

# RADIO TIMES CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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*Paul Nash.*





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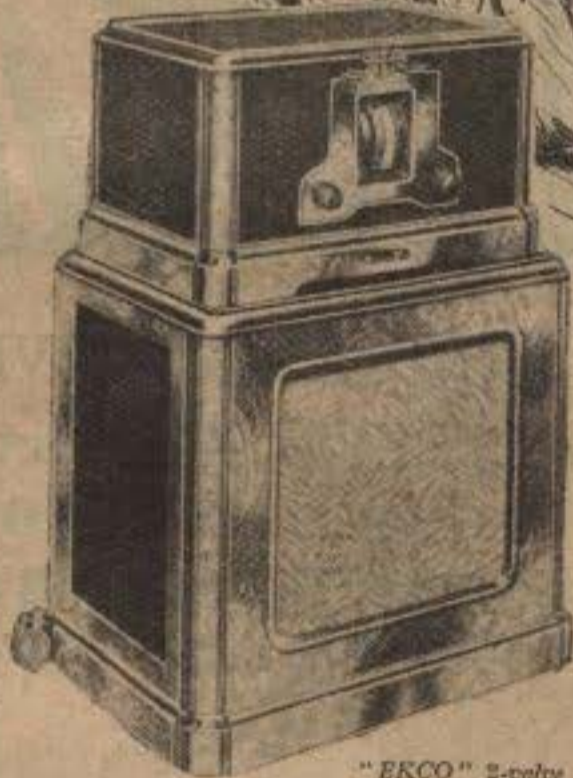
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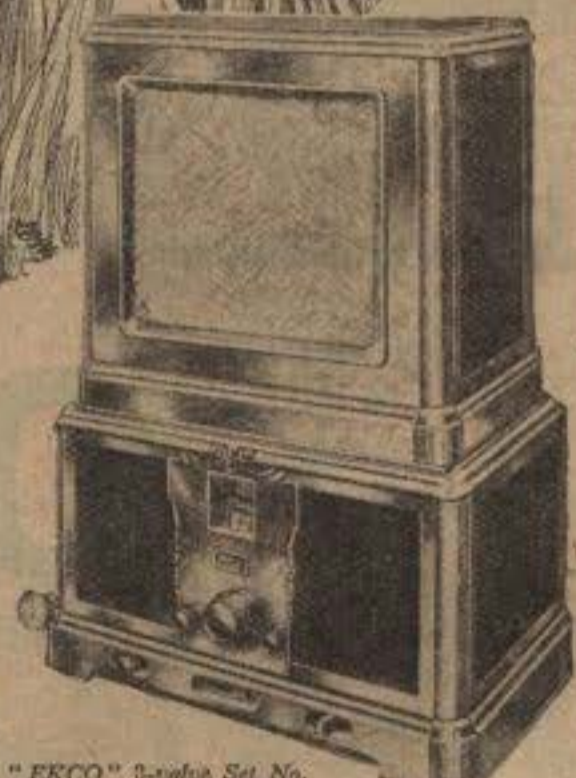
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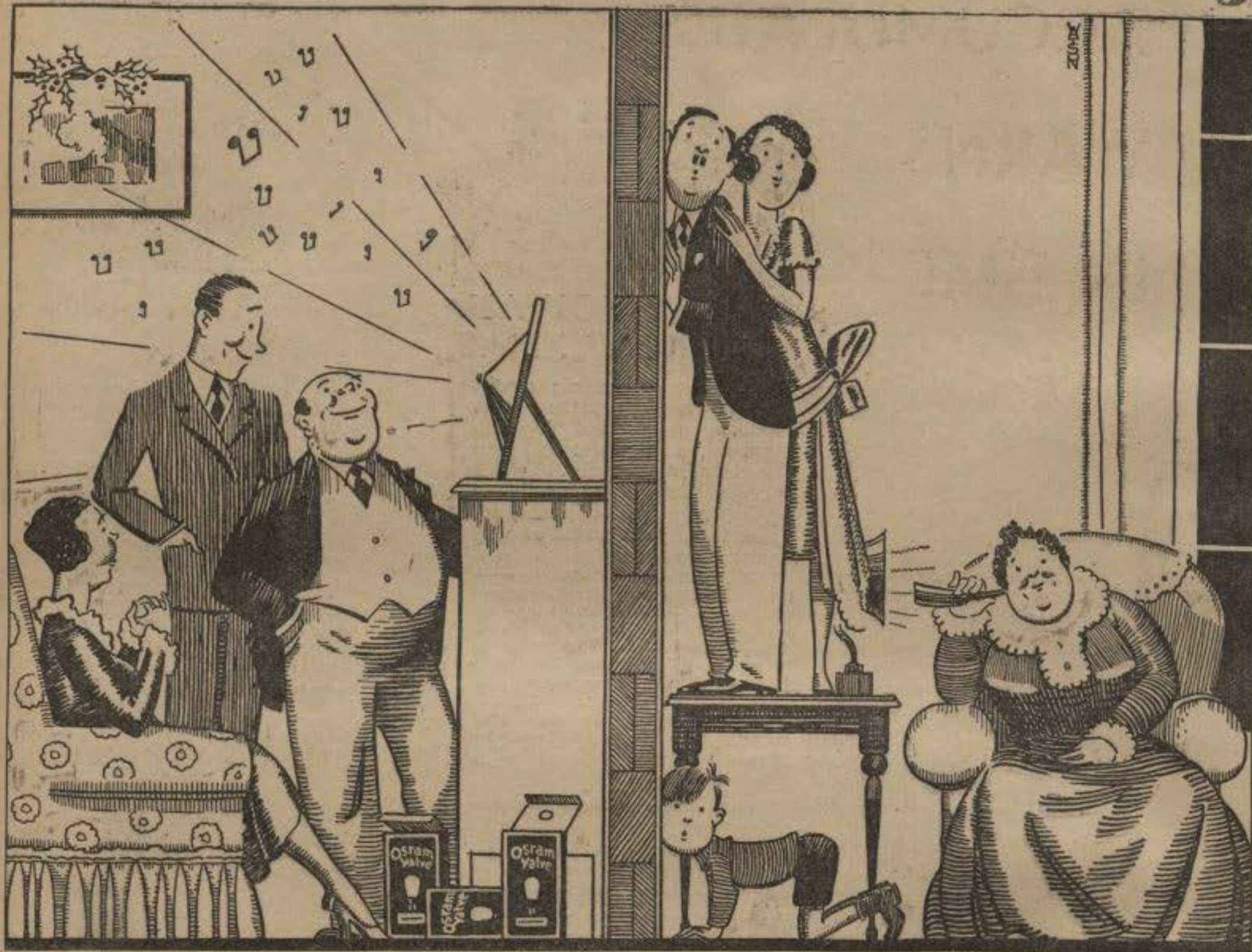
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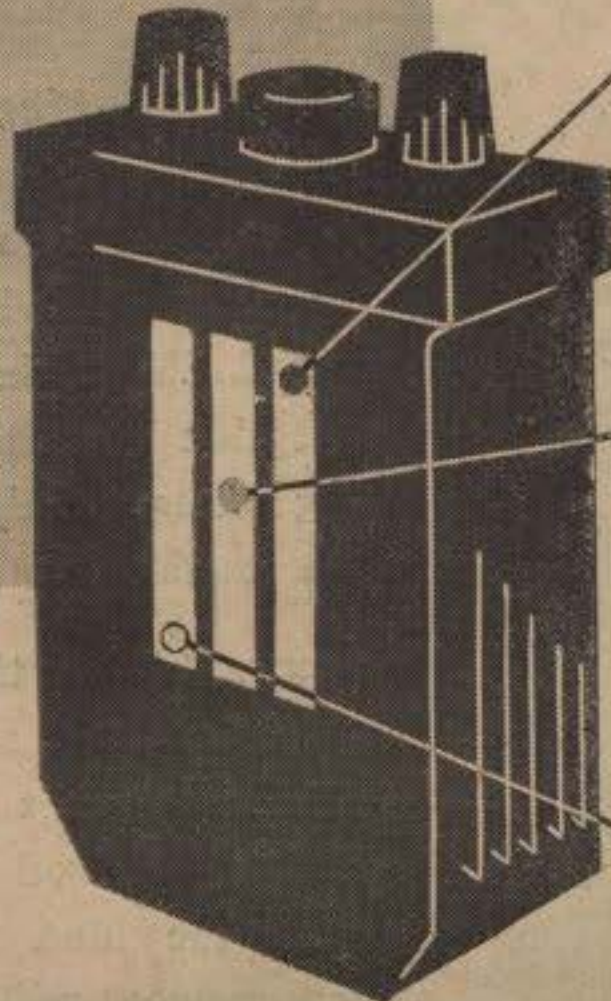
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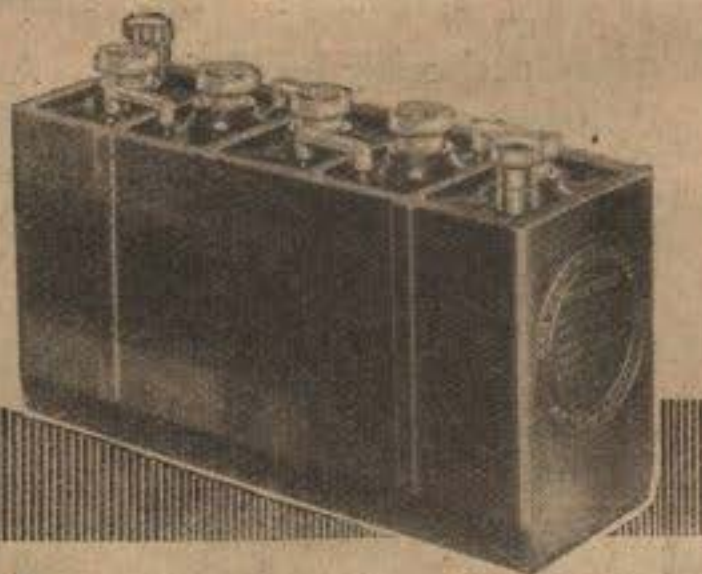


