet are lead,
And the pagan blood in our hearts is
all but dead.

ROBIN HEY

(*Broadcast from the Queen's Hall,
Nov. 1st, 1929)

AN ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE

Heard by Wireless in an Eastern Garden

JUNE, and the hot dark,
The firefly's glittering spark
In the scented lilies, the smells
From the dust, and the thin bells:

The insects' ceaseless skreel
That drives overhead like a wheel.

Out of the sullen air
It comes, it is drawn to our share;
Magical, faint, remote.
A note—and a broken note—
Then the perfect, quavering round,
The long-drawn flicker of sound,
A sound that is almost sight,
Like the waves of a waning light,
Like a trace on the slate of the night. . . .

Oh, skies that were wide and grey!
Oh, dusk of an English day!

KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

Giants a-quarrelling, discordant, shouting,
Tumbling in the wind, thudding and thumping,
Till the woodside's a-shake, and the towers of
the Hall
Rock in the deluge. But peace! the wind
enters the valley,
Carries the combatants over the hills
And whispers them there, a secret of evening,
While the woodlands take breath, and the corn-
fields sigh.

Then back rush the ringings, rejoined and re-
joicing,
Shouting together so friendly and fine,

THIS LISTENING

—together with some Remarks on Broadcasting

By REBECCA WEST, Novelist and Critic

LISTENING and broadcasting are oddly different, considering they are reciprocal parts of the same process. The listener is in the happiest conceivable position, hardly having to make the least sacrifice of his personal convenience for the pleasure he receives. One's style need not be in the slightest degree cramped. When one hears people at dinner parties discussing matters arising out of the Foundations of Music series—such as the curious circumstance that though one has always been told that the fault of César Franck's piano music was that it sounded like organ music, one found that his organ music sounded very much like piano music—it is entertaining to speculate what they had looked like when they were listening to it, since it is the whim of the B.B.C. to run that series just at the hour when one begins to dress for dinner. (How one wishes, by the way, that the B.B.C. would give that series a little longer space! It is so divine and brief that it is like a sneeze heard from Parnassus.) One goes ahead when one is listening, and is natural. To take an extreme case, Opera, which up till now one has been unable to see unless one swallowed a poker and put on one's best clothes, one can now listen to in bed, when one has retired early and is dining off a boiled egg on a tray. Indeed, the listener is in as enviable a case as any man who would be entertained by his fellows. Even to stay at home and read a book is not so free and easy since for that one has to keep on the light; but one Sunday night recently I lay in bed in the dark and listened to Elisabeth Schumann singing. That is, I think, the ultimate of luxury.

But broadcasting is the antithesis. It is—at any rate to the infrequent broadcaster—one of the most grim experiences life has to offer. The knowledge that one has to do it settles coldly on one like a physical and mental condition for a couple of days, so that one asks oneself, 'What is the matter with me? Have I perhaps got influenza? Ah, no, it is merely that I am broadcasting the day after tomorrow.' There is the business, trying to everybody who is accustomed to extempore speaking, of writing out what one is going to say and sending it in two or three days before the event; for it seems so certain that what one writes cannot be right to be spoken. This is necessary, as I have realized ever since I stood up without a script before the microphone in a hall outside B.B.C. control and the loyal employees of a collar-manufacturing company, practising community singing in an adjoining room, sang full-throated praises of 'John Peel' and the 'Tavern in the Town'; I went down while English folk-songs stampeded over me, like the girl who was killed by the cattle in the recitation of our childhood called 'Lascia.' But though this writing of the lecture in advance is necessary, it is not easy; and after it is done there comes the awful dread of not getting to Savoy Hill in time. Will one's taxi break down in the middle of Hyde Park? Better take the Underground. No, trains

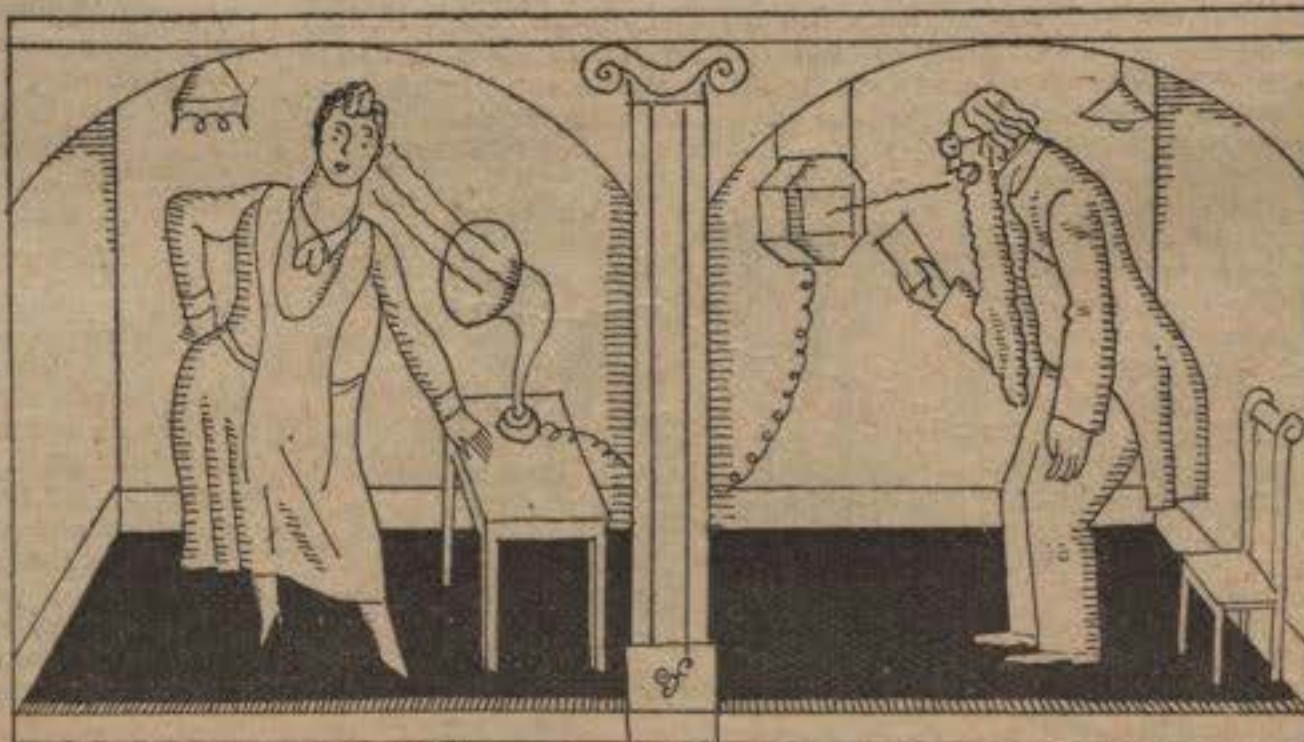
sometimes get stuck in between stations. Better take a bus? But buses sometimes get stuck in blocks, almost so long that moss and poppies grow on the wheels. One feels this panic much more than if one was going to speak at a meeting; for if that were the case they would put up the Vicar's sister to sing 'The Keel Row' to the audience. True that at Savoy Hill they would probably put on the Columbia record of 'In a Monastery Garden,' but they would not wait; by the time I arrived there would be a confusion of white-faced officials, Time, Weather, News, Teddy Brown's Band, and not an interstice for one's turn. So one starts too early. They are very kind at Savoy Hill, but of what avail is that when one knows one is going into a studio to talk to a microphone that will not give one a friendly wink and will not laugh at one's first joke and thereby reassure one? Actually it all goes by clockwork. One has hardly begun when one finds one is done, so does one's anxiety to speak at a right pace keep one busy. But the preparation.

THIS emotion is not peculiar to me. Most people I meet who broadcast only now and again feel, I find when I ask them, much the same as I did. But curiously enough it is a thing that the microphone does not seem to record. I have listened a great deal during the last two years and I have hardly been conscious that the speaker or singer or actor was nervous. Always I get a sense of their personality as it is in general, and not in the least under a special strain. I very often do not take in what the talks are about with any definiteness and particularity. Some things, specially of a very informative nature, seem to me far less interesting on the wireless than they do in print. Among those I would very definitely place the News. Never do I listen at a quarter past six without saying to myself in horror, 'Surely the world has not turned as dull as that all of a sudden!' It seems to me that a talk coming so evanescently from the wireless cannot stamp itself and its implications on the mind with anything like the impressiveness of black words on a white page, that can be referred to again and again; but it also seems to me that a talk records the personality of the speaker as a similar number of printed words could not do. I find that I do not remember what Virginia Woolf said in her biography of Beau

Brummell the other night with anything like the detail with which I would remember anything that she had written; but while I was listening to her I got almost as vivid a sense of her as if she was standing in the room. From the tones of her voice one realized her fineness, her fastidiousness, her inheritance of a great cultural tradition, and, over and above everything else, the light grace with which she can run on ahead of the ordinary person's understanding and point out some new aspect of reality, which raises her from the category of merely charming persons to that of the great creative artists. Even her sentences trailed a little before she got to the end of them, which gave one the feeling one has when one meets her, of a physique so delicate that it does her brain good service by transmitting to her brain sensations that more coarsely made people would never receive, but then can hardly stand the strain of supporting the activity which is set up in that brain by her sensations. It is the Shelleyan type; and people in the future will probably think it as wonderful that anybody should have heard Virginia Woolf on the wireless as that anybody should have 'seen Shelley plain.'

The miracle is that, on the wireless, one could 'see' Virginia Woolf so plain; and that one can see various other personalities so plain. I cannot help feeling that if one had never met Miss Sackville-West one would know from her talks on the wireless that she was tall, and dark, and brooding, slow-moving and graceful; and that when Mr. Harold Nicolson pops out of the wireless, as he seems to at each of his talks, not like a Jack-in-the-box, but like a chicken out of an egg, one could be certain, even if one had never seen him, that he was a masterpiece of elegance. And the other night I was listening to Mr. George Bernard Shaw's 'Point of View,' when I remembered something about him that I had forgotten for years. He is to us nowadays a white-haired G.O.M., but when I heard that proud, challenging voice, that was plainly spoiling for a fight, I remembered that he was born red-headed and the tawny streaks in his beard when I first knew him. And I am sure this power the wireless has to evoke personality is not effective only with people one knows, is not merely a matter of reviving associations by reproduction of the familiar speech. For when I went into a room recently knowing that Mr. Vernon Bartlett was one of a large number of persons present I was able to pick him out without difficulty, though I had never seen him before. I had not been deceived in the cherubic charm the wireless had suggested.

I am immensely grateful that the personalities which the wireless reveals to us are of this order; for that seems to me one of the most important proofs that the B.B.C. is realizing its proper functions. I am no believer in the absolute value of the wireless on its educational and its artistic side. Heaven help the man who tries to get all his mental pabulum by listening; he will end by being unfit to earn his living except by mixing pickles or some such occupation where a disposition to incoherence is a help. Books and long lectures are still the most convenient ways of acquiring solid masses of information. For one thing the very physical ease which the listener enjoys is far from being an aid to the attention when it wants to concentrate. And the man who does not know that a play sounds better in the theatre than



(Continued overleaf.)

(Continued from previous page.)

over the wireless, and music in the concert-hall, deserves to be deaf and out of the running for such amusements. But broadcasting is invaluable as a marginal note to civilization. It carries on a running commentary about the events of the day, including its art and science, that will help active minds to get the best out of their times. Now, inherently, the wireless is at a disadvantage; but it is able to overcome that disadvantage; because it is ready to make certain admissions that the Press will not. An American publisher recently called in a circulating expert to tell him why one of his publications, a woman's magazine, was rapidly losing ground; his report was that the woman it seemed to be written for had died about 1880. It is the specific vice of the Press to attempt to cater for this mortuary public. If I pick up my penny newspaper I find much matter that is purely archaic. There are allusions to writers that strike nobody under forty as anything but natural features of the landscape, to painters and sculptors who have been before the public twenty years and are beginning to grow stale, to musicians working in a mode familiar for a generation, as if these were daring innovators who were startling and irritating the public. The height of absurdity in this line was reached the other day when one of this kind of newspaper alluded, as to some bizarre and incomprehensible writer, to Ibsen Ibsen, whom everybody whose reading days are later than the 'eighties accepts as a classic, Ibsen, who may possibly slip out of knowledge quite soon because he strikes the youngest generation as so hopelessly old-fashioned in technique and thesis! This annoying trick is due to the fact that stupid people never notice that other people are changing the same as themselves. They know that the average people

they knew twenty or thirty years ago would have been puzzled by Virginia Woolf or Nevinson or Dobson or Constant Lambert, and therefore they assume that the average people of today have the same reactions. This is a complete error. The only people who live in such complete detachment from contemporary move-

THE MORNING SERVICE

From Monday next, December 23, onward, with the exception of Christmas Day when a Service is to be relayed from York Minster, the 10.15 a.m. Service which has hitherto only been broadcast from London and Daventry, will be broadcast each week-day from all Stations of the B.B.C.

ments as their imaginary readers are inmates of idiot asylums, who do not form a public worth considering. It is the chief virtue of the B.B.C. that it does not make this mistake. The personalities it introduces are those which are of interest to this generation, not to its grand-uncle who recently died of old age.

Yet I would like to know how that introduction was made. For surely it is the strangest thing that the microphone should never record the speaker's mood of the moment—never, never once have I said when I was listening, 'How nervous she is,' even when I afterwards learned that she very direly had been—but should convey so clearly the permanent features

of the character behind it? It is analogous to the curious effect that, for me, at least, the wireless has on music. The distortion of sound on even the best set seems to me to be still enough to be deplorable. The other night, after a period during which I had got all my music by listening to the wireless, I went to a concert given by Harriet Cohen and the Brosa String Quartet, and I could hardly follow the music for delight in the sound. I had forgotten that musical instruments emit notes that are in themselves pleasurable apart from the relationship between them. Yet I believe that this interference with the quality of the sound is not a dead loss. I cannot help feeling that stripped of the first layer of sensuous appeal the structure of the music has a better chance to impress the mind. Of course, a perfect performance of the music cannot be given until that layer (and the meanings it carries) is restored. But I am very sure that such a perfect performance is likely to be appreciated a thousand times better if the audience has rehearsed the hearing of it in a skeletonised form on the wireless. I find I remember the subject matter of music I have first heard on the wireless far better than I do that which I have first heard in the concert hall. I do not consider that I have really listened to Hindemith's String Quartet or to Constant Lambert's ballet *Pomona* because I have never heard them except through a loud-speaker; but I know that when I do hear them played in ideal conditions I shall like them much better for this previous hearing, which, in its hammering in of the thematic material, has almost the quality of a lesson. This, like the effect of personality on the wireless, is a thing that one could never have anticipated. It is worth remembering when people deplore the monotony of a mechanised future that machinery seems to rival humanity in its whimsicality!

REBECCA WEST.

WINIFRED HOLTBY indulges, for once, a sentimental mood.

(Continued from page 852.)

a vague bearing within thirty miles of us, and not a breath of wind anywhere.' And there I should find the young Korzeniowski, encountering his captain on a foggy morning, with the ship 'wrapped up in a damp blanket and as motionless as a post,' and I should hear the Polish sailor politely greet his superior in English with 'Merry Christmas, sir,' and the grimly-scathing reply, 'Looks like it, doesn't it?' Or is it better to restrain the dial and read instead the account of it all in Joseph Conrad's own essay, 'Christmas Day at Sea'?

The world would then be mine, and all the sounds thereof. I might swing round the globe to New Zealand, to listen to a picnic party in the sweltering sun, eating plum pudding in the bush—a grim achievement which yet might sound the same as any Christmas dinner in an English country house, with snow and mistletoe and robins. I might go south to a lonely hut in the vast wilderness of the Antarctic, and listen to a small company of gentlemen making merry with their leader, one Captain Scott. Or, while I was visiting adventures, I might find the year of grace 1497; the place, a green-wooded bay dipping down to the Indian Ocean; the scene, a wooden ship sailing through mild summer weather; the day, Christmas Day, and the excited cries—unhappily for me, in Portuguese—as Terra Natalis, the land of Christmas, Natal first was named. Anything less like a Christmas land than that fair province, half upland, half semi-tropical coast, I hardly can imagine. But there would be a sound of water, and the bells of the ship, and the rattle of ropes, and the noise of wind in the sails, and the voices of the sailors. I could hear well enough to distinguish the boat, poor linguist though I am, if I listened. And, using my privilege, I might steal

inland, and hear other cries, the amazement of black watchers on the shore as, in the words of an old carol, they 'saw a ship come sailing by, on Christmas Day in the morning.'

I could have tropical Christmases and Arctic Christmases, Christmases pagan and Christian, ancient and modern, a grim Christmas with John Knox, a lofty Christmas with Sir Walter Raleigh on the high seas, a jovial Christmas with a bourgeois German family in the last century. And I know that some will ask me, and I should ask myself, why, since I have the power, should I not go back two thousand years, to Palestine, to a village inn, and an inn stable? For there, though I could not understand the language, and though the noises from the streets would all be strange to me, I might hear the cattle moving in their stalls as I have heard them in the dark shed near our farmhouse; I might hear voices, and a hurrying to and from

the crowded inn, and the questioning of shepherds, and the cry of a child.

I might. But then, I might not. Sounds are confusing. One night is strangely like another night. I have heard a small child crying, and his mother's voice comforting him. I have heard the humble, homely rustlings, and munchings, and stirrings of cattle among the straw; I have heard shepherds striding down from the hills to a village inn. And among so many sounds, how should we know the sound that changed a world? What was one mother's voice among the village women? Or one child's cry in that crowded town?

The shout of the Frankish warriors when Charles the Great was crowned, the thundering of Bishop Morley rating the Court, the laugh of Lady Castlemaine—these would be easier to distinguish than those quiet sounds.

*'He cam al so styll
Where his moder was
As dewe in Apryll
That fallyt on the gras.
He cam al so styll
To his moder's bowr
As dewe in Apryll
That fallyt on the flour.'*

I would rather turn to a much later Christmas and hear in a Kent village a girl's voice singing that ballad. Its fresh sweetness tells us more than we might learn from our most ingenious instrument, our most erudite expert in Semitic languages.

I am glad that we have more than one sense through which to perceive the world. I am glad that when all the five senses are stilled memory takes up the tale. I am content to leave some sounds to memory and imagination.

WINIFRED HOLTBY.





Let the children enjoy themselves

YOUR children will enjoy still more that visit to the pantomime in the holidays by listening to the excellent pantomime broadcast by the B.B.C. on Christmas Day.

A **SIEMENS**
H.T. Battery will ensure the clearest reception.



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SIEMENS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., WOOLWICH, S.E.19.

5.15
A RECITAL
BY
SOLOMON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

9.5
MENDELSSOHN
CONDUCTED BY
PERCY PITT



KATE WINTER
sings in the Military Band Concert this afternoon.



SOLOMON
will give a pianoforte recital this afternoon at 5.15.

8.45 (London only)
The Week's Good Cause
Appeal on behalf of THE TIME AND TALENTS GUILD by the Rev. Canon C. S. WOODWARD
IN Dockhead, a riverside corner of South London, a society of girls, called the Time and Talents Guild, carries on work among girls and children. Since 1914 their centre has been an old public-house, into which crowd weekly 250 members of Clubs, Guides, Brownies, and Sunday School. Each Club has a waiting list of would-be members, who cannot join owing to inadequate premises. Now has come a great opportunity. This dilapidated building will shortly be pulled down with the surrounding courts and alleys. The London County Council has offered the Guild a freehold site on their new Dockhead Building Estate, for a Clubhouse, and it is hoped to establish a centre, not only for girls, but for the whole family, where recreation and educational work, etc., will be carried on. The Time and Talents Guild is asking for £12,000, to buy the site, build and equip the clubhouse, and invest a small sum for upkeep. Of this, £8,000 has already been raised by this small society of girls, who now appeal to the public to help with the last £4,000.
Donations may be sent to: The Hon. Treasurer, Dockhead Building Fund, 187, Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1.

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST
(For 3.0 to 3.30 Programmes see opposite page)

3-45 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

KATE WINTER (Soprano)
NORMAN ALLIN (Bass)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
Fantasy from the Ballet, 'Victoria and Morrie England' Sullivan

KATE WINTER
Sweet Nymph, come to thy Lover }
Sorrow, Sorrow, stay } arr. Keel
Whither runneth my Sweetheart? }

BAND
Suite from 'The Miracle' Humperdinck
Prelude; Procession and Children's Dance;
Banquet and Nuns' Dance; March of the
Army and Death Motif; Christmas Scene
and Finale, Act I

NORMAN ALLIN
Sarastro's Songs ('The Magic Flute') Mozart

KATE WINTER
What the Lover said to the Evening Star
Bedford
Mother Mary Rutland Boughton
Ecstasy Rummel

BAND
Selection, 'Turandot' ... Puccini, arr. Howgill

NORMAN ALLIN
The Midnight Review Glinka
The passionate Shepherd to his love ... Taylor

BAND
Wedding Procession ('Coq d'Or') ('The Golden Cockerel')
Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. Howgill
Mock Morris. Grainger, arr. Gerrard Williams
The Flight of the Bumble Bee
Rimsky-Korsakov

5.15-5.45 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL
by
SOLOMON

French Suite in E Bach
Rhapsody in B Minor Brahms
Impromptu in F Sharp }
Waltz in G Flat } Chopin
Prelude in G }
Prelude in E } Rachmaninov
Seguidillas (Spanish Dance) Albeniz
(For 5.45 to 8.45 Programmes see opposite page)

(Daventry only)
8.45 ORGAN VOLUNTARY
From Liverpool Cathedral
Relayed from Liverpool.
8.50 'The News'
WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN;
Local News (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.5 A Mendelssohn Programme
LEONARD GOWINGS (Tenor)
THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
(Leader, S. KNEALE KELLEY)
Conducted by PERCY PITT



DOWN IN DOCKHEAD.
To provide children like these with a comfortable recreation centre is one of the primary objects of the appeal to be broadcast from London tonight.

Overture
Scherzo } ('A Midsummer Night's Dream')
Nocturne }
Wedding March }
LEONARD GOWINGS
Aria, 'If with all your hearts'
ORCHESTRA
Symphony in A ('Italian')

IN his letters from Italy Mendelssohn referred more than once to this Symphony, which he felt sure was to be among the brightest and most joyous of all his music.

The first movement is certainly full of exhilaration and the first main tune is heard at the outset with real animation; the second theme, appearing after some development of the first, is no less buoyant.

For some reason which no one knows, the second movement is always called 'The Pilgrims' March.' The first part of the movement is certainly serene and almost grave as compared with the vivacity of the other three, and the introductory bars have been spoken of as 'a call to prayer.' In the second part of the movement clarinets have a fine theme and the movement ends with a return to the first subject.

The customary Scherzo movement is here rather like a Minuet, in moderate time, with a gracious tune played by the strings. In the middle ('Trio') section there is a strong phrase played by horns and bassoons, to which violins and afterwards flutes, reply.

The last movement is in Tarantelle rhythm, hurrying along at strenuous speed. There are three themes, all played by the strings, all in the same Saltarello measure, and though, towards the end, there is a more meditative tune played by woodwinds, it is the energy and good spirits of the dance rhythm which mainly prevail.

LEONARD GOWINGS
The Garland
In a Gondola
On Wings of Song
ORCHESTRA
Two Songs Without Words
Overture, 'The Hebrides'

10.30 Epilogue
'LORD, WHAT IS MAN?'
'LOYALTY'

3.0
THIS WEEK'S
BACH
CANTATA

3.0-3.30 CHURCH
CANTATA (No. 1) BACH
'WIE SCHÖN LEUCHTET DER MOR-
GENSTERN'
(*How brightly shines the Morning
Star*)
Relayed from THE GUILDHALL
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Singers
MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano)
EDWARD REACH (Tenor)
STANLEY RILEY (Bass)
THE WIRELESS CHORUS
Players
S. KNEALE KELLEY (Violins)
ERNEST WYATT (Viola)
JESSE PANTLING (English Horn)
LESLIE WOODGATE (Organ)
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
(French Horns, English Horns,
Trumpet and Strings)
Conducted by
STANFORD ROBINSON

COMPOSED, about 1740, for the An-
nunciation, this is one of the most
splendid of all the cantatas, per-
vaded by a spirit of radiant joy.

The hymn on which it is founded
is by Philipp Nicolai, one of the
leaders among the devout poets
of the early Lutheran Church.
'Wachet auf' ('Sleepers Wake')
which was broadcast on Novem-
ber 10, is also based on one of his
hymns.

The first number is a great choral
fantasia, richly worked out; mys-
ticism and exuberance are blended
in it in a way which lends the whole
a wonderful sense of brightness,
and to that, melodious parts for
oboe and violins in the accom-
paniment contribute much. The
separate lines of the chorale melody
are freely used also as motives
in the accompaniment.

The arias for Soprano and for
Tenor are also the great Bach at
his best.

The setting of the final Chorale
is very dignified in its noble sim-
plicity.

I. Chorus:

How brightly shines yon Star of Morn,
Of God's great love and wisdom born,
From Jesse's root ascending,
Hail, David's Son, of Jacob's line!
My King and Bridegroom, all divine!
Thy reign is never ending!
Gracious, lovely,
Priceless treasure, passing measure!
Rich in blessing!
Ev'ry perfect gift possessing!

II. Recitative (Tenor):

Thou very God, of Virgin Mother born!
Thou Captain of Thine own anointed!
How sweet Thy living word to us,
Who like the holy men of old,
Do wait the time appointed!
That word of joy the Angel spoke
To Bethlehem that day—O sweet indeed!
Of Bread of Heav'n, That neither doubt,
Nor dread, nor death can ever steal away!

III. Aria (Soprano):

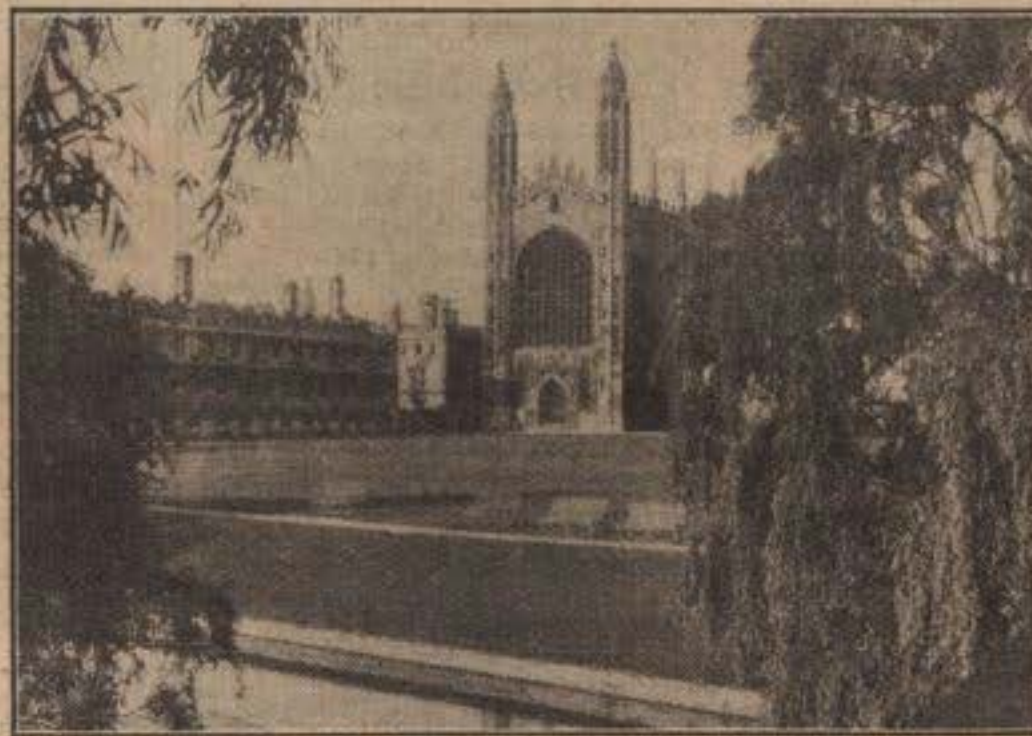
Come, visit, ye glowing, ye God-given
ardours,
The soul that entreats you with longing
desire!
For rapture celestial our spirits are yearning,
In ecstasy burning,
Though mortal, we long for the heav'nly fire.