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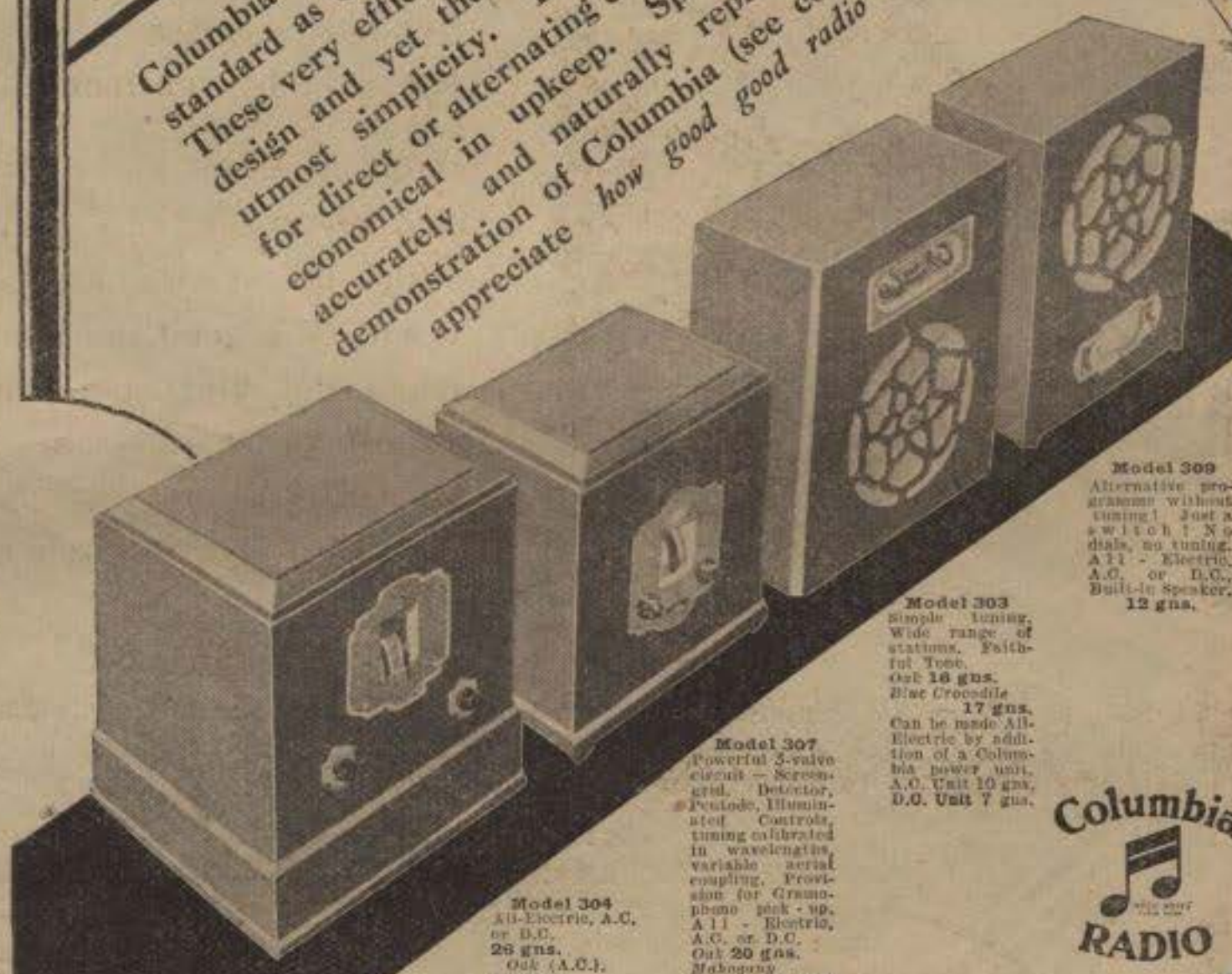
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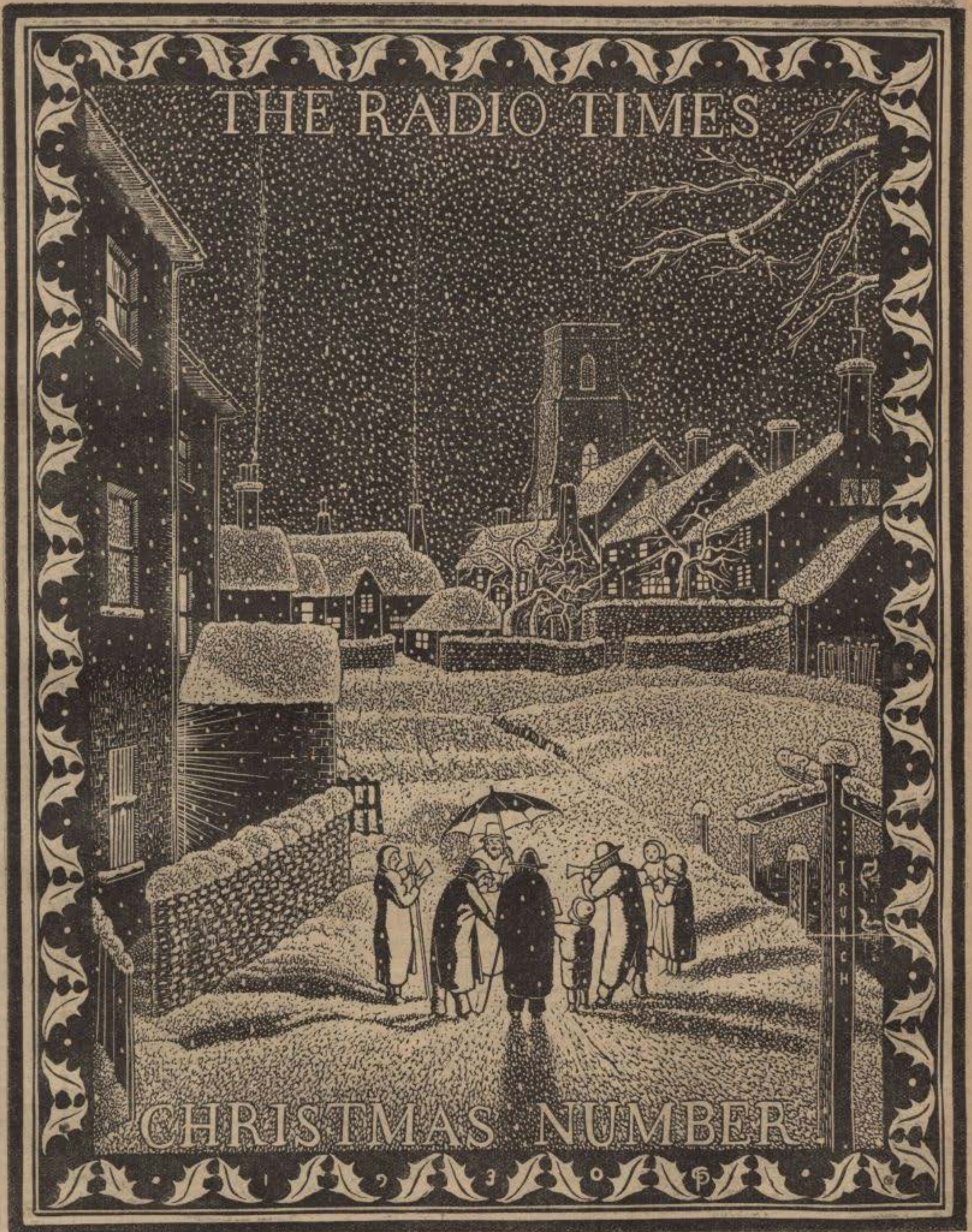
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THE RADIO TIMES

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



# IVOR BROWN: IN PRAISE OF PANTOMIME

The B.B.C. supports the Pantomime Tradition, of which Mr. Brown writes so charmingly, with broadcasts of *Red Riding Hood* on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

THE Pantomime is really a person, being the English word for a man who imitates any and everything. The term has remained true to its derivation. It is the omnibus of entertainment, the hold-all of the showman's world. The Fairy Garden of Flowers and the Prince's Palace, which are so gorgeously established at the end of the first half and the conclusion of the entire sixteen scenes, are both Liberty Hall. Anything can



happen there. Anybody can wander in. This is the Feast of Fools, where all rank is overturned and the Prince will split a sausage with the Broker's Men. The history of all midwinter revels is the triumph of topsy-turvydom. When Saturnalia are cried in, the servant gives orders to the master. Pantomime, abundantly surviving its Victorian splendours, is gorgeously true to this license of the free-and-easy festival. Regard the Dame, with arms akimbo, nose aflame, and wig aslant, an old faggot that would blaze well on any Christmas bonfire, old mortality in all the bits and pieces of a milliner's nightmare. What is she doing in the Prince's Pavilion of a Million Mirrors, or in the Butterflies' Grotto of the Fairy Queen? She is representing democracy a good deal more effectively than some of its more orthodoxly-appointed deputies. For she is the Woman Who Won't Be Put Down, the Woman whose Nose and Foot must get round every door, the Eternal Daughter of Liberty and Equality. Pantomime is our Feast of Fools, and the Feast of Fools is the people's annual mockery of all rank, office, and solemnity.

Dressing-up always has been, and always will be, the root of the revel. Pantomime simply continues the gay history of disguise. How the Elizabethans loved it! Bacon described the ladies and gentry of the time masquerading as 'fools, satyrs, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiops, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving and the like.' Now move on two and a half centuries and hear another historian of pantomime, Mr. Willson Disher:—

'The young Khedive was warned that Sinbad, whom he was pursuing, was a great favourite in London. 'What is London?' asked (in effect) the young Khedive. The Diamond Prince then conjured up a vision of the Tower of London with a procession of the Kings and Queens of England since the Conqueror, this leading to 'Harry Jackson's Marvellous Representation of Napoleon I,' and 'A review of the troops after their return from Egypt.'

Where on earth could that have happened save in Pantomime at Old Drury? A nice procession of Plantagenets and others of the blood royal mixed up with the songs of Araby, the Oriental platoons, and the ladies dressed as flower-pots for the Transformation Scene! Could you beat it! Well, Drury Lane's Emperor, Augustus Harris, followed by King Arthur Collins, tried to make absurdity go one better year by year—and they both succeeded. And still we persist in our service of the motley and the medley. Pantomime does not blush to be preposterous. It is the ecstasy of moonshine; its diadem is a straw in the hair.

Its utter irrationality is its strength. It provides the children's outing and yet is utterly

unsuitable for children. But is not that the very reason why it is extremely suitable? No healthy child wants to be a child; he wants to be grown up. Peter Pan is an old ladies' darling, suspect of honest boyhood. For a treat the boy and girl want grown-up entertainment. And Pantomime, with its music-hall tunes and songs, offers something far above the normal and proper scope of the schoolroom. That is why the schoolroom eats it, and regards with contumely the children's play which is guaranteed to possess more commendable humours. The Englishman is never so happy as when he is paying or suffering to see something which is by its nature mainly invisible, such as the Boat Race or the Derby. His small boy is never so blissful as when he is listening to entertainment which is aimed at the intelligence and experience of those of his elders who are not morally his betters.

SOME things are governed by tradition and made glorious by continuity. Pantomime makes the best of both worlds. It muddles up all the oldest stories and all the newest songs. Its melodies are the latest thing from the factory of jazz or waltz, but its words are still written in verse, because poetry was once the accepted medium of drama. Its humour depends very largely on the pun, which has been a constant and curious delight of the English since Shakespeare was master of the people's quips. So you may attend on some bedraggled English mariner who, in front of a cloth entitled 'The Road to the Sultan of Morocco's Palace,' and, in fact, depicting a sunset in Surrey, delivers himself in heroic couplets of the following quality:—

'Here on the summit of this mountain-range,  
I sum it up that I feel summat strange.'

After which a brace or dozen Cockney children suddenly arrive in mid-Morocco and pipe a Transatlantic song about a girl that's waiting still way down in Jacksonville. As I asked before, can you beat it? You cannot, and never will. Pantomime is unique. Haggis has been described as everything in a sheep except the mutton. Pantomime may be likewise summarized as everything in showmanship except the sense. Rhyme was never so far separate from reason.

Absurdity, be thou my good, is the motto of pantomime. It is decreed in this, our Feast of Fools, that Ladies shall be laddies and the laddies ladies. I believe that a male principal boy has been allowed. Outrageous innovation! Robinson Crusoe shall be nothing but a buxom wench in white silk tights with notable caparison of rabbits' fur, and giving to the musket the nice conduct of a clouded cane. The ladies, on the

other hand, shall be as gruff and masculine as any hewer of wood or drawer of bitter beer. But here one exception is permissible. Miss Nellie Wallace must have the freedom to remain herself. For she has all the requirement of a Dame, which is a highly vocal insistence on being heard as she delivers a sharp philosophy on kippers and lodgers from an entanglement of feather-boas. But, in the absence of Nellie, who cannot be mistress of

the revels in more than one city at a time, we shall have the sturdy comedians who bridle and leer, and are the uncrowned queens of the area steps. Fairy-tale may transplant them to Araby or Beanstalk-summits. But they take no papers of naturalization. They remain native to the wheel-stall and the barrows with the naphtha-flares. They are the bold, unbiddable boys and girls of democracy, and not a Marquis of Carabbas himself shall have the last word while the Dame has her foot over his kingdom.