IV. Recitative (Bass):

No light of earth, no mortal love
My constant soul can move,
Far greater joys my Lord to me revealeth
One source of perfect bliss.
The Saviour's flesh and blood,
My soul's refreshment is.

THE DAY OF REST
Sunday's Special Programmes

From 2LO London and 5XX Daventry



W. F. Taylor

Broadcast Churches—XL.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,

Cambridge, from which a carol service will be relayed at 3.30 p.m. on
Christmas Eve.

IN 1440, when he was eighteen, King Henry VI decided to create a
small college at Cambridge. But scarce had the work of building
a habitation for the little community (a Rector and twelve scholars)
started when ambition soared. The king determined to found a great
college which should outstrip all others in splendour and be linked with
the school which he had made at Eton.

His plans were never completed. The mighty quadrangle with library
and hall and buttery and lodgings for the scholars were never built,
but one part of his dream—the great chapel for his college monastery—
was, in the course of time, turned into the reality of timber and of stone.
It stands today as one of Cambridge's proudest possessions and as an
enduring memorial to the boy King.

In conception the chapel was then, and, indeed, still is, heterodox.
It is, as Henry VI desired, a church 'without any yles,' divided into chapel
and ante-chapel, and down each side 'betwixt every of the boteraces
[buttresses] in the body of the chirche, on bothe sides of the same chirche,
a closette with an auter therein.' And this scheme was carried out by
those who slowly proceeded with the building until, thanks be to the bene-
factions of King Henry VII, the fabric was completed seventy years
after the foundation stone was laid and in the full tide of the Renaissance.

So it stands today, a wonderful example of the architecture of the times.
Ruskin was contemptuous of its outside appearance, describing it as like
a table 'upside down with its four legs in the air.' But there is no
doubting the beauty and the majesty of the interior. The most striking
feature is the fan vaulting, which has been described as the most beautiful
form of roof ever devised. King's College Chapel has the finest example
left to us. Wordsworth wrote of it:—

... That branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die—
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

The great windows are equally notable and form a series of pictures in
glass probably unequalled in any part of the world. The first of them
was created by Barnard Flower, the King's glazier, as soon as the chapel
was completed, and Flemish artists and English craftsmen continued the
great work after his death.

And this chapel, which numbered Orlando Gibbons among its choristers,
has always been famed for its music. The organ, little changed save for
enlargements through two and a half centuries, stands on the screen
which divides chapel and ante-chapel, and can dominate the long chancel.
The choir has great traditions behind it, and always its rendering of Christ-
mas carols in the annual service on Christmas Eve approaches perfection.

One cannot imagine a broadcast of the Christmas Message from a more
beautiful setting than King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

H. G. H.

8.0
SERVICE FROM
LIVERPOOL
CATHEDRAL

Then shall not we, for this, His crowning
blessing,
From all eternity designed, Adore our God
with grateful mind,
His love and power confessing?

V. Aria (Tenor):

Tuneful harp and voices blending,
Evv'more, o'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
Shall declare Thy praise unending,
Hearts that love Thee sing the story,
Day and night, with delight,
King Almighty, of Thy glory.

VI. Chorale:

My chosen Spouse is Christ-the-Lord,
The First and Last, Eternal Word,
From God the Father springing,
He will me take, I know full well,
With Him in Paradise to dwell,
Rejoice, my soul, with singing,
Amen! amen! Haste Thou, then my joy,
my glory,
Soon to meet me!
All my soul doth long to greet thee!

The text is reprinted by courtesy of
Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

(For 3.45 to 5.45 Programmes see
opposite page)

5.45-6.0 BIBLE READING

PAUL'S LETTERS—II

Romans v. and Romans vi.

6.30-7.55 (Daventry only)

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

In Welsh

Ebeneser

Addoldy'r Treinyddion Westeaid
Llandudno

Relayed from Liverpool

Gweddi, a Chau Gweddi'r Argl-
wydd

Emyn 16, 'Clodforwch bawb ein
Harglwydd Dduw (Tôn, Deganwy)
Darllen, Job xxviii, 12-28

Emyn 198, 'Wele, cawsem y Meseia'
(Tôn, Groeswen)

Gweddi
Cyhoeddi a Chasglu

Fantasia ar y den Twrgwyn (ar yr
Organ)

Emyn 563, 'Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r
anialwch' (Tôn, Capel y Ddol)

Pregeth, gan y Parch. D. TEGWYN
EVANS, M.A.

Emyn 293, 'Daeth frydiau melyso
iawn' (Tôn, Builth)

Gweddi a Hwyr Weddi

8.0 PEOPLE'S SERVICE

FROM LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

S.B. from Liverpool

The Service arranged and con-
ducted by Canon C. E. RAVEN

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

Organ

Carol: 'The First Nowell'
(Oxford Book of Carols, No. 27)

Prayer

Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels
sing' (Songs of Praise, No. 49)

Lesson: Phillipians ii

Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight
clear' (Songs of Praise, No. 275)

Address

Benediction

Organ Music

(For 8.45 to 10.30 Programmes see
opposite page)

10.30 Epilogue

'LORD, WHAT IS MAN?'

'LOYALTY'

(For details of this week's Epilogue
see page 891)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22
5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

4.15
THE VIENNA
STRING
QUARTET

Good because
WELL...



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Fry's Cocoa

FRY'S Cocoa is particularly good for children and keeps them good, too. They call it 'chocolate drink' and love it. They digest it easily as well. Fry's Cocoa dissolves so quickly and thoroughly that it is made in a few seconds. Warming, sustaining, Fry's Cocoa is the best of drinks at all times. It keeps children well and maintains the vitality of old and young.

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**Fry's
Cocoa**

Issued by the House of Fry, Established 1728.

FBC 1-275

3.45 READING

4.15-5.45 Chamber Music

THE VIENNA STRING QUARTET:

RUDOLF KOLISCH (Violin), FELIX KUHNER (Violin), EUGEN LEHNER (Viola), BENAR HEIFETZ (Violoncello)

Quartet for Strings in B Flat (Op. 130)

Beethoven

Adagio ma non troppo—Allegro; Presto; Andante con moto ma non troppo; Alla danza tedesca (Allegro assai); Cavatina (Adagio molto espressivo); Finale—Allegro

THE last string Quartets of Beethoven, as they are always called, are admittedly difficult and obscure, but, to his devout admirers they are a very precious, even sacred, part of his noble work. More than anything else he wrote, they are regarded as intimate revelations of his own spirit, full of the deep sadness and of the physical suffering which made his last years a martyrdom, but touched, too, with something of the splendid courage and hope which animated him even then. Begun in the summer of 1824, and finished in November, 1826, only a few months before his death, they were clearly written down as expressions of what he felt, without much, if any, thought of those who were to hear them. And, of course, he was already so completely deaf that he heard not a note of them himself.

Op. 130 in B Flat has no fewer than six movements. The first begins with a slow introduction, whose theme plays an important part in the Allegro which forms the main part of the movement. There are two movements in Scherzo form, the second and fourth, two slow movements, the third and fifth, and a great Allegro to round off the Quartet.

ROBERT MAITLAND

An die Leyer (To the Lyre)..... } Schubert
Der Schiffer (The Mariner)..... }
Feldinsamkeit (Solitude in the Fields) } Brahms
Auf dem Kirchhofe (In the Churchyard) }
Die beiden Grenadiere (The Two Grenadiers) } Schumann

QUARTET

Third Quartet for Strings (Op. 50)....Schönberg
Moderato; Adagio; Intermezzo (Allegro moderato); Rondo (Molto moderato)

THE inclusion of Schönberg's most recent piece of chamber music in the same programme as one of Beethoven's great quartets, is intended to offer listeners an opportunity of comparing two works separated in time by just over a century. Schönberg's, concise in design and straightforward in intention, is actually much simpler than the older work, and is conceived on more strictly classical lines. Only in the tonality of its themes is it notably more modern than Beethoven's. There are the usual four movements. The first, at a moderate speed, begins with a figure interchanged between second violin and viola, before the first violin sails in with a broad melody. The slow movement, beginning with a very simple theme, elaborates it in the most interesting ways, and the third, taking the place of the usual Scherzo and Trio, is called Intermezzo. The last is a Rondo, again at moderate speed, with a forceful and vigorous principal theme.

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Conducted by the Rev. BENSON PERKINS
Relayed from THE CENTRAL HALL,
BIRMINGHAM

Order of Service

Organ Prelude
Hymn, 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending'
(Songs of Praise, No. 43)
Reading, Isaiah, Chapter ix, Verses 2, 6, 7,
Chapter xl, Verses 1-11
Carol, 'Take heart, the journey's ended' (Oxford
Book of Carols, No. 91)
Prayer
Lord's Prayer
Carol, 'Unto us a Boy is born' (Oxford Book of
Carols, No. 92)
Hymn, 'Love came down at Christmas' (Songs
of Praise, No. 299)
Address

Hymn, 'Rise up, O Men of
God' (Songs of Praise,
No. 350)

Benediction
Organist and Choir Master,
M. L. WOSTENHOLM

8.45 The Week's Good
Cause

(From Birmingham)

An Appeal for ENTERTAIN-
MENTS FOR WOUNDED
SOLDIERS by Lord LEIGH
(The Lord-Lieutenant of
Warwickshire)

Contributions should be for-
warded to Lord Leigh, Stone-
leigh Abbey, Kenilworth

8.50 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GEN-
ERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 Albert Sandler

and

The Park Lane Hotel
Orchestra

Relayed from Park Lane
Hotel

THELMA TUSON (Soprano)

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Morning, Noon and Night' .. Suppe
Prelude Rachmaninov

THELMA TUSON

To Daisies Quilter
Jewel Song ('Faust') Gounod

ORCHESTRA

Four Indian Love Lyrics .. Woodford-Finden

ALBERT SANDLER

Solo Violin:
(a) Meditation ('Thais') Massenet
(b) Schon Rosmarin (Fair Rosemary) .. Kreisler
(c) Variations Tartini, arr. Kreisler

THELMA TUSON

'Musetta's Song' ('La Bohème')..... Puccini
Love's Philosophy Quilter

ORCHESTRA

Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14 Liszt

10.30 Epilogue

'THE LIGHT ETERNAL'

Hymn 330 (Ancient and Modern)
Gospel of St. John, Chapter i, Verses 1-14
Hymn 292 (Ancient and Modern)
Benediction

Normandy Carol, 'Away in a Manger'

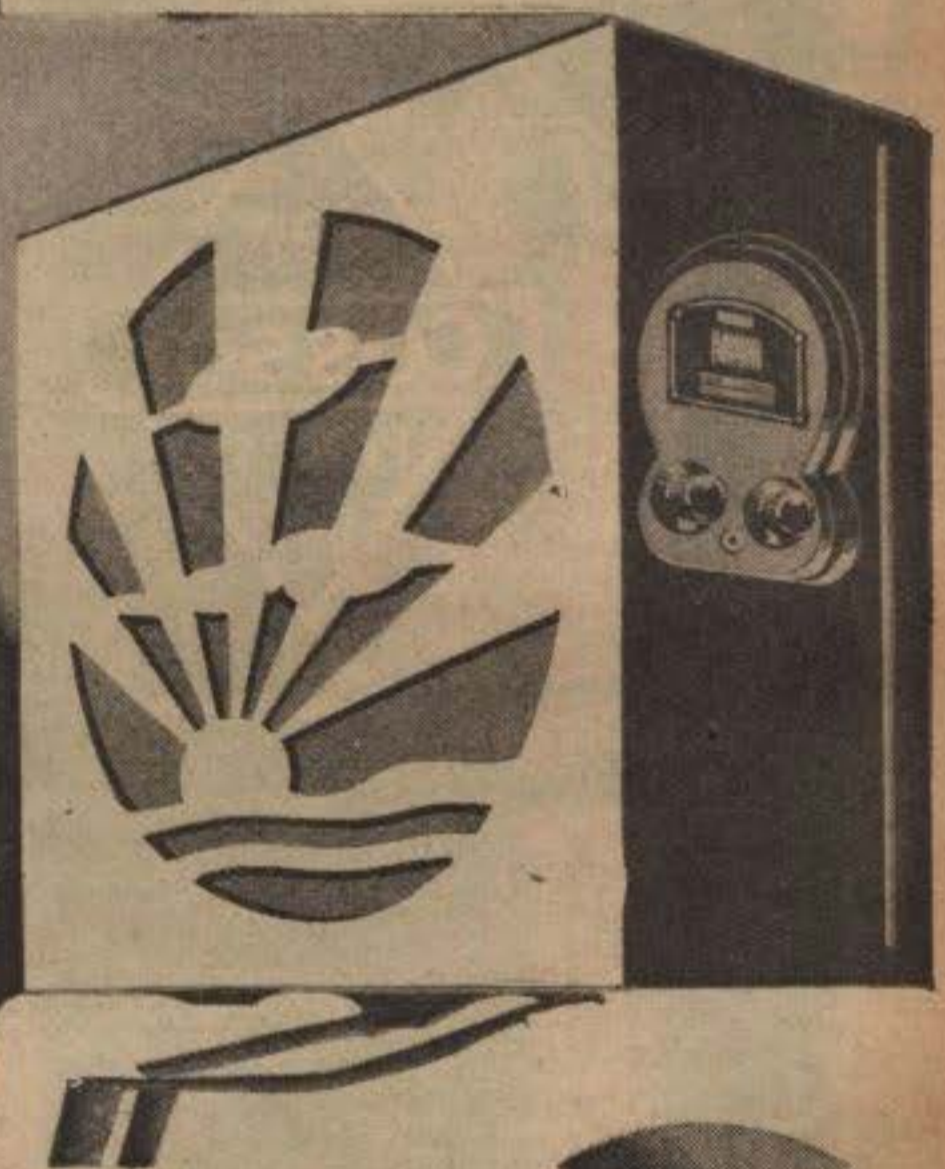
(Sunday's Programmes continued on page 871.)



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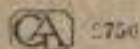
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The **NEW**
COSSOR
It's a wonderful Valve!

Sunday's Programmes continued (December 22)

5WA CARDIFF. 988 kc/s. (309.8 m.)

3.0 S.B. from London

3.20 Sir THOMAS HUGHES, 'The Story of the Fourth Wise Man—A Christmas Legend for Children'

3.45-6.0 S.B. from London

6.30-7.55 **A SERVICE IN WELSH**
Relayed to Daventry
Ebeneser
Addoldy'r Trefnyddion Westeaid
Llandudno
Relayed from Liverpool
Gweddi, a Chanu Gweddi'r Arglwydd
Emyn 16, 'Clodforweb bawb ein Harglwydd Dduw' (Tôn, Degawny)
Darllen, Job xxviii, 12-28
Emyn 198, 'Wele, cawsom y Mescia' (Tôn, Groeswen)
Gweddi
Cyhoeddi a Chasglu
Fantasia ar y don Twrgwyn (ar yr Organ)
Emyn 563, 'Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialweh' (Tôn, Capel y Ddol)
Pregeth, gan y Parch D. TŶCWYN EVANS, M.A.
Emyn 293, 'Daeth frydiau melys iawn' (Tôn, Builth)
Gweddi a Hwyr Weddi

8.0 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)

8.45 **The Week's Good Cause**
An Appeal on behalf of THE CITY OF CARDIFF DISTRESS FUND by THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF. Donations should be sent to The Lord Mayor, City Hall, Cardiff.

8.50 S.B. from London

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 **A CONCERT**
Relayed from THE PARK HALL, CARDIFF
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
(Cerddoria Genedlaethol Cymru)
Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE
Entr'acte in B Minor ('Rosamunde') Schubert
Dance of the Sylphes ('Faust') Berlioz
Symphonic Poem ('Phaeton') Saint-Saens
SAINT-SAENS' Tone Poem is based on the classical tale of how Phaeton persuaded his father, the Sun, to let him drive the Fiery Chariot across the sky. Listeners will remember that in the old tale the horses got out of hand, and the chariot was on the point of crashing into the earth to wreck it, when Jupiter hurled a thunderbolt which destroyed the youth and his car.
PARRY JONES (Tenor) and Orchestra
'Ingemisco' ('Requiem') Verdi
WHEN Rossini died, Verdi, universally acknowledged as his successor on the throne of Italian opera, proposed that the leading composers of Italy should combine to write a Requiem in his honour. Verdi himself composed the final number—'Libera me,' but the whole project never came to fruition. Some five years later, after the brilliantly successful production of *Aida*, the death of Verdi's friend the poet Manzoni, turned his thoughts again to a Requiem, and he completed the work himself retaining the original last number.
Critics objected that Verdi's manner was much better fitted for theatrical effect than for the most solemn service of the Church, but it has long ago been recognized that with all its melodious and dramatic qualities, the Requiem is wholly sincere.

THE CARDIFF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS MADRIGAL SOCIETY
Conducted by W. G. WILLIAMS.
The Holly and the Ivy
O Dued Pob Cristion Dr. Caradog Roberts
O Come All Ye Faithful
ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'L'Arlesienne' ('The Maid of Arles') Bizet

10.0 S.B. from London

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0 S.B. from London

3.30 S.B. from Cardiff

3.45-6.0 S.B. from London

6.30-7.55 **A Service in Welsh**
Relayed from Liverpool
(See Cardiff)

8.0-8.45 S.B. from Liverpool

8.50 S.B. from London

9.0 West Regional News. S.B. from Cardiff

9.5 S.B. from London

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship
S.B. from Cardiff



THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF appeals on behalf of the City of Cardiff distress fund tonight at 8.45.

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0-3.30 S.B. from London

3.45-6.0 app. S.B. from London

8.0 S.B. from Liverpool. (See London)

8.45 **The Week's Good Cause**
An Appeal on behalf of THE ROMSEY COTTAGE HOSPITAL by LADY MELCHETT

8.50 S.B. from London

9.0 Local News

9.5 S.B. from London

10.30 Epilogue

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0-3.30 S.B. from London

3.45-6.0 app. S.B. from London

8.0-8.45 S.B. from Liverpool (See London)

8.50 S.B. from London (9.0 Local News)

10.30 Epilogue

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

3.0-3.30 S.B. from London

3.45 **A Light Symphony Concert**
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
JOHN BOOTH (Tenor)
ALFRED BARKER (Violin)

5.45-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 **A PEOPLE'S SERVICE**
Relayed from LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL
Arranged and conducted by Canon C. E. RAVEN
S.B. from Liverpool
THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS
Organ Music
Carol, 'The First Nowell' (Oxford Book of Carols, 27)
Prayer
Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels sing' (Songs of Praise, No. 49)
Lesson, Philippians ii
Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear' (Songs of Praise, No. 273)
Address
Benediction
Organ Music

8.45 **The Week's Good Cause**
An Appeal on behalf of THE MONTAGUE HOSPITAL, MEXBOROUGH, by the Chairman, Mr. W. A. LEWIS
Donations should be sent to the Secretary, Montague Hospital, Mexborough
S.B. from Sheffield

8.50 S.B. from London

9.0 North Regional News

9.5 **Christmas Hymns and Band Music**
THE CENTRAL HALL CHOIR
Choirmaster, TOM CASE
and THE IRWELL SPRINGS BAND
Conducted by HARRY BARLOW
Christians, Awake! (Yorkshire)
Rock of Ages (Headhead 76)
While Shepherds Watched their flocks by night (Winchester old)
BAND
March, 'God of Thunder' Howgill
Overture, 'Rosamunde' Schubert
Trombone Solo, 'Ora pro Nobis' Piccolomini (H. POLLARD)

CHOIR and Band
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
Once in Royal David's City
As with Gladness Men of Old

BAND
Cornet Solo, 'Starlight' Clifton Jones (CLIFTON JONES)

Symphonic Poem, 'The Preludes' arr. Rimmer

CHOIR and Band
It Came upon a midnight clear (Noel)
O come, all ye faithful ('Adesso fideles')
Chorus, 'And the Glory of the Lord' .. Handel

10.30 Epilogue

Other Stations.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)
3.0-3.30:—S.B. from London. 3.45-6.0:—S.B. from London.
8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool (See London). 8.45:—The Week's Good Cause: An Appeal on behalf of the Mission Coast Home, Saltcoats, by Mr. Andrew Houston. 8.50:—S.B. from London.
9.0:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.5:—S.B. from London.
10.30:—Epilogue.

2BD ABERDEEN. 955 kc/s. (301.5 m.)
3.0-3.30:—S.B. from London. 3.45-6.0:—S.B. from London.
8.0-8.45:—S.B. from Liverpool (See London). 8.50:—S.B. from London. 9.0:—Scottish News Bulletin. S.B. from Glasgow. 9.5:—S.B. from London. 10.30:—Epilogue.

2BE BELFAST. 1,258 kc/s. (242.5 m.)
3.0-3.30:—S.B. from London. 3.45-6.0:—S.B. from London.
8.0:—S.B. from Liverpool. 8.45:—The Week's Good Cause: Appeal on behalf of the Belfast Joint Distress Committee, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Andrews. 8.50:—S.B. from London.
9.0:—Regional News. 10.30:—Epilogue.

7.45
A CORNISH
NATIVITY
PLAY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

9.35
PROGRAMME
OF
CONTRASTS

7.45 'BETHLEHEM'

A Nativity Play by BERNARD WALKER
Relayed from the Church of St. Hilary, Cornwall
THE CHARACTERS

The Angel
Boy
First Shepherd
Second Shepherd
Third Shepherd
Elizabeth
Mother
Benjamin
Asaph
Rachel
First King
Second King
Third King

SCENE I. THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS
SCENE II. THE CHILDREN AND THE LAMB
SCENE III. THE THREE KINGS AND THE CRIB

2.0.-2.30 app.

The 36th Annual
Entertainment
for Little Londoners
Relayed from The
Guildhall

This entertainment is
organised by the Trus-
tees of the Treloar Crip-
pled Children's Christ-
mas Hamper Fund
Arrival of THE LORD
MAYOR and SHERIFFS
in State, and the Metro-
politan Mayors
Procession round the
Guildhall
Speech by VISCOUNT
BURNHAM welcoming
the Lord Mayor
The LORD MAYOR'S
Reply

Community Singing
under the direction
of REGINALD EWEN
The City of London
POLICE BAND
directed by
Lieut. FREDERICK W.
SKEPELHORN

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
REGINALD PAUL (*Pianoforte*)

7.0 Mr. JAMES AGATE: Dramatic Criticism

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 Reading from English Letter Writers

7.45 A Nativity Play
'Bethlehem'
By BERNARD WALKER
Relayed from THE CHURCH OF ST. HILARY,
CORNWALL

Scene I. The Angel and the Shepherds
Scene II. The Children and the Lamb
Scene III. The Three Kings and the Crib
(See top of column 1)

9.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN; Local News; (*Daventry only*)
Shipping Forecast

9.20 Talk

9.35 'Contrasts'
A Programme by
DEREK McCULLOCH
Produced by GORDON McCONNEL
THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

10.30 DANCE MUSIC
TEDDY BROWN and his BAND from CIRO'S CLUB

11.0-12.0 JACK HYLTON'S AMBASSADOR CLUB BAND,
directed by RAY STARRITA, from THE AMBASSADOR
CLUB

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST

10.45 Miss BARBARA CARLAND: 'Making the
Best of Oneself—VI, What can be achieved'

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Records

11.0-11.30 (*London only*)
Experimental Television Transmission
By the Baird Process

12.0 A Ballad Concert
BLANCHE HARRISON (*Contralto*)
WILFRED GARTRELL (*Tenor*)

12.30 Organ Music
Played by EDWARD O'HENRY
Relayed from TUSSAUD'S CINEMA

1.0 LIGHT MUSIC
LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL
ORCHESTRA
FROM THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

1.0 (*Daventry only*)
PIANOFORTE INTERLUDE
(*Daventry only*)

1.15-2.0 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Relayed from THE NATIONAL MUSEUM
OF WALES
S.B. from Cardiff
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
(*Cerddoria Genedlaethol Cymru*)
Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE
Overture, 'Carnival' *Deorak*
Andante with Variations *Dohnanyi*
Introduction, Act III ('The
Mastersingers') *Wagner*
Dance of the Apprentices *Wagner*
Entry of the Masters *Wagner*

3.0 A Concert
LEYLAND WHITE (*Baritone*)
MARGARET ALBU (*Pianoforte*)

3.30 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

4.15 LIGHT MUSIC
MAX JAFFA and his PICCADILLY GRILL ORCHESTRA
FROM THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Story of 'The Little Pagan Fawn'
(*Patrick Chalmers*)
Piano Solos by ERNEST LUSH
'The Salving of Pyack' from 'Under Northern
Lights,' written and told by ALAN SULLIVAN
Songs by FOSTER
RICHARDSON

6.0 Miss NINA ABBOTT:
'Christmas in Ber-
muda'

CHRISTMAS in the 'Still
Vex'd Bermoothes' is
to be the subject of Miss
Abbott's talk this even-
ing. The festival is so
traditionally bound up
in our European minds
with snow and cold that
it is almost impossible
to visualize a tropical
setting for the Christ-
mas legends and rituals.
But in the Bermudas,
those coral islands of
the Atlantic, whose
shores are fringed with
mangrove, where
oranges and lemons
grow wild, and where
the mean annual tem-
perature is 70 degrees,
Christmas is very far
from being only a name
—even among the
considerable coloured
population.

9.35

CONTRASTS



A Programme by
DEREK McCULLOCH
Produced by
GORDON McCONNEL
THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by HAYDN HEARD
Relayed from THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA,
SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
March, 'Hands across the Sea' Sousa
Selection, 'That's a Good Girl' Meyer
One-step, 'Coming' }
Intermezzo, 'Darling' } Lincke
Overture to a Ballet }
Waltz, 'Village Swallows' Johann Strauss
Serenade, 'A Little Love' Silésu
Imaginary Ballet Suite Coleridge-Taylor

4.0 A Ballad Concert (From Birmingham)

CHARLES HILL (Tenor)
You Crosse
Thinkin' of Mary T. C. Sterndale Bennett
Spirit of the Night Scott Minchin
Sigh no more, Ladies Aitken

CYRIL COPE
(Violoncello)

Elegiac Poem:
Hamabdil Bantock
DOROTHY WITCOMB (Contralto)
Homing del Riego
If my Songs were
only winged
Hahn
O that it were so
Frank Bridge

4.30 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and
his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

5.30 The Children's
Hour
(From Birmingham)

'Santa brings his
Dog,' by E. B.
Healy

VICTOR SWEATH (Banjo)

JACKO and a Pianoforte

'How Mechanical Toys Work,' by Major Vernon
Brook
'Hush-a-Bye,' by Dorothy Cooper

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST,
FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music (From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

March, 'Spirit of Pageantry' Fletcher
WILFRED RIDGWAY (Pianoforte)
White Rose Jensen
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2 Chopin
Si oiseau j'étais (If I were a Bird) Henselt
ORCHESTRA
Fantasy, 'A Dream of Christmas' .. Ketelbey
ALBERT HODGKINSON (Tenor)
Eleanore Coleridge-Taylor
Blow, blow, thou winter wind Quilter
For You Alone Geehl

7.5 ORCHESTRA
Pastoral Suite John Ansell
WILFRED RIDGWAY
Preludes, Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 15 }
Study, Op. 42, No. 4 } Scriabin
Study, Op. 8, No. 1 }
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Greek Slave' Jones

7.45 ALBERT HODGKINSON
A Mid-Winter Carol Wood
O Vision entrancing Goring Thomas
ORCHESTRA
The Nigger's Birthday Lincke

8.0 From the Musical Comedies

ALFRED BUTLER (Baritone)
PATISON'S SALON ORCHESTRA
Directed by NORRIS STANLEY
Relayed from THE CAFE RESTAURANT, COR-
PORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM

9.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT (From Birmingham)

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
Conducted by RICHARD WASSELL
Overture, 'Tam O'Shanter'
Learmont Drysdale, arr. Godfrey

Folk Song Suite
Vaughan Williams

Most of Learmont Drysdale's music, for orchestra, for chorus, and for the stage, was based on Scottish subjects, and this stirring and vivid Overture is, of course, founded on the Burns poem. It gained a Carnegie Award, and was published by the Trustees under their scheme. It was first performed in 1891, in Glasgow.