So this Christmas, though we are swept on the proud sail of pantomime verse to Bagdad, Pekin, Morocco, enchanted cave, or Davy Jones's Locker, we shall look for the domestic matters of the moment. Without a doubt Sinbad will engage himself in midget golf, and the Prince, robbed of Cinderella by the clock, will songfully proclaim that he is dancing with tears in his eyes. No true pantomime can run its course without a Food Song. It may be the liking of hot-pot or of treacly pudding, it may be sauce or stuffing or stew, but the dietary dithyramb there must be, and preferably sung by one whom I shall term the Jay-Laureate of this form of poesy. Against the harsh angularities of the arms-akimbo Dame must be ever set the jocose rotundity of the broth of a boy, bursting from his suit as Buttons, or outdoing all Pickwickian adiposity as Idle Jack. He shall sing songs of succulence and have us all for his choristers, in the cause of a good tuck-in.

Principal boys are not the hefty fellows that they were, for fashions in feminine bulk have altered for the smaller, and the grand, rollicking thigh-slappers, who swaggered on highest heels beneath prodigious hats, are not so easy to discover. So Manchester will have Fay Compton as the exquisite substitute for the more boisterous figures of old. But nobody need doubt that the game will go unquenchably on, and that the widow will rhyme mention with pension as of old, that Demon Rat will be more terrifically rodent than ever, and that Fairy Queen will have wand and spangles ready for the day. We panto-goers remember the great names, but we remember the nameless multitude with equal affection. We remember the orchestra whose powerful brass sets out to lift the roof; we remember the players great and small. Pantomime is a soldier's battle that is won by battalions of scene-shifters and chorus ladies. The latter are none of your top-speed dancing experts, but nice, leisurely parties who amble comfortably through the floral maze of the Transformation. Old friends all and well met, when, the arduous rehearsals over, the curtain goes up once more on a twelve-hours day of the lavish, absurd, preposterous, irresistible Pantomime. IVOR BROWN.



# ROLLING HOME THE YULETIDE LOG

By HARRY GRAHAM

*With reference to log-rolling experiences while on a visit to Surrey last year.*

THOSE of my readers whose memories are peculiarly retentive may possibly recall the very moving article that I wrote in these columns last Christmas on the subject of Mistletoe. It was, indeed, so moving an article that it appears to have moved several persons in an entirely wrong direction. For instance, I received threatening letters from many Druidical Societies all over the world, protesting against my suggestion that their members were confirmed celibates who wore long grey beards and lost no opportunity of sacrificing white, sacred bulls in the New Forest. One indignant correspondent went so far as to send me a slightly shop-soiled record of 'The Druid's Prayer,' accompanied by a picture-postcard of an Archdruid and his wife, both comparatively cleanshaven, in the act of milking a fairly sacred-looking white cow. I also regret to say that, recently, when I was put up for election to the Stonehenge Midget Golf Club, I received no less than five blackballs, although the committee only numbered four. It was generally thought at the time that the fifth blackball had been surreptitiously popped in by the Club bar-tender, a colour-blind man of colour who was reputed to be walking out with a local Druidess but against whom nothing else was known.

In order to avoid any further unpleasantness of a similar nature I propose to confine my remarks this year to a subject that is entirely uncontroversial and yet, if I may say so, very dear to the heart of every normal Englishman. I refer (need I add?) to Yule Logs.

I would ask the more elderly of you, then, to cast your minds back—just lob them gently back: you needn't throw them too hard—to the days of the Victorian Christmas Annual with its wealth of sentimental coloured supplements. A very favourite full-page illustration of that time was one entitled 'Bringing Home the Yule Log' in which, against a background of snow, robins, icicles, holly-berries and mistletoe, a number of happy medieval serving-men and maids, in doublet and hose, in kirtle and stomacher, harnessed to an immense section of tree-trunk, about eight foot by three-and-a-half, were depicted as dragging the yule log merrily along towards the ancestral home of the local squire. Their task was greatly facilitated by the squire's children, who had perched themselves upon the log and were urging the perspiring menials on by blowing tin trumpets and waving patriotic flags. Whether under these conditions the yule log ever reached the squire's threshold in time for the Christmas festivities has always been a moot point. I have mooted it several times in mixed company, and it has more than once been mooted back to me, but without much satisfaction, and my own experiences last Christmas have not helped me to solve the problem.

My Uncle George, as anyone will tell you who knows his address, lives at 'The Gables,' his seat in Surrey—which of all Surrey seats is remarkable as being regarded by seat-experts as not only the ugliest seat in that part of Surrey but also perhaps the ugliest seat in the whole of Surrey. It is said that he once invited the famous architect Nedwins to stay with him over the week-end, and was inspired to lead him out after breakfast on to the slight protuberance in the middle of the tennis-court from

which the best view of the house can be obtained.

'What would you do with it if it was yours?' he inquired, pointing at 'The Gables.'

'Dynamite it!' replied Nedwins, without a moment's hesitation.

'No, but seriously——' my uncle protested.

'Well, to start with,' said his companion, 'I should remove the gables.'

'But the house is called "The Gables,"' Uncle George explained. 'They are, so to speak, its whole *raison d'être*!'

'A house like that,' said Nedwins, firmly, 'has no *raison d'être*. Nor can I see any *raison*,' he added, being a scholar as well as a linguist, 'why it should ever have *été*!'

My cousin, Reginald Biffin, and I happened to be spending last Christmas at 'The Gables,' through no fault of our own, I must explain, but merely because we had not been invited to Chatsworth or elsewhere. After dinner, on Christmas Eve, we sat for hours over our half-glasses of invalid port, listening to Uncle George as he complained bitterly that all the old Yuletide customs had fallen into desuetude. Earlier in the evening we had been sadly disappointed by a party of Christmas waits who sang carols outside the drawing-room window. The amazing volume of sound that they produced seemed out of all proportion to the number and vocal powers of the singers, but it was some time before we discovered that they had concealed a portable wireless-set in the laurel bushes and that we were really listening-in to a performance broadcast by the Choir of Westminster Abbey, and that the waits were merely opening and shutting their mouths in time to the music. We should never have realized the full extent of their deception had not their accomplice in the laurels accidentally 'picked up' Jack Payne's Dance Band and introduced a sudden snatch of 'My Wow-wow Momma's Sleeping in the Rain!' into the middle of 'While Shepherds Watched.'

Reginald and I got together after dinner and decided that there was at least one old Christmas ceremony which it would not be difficult to

revive—I refer, of course, to Bringing Home the Yule Log—and that to revive it, as a surprise for Uncle George, would be a brilliant idea. At dawn next morning, therefore, we might have been seen issuing forth, laden with a two-handed saw, a large ball of thick twine, and a pair of rather reluctant parlourmaids—one of whom, named Daphne, was extremely pretty—wending our way to an adjacent shrubbery.

It did not take us long to select and fell a small fir-tree, and to trim it down until we had obtained a log of the required dimensions. The question of harnessing up the parlourmaids proved a matter of some delicacy. Perkins, the plainer of the two, had been well broken to the house, but not apparently to double harness, while little Daphne, being ticklish by nature, was very difficult to handle, and tried twice to savage Reginald while he was adjusting the martingale. As draught animals neither of them seemed fitted to succeed, for while Perkins was always getting her hind leg over the traces or entangled in the crupper, Daphne would lay her ears back and dig her toes in repeatedly, until I conceived the admirable notion of cutting a good stout switch from an adjacent willow. When at last we had got them securely hitched to the log, Reginald and I took our seats upon it, donned some paper caps that we had extracted from a box of Uncle George's Christmas crackers, and started to perform solos upon a toy trumpet and a baby's rattle, which we had pinched from the nursery for that purpose.