It begins in mysterious mood, with a few bars of soft prelude, and then a furious theme breaks in, eloquent of Tam's terrified ride. The whole of the first part is built up on this galloping rhythm, growing in strength and vigour, and increasing in speed more than once. It gives way anon to a slower and more gracious movement, with a theme which the oboe begins and the first violin carries on. But once more the time hastens, and now it is the storm of the night which gathers about the rider, with the shrieking witches on his trail. The storm rises to a pitch of boisterous fury, and again calm succeeds with a reminder of the slower tune. But it is the haste of the galloping theme from the opening which brings the Overture to an end.

BEN LAWES will Entertain
BAND
Suite for Children, 'Cock Robin and Co.'
Stately
Euphonium Solo, 'Nazareth' Gounod
(P.C. HARE)

BEN LAWES will again Entertain
BAND
Selection, 'Merrie England'
German, arr. Godfrey

10.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC
TEDDY BROWN and his BAND from CIRO'S CLUB
11.0-11.15 JACK HYLTON'S AMBASSADOR CLUB
BAND, directed by RAY STARRITA, from THE
AMBASSADOR CLUB

(Monday's Programmes continued on page 874.)



DOROTHY WITCOMB sings in the Ballad Concert this afternoon, and BEN LAWES, entertainer, takes part in the Band Concert tonight.

9.0 THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND

Here's
Happiness
and Prosperity
for you and yours

£275 A YEAR FOR LIFE, WHEN YOU RETIRE

Think of it! A care-free life from, say, age 55. An income of £275 a year absolutely secure to you for the remainder of your days—even if you live to be a centenarian. An income irrespective of business or other investments, and not subject to market fluctuations, trade conditions, or political troubles! What a boon to you and yours! What a burden off your mind!

The plan devised by the Sun Life of Canada makes this splendid prospect possible for you. You deposit with them a yearly sum you can well afford out of your income, and the money, under the care of this most prosperous company, accumulates to your credit and to it are added extraordinarily generous profits. Thus you share in the Company's great prosperity.

The figures here given assume an age of 35, and are estimated on present profits, but full details of other ages and amounts will be sent upon request. Here is how the plan works out:

£275 a Year for Life.

From 55 years of age you will receive £275 a year for life. If you prefer it, a cash sum of £9,100 will be given you instead of the yearly income.

£20 a Month if Unable to Work.

(Applicable to residents of the British Isles, Canada, and United States.)

Supposing you adopted this plan now, and next week, next year, or any year until you are 55, you become—through illness or accident—permanently incapacitated from earning a living, £20 a month will be paid to you until the £275 a year becomes due.

Income Tax Rebate.

If Income Tax remains as now, you will save over £200 during the term of the arrangement. This is additional to the profit you make on the transaction.

£2,000 for Your Family if Anything Happens to You

Should you not live to the age of 55, £2,000 plus accumulated profits will be paid to your family. If death results from an accident the sum would be increased to £4,000, plus the profits.

Any Age, Any Amount.

Though 35 and £275 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan applies at any age and for any amount, even for a policy of only £100. Whatever your income, if you can spare something out of it for your and your family's future, this plan is the best and most profitable method you can adopt.

£100,000,000 Assets.

The Sun Life of Canada has assets of over £100,000,000 which are under Government supervision. In addition to the foregoing Plan, this great Annuity Company is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its Group Assurance and Pension Policies, and it also specialises in provision for Children's Education.

FILL IN AND POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To H. O. LEACH (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
12, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street,
Trafalgar Square, London, S.W.1.

Assuming I can save and deposit £..... per
..... please send me—without obligation
on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan,
showing what income or cash sum will be available
for me.

Name
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address
.....

Occupation

Exact date of birth

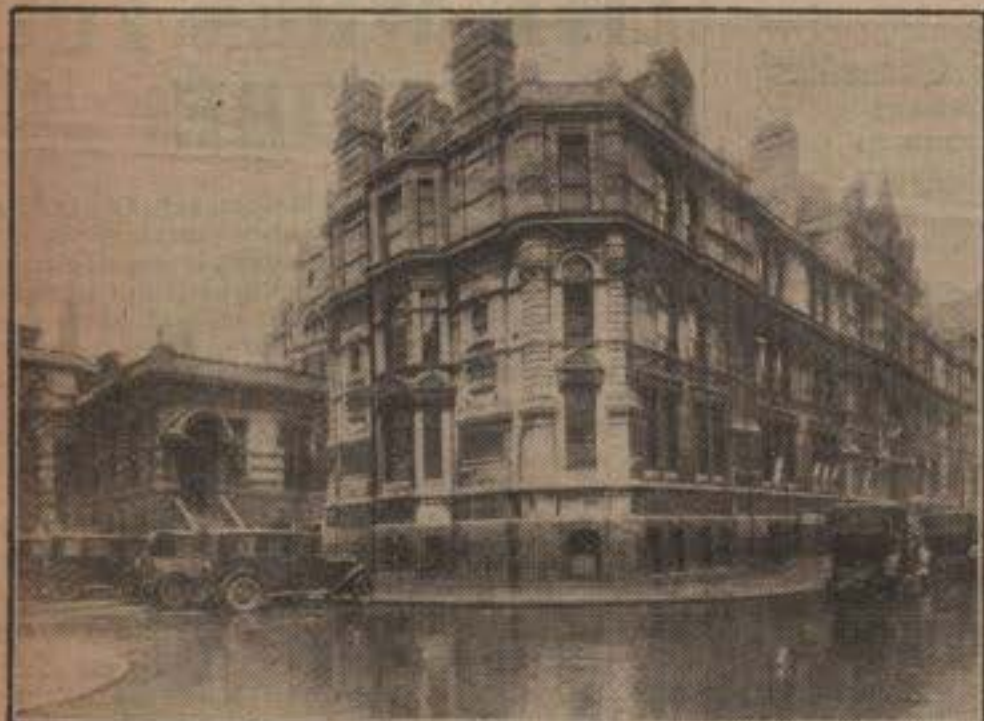
R.T., 20/12/29.

Monday's Programmes continued (December 23)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

1.15-2.0 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Relayed from THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES
Relayed to Daventry
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
(Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)



Metropol Studio

THE EXCHANGE, CARDIFF.

Carols by the Cardiff Exchange Choir are being relayed from 'The Floor' and broadcast from Cardiff this afternoon.

Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS

Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Overture, 'Carnival' *Deorak*
Andante with Variations *Dohnanyi*
Introduction, Act III ('The
Dance of the Apprentices...') *Mastersingers*
Entry of the Masters *Wagner*

3.15 Carols on 'Change

THE CARDIFF EXCHANGE CHOIR

Conducted by RONALD EVANS, A.R.C.O.

Chairman, H. KENDRICK

Relayed from THE EXCHANGE, Cardiff

Hymn, 'O come, all ye faithful'

Carol, 'Good Christian Men, Rejoice'

Old German

CYRIL WILLIAMS

Solo, 'Bring your offerings' *George Hillitch*

Carol, 'The First Nowell' *Traditional*

Hymn, 'While Shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night'

W. T. DAVIES

Solo, 'Nazareth' *Gounod*

Carol, 'God rest you merry, gentlemen'

Traditional

A. NOEL LAWRENCE

Recital, 'A Christmas Carol' *Dickens*

'The End of It—Scrooge's Awakening'

Carol, 'Sleep, Holy Babe' *Dykes*

Carol, 'Good King Wenceslas' *Helmore's Carols*

Hymn, 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing'

4.15 The Rev. GORDON HAMLIN: 'Old Churches of the West—Weston Zoyland'

4.30 An Afternoon Concert

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES

(Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)

Overture, 'Russian and Ludmilla' *Glinka*

Russian and Ludmilla, based on one of Pushkin's

poems, is a rather strange mixture of fairy lore

and Russian legend. Ludmilla, the daughter of a

Grand Duke, has three suitors, of whom she

prefers the Knight Russian. She is carried off

by magic powers, and the whole story is taken

up with Russian's heroic conflict with these;

he overcomes one dread magic spell after

another to win his bride in the end.

BERNARD ROSS (*Baritone*) and Orchestra

O Star of Eve ('Tannhäuser') *Wagner*

WAGNER was fond of introducing real personages from history into his operas, and several of the characters in *Tannhäuser* actually belonged to the age which the Opera describes. Wolfram von Eschenbach, who appears as one of the Minstrel Knights, was a distinguished poet of those far-off days; some have thought him the most important figure in the literature of the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. He counted himself a soldier rather than a poet, and there is no doubt that with spear and sword he did noble service on behalf of the Landgrave Hermann, his feudal chief in the opera, as in real life he actually was.

This beautiful song is taken from the third Act of the Opera. Elizabeth has been praying for the errant Tannhäuser at a wayside shrine, and has sadly and gently declined Wolfram's offer to escort her home to the Castle. He sings this song, as he watches her climb the heights, with the evening star rising in the sky above the Wartburg.

ORCHESTRA

'Carmen' Suite *Bizet*

BERNARD ROSS and

Orchestra

Valentino's Song ('Faust')

Gounod

ORCHESTRA

Fantasy, 'The Three Bears'

Eric Coates

5.15 The Children's Hour

'The Shoemaker'

A Children's Christmas Opera founded on a

Grimm's Fairy Tale

The Music by ROBIN MILFORD

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.15 West Regional News

9.20-10.30 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

1.15-2.0 *S.B. from Cardiff*

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*

9.15 West Regional News.

S.B. from Cardiff

9.20-10.30 *S.B. from London*

9.20-10.30 *S.B. from London*

6BM 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.15 Local News

9.20-10.30 *S.B. from London*

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

Another Studio Carnival, in preparation for the

Festive Season. The chief events will include

'The Coronation of King Mirth,' and Songs by

PHYLLIS CHADSEY (*Contralto*)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

7-45 Nativity Play

(See London)

9.0-10.30 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 An Afternoon Concert

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

A. E. ROGERS (*Baritone*) *S.B. from Newcastle*

CONSTANCE CARRODUS (*Songs at the Piano*)

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.15 North Regional News.

9.20-10.30 *S.B. from London*

Other Stations.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

10.15-10.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry.

3.0—The Octet. 3.5—Mr. Cairn's Children's Choir (*S.B. from*

Edinburgh). Daisy Badger (*Pianoforte*) (*S.B. from Edinburgh*).

4.0—'Milestones of Musical Comedy—V. The Viennese Con-

cert.' Dorothy Forrest (*Soprano*) (*S.B. from Aberdeen*). The

Octet. 4.45—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra,

relayed from the Playhouse Ballroom. 5.15—The Children's

Hour. 5.57—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0—London

Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15—*S.B. from London*.

6.30—Bulletin of Juvenile Organizations. 6.45—*S.B. from*

London. 9.15—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20-10.30—*S.B.*

from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 995 kc/s. (301.5 m.)

10.15-10.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry.

3.0—A Concert. Mr. Cairn's Children's Choir and Daisy

Badger (*Pianoforte*). *S.B. from Edinburgh*. The Octet. *S.B.*

from Glasgow. 4.0—*S.B. from Glasgow*. 6.0—London Pro-

gramme relayed from Daventry. 5.15—*S.B. from London*.

6.30—Bulletin of Juvenile Organizations. 6.45—*S.B. from*

London. 9.15—Scottish News Bulletin. *S.B. from Glasgow*.

9.20-10.30—*S.B. from London*.

2BE BELFAST. 1,250 kc/s. (242.5 m.)

10.15-10.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry.

12.0-1.0—Light Music. William Martin (*Baritone*). The

Radio Quartet. 3.30—Concert Music. The Orchestra. Nancy

Reilly (*Soprano*). Harold Harper (*Violin*) and Frederick R.

Amor (*Viola*). 5.0—Musical Interlude. 5.15—The Children's

Hour. 6.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry.

6.15—*S.B. from London* (9.15 Regional News). 9.35—

Memories of Other Days. The Chorus and Orchestra. Nina

Smith (*Soprano*). 10.30-11.0—Dance Music; Jan Ralston's

Regal Band relayed from the Plaza, Belfast.



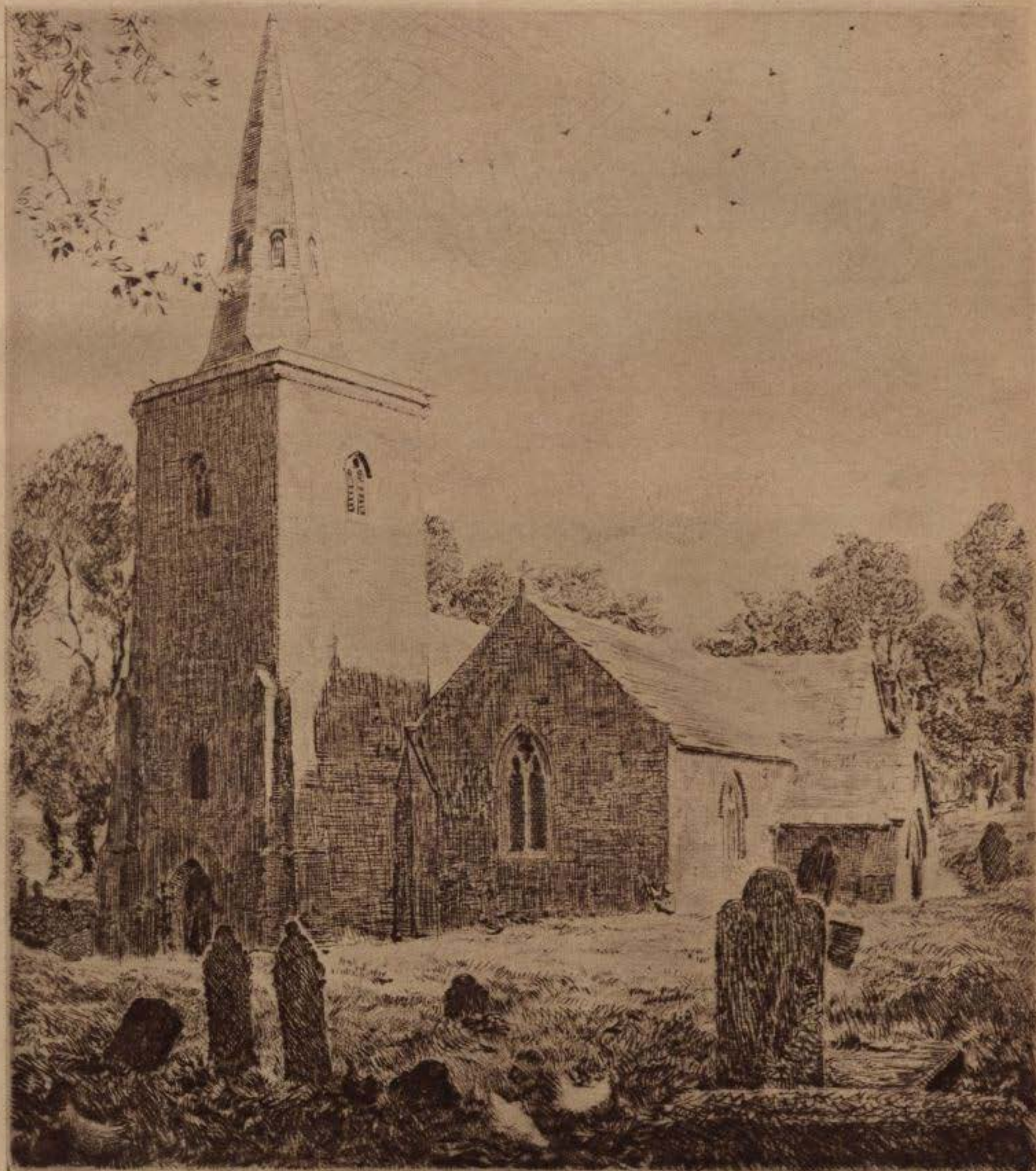
S. C. Turner

WESTON ZOYLAND CHURCH.

The interior of the old church of the West of which the Rev. GORDON HAMLIN speaks from Cardiff this afternoon.

AS THE ARTIST SEES IT

Broadcasting as the Inspiration of Modern Etching



[Etching by J. B. Souter

"The Church of St. Hilary" in Cornwall, from which, on Monday, December 23, the Nativity Play will be relayed for the third time.



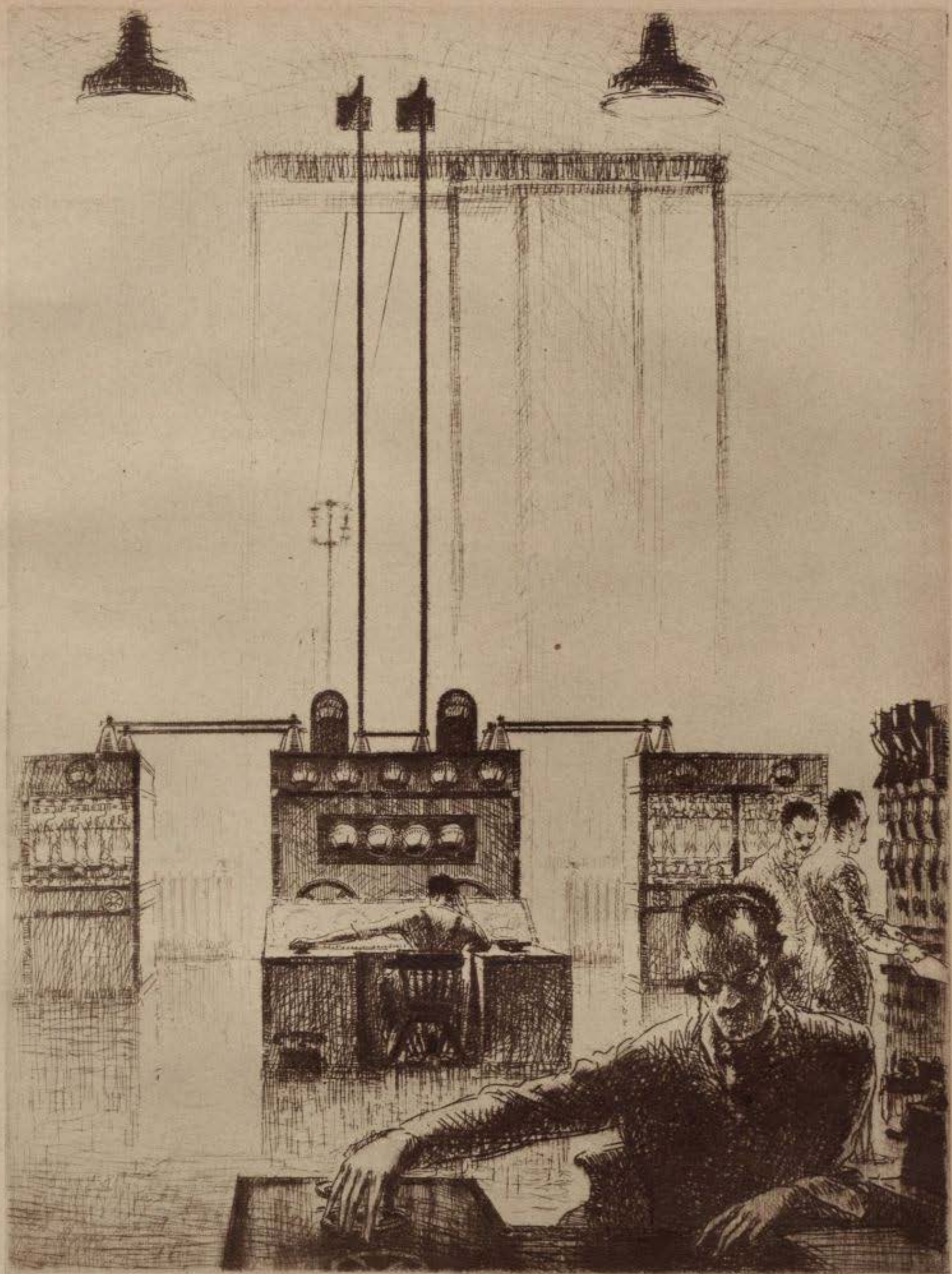
[Etching by Ian Strong]

"Aerials in Poor Street." The ubiquity of wireless aerials is a distinguishing feature of the Age of Broadcasting in which we live.



[Etching by G. H. R. Heritage]

"The Chapel hewn from Coal." On Sunday, October 10, Cardiff and Swansea relayed a Religious Service from the Mynydd Newydd pit.



[Etching by Bayliss Allen

“In the Transmitter Hall at the London Regional Station, Brookman’s Park.” This twin transmitter, which began working on one wave-length, in September, represents the most modern development in design and construction.



[Etching by Molly Campbell

"The Other Side of the Microphone," a "Hogarthian" view of Broadcasting in the listener's home.



[Etching by Sybil Andrews

"Broadcasting House, Piccadilly." The Manchester Headquarters of Broadcasting in the North, opened early in 1929.



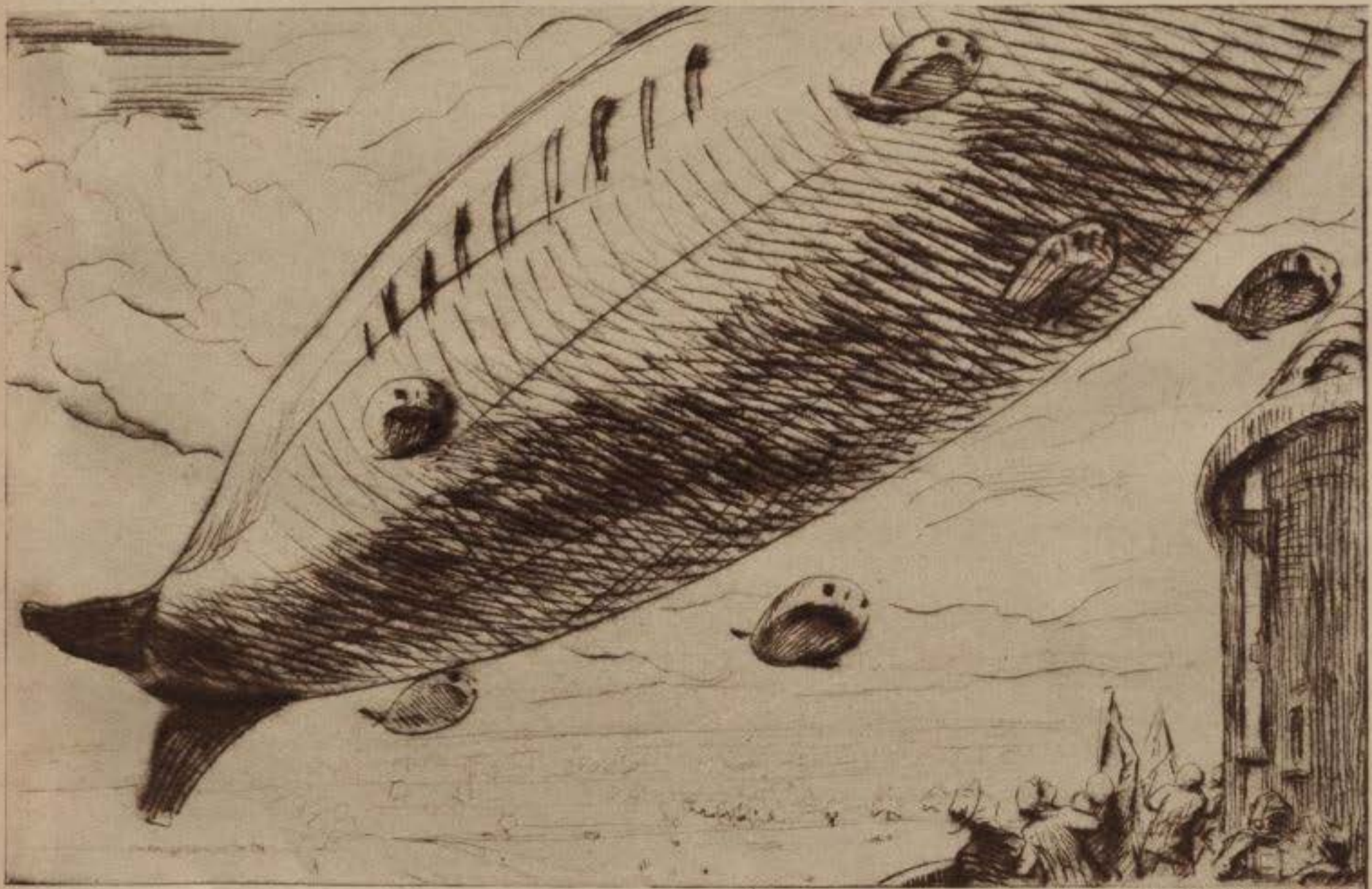
[Etching by Randolph Schmöbe

"The Union of the Churches of Scotland." On October 2 there was broadcast to all stations from St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, a Service of Praise and Thanksgiving for the Union of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland.



[Etching by Rosa Hope

"Sir Walford Davies at the Microphone."—A portrait of one of the year's most popular broadcasters to the "Ordinary Listener."



[Etching by L. D. Luard

"The Air Fish." An artist's impression of the R 101 on her return to Cardington from a trial flight; he sees her as a silver fish swimming over the Bedfordshire fields. A running commentary on the return of the R 101 was broadcast.



[Etching by Michael Ross

"At the 'Prom.'"—Sir Henry Wood conducting his Symphony Orchestra in one of this year's successful series of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, organised by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

THE ART OF ETCHING By JAMES LAVER

ETCHINGS are often confused with pen drawings because a certain number of them are somewhat similar in appearance. They are, however, very different. Instead of drawing on paper with a pen or pencil, the etcher takes a needle mounted in a handle and draws with it on the surface of a copper plate which has already been covered with an acid-resisting varnish. The needle scrapes away the varnish, leaving portions of the copper exposed. The plate is then immersed in acid which bites into the metal wherever unprotected by varnish. The varnish is then cleaned away altogether and the plate, with the lines of the design clearly bitten into its surface, is ready to print.

The plate is smeared with ink and the surface wiped clean, leaving the ink in the bitten lines. If a damped piece of paper is now laid on the copper and the whole passed through a powerful press, the ink is transferred from the plate to the paper, and the result is called an etching.

What is called drypoint is different again, no acid or varnish being used. The plate is simply scratched with the needle, the hollow thus formed is filled with ink, and the plate is printed from as usual. The two processes of etching and drypoint are often used in combination.

In the fifteenth century etching was used for patterning armour, and it was only later that it occurred to some ingenious mind to fill the hollows with ink and take an impression on paper. However, by the time of our King Henry VII etching as a graphic process was already known, especially among the Germans. Albrecht Dürer was the first great master to try the process, and his plate "The Cannon" remains one of the masterpieces of etching for all time.

It is not until the next century (the seventeenth) that etching really comes into its own with the colossal figure of Rembrandt, but before we consider the great Dutch master, we must say something about two Frenchmen, Jacques Callot and Claude Lorrain. The former led a most romantic life, running away from home twice and joining bands of gipsies travelling to Italy. He was so determined to be an artist and not a priest, as his parents intended, that he was sent to study in Rome, and finally became a purveyor of pleasures, director of pageants and the like, to the court of Tuscany, at Florence. He produced more than a thousand etchings, the distinguishing character of which is the extreme liveliness of the little figures with which he peopled his scenes. It is thought that Claude Lorrain, better known as a painter, learned the process of etching from Callot. He produced a number of plates of rural landscape with classical architecture.

Rembrandt has been already mentioned, but we must return to him again, for he is the supreme figure of all etching, gathering up into his own genius all that had been done before and forecasting almost everything that was to come after. His portraits, including those of himself, show a depth of spiritual insight and a power of compelling the medium to express what he wanted, which has never been equalled. His Biblical subjects show his power of infusing into the most hackneyed themes a personal vividness of observation which makes them live again. It is only necessary to mention as an example his etching of "Joseph telling his Dream." The faces of the brothers are expressed with the fewest possible number of lines, yet each face is individual, and each full of meaning. His etchings of still life or from the living model, are alike remarkable, but most fascinating of all are his landscapes, for in these he set up a standard which has influenced all later workers in the same field.

The famous Flemish portrait painter, Van Dyke, who painted our own Charles I, etched some magnificent portraits of his fellow artists,

but unfortunately his plates were ruined by his followers, being "finished" by them in more senses than one.

There were a number of interesting etchers at the end of the seventeenth and throughout the eighteenth century, but in general, etching was despised by artists and by the public, and sank to the level of a subsidiary process in the production of line engravings. The revival came in the nineteenth century, and in spite of the interesting work done by Turner, Crome, Cotman and Geddes, in England, the real impulse came from France.

What is known in the history of painting as the "Barbizon" school—that is a group of painters who worked at the little village of Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau—produced a number of etchings with real understanding of the qualities of the medium. Jacque, Rousseau, Daubigny and Millet are the most famous names. Millet's etchings reflect the subjects and the mood of his paintings, being concerned with the laborious, but dignified, lives of French peasants. Jacque's favourite subjects were pigs. The etchings of Alphonse Legros—whose migration to England and Professorship at the Slade, was to have so strong an influence on English art generally—were concerned with much the same subjects as Millet.

Unlike these rural etchers, Charles Meryon was the inspired portrayer of the town of old Paris, before its picturesque corners were swept away by the improving hand of Baron Haussmann. The son of a Scottish physician and a French dancing girl, his vision was strangely morbid, and one of his greatest etchings depicts a gargoyle of Notre Dame gloating over the vice of the city of Paris. His etchings, which are now of great value, brought him almost nothing in his lifetime, and he died mad.

The second great figure in etching, after Rembrandt, is the American, James McNeill Whistler. His days of study were passed in Paris, and he was undoubtedly influenced by his French contemporaries, especially Jacque. His early plates are careful transcripts of nature, most beautifully composed and executed, and he was one of the first to discover the beauty of wharves and shipping. His "Thames Set" shows subjects taken from Wapping and Rotherhithe. It is, however, his later manner, when he was etching at Venice, that is considered most typical of his genius. His method becomes more suggestive, setting the minimum down on the plate and leaving the rest to be filled in by the imagination. A few lines are sufficient to suggest the whole sea-prospect of the island city with all its domes and cupolas and campanili. His influence on the art has been abiding, although many modern artists have reacted his almost excessive looseness of handling and have gone back for their inspiration to Meryon and older masters.

Whistler's brother-in-law, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, was a prolific and able etcher, chiefly of landscape, who did more than anyone else to bring the art into repute in England. He was the founder and first president of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers to which most of the modern masters belong.

There is little space to discuss the work of these. Sir D. Y. Cameron's architectural plates, and his drypoints of Scottish lochs, Muirhead Bone's studies of scaffolding, Brangwyn's grandiose bridges and windmills, Augustus John's portrait heads, McBey's war-time and Venetian subjects, F. L. Griggs' evocations of the Middle Ages (not to mention the work of the older men such as William Strang and Sir Frank Short) have all helped to place British etching in the forefront of modern achievements, while the number and talent of the rising etchers give every promise that that pre-eminence will be a lasting one.

Listeners who may wish to possess proofs of any of the etchings included in this supplement, should get into touch with the Redfern Galleries, Ltd., 27 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. The Galleries have arranged, on behalf of the artists, for strictly limited editions of signed proofs to be prepared from the original plates. The price of the proofs and the size of the respective editions are as follows:— The etchings by J. B. Souter, Bayliss Allen, Randolph Schwabe, Ian Strang (by courtesy of the Lefevre Gallery), Michael Ross: Three Guineas each (edition of 100); the etchings by G. H. R. Heritage and Sybil Andrews: Two Guineas each (edition of 150); and those by Molly Campbell, Rosa Hope and L. D. Luard: Two Guineas each (edition of 100).



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1929 CHRISTMAS EVE 29

2LO LONDON AND 5XX DAVENTRY
842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

- 10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST
- 10.45 Recipes for Party Dishes
- 11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

11.0-11.30 (London only)
Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process

- 12.0 **ORGAN MUSIC:**
Played by EDGAR T. COOK
Relayed from Southwark Cathedral
Master R. LAURICELLA
Master W. ASHWORTH
- 1.0-2.0 **Christmas Eve Children's Party**
FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA
Directed by GEORGES HAECCK
Relayed from THE RESTAURANT FRASCATI
- 3.0 **A Ballad Concert**
HILDA GOODMAN (Soprano)
CYRIL WHITTLE (Baritone)
- 3.30 **Christmas Eve Carol Service**
Relayed from KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

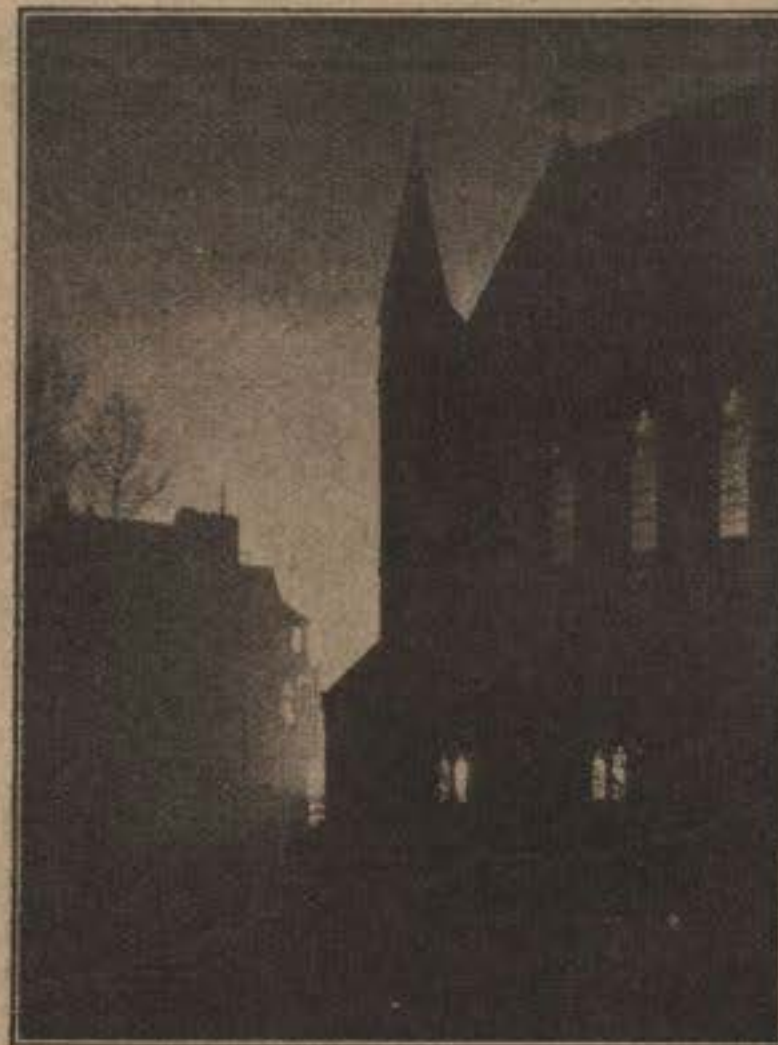
Professional Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City' Nineteenth Century
The Bidding Prayer
Invitatory Carol, 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' Twentieth Century, Walford Davies, Words, Bishop Phillips Brooks
First Lesson, Gen. iii, 8-15. Reader, A Chorister
Carol, 'In the Bleak Mid-Winter' Twentieth Century, The Bishop of Oxford; Words, Christina Rossetti
Second Lesson, Gen. xxii, 15-18. Reader, A Choral Scholar
Carol, 'I Saw Three Ships' Traditional English
Third Lesson, Isaiah iv, 2, 6, 7. Reader, A Bachelor of Arts
Carol, 'God rest you Merry, Gentlemen' Traditional English
Fourth Lesson, Micah v, 2, 3, 4. Reader, A Chaplain
Carols, 'Lullay my Liking' Twentieth Century, Gustav Holst; Words, Fourteenth Century
The Holly and the Ivy Traditional French, arr. Walford Davies
Fifth Lesson, St. Luke i, 26-33 and 38. Reader, A Fellow
Carol, 'Shepherds in the Field abiding' Old Carol of Lorraine
Sixth Lesson, St. Matthew i, 18-23. Reader, The Vice-Provost
Carol, 'While Shepherds watched' Eusebius's Psalter, 1592; Words, Seventeenth Century
Seventh Lesson, St. Luke ii, 8-16. Reader, The Mayor's Chaplain, a Free Church Minister
Carol, 'A Spotless Rose' Twentieth Century, H. Howells; Words, Fourteenth Century
Eighth Lesson, St. Matthew ii, 1-11. Reader, The Representative of the Sister-College at Eton
Carol, 'In Dulci Jubilo' Fourteenth Century German
Ninth Lesson, St. John i, 1-14. Reader, The Provost
Carol, 'O Come, all ye faithful' Eighteenth Century
Collect for Christmas Day

GHOST STORIES, MAGIC, AND CAROLS.



Three of the people who will contribute to a varied Christmas Eve. Mr. W. W. JACOBS (left) is one of the famous ghost-story writers who take part in 'The Haunted Hour'; Mr. WILL GOLDSTON (centre), the President of the Magicians' Club, will give some hints to Christmas-party conjurers; Mr. DALE SMITH (right) will sing some Christmas songs in the Orchestral Concert at 9.35.

- The Blessing
Recessional Hymn, 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing'
Mendelssohn, 1809-47; Words by C. Wesley (1743); G. Whitefield (1753)
- 4.45 **LIGHT MUSIC**
FRED KITCHEN and THE Brixton Astoria Orchestra with PATMANN at the Organ
Relayed from THE Brixton Astoria
- 5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
'HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.'
An unusual Christmas Party



CAROL-SINGING TONIGHT.
A striking night picture of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, from which a carol service will be relayed tonight at 8.30.

- 6.0 Reading of Modern Poetry
- 6.15 **'The First News'**
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.30 Musical Interlude
- 6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by REGINALD PAUL (Pianoforte)
- 7.0 **The Haunted Hour**
GHOST STORIES by Mr. E. F. BENSON
Mr. W. W. JACOBS and Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY
- 7.45 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 8.30 **A CAROL SERVICE**
By THE WIRELESS CHOIR
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON
Relayed from St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel
O Come, all ye faithful ... } arr. Walford Davies
The First Nowell }
Good Christian Men }
The Holly and the Ivy } arr. Rutland Boughton
Good King Wenceslas } arr. Geoffrey Shaw
Carol for Christmas Eve } Ouseley
Coventry Carol } arr. Stainer
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing } Mendelssohn
- 9.0 **'The Second News'**
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local News, (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast
- 9.20 Mr. WILL GOLDSTON: 'Some Conjuring Tricks for the Christmas Party'
- 9.35 **An Orchestral Concert**
THE WIRELESS STRING ORCHESTRA
Conducted by VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON
Overture in the Italian Style Schubert
DALE SMITH (Baritone) and Orchestra
Three Old English Songs:
Light o' Love } Anon, arr.
Early One Morning } Herbert Ferrers
The Song of Momus to Mars } Boyce
ORCHESTRA
Eight Russian Folk-songs Liadov
Chant religieux (Sacred Song); Chant de Noël (Christmas Song); Complainte; Chant comique (Humorous Song)—'J'ai dansé avec le moucheiron' (I danced with the gnat); Légende des oiseaux (Legend of the Birds); Berceuse (Cradle Song); Ronde; Chœur dansé (Dancing Chorus)
- DALE SMITH
O leave your sheep Hazlehurst
A Babe is born (Warwickshire tune) } arr. Fred
The Cherry Tree } Adlington
Now thrice welcome Christmas .. }
- ORCHESTRA
A Carol Symphony Hely-Hutchinson
Prelude, 'O come, all ye faithful'; Scherzo, 'God rest you merry, gentlemen'; Romance, 'Lullaby, Lullaby'—'The First Nowell'; Finale, 'Here we come a-wassailing'
- 10.45 **DANCE MUSIC**
THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND
From THE CAFE DE PARIS
- 11.0-12.0 JACK HARRIS' GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND
From GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE



5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 DANCE MUSIC JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

4.0 From the Light Classics (From Birmingham) THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

A Children's Overture... Quilter LINDA SEYMOUR (Contralto) and Orchestra Hymn to Aphrodite... Bantock ORCHESTRA Melody in E... Rachmaninov Trepak (Russian Dance)... Rubinstein

4.30 OLGA THOMAS (Pianoforte)

Morgenvandring (Wandering at Morning)... Sjogren Concert Study in E Flat Minor... Seeling

ORCHESTRA Suite, 'The Miracle' Humperdinck

LINDA SEYMOUR The Ghost Road Bantock

Five Eyes Armstrong Gibbs Les Petits... Moret

ORCHESTRA Lyric Serenade Elgar

5.10 OLGA THOMAS Bohemian Caprice Smetana

Grand Polonaise in E Flat, Op. 22 Chopin

ORCHESTRA Second Ballet Suite, 'La Source' ('The Fountain')

Delibes, arr. Jungnickel

5.30 The Children's Hour (From Birmingham)

A Programme by THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO STAFF, assisted by THE D'ALTON INSTRUMENTAL QUARTET

6.15 'The First News' TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Dance Music JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

7.0 Light Music PATTISON'S SALON ORCHESTRA Directed by NORRIS STANLEY

Relayed from THE CAFE RESTAURANT, CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM

Overture, 'The Bohemian Girl'... Balfe Waltz, 'The Wedding Dance'... Lincke

NORRIS STANLEY (Violin) Hymn to the Sun ('The Golden Cockerel')

Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. Kreisler Zapateado (Spanish Air)... Sarasate

ORCHESTRA Fantasy, 'Mignon' Ambroise Thomas, arr. Tavan Miniature Suite... Eric Coates

8.0 A Neapolitan Hour (From Birmingham) THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA (Leader, FRANK CANTELL) Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

NAPLES has always rejoiced in its own particular blend of folk-music, gay and sparkling, as is only natural. But apart from that, it was a great centre of cultivated music as long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century. Its early schools of music were not only the first in Europe, but were adopted as models throughout Italy and eventually all over Europe. Its four Conservatorios were originally charitable institutions, designed for the care of orphans, and at first it was church music which was their chief care.

La Danza (A Neapolitan Tarantelle) Rossini

FOSTER RICHARDSON (Bass) and Orchestra Santa Lucia (Luntana) Mario

O sole mio (O my Sun) Di Capua

Mattinata (Morning Song)... Leoncavallo

HERBERT THORPE (Tenor) and Orchestra

Torna a Surriento (Come back to Sorrento)... de Curtis La Spagnola... di Chiara

ORCHESTRA Neapolitan Serenade Drigo

HERBERT THORPE, FOSTER RICHARDSON, and Orchestra

Santa Lucia... Marzials Frangesa... Costa Funiculi Funicula Denza

THOUGH all Denza's other music should one day be forgotten, he will probably be remembered as long as songs are sung by this merry air which

all the world knows. It has passed so completely into the realm of popular things that the great Richard Strauss imagined it to be a real folk-song, and as such, made use of it in his Suite for Orchestra, 'From Italy.'

Denza was one of the Directors of the London Academy of Music and a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, for a good many years.

ORCHESTRA Neapolitan Scenes... Massenet La Danza; La Procession; L'Improvisateur

9.0 'Le Cabaret au Lapin qui Saute' (From Birmingham) (See centre of page)

10.0 'The Second News' WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC THE CAFE de PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND from THE CAFE de PARIS

11.0-11.15 JACK HARRIS' GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND from GROSVENOR HOUSE, Park Lane (Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 878.)



Le CABARET au LAPIN Qui SAUTE

with JACK BEECHING, The Radio Rascal ERNEST JONES and His Banjo JOHN RORKE in Light Songs THE D'ALTON INSTRUMENTAL QUARTET MASON and ARMES, Entertainers with a Piano MOLLY HALL JACK VENABLES, Syncopated Pianisms PHILLIP EROWN'S REVELLERS DANCE BAND Menu prepared by JOHN WATT FROM BIRMINGHAM TONIGHT AT 9.0



BEST RECORDS OF THIS WEEK'S MUSIC

Orchestral and Band.

Sunday: COO D'OR-Bridal Procession (Percy Pitt and B.B.C. Orchestra) (No. 9101-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. FLIGHT OF BUMBLE BEE (Sir Hamilton Harty and Halle Orchestra) (No. 3906-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM-Overture (Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra) (Nos. 9559-9560-4s. 6d. each). SCHERZO (Sir Thomas Beecham and London Symphony Orchestra) (No. L1812-6s. 6d.). Day, Exp. HEBRIDES (PINGAL'S CAVE)-Overture (Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra) (Nos. 9843-9844-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Monday: DREAM OF CHRISTMAS (Kettleby's Concert Orchestra, Organ, etc.) (No. 9767-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. MERRIE ENGLAND-Selection (Grenadier Guards Band) (No. 9607-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Wednesday: MIKADO-Selection (Court Symphony Orchestra) (No. 294-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. RAYMOND-Overture (H.M. Grenadier Guards Band) (No. 532-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. W. H. SQUIRE'S POPULAR SONGS-Selection (H.M. Grenadier Guards Band) (No. 939-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. BLUE DANUBE WALTZ (Weingartner and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra) (No. L2096-6s. 6d.). Day, Exp. CASSE-NOISETTE-Suite (Oscar Fried and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra) (Nos. L2318-L2320-6s. 6d. each). Day, Exp. Thursday: PARADE OF TIN SOLDIERS (Grenadier Guards Band) (No. 516-4s. 6d.). Lon. & Day. SAVOY CHRISTMAS MEDLEY (Deboy Somers Band) (No. 544)-3s.). Lon. & Day. Friday: MAGIC FLUTE-Overture (Sir Thomas Beecham and London Symphony Orchestra) (No. L1001-6s. 6d.). Day, Exp. TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SYMPHONY No. 5 (Mengelberg and Concertgebouw Orchestra) (Nos. L2176-L2182-6s. 6d. each). Day, Exp. Saturday: RIENZI-Overture (Bruno Walter and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra) (Nos. L1820-L1821-6s. 6d. each). Day, Exp. MENDELSSOHN'S "SCOTCH" SYMPHONY (Weingartner and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra) (Nos. 9837-9890-4s. 6d. each). Day, Exp.

Instrumental.

Sunday: ON WINGS OF SONG (Lionel Tertis-Viola) (No. D1637-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. BEETHOVEN'S QUARTET, B FLAT, OP. 130 (Leier String Quartet) (Nos. L1928-L1933-6s. 6d. each). Day, Exp. Monday: NOCTURNE IN G, OP. 37-No. 2 (Godowsky-Piano) (No. L2166-6s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Tuesday: RACHMANINOFF'S MELODY IN E (W. H. Squire-Cello) (No. L2095-6s. 6d.). Day, Exp. POLONAISE IN E FLAT (Jose Echantz-Piano) (No. D1648-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. CHANSON HINDOUE (Bernard Heilic-Violin) (No. 3985-3s.). Day, Exp. Wednesday: BEETHOVEN'S TRIO IN B FLAT (Sammons-Squire-Murdoch) (Nos. L1851-L1855-6s. 6d. each). Lon. & Day. SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN B FLAT (Aranyi-Salmund-Heus) (Nos. 9509-9513-4s. 6d. each). Lon. & Day. HANDEL'S LARGO (J. H. Squire-Celeste Octet) (No. 9179-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Friday: TOCCATA AND FUGUE, D MINOR (Pattison-Organ) (No. 9156-4s. 6d.). Lon. & Day. Saturday: MOZART'S SONATA, A MAJOR (Tertis-Viola and Murdoch-Piano) (No. L2070-6s. 6d.). Lon. & Day. HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 2 (J. H. Squire-Celeste Octet) (No. 9494-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. PETER PAN-Selection (J. H. Squire-Celeste Octet) (No. 9768-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. INVITATION TO THE WALTZ (J. H. Squire-Celeste Octet) (No. 9608-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. VISION OF CHRISTMASIDE (J. H. Squire-Celeste Octet) (No. 8439-3s.). Day, Exp.

Vocal.

Sunday: MIDNIGHT REVIEW (Robert Easton-Bass) (No. 9412-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Monday: HOMING (Muriel Brunskill-Contralto) (No. 3328-3s.). Day, Exp. O THAT IT WERE SO! (Robert Poole-Baritone) (No. 5318-3s.). Day, Exp. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND (Frank Mullings-Tenor) (No. 4317-3s.). Day, Exp. Tuesday: LA DANZA-Tarantelle (Pampanini-Soprano) (No. D1605-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. Wednesday: I'M A ROAMER (Robert Easton-Bass) (No. 9210-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. SIMON THE CELLARER (Norman Allin-Bass) (No. 9807-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. O DRY THOSE TEARS (Hubert Elsdell-Tenor) (No. 9349-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp. MAIRE, MY GIRL (Maestro Singers) (No. 5616-3s.). Day, Exp. Thursday: WHEN THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S ON PARADE (Harold Williams-Baritone) (No. 4159-3s.). Lon. & Day. ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE (Dora Labbette-Soprano) (No. 9479-4s. 6d.). Lon. & Day. INVICTUS (Norman Allin-Bass) (No. 2669-3s.). Lon. & Day. MESSIAH-Complete in 2 Volumes (Sir Thomas Beecham, Orchestra and Famous Singers) (Nos. 9320-9337-4s. 6d. each). Lon. & Day. Saturday: VALE (Clara Serena-Contralto) (No. 6316-3s.). Day, Exp. LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG (Dust: Dora Labbette and Hubert Elsdell) (No. 9695-4s. 6d.). Day, Exp.

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Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 24)

5WA CARDIFF. 988 kc/s (309.9 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 **The Children's Hour**
SPIC and SPAN pay us a visit—
Songs by MARGARET WILKINSON and
'A Christmas Carol' by Charles Dickens,
(Adapted for the microphone by Nancy Powell)
Incidental Music by THE STATION TRIO

6.0 **WELSH GHOST STORIES**

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.30 MARGARET WILKINSON (Soprano)
Comfort sweet, my Jesus comes... *Bach*
A Knight of Beth-lehem... *Thomson*
The Night Wind *Farley*
When e'er a snow-flake *Liza Lehmann*

6.45 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Egwyl Gymraeg
A WELSH INTERLUDE
A Recital of Welsh Gramophone Records

7.25 *S.B. from London*

9.15 West Regional News

9.20 *S.B. from London*

9.35 'Christmas Cards'
Designed by
DOROTHY EAVES
(See foot of page)

10.45-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mrs. RICHARDSON: 'The Demon of Tidworth—A Wessex Ghost Story.'

7.15 *S.B. from London*

9.15 Local News

9.20-12.0 *S.B. from London*



THE DEMON OF TIDWORTH, a Wessex ghost story, will be told by Mrs. Richardson from Bournemouth this evening.

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 **The Children's Hour**
PHANTOMS AND PHANTASIES
The Magic Hour is now 5.15 p.m., when spells are broken

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mr. CHARLES HENDERSON: 'Cornwall and Devon a Hundred Years Ago'—II

7.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local News)

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

7.0 *S.B. from Cardiff*

7.25 *S.B. from London*

9.15 West Regional News (*S.B. from Cardiff*)

9.20-12.0 *S.B. from London*

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0 A GRAMOPHONE LECTURE RECITAL
By MOSES BARITZ

1.0 Gramophone Records

1.15-2.0 THE MANCHESTER TUESDAY MIDDAY SOCIETY'S CONCERT
Relayed from THE HOULDSWORTH HALL
A CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT by THE MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR, conducted by Dr. A. W. WILSON
(Manchester Programme continued on page 831.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS

(from Cardiff to-night at 9.35.)

Christmas comes but once a year,
When it comes it brings good cheer;
Crackers, holly, mistletoe,
Blazing Yule-logs, crisp white snow:
Christmas cards by every post,
Which one do you like the most—
Medieval—Crisoline—
Merry Waits a-carolling—
Robin Redbreast—quaint old Mill,
Shepherd's cot on snow-capped hill—
Let us look them thro' and see
What they hold for you and me.

The Recipients
ELSIE EAVES, DONALD DAVIES, KENNETH ELLIS,
MARY CARDEW, SYDNEY EVANS, BARRY KENDALL,
RICHARD BARRON.
THE STATION ORCHESTRA



Give Radio this Christmas

Give British
Radio for Christmas!



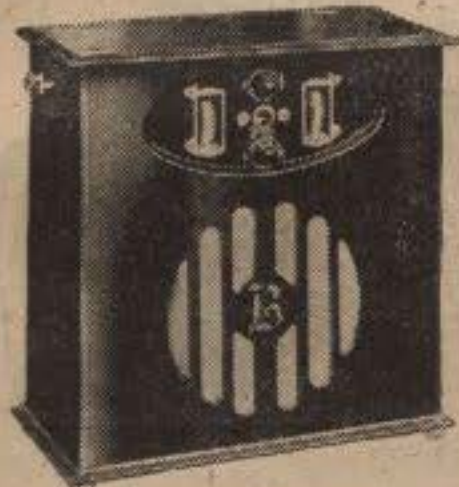
For there is nothing in Radio that can so eloquently express your Yuletide thoughts as a Brown Receiver, Brown Duplex Loud Speaker or Brown "Vee" Unit. Remember that Brown on a Radio instrument stands for British and Best.

Even though you pay considerably more for a Set you can get no better value than the Brown Receiver. It represents the very best in Radio performance—in range, in volume and in tone.

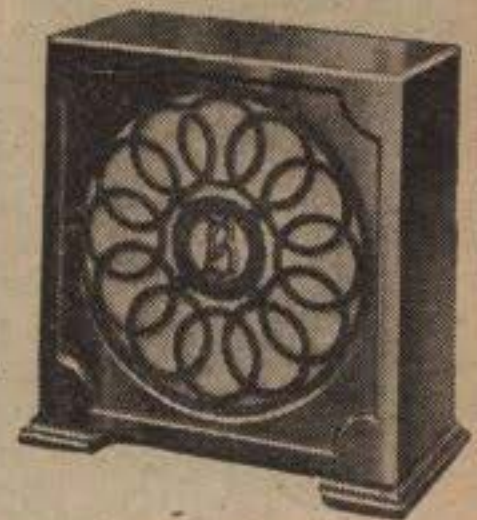
If you would give a loud speaker, there is none which can better express your greetings than the new Brown Duplex Loud Speaker. Its realistic reproduction is unequalled among Loud Speakers.