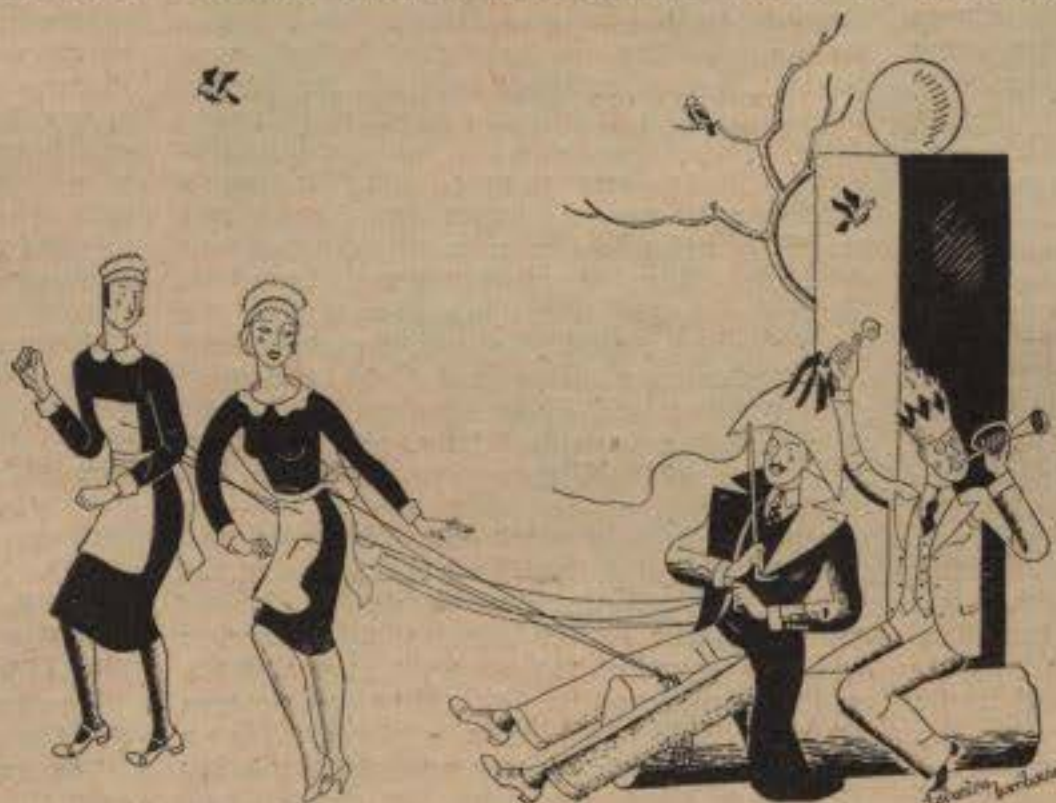
'Gee up!' shouted Reginald, while I cracked my whip menacingly in the direction of Daphne (whom I had earmarked as my especial charge). 'Gee up, my beauties!' I cried, as the two parlourmaids gallantly took the strain. And up they would undoubtedly have gee-ed but for the fact that, in spite of their combined efforts, the yule log declined to budge a single inch. In vain did our steeds tug at the ropes, while we encouraged them with promises of a rise in wages and another evening out a month; in vain did Reginald tell Perkins that he would give her a bran mash and a good rub down with a wisp of straw directly they reached the stable; in vain did I offer to take Daphne to the darkest cinema the neighbourhood could provide. After a twenty-minutes' struggle the two girls suddenly collapsed, cast themselves sobbing in the snow, and gave way to uncontrolled hysteria. To sit on their heads and cut the traces was the work of a moment, and, seeing that by this time they were both completely *hors de combat*,

Reginald and I agreed that there was nothing left for us to do but to carry them back to the house. It was decidedly unfortunate that Uncle George, enjoying a pre-breakfast stroll, should have come upon me just as I issued from a spinney bearing the semi-conscious Daphne in my arms. Uncle George is a very religious man, and naturally placed the worst possible construction upon my action.

'What does this mean?' he inquired, in icy tones. 'What on earth are you doing?'

'Bringing home the Yule Log,' I explained; though I must admit that in the circumstances the explanation sounded somewhat weak.

This is one of the reasons why Reginald and I are not spending Christmas at 'The Gables' this year. Another, of course, is that we expect to be asked to Chatsworth.





# 'MR. MOXON'S CHRISTMAS EVE'

*Compton Mackenzie has been called 'the literary grandson of Charles Dickens':*



Here is a picture of Mr. Moxon, the money-lender's clerk, who didn't believe in Christmas until, quite by chance, he was turned into Santa Claus himself.

IT was a dank, unseasonable Christmas Eve in London that year. The air swirled in a shifting damascene of yellow fog outside the lighted shops of the main thoroughfares, a reasty and acrid air which seemed to be painting the throat with copperas; but in spite of the vile weather the streets were thronged with loitering crowds of shop-gazers and late shoppers.

Mr. Moxon grew irritable. He was not accustomed to being jostled like this when he was walking to catch his omnibus. There were exactly five hundred and eleven paces under normal conditions from the office to the corner; but tonight, in zig-zagging to avoid gaping females, overloaded males, and excitable children, there must have been twice as many. And this was a serious business for a man like Mr. Moxon, whose life was built up on the accuracy of figures. By walking from the office to the corner and *vice versa* he saved a penny fare every evening and every morning. In thirty-one years and nine weeks he had saved £75 19s.

Mr. Moxon was wizened. He reminded one of a pencil stump, the end of which had been chewed away to expose the shiny bit of black-lead which was his new bowler hat, for the rest of his clothes were old and frayed, and, though only just past his fiftieth birthday, Mr. Moxon seemed old and frayed himself after thirty-one years and nine weeks as a clerk in the office of Messrs. Bullock and Weare, the money-lenders. When he was what in normal traffic would have been seventy-three paces from the corner, Mr. Moxon stopped and exclaimed:—  
‘Drat! Drat and drat and drat and drat!’

He had suddenly remembered that he had not locked up the ledger at 4, King's Gate Terrace; the first time, in all the years he had been with Messrs. Bullock and Weare, he had committed such a violent breach of routine.

‘This won't do, sir,’ Mr. Moxon muttered to himself as he turned round to dodge his way back. ‘We don't want to have your brain turning to brain sauce like the rest of them nowadays. By Jenkins, we don't. You'll be forgetting to go to bed next, sir.’

Nobody else except Mr. Moxon ever called Mr. Moxon ‘sir.’ Indeed, in all his life he had only once been addressed as ‘sir,’ and that was by a blind beggar into whose can he had dropped a French halfpenny he had been given in change on a drenching night in a crowded pirate omnibus. In the office he had not even been called Mr. Moxon until Mr. Bullock retired from active partnership two years and four months ago. And then Mr. Weare had surprised him by addressing him for the first time next morning as Mr. Moxon.

A wonderful man, Mr. Weare. Big and broad, with red cheeks that swelled and shone like blind boils when he was dealing with a client in arrears. And his black hair might have been waxed down on the top of his head with the same wax he used to fix the ends of his black moustache. But he never shouted. Never. The more excited the client grew, the calmer was Mr. Weare. He had a way of talking as if his mouth was full of plums. In fact, Mr. Weare himself was a bit like a round red plum with a hard stone in the middle.

Presently the shops ended in a high block of flats where the traffic abruptly diminished. Between this and another equally high block the four small houses of King's Gate Terrace stood back from the pavement behind front gardens, at the fourth gate in which Mr. Moxon turned in along a strip of soot-grimed London gravel to the front door of an unlighted double-fronted house two storeys high. It was a solid door of early Victorian times, every nail in which seemed to have been entrusted with the task of keeping out unwelcome intruders. These four semi-detached houses were relics of a more spacious period. In spite of their painted stucco exteriors of dingy buff, their bedraggled front gardens and dusty windows, and their air of having been left here and forgotten, they seemed much more permanent than the great gridirons of flats that towered into the fog on either side of them. That they still occupied the site they had occupied for the last eighty years was due to Messrs. Bullock and Weare, who, having foreclosed on a mortgage and thus acquired the property at a bargain, could afford to wait for the land to become even more valuable than it was already. As a matter of fact, Mr. Weare was contemplating the sale of them, now that Mr. Bullock had

retired into the country with that patriarchal beard of his, that beard which had made so many poor clients feel they were struggling in the meshes of a huge spider's web when Mr. Bullock found it impossible to accommodate them any longer, and when Mr. Weare, with his unnaturally smooth and unnaturally black hair, was called in to blow out his cheeks and march them out of the office as impassively as a wooden grenadier.

Tonight, when Mr. Moxon found himself alone in the front office, he was inclined to feel a little sentimental over the prospect of this sale, for after all, it was Christmas Eve, and Mr. Moxon had worked in this room for thirty-one years and nine weeks behind Messrs. Bullock and Weare's tempting suggestion to accommodate the needy on note of hand alone that was printed in gold letters on the black metal window-screen.

It was a queer room in which to feel sentimental, for ever since Mr. Moxon, as a pasty-faced, undersized young man of nineteen, had first taken his seat at the high desk in the corner, it had been listening to a long serial of human misery.

‘Well, sir, you'll never again see Mr. Bullock's beard come round the corner of the inner office,’ Mr. Moxon said to himself. ‘And you'll never hear him growl out, “Moxon, will you ask Mr. Weare to kindly step this way?”’

Mr. Moxon sighed and put away in the safe, the big ledger, which, sure enough, he had left lying open on his desk.

‘Most irregular thing you ever did in your life, sir,’ he said severely. ‘Whatever on earth will you be doing next?’

As Mr. Moxon asked himself this question, the front door bell pealed through the empty house. For a moment he was inclined to pay no attention to the ring. Not that there was any money in the office. No, indeed. Every halfpenny had gone to the bank this afternoon, to stay there until Tuesday morning. Still, some reckless young fellow might ring the bell for a try on to see if there was anybody in the house. It was nonsense to feel nervous when the buses were passing just outside. Besides, the house wasn't quite empty. That crippled kid of the caretaker would be down in the basement. Her mother had gone out for the evening before he had left the office. ‘Lottie's quite happy waiting for Old Pa Christmas,’ Mrs. Pindrop had declared expansively. ‘Quite happy, Lottie is with a nice book her grandma sent her all the way from Berkhamsted.’ And Mrs. Pindrop had been fairly happy herself, with a couple of quarterons inside her that mingled their breath with the incoming swirl of foggy air as she went out. A bit thick to leave a poor crippled kid like that all alone on Christmas Eve.

‘You look like making a proper fool of yourself, sir, this Christmas,’ Mr. Moxon observed to this self of his that was behaving in such an unusual way, and he went along to open the front door, clicking his tongue at that fleeting emotion of pity.

‘‘Cue!’’ the voice of an errand boy squeaked; and before Mr. Moxon could say a word he was whistling half way down the garden path.

‘Hi!’

The boy turned.

‘Who's this parcel for?’

‘Moxon, 4, King's Gate Terrace. Ain't that right?’



# By COMPTON MACKENZIE

*Mr. Moxon and Mrs. Pindrop are Dickensian characters in a Christmas setting*

Mr. Moxon closed the door and entered the office in such a state of bewilderment that it was some time before he could manage to untie the string and reveal what was apparently a red dressing-gown trimmed with white rabbit's fur.

'Who's been sending you a dressing-gown, sir?' he demanded sternly. 'Wait a minute, though, what's this? A red night-cap? And what's *this*? A false beard. It's not a dressing-gown at all. It's a rig-out for Santa Claus. Well, I'm . . .'

Mr. Moxon could think of nothing that would express what he was. He even forgot to address himself as 'sir.'

'Send me a Santa Claus rig-out? Me! Why, it would make a kangaroo laugh.'

There must be some mistake. No, there it was plain for anybody to read, 'Moxon, 4, King's Gate Terrace.' Who could have sent it to him? Mr. Bullock? Not him. He'd had a card from Mr. Bullock with the name of the person who'd sent it to Mr. Bullock scratched out. Mr. Weare? Not him. Young Starkey, the junior clerk? All Starkey thought about was mooning after girls. One of the clients trying to be a bit sarcastic? One of the clients he'd stopped from worrying the life out of poor Mr. Weare over his arrears of interest? Mrs. Pindrop down in the basement? Well, she had said something about Lottie waiting at home for Father Christmas. Mrs. Pindrop had gone out very cheerfully this evening. A woman in as cheerful a condition as she had been was capable of doing anything. Mr. Moxon hurried along the dingy passage and opened the door at the head of the stone steps into the basement. It was dark and cold down there; but he could see a trickle of light beneath the closed door of Mrs. Pindrop's living-room. Perhaps they were sitting in there, waiting for him to come down dressed up like a guy, so as to have a good laugh at old Moxon. He felt so indignant that he decided to go and tell the whole lot what he thought of them. Wasting their money, too. That's what shocked him most. It was people like that who came to borrow money and then grumbled and groaned because they had to pay it back and a bit more besides.

Mr. Moxon had reached the door of Mrs. Pindrop's living-room by now, and, as he opened it, a frail voice called out:—

'Oh, Santa Claus, is that you?'

'No, it's me,' said Mr. Moxon, angrily. 'And you can tell your ma from me that her silly joke didn't come off. Yes, and you can tell her from me—Mr. Moxon, I am, from Messrs. Bullock and Weare upstairs—you can tell her that she ought to know better than go wasting her money in playing silly jokes on a man like me. You can tell her that the first thing I'll do on Tuesday is explain to Mr. Weare about the way his caretaker carries on, and from what I know of Mr. Weare, I wouldn't be surprised if he sent your ma packing off, and which is what she thoroughly deserves.'

The pale child of twelve years old who was lying on a chair-bed in the window of this over-furnished room lighted by a solitary unglazed jet of gas, stared with wide, puzzled eyes at the withered-up, cross little intruder. And as he slammed the door behind him the book she was holding up with her thin arms fell with a bump on the patchwork coverlet, and she began to cry.

To do Mr. Moxon justice, he had slammed the door more out of embarrassment than anger, for in spite of what he had said to the crippled child, there had crept through the dusty maze of figures which clogged his brain something like a faint, a very faint emotion of compassion.

Back in the office, Mr. Moxon scolded himself for this.

'Now don't you start getting sorry for people at your age, sir. You know as well as I do that nothing costs more than feeling sorry for other people.'

And then a doubt entered Mr. Moxon's mind. Could it be that the Santa Claus rig-out had been delivered to the wrong house? Might there be in this neighbourhood another Moxon? He took down the telephone directory. Moxon—Moxon—yes, by Jenkins, Sir John Moxon, 4, King's Gate Gardens. There was a coincidence, if you like. Two Moxons within a few minutes of one another. And it was not so common a name. There were hardly ten with telephones in the whole of London. Sir John Moxon? It showed the family could keep its end up. He looked at his watch. Past seven o'clock already. Mrs. Wigley, his landlady, would be wondering whether he was coming home to his tea. Still, Sir John Moxon must be expecting this Santa Claus get-up. If he were to take it round and ask for him and explain what had happened he would have a good chance of seeing what kind of a Moxon could stick a 'Sir' in front of his name. Besides, it was really his duty to take this rig-out round to the right owner. Good job he had not cut the string. That showed it always paid anybody to be careful over small things.