Finally . . . what would please a youngster more than a Brown "Vee" Unit? It is a gift that would gladden the heart of any Radio enthusiast. Order right away to avoid disappointment.

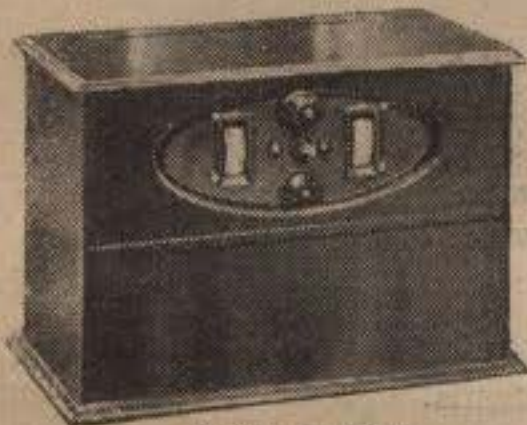
Write for FREE Folders to—
S. G. BROWN, Ltd., (Dept. A),
Western Ave., N. Acton, London, W.3.



Brown Receiver
(complete with Loud Speaker)
Type A, for battery operation, £12 7 6
Type A.M., for mains operation, £20 10 0
(Also in kit-form at slightly lower prices.)



Brown Duplex Loud Speaker
Made in three sizes.
V10 - price £5 10 0
V12 - price £7 10 0
V15 - price £12 10 0



Brown Receiver
(without Loud Speaker)
Type B, for battery operation, £9 7 6
Type B.M., for mains operation, £17 10 0
(Also in kit-form at slightly lower prices.)



Brown "Vee" Unit
Price only 25/-
Brown Cone and Chassis, price 35/-

Give
Brown



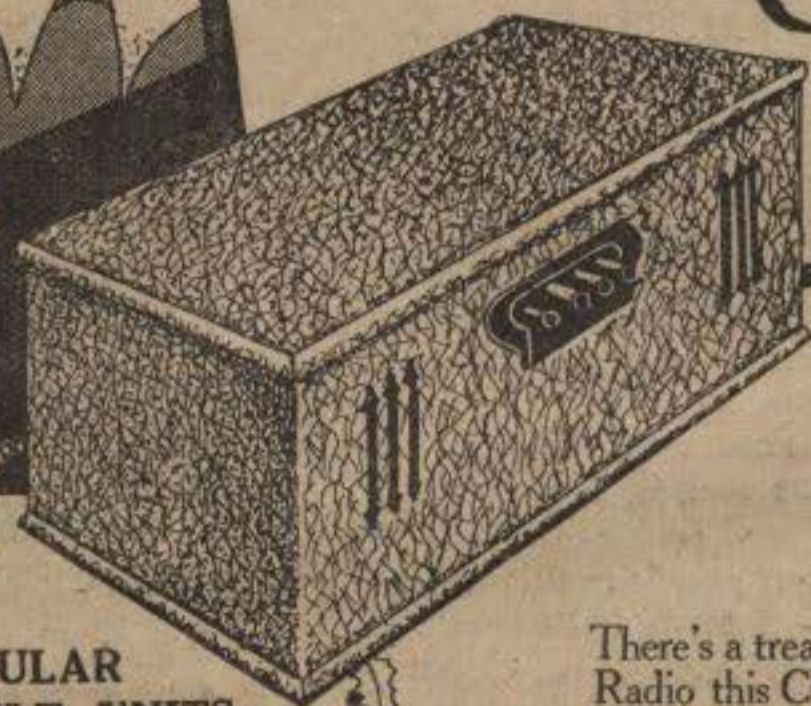
"As British as Britannia."



"The 'Peke' of Perfection"

Gift it with
"EKCO"

"Plug in—That's all!"



**TWO POPULAR
"EKCO" H.T. UNITS**



Model 2A.10 for A.C. Mains.

Suitable for 1-3 valve sets, or those not requiring more than 10 m/a. Tappings at 60 and 120 volts.

Complete £3:10:0



Model IV.20 for D.C. Mains.

For 1-5 valve sets, up to 20 m/a consumption. Tapping for Screen Grid Valve and at 0-120 and 120/

150 volts. Complete £2:10:0

(A.C. Model £4:12:6)

"EKCO-LECTRIC" Radio Receivers for A.C. or D.C. Mains, 2 Valve £10:17:6

3 Valve, £21 Complete.

"EKCO" All-Power Units from £5:17:6 D.C.

and £10:17:6 A.C. Complete.

Ask your dealer or write for Free Booklet and details of Easy Payments.

**E. K. COLE, LTD., DEPT. H.
"EKCO" WORKS, LEIGH-ON-SEA.**

There's a treat in store for those who have "EKCO-LECTRIC" Radio this Christmas! Radio free from worry! Radio with plenty of power! Radio at its best! Just plug the "EKCO" Adaptor into the electric light or power socket and "Switch-on—That's all!"

Battery operated sets can be completely electrified with an "EKCO" All-Power Unit, and H.T. or L.T. batteries eliminated with an "EKCO" H.T. or L.T. Unit, whilst "EKCO-LECTRIC" Radio Receivers give you modern radio in its simplest and most modern form—without batteries—without accumulators—without mess.

"EKCO" products are British Made for D.C. as well as A.C. Mains and are obtainable on Easy Payments.

"EKCO"

"Plug-in—That's all!"

**"EKCO-LECTRIC" RADIO RECEIVERS
AND POWER SUPPLY UNITS.**

Programmes for Tuesday.

(Manchester Programmes continued from page 878.)

- 3.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 The Children's Hour
- 6.0 Dr. J. E. WALLACE: The Approach of Christmas—VI, Music. S.B. from Liverpool
- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 7.0 MARTIN WILSON: 'Christmas for Curmudgeons' S.B. from Leeds
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.45 BRITISH MARCHES AND WALTZES.
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
L. DU GARDE PEACH: 'In a Haunted Room.'
- 8.30 S.B. from London
- 9.15 North Regional News
- 9.20 S.B. from London
- 9.35 Christmas Eve at Brown's
by
EDWIN LEWIS
Bill Brown
Susan Brown
Kate Cassidy
Polly
David
Sam
Jim
Thompson
Scene
The Brown's House at Owdham
THE 'WAITS' CHORUS
Chorusmaster, TOM CASE
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
- 10.45-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)
10.15-10.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry
10.45:—Mrs. Stuart Sanderson: 'Preparations for Christmas'—IV. 11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records.
3.0:—A Scottish Concert. The Octet. John Edington (Tener). Joe Barker (Reciter). 4.0:—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra relayed from the Playhouse Ballroom. 4.30:—Variety. The Octet: Suite, 'Russet and Gold' (Sanderson), Arnold Riley (Saxophone); Czardas (V. Mantl); Valse Caprice—Supplication (F. Guarente); Le Cygne (Saint-Saëns). Zan Wien (Zither-Banjo); Narcissus (Nevin); Valse Galète (Wien). Arnold Riley: Danse Hongroise (Ring-Hager, arr. Weidoeft); Berceuse de Jocelyn (Godard); Nola (Arndt). Jan Wien: Yabama (Oriental) and a Race to the North (Wien). The Octet: Suite, 'Italiana' (Thurbon). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Mr. Alexander Polson: 'Old-Time Yuletide Customs.' S.B. from Aberdeen. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—The Captain of Dunstaffnage—'The Wearing of the Kilt.' 7.15:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—'No Room at the Inn.' A Christmas Morality Play by David Cleghorn Thomson. Produced by T. P. Maley. 10.15 app.—12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 895 kc/s. (301.5 m.)
10.15-10.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry.
11.0-12.0:—Relayed from Daventry. 3.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.0:—Mr. Alexander Polson: 'Old-Time Yuletide Highland Customs.' 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 7.15:—S.B. from London. 8.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. S.B. from Glasgow. 9.20:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—'No Room at the Inn.'—A Christmas Morality Play by David Cleghorn Thomson. S.B. from Glasgow. 10.15 app.—12.0:—S.B. from London.

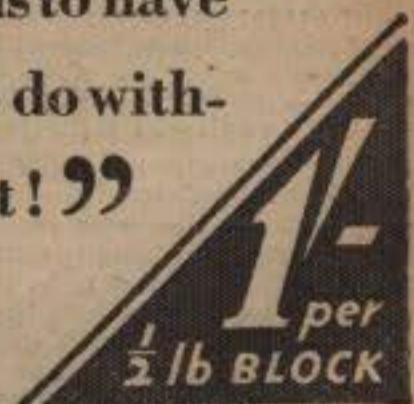
2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.3 m.)
10.15-10.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry.
3.30:—An Afternoon Concert. The Harmony Mixed Voice Quartet. The Orchestra. 5.0:—Musical Interlude. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Station Director's Talk. 7.15:—Musical Interlude. 7.25:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Christmas Eve in Ballymuckaghy. Mat Mulcaghey (The Oul Besom Man from County Tyrone), Jeannie Erskine, Samuel James, Ethel Lewis, Chas. K. Ayre, W. B. Gordon, K. L. O'Mealy, Mrs. Rooney. The Radio Singers. 8.30:—S.B. from London. (9.15:—Regional News). 9.35:—'Tally Ho!' James Newel (Baritone). The Chorus and Orchestra. 10.50-12.0:—S.B. from London.

Rates of Subscription to 'The Radio Times' (including postage): Twelve months (Foreign), 17s.; twelve months (British), 15s. Subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher of 'The Radio Times,' 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.



“You've only one packet—one packet? My good woman, what on earth shall I do? This is for my niece, you see. She has to have a lot of milk. And what am I to do without my Nestlé's? Tell me that!”

Have you ever tasted Nestlé's "Fruit Queen"—it's chocolate, almonds and rich ripe fruit—packed in sixpenny cartons.



CHRISTMAS DAY

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)

10.15 Time Signal from Greenwich

10.28-11.30 **SERVICE FROM YORK MINSTER**
(See top of col. 2.)

12.0 **A Ballad Concert**
APRIL PENDARVIS (Contralto)
HARDY WILLIAMSON (Tenor)

12.30 **A Recital of Gramophone Records**

1.0-2.0 **A CONCERT**
TOPLISS GREEN (Baritone)
THE VICTOR OLOF SEXTET

3.0 **DANCE MUSIC**
JACK PADBURY'S COSMO CLUB SIX

10.28 a.m.

SERVICE FROM YORK MINSTER

S.B. from Leeds

Vestry Prayer in South Aisle of the Choir, followed by Extempore prelude by Dr. BAIRSTOW

Matins
Venite
Psalms 19 and 85
Te Deum and Benedictus (Bairstow in D)
Hymn, 'Christians, Awake,' vv. 1-3 (English Hymnal 21).
Sermon by the Dean of York (the Very Rev. LIONEL FORD)
Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels sing' (English Hymnal 24)

9.20 Appeal on behalf of the British 'Wireless for the Blind' Fund (Organised by the National Institute for the Blind) by the Rt. Hon WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, M.P.

9.35 **'COX AND BOX'**
By F. C. BURNAND and ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Sergeant Bouncer (a Lodging-house Keeper, with military reminiscences)
DARRELL FANCOURT
James John Cox (a Journeyman Hatter)
SYDNEY GRANVILLE
John James Box (a Journeyman Printer)
CHARLES GOULDING

Produced by JULIAN HERRAGE
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA conducted by VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON



COX AND BOX
the musical farce by Burnand and Sullivan.

TRIO
Trio in B Flat, Op. 99Schubert
Andante moderato; Andante un poco mosso;
Scherzo-allegro; Rondo-Allegro vivace
LILY ZAEHNER
Zigeunerlieder (Gipsy Songs) Brahms
TRIO
Fantasy Ireland

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
CHRISTMAS IN 2029
S.B. from Birmingham

5.50 Birthdays (From London)

6.0 **ADDRESS**
BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
Relayed from Bishopsthorpe
S.B. from Leeds

6.20 **JACK PAYNE**
and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

6.45 **THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC**
MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
REGINALD PAUL (Pianoforte)

7.0 Interlude

7.30 **TAKE YOUR CHOICE**
(See below.)

9.0 'The News'
WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN;
Local News (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

THIS EVENING AT 7.30

'TAKE YOUR CHOICE'

With
choice remarks
from

No.— Halcyon Row,
Walworth, S.E.



BRANSBY WILLIAMS
as 'Scrooge' in a 'Christmas Carol.'

'COX AND BOX' was Sullivan's first essay in the form which afterwards brought him such universal fame. The text was adapted from the famous farce, *Box and Cox*, by Burnand, happily remembered as editor of *Punch*, and the first performance was a private one in a London house. Sullivan was given exactly a fortnight to compose the work, but in spite of the speed at which it had to be produced, it is a real gem of its kind which has ever since been popular. Its first public performance was by the German Reeds in whose hands it had a long run, and it was afterwards taken over by the D'Oyly Carte Company.

3.45 **A Light Classical Concert**
LILY ZAEHNER (Mezzo-Soprano)
THE DORIAN TRIO
KATHLEEN WASHBOURNE (Violin); PAULINE TAYLOR (Violoncello); ENID LEWIS (Pianoforte)
Trio in B Flat, Op. 11Beethoven
Allegro con brio; Adagio; Allegretto
LILY ZAEHNER
'Lascia ch' io piango' (Let me Weep) ('Rinaldo')
Handel
Per la gloria (For Glory) Buononcini
CanzonettaSalvator Rosa
Arietta Pergolesi

As simple as the better known Largo, this song of Handel's is one of those which would of itself have ensured an immortal name for its composer. The opera from which it comes has a special interest for us, as having been the first which Handel produced in this country. He arrived here at a time when the fashionable world had no great interest in any music except Italian opera, and he wrote this to an Italian text in the amazingly short time of only two weeks. It was produced with real success at the old Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, in 1710. The newcomer did not meet with universal applause at the hands of the critics, and the satirical comments on *Rinaldo* by Steele and Addison, in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* of those days, make interesting, though rather pathetic, reading even now.

10.c **BRANSBY WILLIAMS**
in
'SCROOGE'
from
'A CHRISTMAS CAROL'
(Charles Dickens)

10.20 **DANCE MUSIC**
THE CAFÉ DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND from
THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

11.0-12.0 **JACK HYLTON**
AND HIS BAND
Relayed from THE KIT CAT RESTAURANT



TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

3.0 A BAND CONCERT

(From Birmingham)

THE METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND

Conducted by I. PERRIN

Cossack March Rimmer
Pot-Pourri, 'Musical Fragments' .. arr. Rimmer

3.15 GEORGE GUY (Bass)

I am a Roamer Mendelssohn
Simon the Cellarer Hatton

RONALD GOURLEY, Music and Humour

BAND

Cornet Solo, 'O, dry those tears' art. Moore

(W. W. STEPHENS)

Selection, 'The Mikado' .. Sullivan

3.50 GEORGE GUY

The Devout Lover

Maudé Valérie White

Joe the Gipsy Batten

RONALD GOURLEY

Will again Entertain

BAND

Euphonium Solo, 'Titania' Rimmer

Humoresque, 'Lasses and Lads' Truman

4.30 DANCE MUSIC

JACK PADBURY'S COSMO CLUB SIX

5.30 The Children's Hour

(From Birmingham)

CHRISTMAS, 2029 A.D.

6.0 ADDRESS

by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Relayed from Bishopsthorpe

S.B. from Leeds

6.15 MARGARET ABLETHORPE

(Pianoforte)

(From Birmingham)

Waltz, 'The Christmas Tree' Rebikov

The Sussex Mimmers' Christmas Carol Grainger

Noel Balfour Gardiner
Waltz in A Flat Chopin

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'Raymond' Ambroise Thomas

Selection, 'Lilac Time' ... Schubert, arr. Clutsam

PARRY JONES (Tenor)

Kerry Dance Molloy

To Mary Maudé Valérie White

Maire, my Girl Aitken

7.5 ORCHESTRA

Selection of W. H. Squire's Songs

HENRY BENTLEY (Violoncello)

Andante Religioso Thomé

Scherzo Van Goens

7.30 ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'The Blue Danube' Johann Strauss

PARRY JONES

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

(Irish Air)

Sally in our Alley (Old English Air)

Tom Bowling Dibdin

ALTHOUGH it is the simple melody of 'Tom Bowling' which impresses the hearer more than its sentiment, the song was composed as a quite sincere expression of grief on the death of Dibdin's eldest brother, whose name really was Tom. He was skipper of a merchantman on the Indian Service. Charles Dibdin himself, the composer, once had it in mind to pay a visit to India, and, to raise the necessary money, made a concert tour throughout most of England. His account of the tour, published in 1788 as 'The Musical Tour

HENRY BENTLEY

Romance Without Words Van Goens

Rustic Dance W. H. Squire

ORCHESTRA

March, 'Colonel Bogey' Aiford

8.0 An Orchestral Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO

AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CASTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'Fingal's Cave' Mendelssohn

Two of Mendelssohn's orchestral works the 'Fingal's Cave' Overture and the so-called 'Scots' Symphony, owed their inspiration to the visit which he paid to Scotland in 1829. The melody which forms the chief tune of the Overture 'Fingal's Cave,' sometimes called 'The Hebrides,' was written down immediately after a visit to Staffa and Iona, and sent home in one of his delightful letters, describing the visit with all his own buoyant enthusiasm. The Overture begins with lower strings and bassoons, presenting a theme which depicts the long rolling Atlantic breakers, and later it is the same instruments which give us the second chief tune. The Overture is built up on these singly and together; a very beautiful instance of their use in combination is heard near the end, where flute and horns join to play them very softly.

PARRY JONES (Tenor) and Orchestra
Aria, 'Ombra mai fu' (Largo)
Handel
'OMBRA MAI FU' is the beautiful air for alto voice which is known the wide world over as 'Handel's Largo.' Accepted, in this country, where we like to draw a hard and fast distinction between Sunday and week-day music, as suitable for playing or singing on the most solemn occasions, it comes from a secular work and the words have nothing to do with any religious subject. It is a stout witness on behalf of the plea that any good music which is not frivolous in its intention is also sacred music.

ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'Casse-Noisette' (The 'Nutsacker') Tchaikovsky
PARRY JONES and Orchestra
The Star of Bethlehem Adams
ORCHESTRA
Welsh Rhapsody German

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Casse-Noisette' (The 'Nutsacker')

Tchaikovsky

PARRY JONES and Orchestra

The Star of Bethlehem Adams

ORCHESTRA

Welsh Rhapsody German

9.0 'Cinderella'

(See centre of page)

10.30 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.45 DANCE MUSIC

THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUE LYRES BAND FROM THE CAFE DE PARIS

11.0-12.0 JACK HYLTON and his BAND

Relayed from THE KIT CAT RESTAURANT

(Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 885.)

'CINDERELLA'

A PHANTOM PANTOMIME

written, composed and produced

by

ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

will be broadcast

FROM 5GB

TONIGHT AT 9.0

This ultra British Pantomime Deserves a boost in better rhyme. Here's no imported, plugged libretto From negroid swamps or New York's ghetto. Hence, ye sloppy Sonny Boys! Hence, ye red-hot Mommas' joys! Don't let Hardboiled Hannah scream songs! Balk those squawky, Talkie theme songs! Swat that sob-stuff, let's be skittish And above all, let's be British! So salute the home-grown seller! List' to Longstaffe's 'CINDERELLA!'

THE PANTOMIME CHORUS and ORCHESTRA
Conducted by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

This pantomime will be broadcast from London and Daventry tomorrow night. For cast, etc., see page 886.

of Mr. Dibdin,' was the only result: although he actually embarked for India, stormy weather decided him to abandon the project, and he went no farther than Torbay.

For many years connected with one or other of the London theatres, he composed many stage pieces of which more than one is still occasionally heard. The greater part of the music in *Lionel and Clarissa*, for instance, was his, and *The Watersman*, *The Ephesian Matron*, and *The Quaker* are not by any means forgotten. But one of his most interesting enterprises was an entertainment in which he not only wrote the words, and composed the music, but sang, recited, and played, providing the whole 'The evening's programme under the title, *Whim of the Moment*.' It was for this that many of his best-known songs were written — 'Ben Backstay,' 'The Lamplighter,' and others which are still occasionally heard.

The best gift yet
The Platignum Fountpen Desk Set

These illustrations are on a reduced scale.



There's nothing more appropriate - more acceptable



For you the Platignum Fountpen Desk Set is the end of your quest for the ideal gift—for the fortunate recipient the beginning of a life-time's easier writing.

Platignum Desk Sets provide a large capacity, lever-filling Fountain Pen of famous Platignum make, ready to write at any moment. You simply take the pen from the swivelled socket, where its nib is always moist, sealed against air when not in use—and write.

Platignum Fountpen Desk Sets make writing easier—more pleasant. Give them this Christmas. You can buy them at your stationers 5/- complete. The perfect gift, and the most useful present you can give yourself.

NOTE THESE FEATURES.

THE PEN. Platignum Lever self-filling model. Large ink capacity, barrel highly-polished black ebonite with tapering end. Nib of non-corrodible Platignum metal, filling lever non-ferrous.

PEN RECEPTACLE. Holds nib end of pen when not in use, seals it and keeps it moist and ready for instant writing. Only sufficient ink for writing needs can reach the nib point. Pen re-

ceptacle and pen can be swivelled to any angle or laid flat.

THE BASE. Of highly-polished non-inflammable jet black material. Serves as pencil rack or pin or ash tray.

EXTRA DESK PENS. These at 2/6 each have black or triple mottle barrels and tapering ends in range of mottled colours. Fine, medium, broad, oblique or A.I. nibs fitted.

If unable to obtain write:

MENTMORE MANFG. CO. LTD., Dept T.R., Platignum House, Hackney, London, E.9.

**ANDREWS
LIVER**

SALT

will give

you

*a Happy
Christmas*

*— the day
after.*



Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 25)

5WA CARDIFF. 798.9 kc/s. (309.9 m.)
 10.28-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 12.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 Birmingham Children's Hour
 Relayed from Daventry
 5.50 Birthdays
 6.0-6.15 Leeds Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 S.B. from London
 9.15 West Regional News
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
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 Relayed from Daventry
 5.50 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20 S.B. from London
 9.15 West Regional News. S.B. from Cardiff
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 Birmingham Children's Hour
 Relayed from Daventry
 5.50-6.15 London programme relayed from Daventry.
 6.20 S.B. from London
 9.15 Local News
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 Birmingham Children's Hour
 Relayed from Daventry
 5.50 Children's Birthdays and Letters
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.20-12.0 S.B. from London (9.15 Mid-week Sports Bulletin; Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)
 10.28-11.30 SERVICE FROM YORK MINSTER
 S.B. from Leeds
 Vestry Prayer in South Aisle of the Choir, followed by Extempore prelude by Dr. BAIRSTOW
 Matins
 Venite
 Psalms 19 and 85
 Te Deum and Benedictus (Bairstow in D)
 Hymn, 'Christians, Awake,' vv. 1-3 (English Hymnal, 21)
 Sermon by the Dean of York (The Very Rev. LIONEL FORD)
 Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels sing' (English Hymnal 24)
 3.0 An Afternoon Concert
 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 HAROLD DERBYSHIRE (Baritone)
 DOROTHY LLOYD (Songs and Stories at the Piano)

5.15 The Children's Hour
 6.0 Address
 by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
 Relayed from Bishopthorpe
 S.B. from Leeds
 6.20 S.B. from London
 7.30 Christmastide Requests
 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
 HARRY HOPEWELL (Baritone)
 HERBERT LEEMING (Entertainer)
 9.0 S.B. from London
 9.15 North Regional News
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

55C GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. (See London.) 3.0:—Old Favourites. The Octet. Dorothy Pugh (soprano). 4.0:—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra relayed from the Playhouse Ballroom. 4.45:—'Half an oar's daffin' wi' the Knockendoch Folks,' by Helen Mitchell. 5.15:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Leeds programme relayed from Daventry. 6.20:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Mr. Dudley V. Howells: 'Winter Pruning' and Topical Gardening Notes. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 895 kc/s. (301.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30:—S.B. from Leeds. (See London.) 3.0:—S.B. from Glasgow. 5.15:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. S.P. from Glasgow. 6.0:—Leeds programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Mr. George E. Greenhow: 'Horticulture.' 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. S.B. from Glasgow. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.5 m.)
 10.28-11.30:—S.B. from Leeds (See London). 3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Leeds Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.20-12.0:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Regional News.

PICKING MISTLETOE.

(Continued from 859.)

out like an umbrella to catch the plant as it fell. The bulls, which had hitherto taken no active part (and very little interest) in the proceedings, would then be sacrificed; there would follow a short session of community singing, causing joy and merriment to all, and the party would disperse to its various homes.

Today, of course, the task of picking mistletoe cannot be invested with any such elaborate ceremonial. Personally, I know of no one with a sufficiently long white beard whom I could successfully dispatch up a tree—no one, that is to say, except my dear grandfather, and he would very probably refuse to go—he's getting terribly fussy in his old age. (The Prime Minister, besides having no beard, is too busy a man to go climbing apple trees, even in so excellent a cause, and Mr. Bernard Shaw is more interested in Carts than Trees.)

Again, there arises the difficulty of the bulls. I once spent a very uneasy half hour with a single black bull in a paddock near Horsham; and if anybody thinks that I am going to start driving two white bulls about he is grossly mistaken. It simply can't be done; and in any case I haven't got the time.

The method that I recommend, therefore, especially to amateur pickers, is as follows: First find your mistletoe, mark its exact position, and then bicycle home and fetch a small step-ladder. . . . I am sorry to find that my allotted space is exhausted. I shall look forward to next Christmas to giving you a few hints on 'How to bring home the Yule Log.'

HARRY GRAHAM.

THE NEW YEAR AT BIRMINGHAM.

And Notes by 'Mercian' on Some Other Midland Programmes.

Exit 1929.

ON the last evening of the year an orchestral concert will be heard, beginning at 8 p.m. from the Birmingham Studio. The Studio Augmented Orchestra will play conducted by Joseph Lewis, and there will be tenor songs by John Armstrong. Afterwards, from 10.15 to 11.40 p.m., comes a New Year's Eve Party programme, with a sparkling array of talent warranted to stimulate the festive mood as midnight draws near. Among the stars of the evening shine Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan, well described as 'The Cheerful Chatterers with a Piano.' Each of these artists first appeared on a public platform when their ages were yet in single figures, Miss Vaughan to win a prize for singing, and Mr. McGill to play an accompaniment for his father—and earn a fee for it, too. The rest of the constellation comprises May Somerfield (soprano), Eddie Robinson ('The Lad from Lancashire'), Albert and Richmond ('The Whistler and his Friend'), and Pattison's Salon Orchestra, directed by Norris Stanley.

The Last Sunday of 1929.

ON the last Sunday evening of the Old Year a service will be relayed from St. Philip's Cathedral at Birmingham. The service, which will be preceded by the Cathedral bells, will be conducted by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. E. W. Barnes, who will also deliver the address. In the Week's Good Cause period which follows the service, the work and the needs of the Working Boys' Home at Oriel House, Birmingham, will be brought to the notice of listeners by Mrs. C. Riley. This establishment, which was founded fifty years ago, aims at offering a real home to otherwise homeless lads who have left school and are already wage earners. They contribute to their maintenance to the utmost of their ability, but it can readily be understood that outside assistance is essential to enable the home to carry on this work.

Cheery Tunes of Yesterday.

THE bright, tuneful music of three light operas, each a great favourite with our immediate ancestors in the nineteenth century, form the cheerful material of a concert which comes from the Birmingham Studio on the evening of Friday, January 3. Lilian Keyes (soprano), Herbert Thorpe (tenor), and Herbert Simmonds (baritone), will sing, and the Studio Augmented Orchestra, under Joseph Lewis, will play samples from *La Fille de Madame Angot* (Lecocq), *Les Cloches de Corneville* (Planquette), and *The Grand Duchess* (Offenbach).