King's Gate Gardens were a contrast to King's Gate Terrace. These great five-storied houses, in every brick of which was opulence,

were as different from the old-fashioned row where Bullock and Weare had their office as Sir John Moxon was likely to be from the dried-up little clerk who, with the package under his arm, was knocking at the door of Number 4, which was lighted up from attics to basement.

'Can I have a word with Sir John Moxon?' Mr. Moxon inquired of the smart parlourmaid.

'Will you come this way, please?' Her ladyship has been very anxious about you. The fog is so thick, she was afraid you mightn't have managed to get here. Sir John himself has rung up to say he won't be here for another couple of hours at the earliest. It seems everything's been quite put out by this dreadful fog.'

Mr. Moxon was surprised to find one of these stiff, stuck-up hussies so chatty, and in his surprise he followed her into a small room at the end of the hall, without realizing what he was doing. A moment later he heard her saying to somebody outside the door:—

'The conjurer has arrived, my lady.'

A tall, handsome woman, swept into the room.

'Oh, I'm so glad you've been able to find your way, Professor Gambone. We've had to put off the Christmas tree because Sir John has been caught in this fog. I was in despair.'

While Lady Moxon was speaking, Mr. Moxon became aware of a multitudinous chattering that seemed to fill the house as the chattering of sparrows will fill a great plane-tree on the Embankment.

'The children must have heard the magic word "conjurer,"' said Lady Moxon, smiling. 'And they're all agog. Now, if you would tell my maids what you want, they will get it for you, and I can keep the children amused till you're ready.'

(Continued overleaf)



'I never thought there could be such lovely things in all the world!'



(Continued from previous page)

'But I'm not a conjurer, Lady—' Mr. Moxon stopped. He could not bring himself to say Lady Moxon. It sounded just a little too funny. The sort of thing one could imagine saying in a temper to one's wife if one had such a thing.

'Not the conjurer?' Lady Moxon repeated in dismay. 'Oh dear, this is a terrible disappointment. But—'

'I only came round to bring this Father Christmas rig-out,' the little clerk explained. 'It was left by mistake at King's Gate Terrace. So I just brought it round in case it might be wanted.'

'Oh, and we were wondering what could have happened to that, too. This is most kind of you, Mr.—'

'Moxon.'

Lady Moxon started.

'I beg your pardon?'

'Moxon. That's my name, too, and which is how I came to open it.'

'What an extraordinary coincidence!'

'Mother, mother,' cried a shrill voice over the balusters, 'is the conjurer coming now, mother?'

'No, darling, not for a minute or two. Go back to your little guests, there's a good girl.'

'Oh dear, what shall we do? The children will all be so disappointed. I suppose you don't know a few simple conjuring tricks that would amuse a party of quite small children?'

Mr. Moxon shook his head decidedly.

'The only trick I know is one with six matches, and I can't always remember that. And anyway, it's more of a puzzle than a conjuring trick.'

Again that shrill voice rang out over the balusters:—

'Mother, if the conjurer isn't coming, when will Santa Claus come?'

'Very soon, darling. Do be a good girl, Winifred, and go and look after your guests, darling, as mother told you. It's rude to go away and leave them all like that.'

Lady Moxon turned to this strange namesake.

'Mr. Moxon, I wonder if you would dress up as Santa Claus and give away the presents for us? My husband was to have done it, but he's not here—and there's no conjurer—and it would be so kind of you.'

AND Mr. Moxon—though, as he told himself every night in bed for several weeks, he did not know how he came to do it—consented.

What is more, Mr. Moxon was a very great success in the last part he had ever expected to play in his dried-up, dusty life.

'Well, you're Sir John Moxon, for the moment,' he reminded himself, when in a white beard large enough to disguise an ox, and in a red gown ample enough to drape a Falstaff, he advanced cautiously through the children clustered round a huge Christmas tree, covered with toys and candles and coloured balls, to present the gifts.

Winifred, who had confided in all her friends beforehand that Santa Claus would really be her father, was visibly shaken by the sound of Mr. Moxon's voice, so much shaken that for one perilous moment she seemed inclined to burst into tears.

'Perhaps it is Santa Claus, really,' she told her friend. 'I thought it would be Daddy. But it isn't. It isn't really.'

The presentation was such a success that Mr. Moxon was quite sorry when his reign came to an end and he went downstairs to put off his robes and become once again the head clerk of Messrs. Bullock and Weare.

And then, just when he was feeling a little regretful that he had not eaten his tea before this adventure began. Sir John Moxon, a big,

bluff, jovial man, arrived. On being told the story, he could not thank his namesake heartily enough for stepping into the breach, and, over sandwiches and port wine, for which drink Mr. Moxon had expressed a preference, he chatted to Mr. Moxon about their joint name.

'Just for all the world, sir, as if you really had been his cousin,' Mr. Moxon told himself afterwards.

When the little clerk took his departure, Lady Moxon said she hoped he would keep the Santa Claus costume as a souvenir of the evening, and added that she had put a few toys and sweets into a cardboard box in case he had any little nephews and nieces of friends to whom he would like to give them, since he had no children of his own.

'The fog has lifted like magic,' observed Sir John, as he stood in the doorway to see his guest down the steps into the starlight and lampshine of the London street. 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Moxon, do you smoke?'

As a matter of fact, Mr. Moxon took snuff, because it was much more economical than tobacco; but before he could say so, Sir John had hurried back with a large box of cigars which he pressed upon his namesake.

'Loaded up, sir. Properly loaded up,' Mr. Moxon told himself as he started off along King's Gate Gardens.

It may have been the port. Or it may have been the sound of those childish voices. Or it may have been the cordiality of his namesake.

'A gentleman, sir, from the crown of his head to the heels of his boots. And a Moxon,' as he reminded himself proudly.

Or it may just have been that he was beginning to feel the weight of the parcels. Whatever the reason, Mr. Moxon suddenly bethought himself of that crippled child down in the basement of 4, King's Gate Terrace.

'You've shown you can do it once, sir. Go and do it again.'

So Mr. Moxon went back to the office, undid the parcel of toys and sweets, donned hurriedly the red robes of Santa Claus all over again, and went down the dark stone steps to the room where Lottie was lying all alone.

'Steady now,' he muttered to himself, as he nearly tripped over his robes. 'You won't look much like Stana Claus if you land on your head in the middle of the toys, you silly old fool.'

Mr. Moxon had never spoken so disrespectfully to himself as this in all his stuffy little life. It looked as if he had opened a window tonight.

'I hope she won't burst out crying,' he thought, as he paused by the door. 'However here goes.'

He waddled into the room with the gait of a competitor in a sack race; and Lottie, her frail cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, cried out gladly:—

'Santa Claus! Santa Claus! I knew it was you coming down the stairs this time. I knew it was.'

'Good evening, Lottie. I've brought you some presents. I would have come down the chimney and put 'em all in your stocking. That's the regular routine. But I didn't think you'd have a stocking big enough for what I've brought you. Nice thing if Mr. Weare could hear you now, you blithering old roustabout,' he added to himself, severely, as he produced two plump dolls, a doll's tea-service, a toy fire-escape, a set of tops, a Noah's ark, and a couple of boxes of chocolates.

'Oh, Santa Claus, I never thought there could be such lovely things in all the world,' Lottie cried. 'I'll put the dolls to bed with me. Can I?'

'Of course you can. They're your dolls, aren't they?'

'Well, I thought perhaps you were only showing them to me.'