'Hip-Hip-Hooradio.'

THIS was the first revue prepared for the microphone by that indefatigable humorous writer, Graham Squiers. Presented from Birmingham last spring, it met with such a warm welcome that it has been decided to let listeners have the opportunity of hearing once again *The Potted Concert*, *Faust Up-To-Date*, and *Aerbut and Gaertie at the Pictures*—the three chief items of this light-hearted production. Thursday, January 2, will therefore see, or rather hear, *Hip-Hip-Hooradio* on the air again with a cast including Harry Sennett, Alfred Butler, Mason and Armes, Edith James, Evelyn Drewe and Leonard Henry. Incidentally, while mentioning Graham Squiers, I hear rumours of a Grand Pantomime from his pen, complete with Transformation Scene, to be broadcast from Birmingham early in the New Year.



10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 Time Signal, Greenwich; Weather Forecast

10.45 'Parents and Children'—XVII, The Rt. Hon. Mrs. ST. AUBYN: 'Children's Parties'

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

11.0-11.30 (London only)

Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process

12.0 A CONCERT

SYLVIA PARISOTTI (Soprano)
MIRIAM ANGLIN (Violoncello)
ETHEL BAUER (Pianoforte)

SILVIA PARISOTTI
Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée
Hahn
Mon cœur se recommande à vous
Orlando de Lassus
Les Yeux René Rabey

MIRIAM ANGLIN
An Old Italian Love Song
Sammartini, arr. Squire
Arlequin Popper
Si mes vœux avoient des ailes Hahn
ETHEL BAUER
Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35, in E Minor Mendelssohn

SILVIA PARISOTTI
A Love Letter.... Herbert Hughes
Over the Land is April.... Quilter
My Sweet Sweeting..... Keel
Ring out, wild bells E. L. Bainton
MIRIAM ANGLIN
Nachtstück
Schumann, arr. E. Howell
Allegro Appassionato... Saint-Saëns
Orientale..... Cesar Cui
ETHEL BAUER
Intermezzo No. 1 }
Intermezzo No. 2 } Op. 118 Brahms
Ballade, No. 3.. }

1.0-2.0 ORGAN MUSIC

Played by REGINALD FOOTE
Relayed from THE REGENT CINEMA

BOURNEMOUTH
S.B. from Bournemouth

3.0 EVENSONG

From WESTMINSTER ABBEY

8.45 Mrs. W. A. HOLMAN: 'Christmas in Australia'

The tradition, of snow at Christmas, may be, so far as the Englishman is concerned, little more than a tradition today; but the thought of Christmas without snow (even if confined to greeting-cards) is unthinkable. It requires more effort of imagination than most of us can conjure up, to think of roast turkey picnics under a blazing sun, crackers in the open air, or



Tonight

At 7.30

'CINDERELLA'

A Phantom Pantomime
Written, Composed, and Produced by
ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

*This ultra-British Pantomime
Deserves a boost in better rhyme.
Here's no imported, plugged libretto
From negroid swamps or New York's ghetto!
Hence, ye sloppy 'Sonny boys!'
Hence, ye red-hot mommas' joys!
Don't let Hardboiled Hannah scream songs!
Balk those squawky Talkie theme songs!
Swat that sob-stuff, let's be skittish
And above all, let's be British!
So salute the home-grown seller!
List to Longstaffe's 'CINDERELLA'*

CAST:

Baron Overdraft	Michael Shaw
Shinglet	Jean Allistone
Binglet	Miriam Ferris
Buttons	Tommy Handley
The Prince	Harold Kimberley
Dandini	John Rorke
Fairy Queen	Lilian Keyes
Cinderella	Alma Vane

The Pantomime Chorus and Orchestra
Conducted by Ernest Longstaffe

Christmas bells in a dawn of summer heat. But such it is in Australia; and it is of such Christmas days that Mrs. Holman, who is the wife of W. A. Holman, K.C., one time Premier of New South Wales, will describe to us tonight.

4.0 A Concert

HERBERT THORPE (Tenor)
FOSTER RICHARDSON (Bass)
THE FRANK WALKER OUTFIT

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

'ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP'—arranged as a play for the Microphone by M. JEAN NEWELL

Incidental Music by THE GERSHWIN PARKINGTON QUINTET

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 'The First News'

TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, REGIONAL SPORTS BULLETIN

6.40 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
REGINALD PAUL (Pianoforte)

7.0 Miss V. SACKVILLE WEST: 'New Novels'

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.30 'Cinderella'

A Phantom Pantomime
Written, Composed, and
Produced by
ERNEST LONGSTAFFE
(See centre of page)

9.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local News; (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast

9.20 Miniature Biographies—VI, Mr. J. D. WOODRUFF: 'Father Christmas'

9.40 Military Marches

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by
B. WALTON O'DONNELL
Marches arranged and announced
by WALTER WOOD

10.15

A. J. Han.

'1745'

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

ELSIE and DORIS WATERS (Entertainers)



5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

- 3.0 JACK PADBURY'S COSMO CLUB SIX
- 4.0 A Ballad Concert
(From Birmingham)
- DENHAM CHARLES (Baritone)
When the Sergeant-Major's On Parade
Longstaffe
- A (Sea) Song *Bonbow*
- The Tramp *Stanley Taylor*
- DAVID BRANSON (Pianoforte)
- Mazurka in C Op. 33, No. 3 } *Chopin*
- Mazurka in F Minor, Op. 68, No. 2 }
Jeux d'Eau a la Ville d'Este (Fountains at
the Este Villa) *List*
- ELSIE SMALL (Soprano)
- Cherry Ripe *Horn. arr. Lisa Lehmann*
- Orpheus with his Lute *Sullivan*
- Sing, Joyous Bird *Phillips*
- 4.30 ORGAN MUSIC
Played by REGINALD NEW
- Relayed from THE BEAUFORT CINEMA, WASH-
WOOD, HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
- Selection, 'Show Boat' *Kern*
- The Parade of the Tin Soldiers *Jessell*
- STANLEY DOBSON-HOPPER (Baritone)
- Lighterman Tom *W. H. Squire*
- Invictus *Huhn*
- REGINALD NEW
- Savoy Christmas Medley *arr. Dehroy Somers*
- Broadway Melodies
- STANLEY DOBSON-HOPPER
- Shipmates o' Mine *Sanderson*
- If Love's content ('Tom Jones') *German*
- REGINALD NEW
- Selection, Community Songs' *arr. Pether*
- 5.15 The Children's Hour
- 5.50 Birthdays
(From Birmingham)
- 6.0 Interlude
- 6.15 'The First News'
- TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.35 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)
- 6.40 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

7.0 'Messiah'
(Handel)
Relayed from THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM
Performed by
THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY
STILES-ALLEN (Soprano)
DAISY NEAL (Contralto)
CHARLES HEDGES (Tenor)
KEITH FALKNER (Baritone)
THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ORCHESTRA
Conducted by ADRIAN BOULT

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. 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 in 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 wholehearted 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.

- 8.30-8.45 app. ORGAN MUSIC
Played by FRED DUNNILL
- Relayed from THE CATHEDRAL, BIRMINGHAM
- Offertoire upon Two Christmas Themes *Guilmant*
- Tuba Tune *Coker*
(The above will be played during the interval in
'Messiah')
- 9.45 Three Choral Preludes } *Bach*
- Toccata and Fugue in D Minor }
- 10.0 'The Second News'
- WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN
- 10.15 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)
- 10.20-11.15 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA
(Thursday's Programmes continued on page 889.)



AN ORGAN RECITAL FROM BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL TONIGHT.

RADIO
GEMS RECORDED ON
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Vocal

- SARASTRO'S SONGS—"THE MAGIC FLUTE"—
Andersen—C125, 4/6. London and Daventry, Sunday.
- MIDNIGHT REVIEW—Challapine—DB93, 5/6. London
and Daventry, Sunday.
- SIGN NO MORE, LADIES—Derek Oldham—B290, 3/6.
Daventry Ex., Monday, 4/12.
- HCMING—Marguerite D'Alvarez—DA70, 4/6. Daventry
Ex., Monday, 4/23.
- ELEANORE—Tudor Davies—D1279, 6/6. Daventry Ex.,
Monday, 6/8.
- MATTINATA (Leoncavallo)—Perrile—DA106, 6/6.
Daventry Ex., Tuesday, 8/12.
- LASCIA CH'IO PIANGA—"RINALDO"—Maria
Olaszewska—D483, 6/6. London and Daventry,
Wednesday, 2/8.
- THE DEVOUT LOVER—Percy Heming—B294, 3/6.
Daventry Ex., Wednesday, 3/20.
- OMBRA MAI FU (Largo)—Essie Achland—C189, 4/6.
Daventry Ex., Wednesday, 8/5.
- ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE—Mavis Bennett—
B282, 3/6. Daventry Ex., Thursday, 4/23.
- DOWN HERE—Essie Achland—B2749, 3/6. Daventry Ex.,
Saturday, 6/20.
- LITTLE SILVER RING—John McCormack—DA73,
6/6. Daventry Ex., Saturday, 7/20.
- LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG—John McCormack—
DB120, 8/6. Daventry Ex., Saturday, 7/25.

Instrumental

- TURANDOT—SELECTION—Royal Opera Orchestra,
Covent Garden (conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent)—
C182, 4/6. London and Daventry, Sunday.
- FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE—Chicago Symphony
Orchestra (conducted by Frederick Stock)—D1294, 6/6.
London and Daventry, Sunday.
- A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—OVERTURE
—San Francisco Symphony Orchestra (conducted by
Alfred Hertz)—D1620 and D1627, 6/6 each. London and
Daventry, Sunday, 9/5.
- SCHERZO—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—
New York Philharmonic Orchestra (conducted by Arturo
Toscanini)—D1671, 6/6. London and Daventry, Sunday, 9/10.
- WEDDING MARCH—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM—San Francisco Symphony Orchestra (conducted
by Alfred Hertz)—D1508, 6/6. London and Daventry,
Sunday, 9/20.
- NOCTURNE—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
—Royal Albert Hall Orchestra (conducted by Sir Landon
Ronald)—D1694, 6/6. London and Daventry, Sunday, 9/15.
- SI OISEAU J'ETAIS—Benno Moisevitich—E427, 4/6.
Daventry Ex., Monday, 6/6.
- CHILDREN'S OVERTURE (Quilter)—New Light
Symphony Orchestra—B2890 and B2891, 3/6 each.
Daventry Ex., Tuesday, 4/1.
- HYMN TO THE SUN—Isolde Menges—E444, 4/6.
Daventry Ex., Tuesday, 7/10.
- ZAPATEADO—Jascha Heifetz—DB1048, 8/5. Daventry
Ex., Tuesday, 7/15.
- O SOLE NIO—De Groot Trio—B2528, 3/6. Daventry Ex.,
Tuesday, 8/5.
- TRIO IN B FLAT, Op. 89 (Schubert)—Cortot,
Thibaud and Casals—DB947 to DB950, 8/6 each. Album
Series No. 28. London and Daventry, Wednesday, 4/15.
- CASSE-NOISETTE (Nutcracker)—Suite—Philadel-
phia Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Leopold Stokowski)—
D1214 to D1218, 6/6 each. Daventry Ex., Wednesday, 8/10.
- SHOW BOAT—Selection—New Mayfair Orchestra—
C1881, 4/6. Daventry Ex., Thursday, 4/30.
- TOCCATA AND FUGUE—(Bach)—Philadelphia
Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Leopold Stokowski)—
D1428, 6/6. Daventry Ex., Thursday, 3/20.
- MAGIC FLUTE—Overture—State Opera Orchestra,
Berlin (conducted by Dr. Leo Bloch)—E464, 4/6. Daventry
Ex., Friday, 3/5.
- PIANOFORTE CONCERTO IN C MINOR—(Rach-
maninoff)—Rachmaninoff and Philadelphia Symphony
Orchestra (conducted by Leopold Stokowski)—DB489-7,
3/6 each. Album Series No. 34. Daventry, Ex., Friday, 1/5.
- SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN E MINOR—(Tchakovsky)—
New Symphony Orchestra—D1911 to D1914, 6/6 each. Album
Series, No. 13. Daventry Ex., Friday, 3/15.
- GOYESCAS—Intermezzo—Pablo Casals—DB 1057, 5/6.
Daventry Ex., Friday, 3/24.
- DANSE DU MEUNIER—M. Meyer—E134, 4/6. Daventry
Ex., Friday, 8/27.
- INVITATION TO THE WALTZ—Philadelphia Sym-
phony Orchestra (conducted by Leopold Stokowski)—D1285
4/6. Daventry Ex., Saturday, 9/15.
- RIENZI OVERTURE—Philadelphia Symphony Or-
chestra (conducted by Leopold Stokowski)—D1227,
6/6 each. Daventry Ex., Saturday, 9/10.
- PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5 IN E FLAT—(Beethoven)
Wilhelm Backhaus and Royal Albert Hall Orchestra
(conducted by Sir Landon Ronald)—D1198 to D1201, 6/6 each.
Album Series No. 34. Daventry Ex., Saturday, 9/8.



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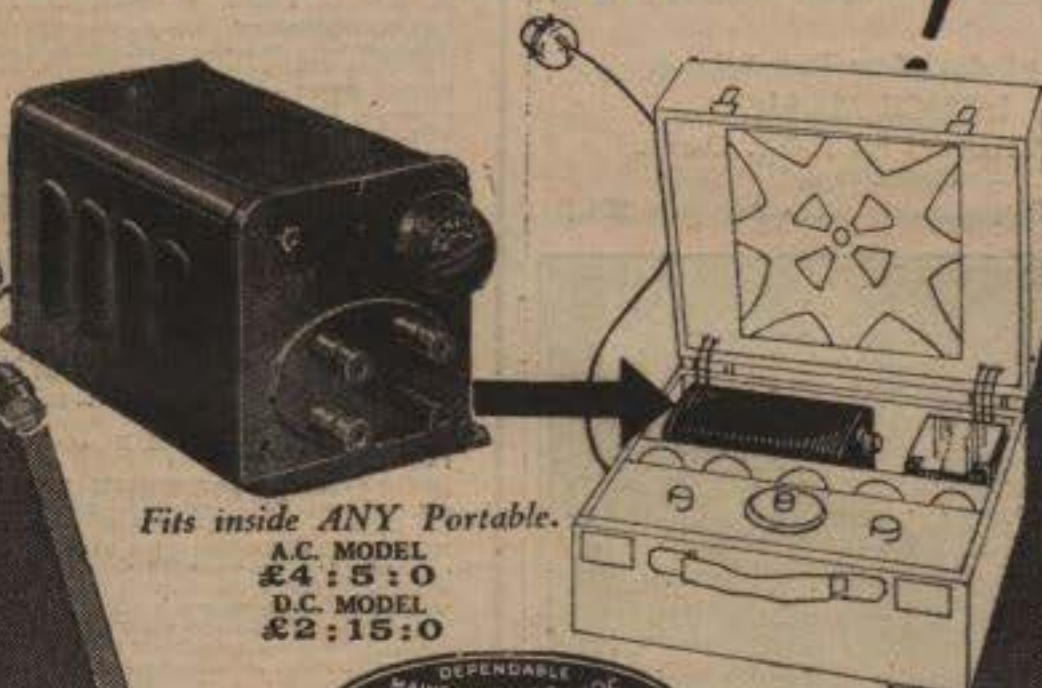
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Thursday's Programmes continued (December 26)

5WA CARDIFF. 968kc/s. (309.9 m.)

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.10 The Children's Hour
 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.50 Birthdays
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.35 Regional Sports Bulletin.
 6.40 S.B. from London
 9.15 West Regional News
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.50 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.35 S.B. from Cardiff
 6.40 S.B. from London
 9.15 West Regional News S.B. from Cardiff
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

1.0-2.0 ORGAN MUSIC
 Played by REGINALD FOORT
 From the REGENT CINEMA, BOURNEMOUTH
 Relayed to London and Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 Dr. W. WINNLOW HALL: 'The Bisterne Dragon'
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.35 Sports Bulletin
 6.40 S.B. from London
 9.15 Local News
 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.50 Children's Birthdays and Letters
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London
 6.35 Sports Bulletin
 6.40-12.0 S.B. from London (9.15 Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

12.0-1.0 A LIGHT MORNING CONCERT
 PHYLLIS ELEY (Pianoforte)
 ARCHIE DOORBAR (Bass-Baritone)
 TOM HORLOCK (Saxophone)
 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 3.45 J. A. RAYNES: 'Legends of Yorkshire.'
 S.B. from Leeds
 4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.15 The Children's Hour
 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 5.50 Birthdays
 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 6.15 S.B. from London

6.35 Regional Sports Bulletin
 6.40 S.B. from London
 9.15 North Regional News
 9.20 S.B. from London
 9.40 DANCE MUSIC
 By THE LONDON EMBASSY DANCE BAND, Relayed from the DANCE SALON, the PICCADILLY THEATRE, MANCHESTER.
 10.30-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

10.45:—Mrs. Murray McClymont—'Your Own Four Walls and Their Decoration.' 11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 3.0:—S.B. from Aberdeen. 3.15:—Lady Margaret Sackville—'Old Edinburgh Worthies: Some Notable Scottish Characters—II.' S.B. from Edinburgh. 3.30:—Musical Interlude. 3.40:—Mid-Week Service, conducted by the Rev. R. St. Clair Swanson, M.A. (St. Mary's Cathedral). 4.0:—S.B. from Aberdeen. The Octet. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.35:—Special Talk for Farmers—Mr. John Speir, 'The Value of Milk Recording.' 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 695 kc/s. (431.5 m.)

11.0-12.0:—Relayed from Daventry. 3.0:—Organ Music, played by Arthur Collingwood, relayed from the Cowdray Hall. 3.15:—Lady Margaret Sackville—'Old Edinburgh Worthies: Some Notable Scottish Characters—II.' S.B. from Edinburgh. 3.30:—Musical Interlude. S.B. from Glasgow. 3.40:—Mid-Week Service. S.B. from Glasgow. 4.0:—A Light Concert. The Octet. S.B. from Glasgow. Addie Ross (Mezzo-Soprano). Francis Gleeson (Tenor). 5.15:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.35:—S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,239 kc/s. (242.3 m.)

3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.0:—Fred Rogers (Piano Syncopations). 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.35:—Sports Bulletin. 6.40-12.0:—S.B. from London (9.15 Regional News and Sports Bulletin).

TESTING LONDON'S SECOND TRANSMITTER

Listeners who may wish to test reception of London's second transmitter, which will begin to broadcast an alternative programme early in the New Year, should note the times at which, during this week and until further notice, the transmitter will be operating on a wavelength of 261 metres.

MORNING.
 11.30 a.m. to 12 noon 5XX programme on (Monday to Friday inclusive) 261 metre wavelength.
 12.30 p.m. to 1 p.m. (Saturday only) Special programme on the 261 metre wavelength and 5XX.
 12 noon to 1 p.m. (Monday to Friday inclusive) The normal scheduled programme on the 261 metre wavelength.
 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. (Saturdays only) Special programme on the 356 metre wavelength.
 1 p.m. onwards (Monday to Friday inclusive) The 356 metre wavelength returns to the normal scheduled programme.
 2 p.m. onwards (Saturday only)

EVENING.
 First half-hour of dance music period Scheduled dance music on the 261 metre wavelength only.
 Remainder of dance music period. Scheduled dance music on the 261 metre wavelength and special programme on the 356 metre wavelength.

GRAND OPERA AT CARDIFF.

A New Series of Talks. An Old-Times Programme from Bath.

Cardiff Grand Opera Society.

A PROGRAMME by the Cardiff Grand Opera Society will be broadcast to Welsh listeners on Thursday, January 2, at 7.45 p.m. It will include excerpts from *Carmen*, *Faust*, and *Maritana*, and the programme will open with an Overture by the National Orchestra of Wales. The Cardiff Grand Opera Society was founded in 1925, and in the first year of its existence took the New Theatre for a week and gave performances of *Carmen* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. No performances were given in the second year, but in 1927 another week at the New Theatre was an artistic success but a financial failure, due to the fact that the week chosen was too near Christmas. The members took their loss in a sporting spirit and embarked on a series of private concert engagements, giving their fees to pay off the deficit.

Chorus in 'Faust.'

TWENTY-FIVE members of the Society took part in a performance of *Faust* at a Popular Concert of the National Orchestra of Wales in the City Hall, Cardiff, on November 2. This proved to be the most successful concert of the season and the audience numbered over 800. The members were delighted to co-operate with the work of the N.O.W. in this way, for they feel that the more good music is encouraged in Wales the greater will be the demand for it. Negotiations for a further season are proceeding at the moment and the Society is rehearsing *Maritana* and *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

Stories of Wales.

MR. LYNDON HARRIES, known to listeners for his dramatic recitals, gives the first talk from Cardiff in a new series entitled 'The Welshman as Story-teller' on Tuesday, December 31, at 6.0 p.m. The story-teller needs the atmosphere of the fireside, and this talk, coming at a season of the year when the fireside is at the height of its popularity, is certain of a welcome.

Do You Remember?

MANY excellent programmes have been given from Bath, and it seems an essential factor in all relays from that city to try to convey to listeners something of the enchanted atmosphere that Bath preserves. It is this feature of Bath that strikes Transatlantic visitors. They expect to find an old-world atmosphere in Stratford-on-Avon and in the Cotswold villages, but when they find that invalids come from all parts of the kingdom to Bath for the latest treatments they are amazed to find that Swinburne's words are still true and that Bath is veritably 'like a Queen enchanted.' A programme called 'Spring-time in Bath' was relayed from the Pump Room last April, and on Monday, December 30, at 7.45 p.m., a programme entitled 'Do you Remember?' will be given. Full details are being kept secret at the moment, but it is to be in the tradition of Old-Times Programmes.

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2ZY, MANCHESTER (Tower, Blackpool).

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7-45
THE LONDON
STRING
PLAYERS

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE
10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST
10.45 Recipes and Household Hints
11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone
Records

11.0-11.30 (*London only*)
Experimental Television Trans-
mission by the Baird Process

12.0 A Sonata Recital
PEGGY RADMALL (*Violin*)
PEGGY GRUMMITT (*Pianoforte*)
Sonata in B Minor *Bach*
Adagio; Allegro; Andante;
Allegro
Sonata in A *Mozart*
Allegro molto; Andante; Presto

12.30 ORGAN MUSIC
Played by LEONARD H. WARNER
Relayed from St. BOTOLPH'S,
BISHOPSGATE

BACH RECITAL
Prelude and Fugue in F Minor
Seven Short Choral-Preludes for Christmas
and New Year
(From the Little Organ Book)
(1) From high Heaven I come
(2) Good Christian Men, rejoice
(3) Let all together praise our God
(4) Jesu, priceless Treasure
(5) Christ we praise in duty bound
(6) Past is the Old Year
(7) In Thee is bliss
Andante (from Fourth Sonata)
Fugue in E-Flat (St. Anne)

1.0-2.0 A Recital of Gramophone Records
By CHRISTOPHER STONE

3.0 A Ballad Concert
VIOLET JACKSON (*Soprano*)
BOOTH UNWIN (*Baritone*)
JESSIE CORMACK (*Pianoforte*)

4.0 LIGHT MUSIC
MUSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA
From THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'THE SEA VOYAGE'
(*S. G. Hulme-Beaman*)

More adventures of THE TOY
TOWN FAMILY, arranged as a Dia-
logue Story, with music to suit
the occasion played by THE OLOP
SEXTET

6.0 Mrs. HERBERT RICHARDSON:
'A Londoner's Winter Two Hun-
dred Years Ago'

It is a commonplace that winters
today are not what they once were.
You have only to look at the
Christmas cards you will receive
this year and contrast the pictures
on them with the weather outside.
Or is it all a fine old tradition that
has its roots in nothing more real
than our wishes? Mrs. Richardson,
who for years has made a study
(both as lecturer and writer) of early
journalism, will tell us tonight
what conclusions she has arrived
at in this matter, by examining
the actual press reports of Georgian
days.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF ASTLEY'S CIRCUS,
the famous London circus to which Kit took his family in 'The Old
Curiosity Shop.' Mr. WILLSON DISHER will describe Astley's in his talk
tonight at 9.20.

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORE-
CAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
REGINALD PAUL (*Pianoforte*)

7.0 Mr. H. MACMILLAN: Film Criticism

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 Talk

7.45 A CONCERT
ISOLDE MENGES (*Violin*)
THE LONDON STRING PLAYERS
Concerto Grosso, No. VIII (Written for Christmas
Night) *Corelli*



JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND,
one of the finest 'show bands' in the country, have recently returned
from a trip to California. Their music will be relayed from the stage of
the Brixton Astoria tonight at 10.30.

9-35
MUSICAL
COMEDY
PROGRAMME

7.58 ISOLDE MENGES and LONDON
STRING PLAYERS

Concerto in E *Bach*

BACH's concertos for solo instruments
were so often rearranged by his own
hand for other instruments that
only three concertos for violin
have come down to the present day
in their original form. This one in
E Major is not only much the most
popular of the three, but quite easily
one of the favourites among all his
instrumental music. The other two
are in A Minor and in G. All three
have slow movements which are
among the most beautiful of Bach's
instrumental pieces, and while the
other movements in the A Minor
are perhaps a little more stern
than some of his purely orchestral
pieces, the whole of this E Major
one is joyous and in the brightest of
spirits.

8.20 LONDON STRING PLAYERS
Two Dances for Harp and Strings
..... *Debussy*
Serenade in C (Op. 48) *Tchaikovsky*

9.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local News
(*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.20 Mr. WILLSON DISHER: 'Astley's — The
Circus Dickens knew'

CIRCUSES, more than most things, 'are not what
they were.' Some would go so far as to say
that there has never been a circus since John
Astley's famous circus stood behind St. Thomas's
Hospital in the Westminster Bridge Road. There,
in a building that was both circus and theatre,
nightly performances were given that resounded
with cannon-roars, horse-tramping, and the
noise of battle. There it was that Duerow, the
greatest showman England ever saw, nightly
ruled this host with a discipline that was as
effective as it was rigid. Dickens has given an
eloquent picture of the Circus in 'Sketches by
Boz,' and other writers, including Thackeray,
have paid tribute. Mr. Willson Disher, known
to readers of *The Radio Times* for
his articles on vaudeville and
variety, etc., will describe some
of the characters that made
Astley's so world-famed.

9.35 Musical Comedy
Programme

OLIVE GROVES (*Soprano*)
GEORGE PIEZEY (*Baritone*)
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

10.30 JACK HYLTON
and his
BAND
Relayed from the BRIXTON ASTORIA

11.0 SURPRISE ITEM

11.-15-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS,
THE PICCADILLY
GRILL BAND, directed by JERRY
HOEY, from THE PICCADILLY
HOTEL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.2 m.)
TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.0

SPANISH GUITAR RECITAL

3.0 Symphony Concert
Relayed from THE PAVILION, BOURNEMOUTH (No. XII of the 35th Winter Season)
THE BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conductor, Sir DAN GODFREY
Overture, 'The Magic Flute' Mozart
Pianoforte Concerto in C Minor Bachmanninov
Moderato; Adagio sostenuto; Allegro scherzando
(FRANK MANNHEIMER)
Symphony (No. 5) in E Minor Tchaikovsky
Andante—Allegro con anima; Andante cantabile con alcuna licenza; Waltz; Finale—Andante maestoso

4.30 DANCE MUSIC
BILLIE FRANCIS and his BAND
Relayed from The West End Dance Hall, Birmingham

ORCHESTRA
Dances ('The Rebel Maid') Phillips

8.0 SPANISH GUITAR RECITAL
EMILIO PUJOL (Solos)
Pavane Luis Milan—1535
Dolor (Prelude Basque) San Sebastian, arr. E. Pujol
Bourrée Bach, arr. F. Tarrega
Sevilla (Evocation) E. Pujol

MATILDE CUERVAS (Solos)
Soleares
Guajiras
Sevillanas
} Andalusian Folk Music

EMILIO PUJOL and MATILDE CUERVAS (Duets)
Minuet, Symphony in E Flat Mozart, arr. Llobet
Intermezzo de 'Goyescas' Granados, arr. E. Pujol
Danza del Molinero (The Miller's Dance) de Falla, arr. E. Pujol

THE history of the guitar in Europe, and the history of Spanish music are, if not one and the same

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'RUPERT OF HENTZAU,'

being the further Ruritanian adventures of Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.,
by ANTHONY HOPE,
arranged for broadcasting by HOLT MARVELL
will be broadcast from 5GB tonight at 8.30

It will be broadcast again, from London and Daventry, tomorrow night at 7.30. Full particulars of the production, including a short synopsis of the story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, to which *Rupert of Hentzau* is a sequel, will be found on page 896.

5.30 The Children's Hour (From Birmingham)
'Decorations and All That'—A Sketch by Norman Timmis
'He and SHE' in Odds and Ends
'What is Yuletide?' by Jessie Bayliss Elliott

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music (From Birmingham)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL
Second Selection of Sullivan's Works... arr. Higgs
WINIFRED MORRIS (Contralto)
Sing, Joyous Bird Phillips
The Songs my Mother Sang... Arthur Grimshaw
The Blushing of the Day Somervell
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Tip Toes' Gershwin

7.10 MARGERY RAINBOW (Violin)
The Dove Somervell
Oriental Dance Rimsky-Korsakov
WINIFRED MORRIS
Wander Thirst Landon Ronald
Morning Hymn Henschel
Lullaby Bryan
ORCHESTRA
Waltz, 'Lysistrata' Lincke
Spanish Serenade, 'Anita' Bilton

7.40 MARGERY RAINBOW
Spanish Dance Granados, arr. Kreisler
Slumber Song
Elfin Dance Haydn Wood

thing, very closely knit together. Ever since the instrument was introduced into Europe by the Moors, long centuries ago, it has been of all others the one on which and for which Spaniards have made their music. Of the long line of classical guitar players, whose tradition has been faithfully handed on from age to age, Emilio Pujol is the accredited representative today. He was a pupil of Francisco Tarrega, whose name is still held in honour as one who did much to perpetuate the best traditions of Spanish guitar playing.

8.30 'Rupert of Hentzau' (See above)

10.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC
ALAN GREEN and his BAND and ART GREGORY and his ST. LOUIS BAND, from THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE DANCES, COVENT GARDEN

11.0-11.15 THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by SID BRIGHT, and THE PICCADILLY GRILL BAND, directed by JERRY HOEY, from THE PICCADILLY HOTEL
(Friday's Programmes continued on page 892.)

This Week's Epilogue:
'LORD, WHAT IS MAN?'
'LOYALTY'
Hymn, 'Fair waved the golden corn'
Ruth i, 8-18
Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City'
Matthew xxvi, 75

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R. T.

Friday's Programmes continued (December 27)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (309.9 m.)

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 An Afternoon Concert

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
Cerdidforfa Genodlaethol Cymru
Overture, 'The Merry-makers'.....Eric Coates
LINDA SEYMOUR (Soprano) and Orchestra
'O Love from thy Pow'r ('Samson and Delilah')
Saint-Saëns

ORCHESTRA
Suite, 'Peer Gynt' No. 1.....Grieg
LINDA SEYMOUR and Orchestra
In Haven.....
Where Corals Lie } Sea Pictures.....Elgar

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Merrie England'..German

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 Mr. ISAAC J. WILLIAMS: 'The Life of a 19th Century Welsh Bohemian taken from the Illustrated journals of J. Orlando Parry'

6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 Adseiniau o'r Gorffennol
Echoes from the Past

HARRY LEWIS (Tenor)
DEWI CHUBB (Bass)
Y Ddau Forwr
Dr. Parry

WINIFRED LEWIS (Contralto)

Breuddwyd y Ffrehines.....Traditional
Yn Nyffryn Clwyd.....Songs of Wales

HARRY LEWIS
Y Bwthyn yng Nghanol y Wlad....Alaw Ddu
Breuddwyd y Bardd.....Old Welsh Air

DEWI CHUBB
Y Baebgen Dewr.....Dr. Parry
Brad Dynravon.....D. Pughe-Evans

WINIFRED LEWIS
Y Deryn Pur.....Owain Alaw
Bendithiaist Goed y Meusydd....Welsh Air

HARRY LEWIS
Po Cawr i hon.....Old Welsh Airs
Doio Bach.....

DEWI CHUBB
Merch y Cadben.....R. D. Hughes
I fyny bo'r Nod.....Dr. Parry

TRIAWD
Ddw bydd drugarog.....Dr. Parry
DEUAWD
Y Glowr a'r Chwatebwyr.....Alaw Manod

8.30 'A Visitor for Christmas'

A Yuletide Playlet
by
F. MORTON HOWARD
Characters
A Husband
A Wife
A Maid Servant
An Uncle from the Country

It is Christmas Eve, and the Husband and Wife are seated very snugly and contentedly before a large fire. From without the house strains of three or four juvenile voices singing 'Good King Wenceslas.'

9.0 S.B. from London
9.15 West Regional News
9.20-11.15 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

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
7.45 S.B. from Cardiff

9.0 S.B. from London
9.15 West Regional News. S.B. from Cardiff
9.20-11.15 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.15 S.B. from London
9.15 Local News
9.20-11.15 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 The Children's Hour

Book your seats early for the Opening Night

of the Grand Pantomime, 'CINDERELLA' (W. Grant)
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.15-11.15 S.B. from London (9.15 Forthcoming Events; Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

3.0 DANCE MUSIC
RAMON NEWTON and his HAVANA BAND, relayed from THE BARRAS BRIDGE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
S.B. from Newcastle

4.0 An Afternoon Concert
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
DON HYDEN (Violin)

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 ELEANOR GAUKROGER: 'Christmas Stories of the North—III, Once a Year.' S.B. from Leeds
6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 Potted Pantomimes
Yorkshire and Lancashire

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
THORNLEY DODGE (Lancashire): 'Robinson Crusoe'
STAINLESS STEPHEN (Yorkshire)
'Tis Christmastide, so now in rhyme,
Comes Stainless Stephen's Pantomime.

(Manchester Programme continued on page 895.)



THE ONE-MAN DRUM AND FIFE BAND.
A drawing from the diary of J. Orlando Parry, of whom Mr. Isaac J. Williams speaks from Cardiff this evening at 6.0.

*twice
over
the
beard*

FOR A CLOSE SHAVE



first time with the growth



— second time against it

For a really close shave go over the face twice with your razor. The first time stroke *with* the growth of the beard, the second time *against* it—the blade-edge will actually lift up the shorter, stiffer hairs, so that it can cut through them closer to the skin.

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Billy Mayerl the world famous composer and pianist will teach them personally through the post in their own home and if they will only follow his instructions for a few minutes every day, in their spare time, they will be able to play all their favourite songs or dance tunes long before the Winter is over.

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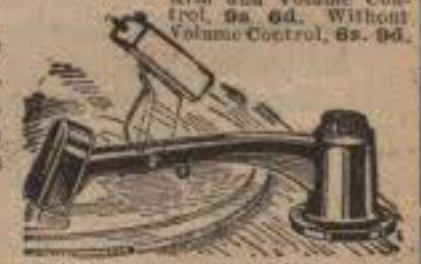
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Programmes for Friday.

(Manchester Programme continued from page 892.)

- 9.0 S.B. from London
- 9.15 North Regional News
- 9.20-11.15 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

- 5SC GLASGOW** 752 20/8
 3.0:—A Concert. The Octet; Kathleen Garscadden (Soprano).
 4.0:—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra, relayed
 from the Playhouse Ballroom. 4.30:—Sullivan, Philip
 Malcolm (Baritone). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—
 Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—London Programme,
 relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—
 Bulletin of Scottish Market Prices for Farmers. 6.40:—Musical
 Interlude. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Tullytassie
 Hogmanay Gathering. Grand Soiree and Concert. Followed
 by an Assembly in the Burch Hall, Tullytassie. 9.0:—London.
 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20-11.15:—London.
- 2BD ABERDEEN** 370 27/8
 3.0:—Glasgow. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from
 Daventry. 6.15:—London. 6.30:—Bulletin of Scottish Market
 Prices for Farmers. S.B. from Glasgow. 6.40:—Glasgow. 6.45:—
 London. 7.45:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.0:—London. 9.15:—
 Glasgow. 9.20-11.15:—London.
- 2HF BELFAST** 1,258 20/8
 12.0:—Organ Music. Played by Herbert Westerby, relayed
 from the Grosvenor Hall. 12.30-1.0:—Gramophone Records.
 3.30:—Dance Music. Jan Ralfini's Regal Band, relayed from the
 Plaza, Belfast. 4.35:—Ethel Burrows (Soprano). Thom a
 O. Corrin (Pianoforte) 5.0:—Musical Interlude. 5.15:—The
 Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme, relayed from
 Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Light Concert
 Music. The Symphony Orchestra, conducted by E. Godfrey
 Brown. Anne Gregory (Soprano). 9.0:—S.B. from London.
 9.35:—Leslie Stuart Memories. Norah Temple (Soprano).
 David Wilson (Baritone). Revue Chorus and Orchestra,
 Conducted by Philip Whiteway. 10.45-11.15:—London.

NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

(Continued from page 847.)

lay on her bed and dreamt for three hours without ever going to sleep at all. They awoke feeling full of the same strange emotion, though it was now so hot that almost everyone else in London was already in an extremely bad temper, and would be far worse before the long day was over.

But before the long day was over—at seven o'clock, to be strictly accurate—Mr. Wilkinson had finished his drawing of the Columbine. And he put on a tie and a pair of socks and a pair of brogues and a jacket, and he crossed the landing, and he knocked on Miss Marshall's door.

'I thought you might care to see this,' he said. 'I've just finished it.'

'Half a second,' said Miss Marshall, typing the last word on the last page. And then: 'Oh, Mr. Wilkinson—I think it's splendid!'

'Do you?' said George, blinking at her. 'It's so—so wonderfully Christmassy,' said Miss Marshall.

'Do you really think so?'

'I mean, there's something about Christmas. . . . Well, I can't quite explain, but—'

'I know,' said George. 'Are you—are you—coming to Comelli's—by any chance?'

Yes, Miss Marshall was coming to Comelli's. They both went to Comelli's, though it was still over eighty degrees in the shade barely three hours before sunset. And they both ate, or possibly drank, Comelli's soup, though everyone else was sending it away in disgust. And during the entrée, which they both chose—though even Comelli's poorest clients were calling faintly for cold and expensive extras—George Wilkinson suddenly caught Miss Marshall's hand under the dirty tablecloth, and she let him hold it while he told her something extremely interesting, and she nodded when he asked her a particularly important question; and thus they were still staring into each other's eyes and thinking of Heaven knows what foolishness and beauty, when again the waiter came hobbling towards them and plucked their plates away and produced his thumb-stained menu.

'And to follow?' asked the waiter, dismally.

Neither patron even glanced at him, but their lips parted simultaneously. 'Plum pudding,' they said. 'Please.'

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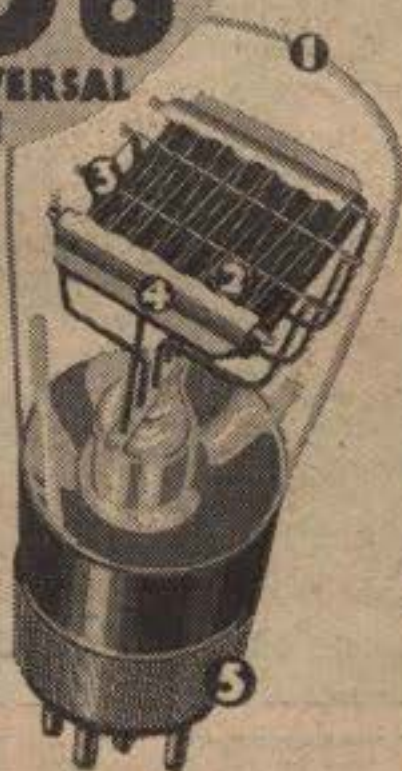
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3.30
THE R.A.F.
CENTRAL
BAND

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST

10.45-11.0 Miss ETHEL R. HAM-
BRIDGE: 'Dressmaking—How to
Fit'

1.0-2.0 LIGHT MUSIC
MOSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA
From THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

3.30 A BAND CONCERT
TOM KINNIBURGH (Bass)
THE CENTRAL BAND OF H.M. ROYAL
AIR FORCE
Conducted by Flight-Lieut. AMERS
March Medley, 'Martial Moments'
Winter
Memories of Melodies we love,
(' Looking Backward ') *Finck*

3.40 TOM KINNIBURGH
Sombre Woods . . . *Lully, arr. A. L.*
I triumph, I triumph . . . *Carissimi*

BEGINNING life in a very humble way, Lully was one of the comparatively few musicians who amassed considerable fortune. His career reads like a romance, from the day when he was picked up at about the age of ten by the Chevalier de Guise for his niece, Mdle. de Montpansier who had asked for 'a pretty little Italian' to teach her the language. His playing of the violin soon attracted the notice of influential people, and he rose from one post of distinction to another until he had the whole of musical France very securely under his sway. He was an astute courtier, knowing well how to make his way among the intrigues of the Palace, and enjoyed the favour of his King to a degree which has seldom been equalled in the history of music. But the manner of his death was as unlucky as the rest of his career had been fortunate. Conducting, in the Royal presence, one day, he struck his foot with the baton and the trifling injury, in the hands of an incompetent surgeon, grew so serious as to prove fatal soon afterwards.

Although this beautiful song, a typical example of his gracious and dignified style, is so often sung, it is clearly one of those evergreen favourites which no repetition can stale.

4.0 BAND
Suite from 'The Miracle'
Humperdinck
Procession and Children's Dance;
Banquet Scene and the Nuns'
Dance; The March of the Army
and Death Motif; The Xmas
Scene and Finale, Act I

Those who saw Reinhardt's magnificent production of *The Miracle* at Olympia in London in 1911, have no need to be reminded how large a share of its success it owed to Humperdinck's impressive music. Wholly unlike the far better known *Hansel and Gretel*, though it is, it has the same feeling of belonging as of right to the scenes which it is

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)



'RUPERT of HENTZAU'

Being the further Ruritanian
adventures of Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.

By ANTHONY HOPE

Arranged for Broadcasting by HOLT MARVELL

CHARACTERS:

H.M. RUDOLPH THE FIFTH—King of Ruritania
Colonel SAPT
Count FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM } Loyal servants of Queen Flavia
Lieutenant BERNENSTEIN
Count RUPERT OF HENTZAU—banished from Ruritania
Count von LUZAU RISCHEHEIM—his cousin, attached to the Court
Baron HELSING—Chancellor of Ruritania
RUDOLPH RASSENDYLL—an English gentleman
JAMES—his Valet
BAUER—a Swiss, servant of von Tarlenheim
SIMON—the King's Chief Huntsman
HERBERT—a huntsman
H.M. Queen FLAVIA of Ruritania
Countess HELGA—wife of von Tarlenheim
Mother HOLF—a lodging-house keeper in Strelsau
ROSA—her daughter
Porters, Station-master, Servants, Carter, Butler, Citizens of Strelsau,
etc.

The Story is told by Count Fritz von Tarlenheim.

FOR the benefit of listeners who did not hear, or may not clearly recall, the recent broadcast of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, to which *Rupert of Hentzau* is a direct sequel, here is a brief resumé of the former story. Rudolph Rassendyll, an Englishman who, through the love-affair of an ancestress, had inherited the features of the Elpbbergs, the royal house of the little Kingdom of Ruritania, visited Ruritania for the coronation of King Rudolph the Fifth and found himself involved, by his amazing likeness to the King, in a strange adventure. Duke Michael, the King's half-brother, plotted to kidnap His Majesty and be crowned in his place. But he had not reckoned with Rassendyll's resemblance to the King and the daring of Colonel Sapt, the King's equerry. While Michael held his brother captive in the Castle of Zenda, Rassendyll played the King in Strelsau, the capital. Only after intrigue and adventure in which all the conspirators except Duke Michael's unscrupulous *aide-de-camp*, Rupert Hentzau, met with their death, was the King rescued from Zenda. When the time came for Rassendyll to leave Ruritania, it was not easy for him to go, for he had fallen desperately in love with the Princess Flavia to whom King Rudolph was betrothed. Before he went, he disclosed to Flavia that it was he who, since Coronation Day, had taken the King's place, but she, though she loved Rassendyll, felt it her duty to stand by her country. So Rassendyll returned to England, while Sapt and the King's friends kept the story of his impersonation a secret. The only unlawful possessor of the secret was Count Rupert Hentzau, whom the King banished for his part in the plot.

The scene of RUPERT OF HENTZAU is the German town of Wintenberg, the King's Castle at Zenda, and Strelsau, capital of Ruritania.

Produced by PETER CRESWELL.

7.30
'RUPERT
OF
HENTZAU'

illustrating, and it is of itself such effective music that it is still welcomed apart from its text, on the concert platform.

4.15 TOM KINNIBURGH
When I think on the happy days
Forester
Green grow the Rashers O! . . . } *Trad.*
The Hundred Pipers }

4.25 BAND
Salon Piece, 'First Heart Throbs'
Eilenberg
Grand Patriotic Fantasia, 'Festival
of Empire' . . . *J. Mackenzie-Rogan*

4.45 ORCHESTRAL SELECTION
Conducted by CHARLES WILLIAMS
Relayed from DAVIS' THEATRE,
CROYDON

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
'THE REPENTANT PIRATES'
A Play written specially for broad-
casting by EVELYN GARDNER

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GEN-
ERAL NEWS BULLETIN; ANNOUNCE-
ments and Sports Bulletin

6.40 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
REGINALD PAUL (*Pianoforte*)

7.0 Mr. BASIL MAINE: 'Next Week's
Broadcast Music'

7.15 The Week's Work in the Garden
by the Royal Horticultural Society

7.30 'Rupert of Hentzau'
Being the further Ruritanian adven-
tures of Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.
By ANTHONY HOPE
Arranged for Broadcasting by HOLT
MARVELL

Produced by PETER CRESWELL
(See centre column)

9.0 'The Second News'
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GEN-
ERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local News;
(*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast
and Fat Stock Prices

9.20 Mr. GERALD BARRY: 'The Week
in London'

9.35 Vaudeville
CLAY KEYES (The Ace of Clubs)
THE ALBERT SANDLER TRIO
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA
and an Item from the
LONDON PALLADIUM

10.45-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
AMBROSE'S BAND, from THE MAY
FAIR HOTEL

(Saturday's Programmes continued
on page 899.)

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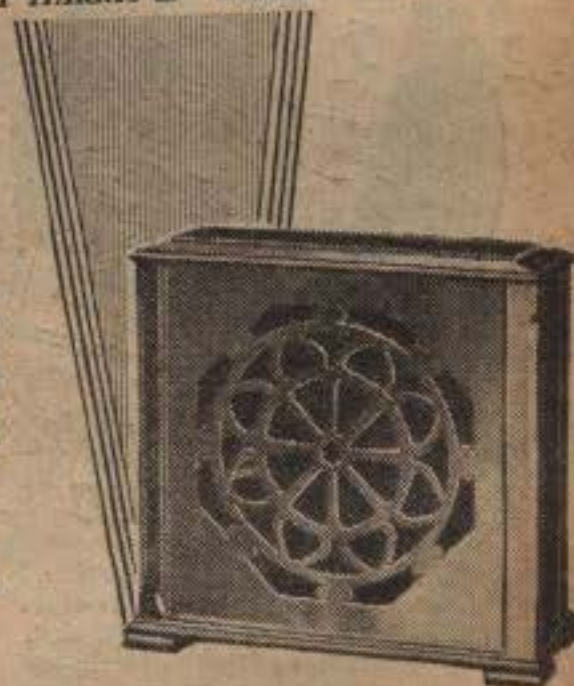
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3. Roll about half of paste very thin and line patty tin.
4. Put one tablespoonful of ROBERTSON'S MINCE-MEAT ("GOLDEN SHRED" BRAND) in each patty tin.
5. Roll out the remaining pastry and cut with a small cutter and place on top.
6. Bake in a moderate oven for ten to fifteen minutes.
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9.0
BIRMINGHAM
STUDIO
ORCHESTRA

3.30 An Hour of Light Entertainment

by
THE DUDS CONCERT PARTY
(From Birmingham)

4.30 Thé Dansant

(From Birmingham)

BILLIE FRANCIS and his BAND

Relayed from THE WEST END DANCE HALL
SARA SABONY in an Act of Reminiscence

5.30 The Children's Hour

(From Birmingham)

'Snooky's Christmas,' by Phyllis Richardson
THE DUDS CONCERT PARTY will Entertain

6.15 'The First News'

TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH;
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN;
Announcements and Sports
Bulletin

6.40 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)

6.45 Light Music

THE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by HAYDN
HEAD

Relayed from THE GRANGE
SUPER CINEMA, SMALL
HEATH, BIRMINGHAM

March, 'The Little Cavalier'
Lincke

Selection, 'Lady Mary'
Sirmay

ROSINA VERNE (Contralto)
Down here.....Brahe

Waiata Poi (A Maori Song)
Alfred Hill

ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'Delirium'.....Johann Strauss
Intermezzo, 'Fresduen'.....Lincke

7.15 ROSINA VERNE

Wayfarer's Night Song.....Easthope Martin
The Silver Ring.....Chaminade

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Maritana'.....Wallace

ROSINA VERNE

Vale.....Kennedy Russell
Love's Old Sweet Song.....Molloy

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Last Waltz'.....Straus

8.0 A CONCERT

HELENA CECILE (Entertainer)

THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET

OCTET

Second Rhapsody.....Liszt, arr. Willoughby
The Piccaninnies' Picnic

J. H. Squire, arr. Willoughby
(First Performance)

HELENA CECILE

OCTET

Excerpts from 'Peter Pan'.....J. Crook
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber, arr. Scar

HELENA CECILE

OCTET

A Vision of Christmastide.....J. H. Squire
Putting the Clock Back.....arr. Willoughby

9.0 A Symphony Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED
ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

L. SHEPHERD MUNN (Pianoforte)

ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Rienzi'.....Wagner

L. SHEPHERD MUNN and Orchestra

Pianoforte Concerto, No. 5, in E Flat (The
'Emperor').....Beethoven
Allegro; Adagio un poco mosso; Rondo
Allegro

The last of Beethoven's five
Concertos for pianoforte and
orchestra, this has long
been first favourite with
concert pianists and audi-
ences alike. It makes a
break with the tradition of
Beethoven's day in begin-
ning with three brilliant
passages for the soloist, in-
stead of with the then almost
invariable orchestral pas-
sage. The last of these
leads straight into the big
first subject played vigorous-
ly by the whole orchestra.
The second chief theme ap-
pears soon after, in the
minor mode, played in
short, crisp detached notes
very softly by the strings.
The wind instruments follow
almost immediately with a
smooth version of it and on
these two themes the whole
of the majestic first move-
ment is concisely built up.
Like many of Beethoven's

slow movements, the Adagio here is a theme
with free variations, although it is not so
entitled. It is a very simple, broad tune, and
the variations are not always very closely akin
to it, nor clear cut and separate as variations
sometimes are. The last movement is a Rondo,
as listeners now know, a movement in which the
first chief theme keeps on returning after it has
been interrupted by other episodes.

ORCHESTRA

Bumpkins' Dance.....Felix White
Clarinda's Delight.....Felix White
Fête Polonaise.....Chabrier

10.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.15 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)

10.20-11.15 ORCHESTRA

Symphony No. 3, in A Minor (The 'Scots')

Mendelssohn

Allegro agitato; Scherzo—assai vivace; Andante
Cantabile; Allegro guerriero—Finale Maestoso

Ballet Music, 'Hérodiade'.....Massenet

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 900.)



ROSINA VERNE

sings in the programme of
light music to be broadcast
this evening at 6.45.

THE RADIO TIMES.
The Journal of the British Broadcasting
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for the Economist

Saturday's Programmes continued (December 28)

5WA CARDIFF. 968 kc/s. (308.9 m.)

- 12.0-12.45 A CHILDRENS' CONCERT
Relayed from
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES
- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 4.45 DANCE MUSIC
DON GABRIEL and his EMBASSY PLAYERS
Relayed from the THE DANSANT, at COX'S CAFE,
CARDIFF
- 5.15 The Children's Hour
- 6.0 Mr. L. E. WILLIAMS
Half-way Football Retrospect
- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin
- 6.45 S.B. from London
- 7.0 S.B. from Swansea
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 9.15 West Regional News
- 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

- 12.0-12.45 S.B. from Cardiff
- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 S.B. from Cardiff
- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 6.40 S.B. from Cardiff
- 6.45 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mr. D. RHYNS PHILLIPS: 'The Celtic New Year'
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 9.15 West Regional News, S.B. from Cardiff
- 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

- 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 S.B. from London
- 9.15 Local News
- 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s. (288.5 m.)

- 12.0-1.0 GRAMOPHONE RECITAL MEMORIES
- Overture, 'Rosamunde' Schubert
- Selection, Old Time Favourites
- Song, 'Danny Boy' Morris
- Entr'acte, No. 1, 'Rosamunde' Schubert
- Duet, 'Genevieve' Tucker
- Song, 'Company Sergeant-Major' .. Sanderson
- Ballet Music, 'Rosamunde' Schubert
- Song, 'The Lovelight in your Eyes' Dunkley
- Duet, 'In the Valley Where the Blue Birds' .. Solman
- Entr'actes, Nos. 2 and 3, 'Rosamunde' .. Schubert
- Song, 'A Perfect Day' Bond
- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

- 5.15 The Children's Hour
Treasure Hunting, which results in 'THE MAN WHO FOUND CHRISTMAS' (Frances Cowen)

- 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 (9.15 Items of Naval Information; Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s. (376.4 m.)

- 12.0-1.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Mignon' Ambroiss Thomas

- 7.15 The Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin for Northern English Listeners
- 7.30 S.B. from London
- 9.15 North Regional News
- 9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.

5SC GLASGOW. 752 kc/s. (398.9 m.)

- 11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 3.30:—A Choral Concert. The Octet: Invitation to the Dance (Weber). The L.M.S. (Glasgow) Choir, conducted by Tom Simpson: Annie Laurie (Bantock); Border Ballad (Maunders); Bonnie ran the Burnie doon (Lambeth); Scots wha hae (Bantock). The Octet: Selection, 'Hansel and Gretel' (Humperdinck). The Choir: My love dwelt in a Northern Land (Elgar); On Jordan's Banks (Bruch); As Torrents in Summer (Elgar). The Octet: Andante, 'Symphonie Espagnole' (Lalo); Dance of the Apprentices ('The Mastersingers') (Wagner). 4.45:—Dance Music by Charles Watson's Orchestra, relayed from the Playhouse Ballroom. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—Mr. William Reid, F.J.I. ('Diogenes' of the 'Edinburgh Evening News'); An Eye-Witness Account of the Scottish League Association Football Match—Hibernians v. Rangers. S.B. from Edinburgh. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Scottish Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—'I Remember'—I. The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. S.B. from Aberdeen. 7.15:—Musical Interlude. 7.30:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 925 kc/s. (301.5 m.)

- 11.0-12.0:—A Recital of Gramophone Records. 3.30:—A Choral Concert. The L.M.S. (Glasgow) Choir. The Octet. S.B. from Glasgow. 4.45:—Dance Music. S.B. from Glasgow. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. S.B. from Glasgow. 5.57:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. S.B. from Glasgow. 6.0:—S.B. from Edinburgh (See Glasgow). 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Scottish Sports Bulletin. S.B. from Glasgow. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—'I Remember'—I. The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. 7.15:—Musical Interlude. S.B. from Glasgow. 7.30:—S.B. from London. 9.15:—Scottish News Bulletin. S.B. from Glasgow. 9.20-12.0:—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 1,238 kc/s. (242.5 m.)

- 3.30:—A Popular Concert. The Orchestra:—Kathleen Adair (Mezzo-Soprano). Joseph V. Greer (Baritone). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Musical Interlude. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.40:—Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 7.0:—Mr. E. Godfrey Brown: 'Next Week's Music. 7.15:—The Royal Horticultural Society's Weekly Bulletin. 7.25:—Musical Interlude. 7.30-12.0:—S.B. from London (9.15 Regional News and Sports Bulletin).



DON GABRIEL AND HIS EMBASSY PLAYERS are being relayed from the THE DANSANT, COX'S CAFE, and broadcast from Cardiff this afternoon at 4.45.

- QUEENIE HALL (Soprano)
Their Heads nestle closer together
George Le Brunn

- Garden of happiness Daniel Wood
- ORCHESTRA
- Dreams Wagner
- Siegmond's Love Song Wagner
- Dance of the Apprentices Wagner

- QUEENIE HALL
- Lackaday Ernest Crampton
- Daddy Behrend

- ORCHESTRA
- Selection, 'Rigoletto' Verdi

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

- AUNTIE WENDY requests the pleasure of your company at her Olde Time Christmas Party in the enchanted Wood—Never Land. Beware of ye Snap Dragons
- Songs by WIN ANSON and J. WOODS-SMITH
Violin Solo by DON HAYDEN

- 6.0 Mr. F. STACEY LINTOTT: An Eye-Witness Account of the Newcastle United v. Manchester United Football Match

- 6.15 S.B. from London
- 6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin
- 6.45 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mr. W. P. CROZIER: 'The Year in the North'

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RADIO GRAMOPHONE

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These models combine a highly efficient 3-valve set and an electrical reproducing gramophone. The whole apparatus is designed for operation off A.C. electric mains.

Model K-B 167. 100-120 v. A.C. 40-50 cycles
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£49:10:0 Including valves and royalties.
Model K-B 182. (Battery model, with high-grade spring-driven motor)
£39:10:0, including valves, large capacity batteries and royalties.

K-B 161 and 169. ALL-ELECTRIC 3-valve screened-grid Pentode Receiver. £17:10:0 including valves and royalty.

K-B 103 and 156 4-valve Portable Receiver. £18:18:0 including valves royalty and all accessories.

THE BRANDESET 111A. The popular 3-valve set, arranged for one detector and two low frequency valves. £7:10:0 including valves and royalty.

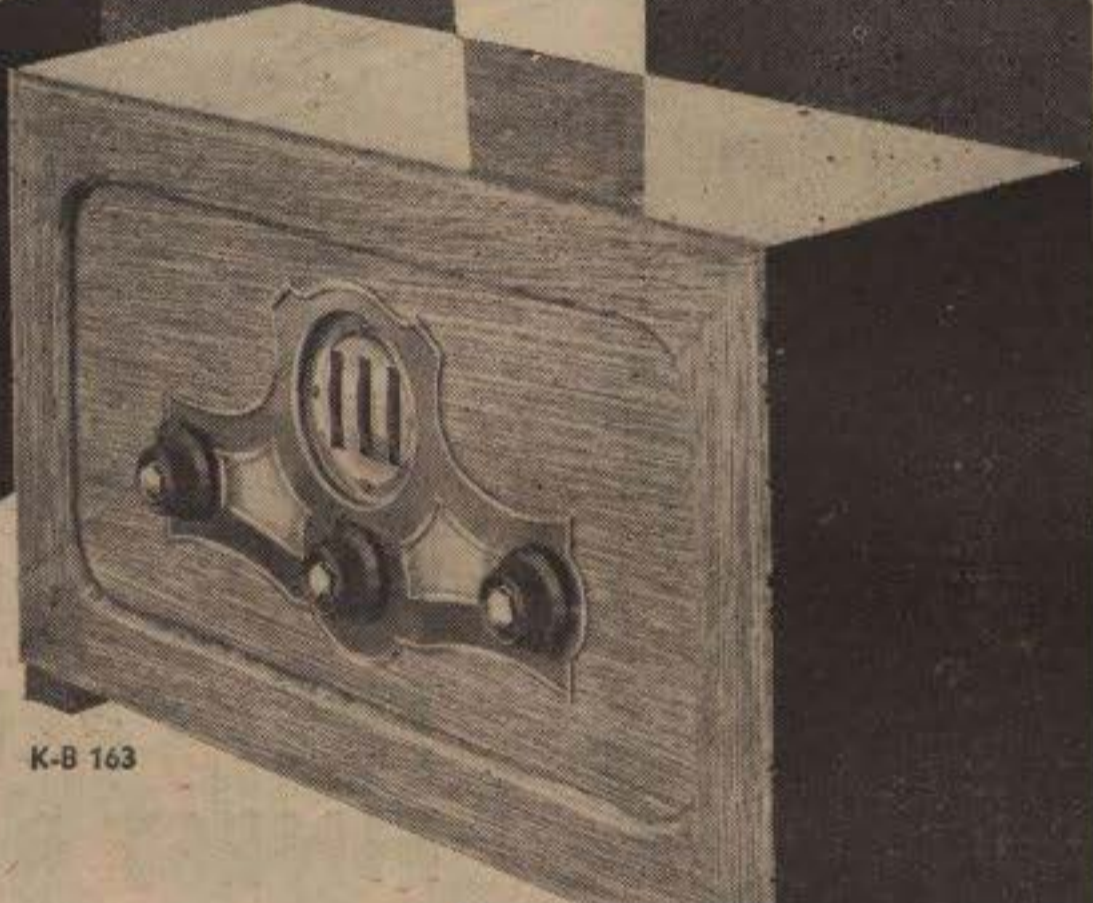
K-B 163. 3-valve screened-grid Receiver with Pentode £10:15:0 with Power valve £10:2:6 including valves and royalty.

Kolster-

CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM



BRANDESET 3A



K-B 163

HERE IS THE PROGRAMME OF THE KOLSTER-BRANDES CONCERT TO BE BROADCAST from TOULOUSE Sunday December 22 (380 metres) 6-8 p.m.

- 1. MARCH La Californienne Gillet
- 2. Le Rouet D'Omphale (Poeme symphonique) Saint Saens
- 3. WALTZ Salome Archibald Joyce
- 4. SELECTION "Lakme" Leo Delibes
- 5. Wiener Gluck (Grande Valse) Denisty

ENTR'ACTE: GRAMOPHONE MUSIC

- (i) Murmure des fleurs Blon
- (ii) Rose Mousse Base
- (iii) Reve des Reurs Transbatam
- (iv) Narcisses Nevin
- (v) Pluie D'or Waldjenteuf
- (vi) L'or et l'argent Lehar
- 6. OVERTURE "Sigurd" Reyser
- 7. Serenade a Conchita Edv. Flament
- 8. Le Jongleur de Notre Dame Massenet
- 9. Ma mie (Valse) F. Wolenka
- 10. Jeux de Polo O. Fetras

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Please send me a copy of the K-B book, containing the full K-B radio range, and the name of my nearest K-B dealer who will arrange a free demonstration in my home.

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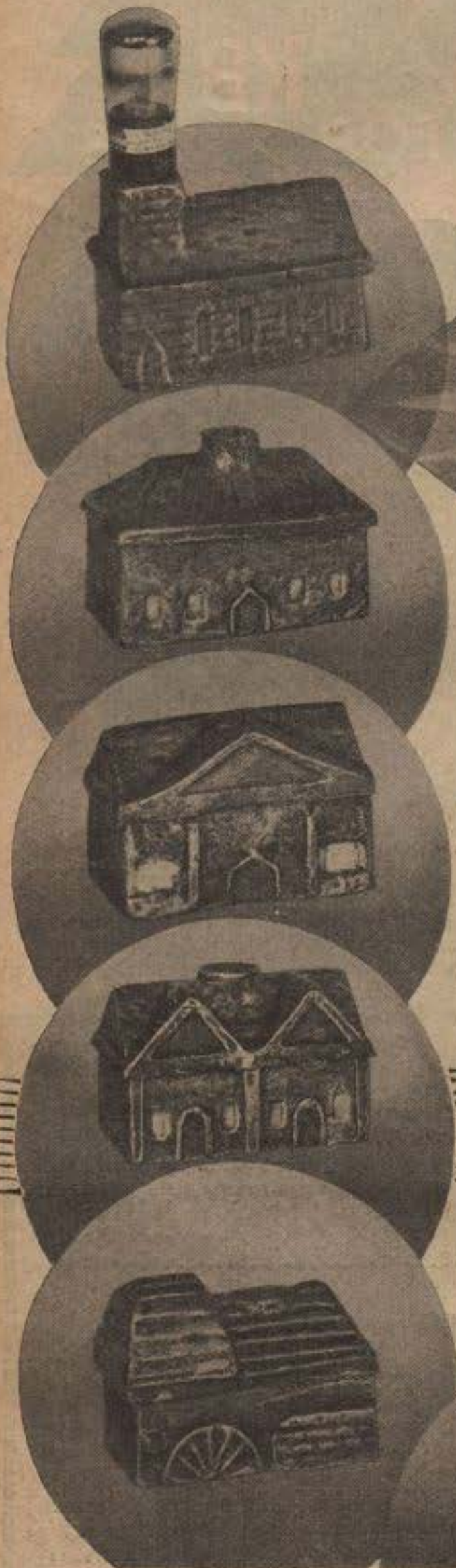
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Xmas - AND AFTER



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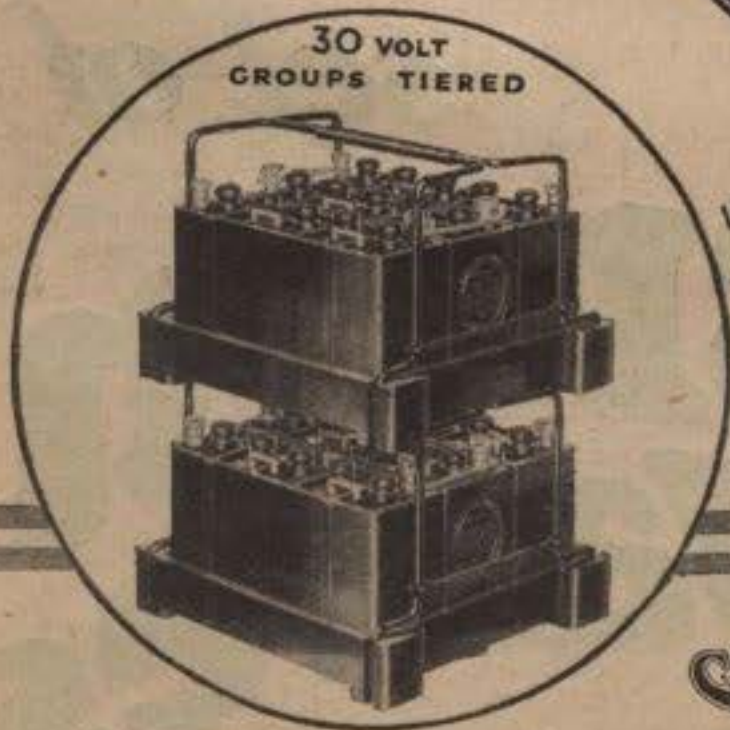
We're giving Father a new H.T. for *our* radio



I'm sure nothing will please him better— or us! From the time that we first had the wireless set Dad has continually preached the virtues of what he calls a wet H.T. of the C.A.V. make; how it will improve reception by cutting out those funny crackling noises, and then he goes on to talk about less trouble, constant volume and all that.

Anyway, if all the things are true that he said about the new C.A.V. type, the one which he says is "built like a car battery" it will be a good investment. So we have taken the hint, and I'm certain that the improvement will make it worth while, for Dad does know what he is talking about on the subject of wireless.

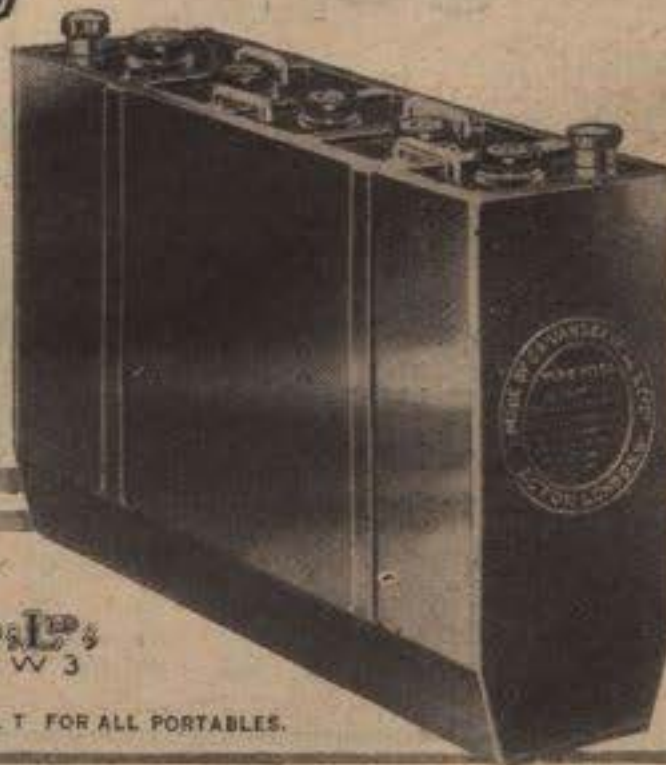
The new **CAV** of course!



30 VOLT
GROUPS TIERED

10 VOLTS **6/3** 5000 MILLIAMPS

ALSO IN 2500 & 10 000 MILLIAMPS



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SPECIFY THE C.A.V. JELLY ACID BATTERY—THE PERFECT H.T. FOR ALL PORTABLES.

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your guarantee

ELECTRICAL

“The
Christmas
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Treat
yourself
and
your
friends
to a
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Valves**

MADE IN ENGLAND
Sold by all Wireless Dealers.

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THEY LAST LONGER



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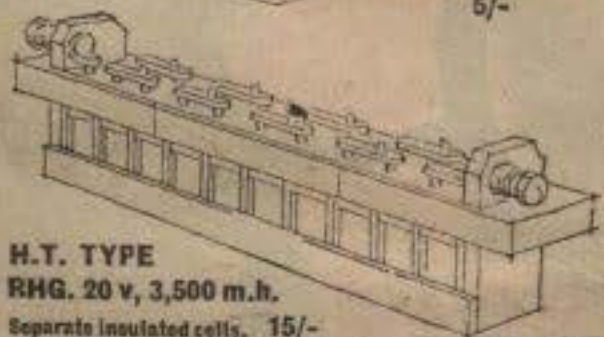
THE TRIUMPH OF MICRO-POROUS PASTE

To-day so many people are turning to Fullers super batteries that our works have had to treble their output! Super batteries are now acknowledged to have set an altogether new standard, both for Low and for High Tension. This LDG type, for instance, is without question the finest battery of its kind that is manufactured. Its small brothers SDG (25 a/h., 5/6d) and MSG (22 a/h., 4/6) are popular, too. A note on the HT types appears on the left. Super batteries, and the LDG particularly, have won largely because their unique micro-porous paste is not only more porous, more active, but of finer grain, stronger, more lasting. Incidentally there are wonderful Sparta guaranteed Dry Batteries, too—see the list on the left. Give super batteries this Christmas—starting with yourself! Of Fuller Service Agents, or first-class dealers.

TYPE LDG. 2v., 60 a/h. PRICE 9/6d WITH FREE CARRYING HANDLE



H.T. TYPE
DMHG
 10 v, 6,500 m.h.
 monobloc
 6/9
MHG 3,000 m.h.
 5/-



H.T. TYPE
RHG. 20 v, 3,500 m.h.
 Separate insulated cells. 15/-

ALSO SPARTA DRY BATTERIES

60v. (reads 66v.) Standard 7/11. 60v. Super 13/6.
 100v. (reads 108v.) Standard 12/11. 100v. Super 22/-.
 120v. (reads 126v.) Standard 15/10. 9v. Grid Bias 1/6. 16v. Grid Bias 2/10



SPARTA SUPER BATTERIES

FULLER ACCUMULATOR CO. (1926) LTD.
 CHADWELL HEATH. ESSEX.



P. & R.
"R.H.T."
in Glass, 10
volts, 5,000
Milliamperes
hours

TYPE
"L.H.T."
fitted with
shrouds (as
illustrated)
Price 7/6

Guaranteed
6 months.
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The Peto & Radford R.H.T. High Tension Accumulator was designed by people with 40 years of accumulator-making experience who know a great deal about radio. To give purity of reception the R.H.T.'s internal resistance has been kept low, its voltage remains constant under all variations of discharge. Terminals are hollow, so that 10 volt tappings can be made by wander plugs. The plates are strong and designed to hold charges for long periods.

Charging will cost NOTHING



Charge your H.T. Batteries off the mains with the P. & R. Trickle Charger. For D.C.

or A.C. Simple. Safe. NO valves. No "hum." Constant voltage. Perfect reception all the time. Uses practically no current. Price complete for D.C. 29/9, or A.C. 49/9.

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"STORK" CABINET
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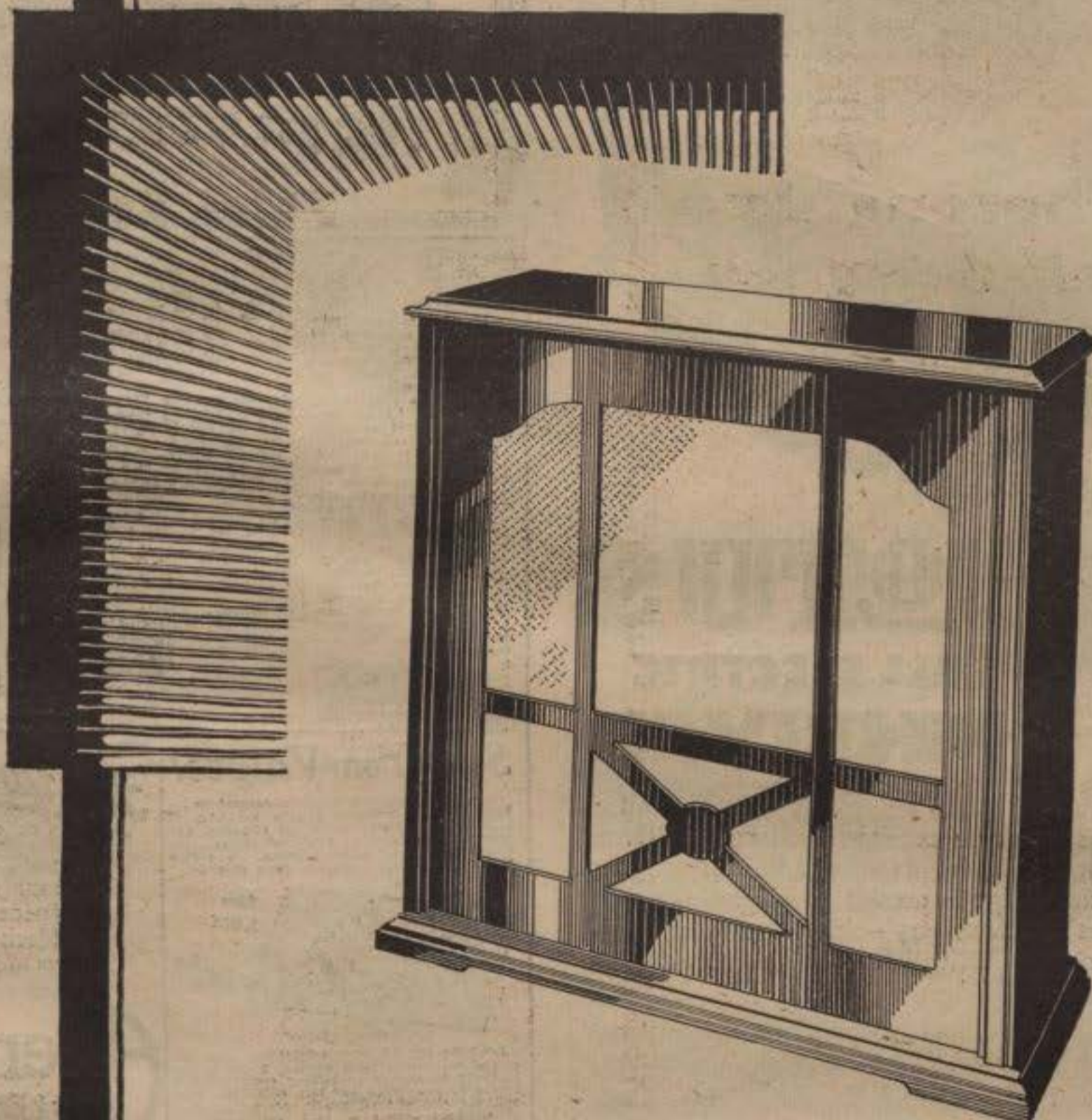
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The LOTUS All-Electric 3-valve Receiver for A.C. Mains is simple and improved radio. Once installed, it needs no further adjustment. No technical knowledge is needed to operate the set; no batteries are necessary—simply connect with any light socket. British and Continental stations come in at full loudspeaker strength.

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KEEP ON BOVRIL AND KEEP FIT

XMAS GAIETY FOR THE DEAF

ALL the fun and frolic of Yuletide can be yours—even if you are deaf; yes, even if you are *very* deaf! YOU can capture the spirit of Carnival just as your family and your friends do. Xmas can hold as much jollity, as much expectancy, and as many surprises for YOU as it does even for the children. YOUR precious gift this Xmas; YOUR great adventure can be to secure PERFECT HEARING! And you can get it with hardly a soul gasping hour. At first everyone will marvel at the way you hear what they say. But imagine your own feelings when every word spoken comes to you clear! So small, so easily hidden in the latest of all hearing aids, viz.: THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY ACOUSTICON.

ACOUSTICON or SHELLACON is the name you MUST see stamped on the instrument. Call at once for a FREE test. General Acousticon, Ltd., Sole proprietors of the genuine Acousticon, regd., throughout the British Empire, 54, Acousticon House, 77, WIGMORE ST., W.1. or at 19, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh; 75, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 14, New Street, Birmingham; 14, St. Ann's Square, Manchester. If you cannot possibly call, write for particulars.

that only your closest friends are likely even to catch a glimpse of it. And it is so remarkably comfortable—so far more agreeable to wear than any aid you've ever tried. This, together with the fact that it is almost impossible accidentally to dislodge it from the ear (even though it has no visible means of support), will enable you to FORGET YOU ARE WEARING IT! The days are precious; the very hours are precious. Come and hear for yourself, entirely FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION, how you can enjoy good hearing and how you can have the biggest, the greatest, the most thrilling surprise of your life this Xmas. Do not hesitate! Hearing is Believing.

Save Your Valves!

Very few valves live to die a natural death. Buy CORTABS to-day and save the lives of your valves. Metal labels are corrosive and conducting. CORTABS (made of Irovex) are non-corrosive and non-conducting. A carton of thirteen popular wordings costs only 9d.



Don't be put off with substitutes. See the special slots illustrated above. These enable CORTABS to slip on to battery cords without having to undo plugs and terminals. But they will not slip off! CORTABS can be obtained of all good dealers or (1/4d. postage extra) from—

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The Largest Makers of Radio Labels in the World
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For your throat

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants. They are delightfully soothing.

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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist sells them
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Incorporated by Royal Charter 1867.
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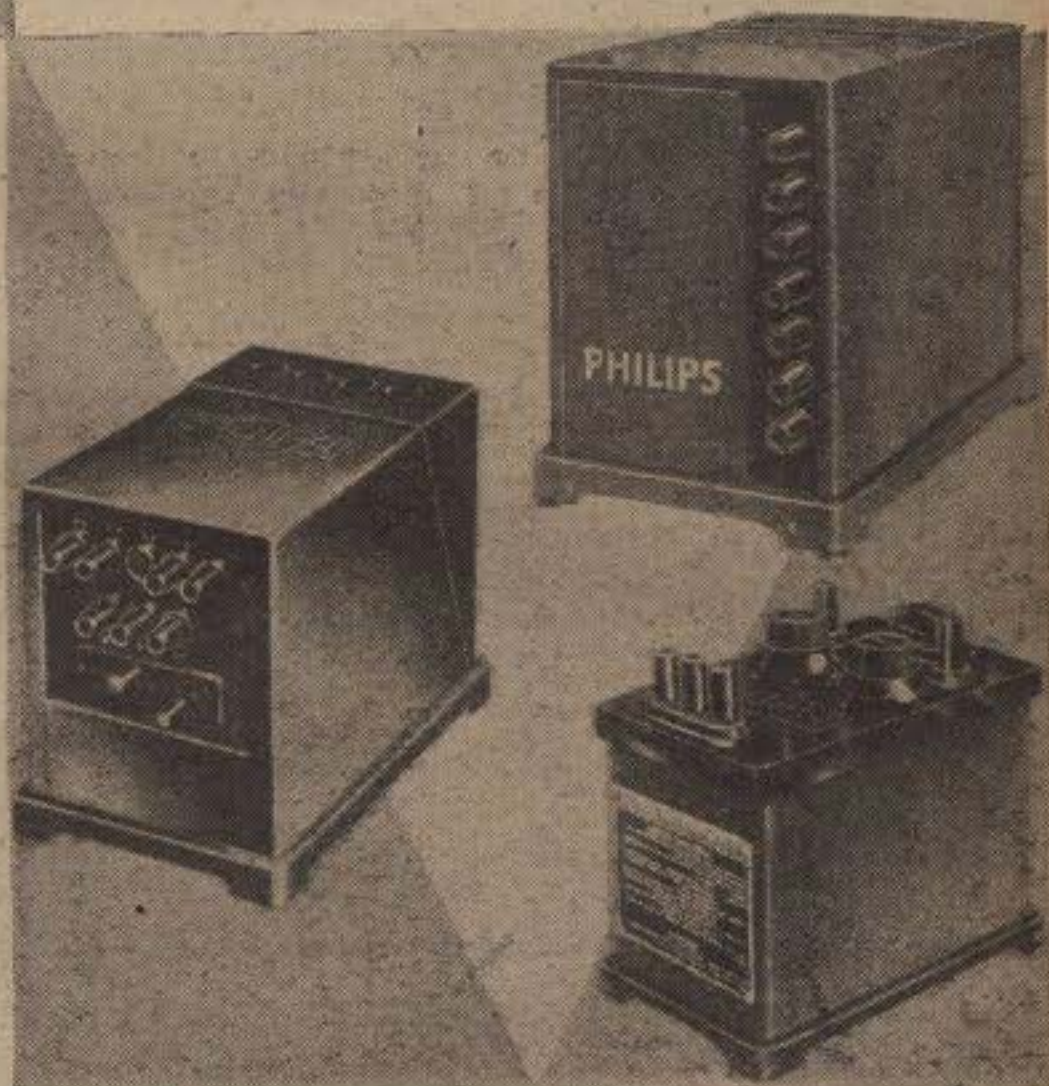
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Type 3009	For A.C. Mains ..	Price £5 15 0
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