'What an idea! You don't think I came all the way from—er—wherever I live, to go and tantalize anybody.'

And not only did this very human Santa Claus present Lottie with the toys: he played with them himself. He spread out all the animals in the Noah's ark on the table two by two, as from a terribly long way off it came back to him was the regular routine. He nearly set light to that beard, too, trying to give Lottie a demonstration of the way the fire-escape worked against the side of the oven. He even boiled some water on the gas-ring and made tea in the doll's tea-service. And just when the table was laid and he was handing Lottie a cup for herself a cheerful voice was heard coming down the basement steps singing:—

'Darling, you and I are getting old,  
Silver threads among the gold.'

'JERRYUSALEM!' exclaimed Mrs. Pindrop, when she opened the door of her living-room and beheld the scene. 'Have I got 'em at last? Well, I must have!'

Then she turned and shouted up the stairs:—

'Mrs. Dewhurst! Mrs. Grayrigg! Here's old Pa Christmas himself sitting in my kitchen. Come on down, both of you, afore he hops it. You'll miss the sight of your lives if you don't hurry. He's as red as a tomatato.'

'I told you that last one was double strength, Mrs. Pindrop,' proclaimed the solemn voice of Mrs. Dewhurst.

But when the ample figure of Mrs. Dewhurst had lumbered down the stairs and occupied the doorway, she seemed as Mrs. Pindrop put it later, 'to regular shrivel up to nothing with the shock, and her a big-made woman if ever there was one.'

'It must be the fresh air,' Mrs. Dewhurst murmured ambiguously.

Mrs. Grayrigg, a ferret-faced little woman, who was following, drew back and started climbing the stairs again.

'I won't have nothing to do with sperrits,' she was saying. 'I never held with fiddling around with sperrits, and I'm not going to begin now. Good-night, Mrs. Pindrop, and thank you for a very pleasant and very enjoyable evening. Good-night, Mrs. Dewhurst, and the same to you. But no sperrits.'

Mr. Moxon thought it was time he was going; but, when he started towards the door, Mrs. Pindrop and Mrs. Dewhurst, with a united yell, rushed back after Mrs. Grayrigg who, supposing they were all going to be attacked by the supernatural visitor, let out a piercing scream, picked up her skirts and made for the front door to shout for help.

This was too much for Mr. Moxon. To avoid a scandal in King's Gate Terrace, he pulled off his beard and revealed himself.

It was a disappointment for Lottie; but the discovery brought about an extension of this unusual evening, for Mrs. Pindrop, Mrs. Dewhurst, and Mrs. Grayrigg, who had returned armed with delicacies for supper, insisted on Mr. Moxon's staying to partake of it with them.

When Mr. Moxon was riding homeward in the omnibus which he had taken just outside Number Four, thereby recklessly throwing away a penny to ride five hundred and eleven yards, he said to himself not nearly so severely as he ought

'You'd better be careful, sir. You'd better be just a little bit careful! You've asked Mrs. Pindrop to go to a cinemer on Boxing Day and come back to tea with her and Lottie afterwards. Don't forget she's a widow.'

And the bells ringing out in a church they were passing at that moment made Mr. Moxon think very seriously indeed about his future.



# CHRISTMAS: A TEST OF ENDURANCE

*Harold Nicolson muses on the Rigours of the Holiday Season*

'IT is more blessed,' as we all know, 'to give than to receive.' At no season of the year is this truth brought home to us with greater cogency than on that ghastly day which is labelled by the calendar December 25.

I had an aunt once who got out of Christmas. She discovered that it coincided with the anniversary of the death of a very dear friend. She celebrated that anniversary with devoted solemnity. While others went about with brown paper parcels and a forced smile on their lips, my aunt had a pleasant, peaceful anniversary, and, towards evening, a detective novel and some muffins beside the fire. She was an honourable woman, and I firmly believe that some dear friend, back in 1884, had really chosen December 25 as the date on which to leave this planet. But I always noticed that the smile of sorrowful resignation which illumined my aunt's features on Christmas morning had about it something of triumph. She was not, even in her declining years, a woman to wink. But I had a feeling that there was a wink of complicity lurking in her eyelids when I, on Christmas Day, came to share the muffins. It was so peaceful, so considerate, so calm.

There was a large Victorian chandelier above the table in the centre of the sitting-room. It was upon that table that the muffins were placed. The chandelier itself behaved on Christmas Day exactly as on other days. It behaved like a chandelier. It did not try to ape the garish conduct of a Christmas tree or array itself in spangles and paper frills. And the waste-paper basket, unlike other waste-paper baskets on Christmas evenings, was empty except for two envelopes which had that morning contained letters of condolence.

Oh, blessed void repose! Oh, wise aunt! Oh, the tact of the friend who had, by choosing December 25, provided my aunt with such a poignant and unanswerable excuse! I envied her from the bottom of my soul. She was a generous woman, and yet, on Christmas Day, she gave no presents. She was an acquisitive woman, in her way, and yet on Christmas Day she refused to accept any tokens from her relations or her friends. A strong character, evidently, especially at Christmas; I wish that I possessed one particle of her Yuletide strength.

Not that I dislike giving presents, especially to members of my own household. I derive a positive pleasure from presenting my wife with an electric stove to heat the dining-room. It is without a pang of avarice that I give to my elder son a card-index with which to catalogue my books. I am pleased, nay happy, when I purchase for my younger son a garden barometer on which, should the desire seize him, he can observe the fluctuating temperature of our vagrant climate. Nor is my generosity confined to my family alone. A bright new clothes-brush shall gladden the heart of my man-servant. Some soft felt slippers shall adorn the matutinal feet of the housemaid who sleeps in the room above. And the gardener, a most deserving man, shall be presented with a brand new pair of shears.

No, it is not that I am lacking in generosity. It is gratitude, I find, which is my weakest point. No man, I trust, could be more deeply or more durably grateful than I



am for spiritual benefits. I never forget a word of understanding or encouragement which may have been given me in the past. But I find it an effort, at moments, to feel, and even more to show, gratitude for material benefits encased in paper and string.

I recognize, however, that this comedy has to be played out. I recognize that on that cold morning of December 25 I shall be obliged to simulate anticipation veiled in modesty, excitement shrouded by adult self-control. I know that I shall have to open those parcels with trembling fingers, while the eyes of the donors watch me with the intentness of a Flemish triptych. I know that when at last the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám is disclosed in an illustrated edition I shall have to pretend that never have I read that engaging poem before; I shall have to blow at the tissue paper which fails so lamentably to conceal the illustrations, and shall have, with ecstasy, to proclaim upon the merits of the Bowl of Night—and Thou. I know also that those handkerchiefs with the thin purple stripe will have to be welcomed with shouts of acclaim; that that insufferable pull-over will have to be pulled over here and now.



I know that I shall have to simulate acute pleasure at receiving a fountain pen, which is not adapted to my script; a pair of slippers which I should hesitate to wear even at Benares; a pocket edition of Longfellow; two pipes in a plush case, and a bottle of Maraschino.

These things will be arranged by me 'in my own corner'—for it is by such subservient acts of infantilism that one panders to the prevailing mood. And then I suppose there will be church and luncheon—and at the end of luncheon, crackers.

The full tide of my resentment of Christmas always reaches its height with the advent of crackers. For not only does the sudden dismemberment of these tinsel objects necessitate great physical courage, but it leads directly both to noise and ridicule. I have no wish to array myself in the mitre of the Doge of Venice, even were such a mitre made of silk and ermine. Still less does this travesty commend itself to me when I am asked to don a paper object which not only tickles but flops. Miserably garish, I sit there with my forced smile, while the younger of my relations blow whistles and Jews-harps, and squeaky things galore. Then always and eventually crackers lead to lost or stolen property, especially with the extremely young. Greed is manifested, and resentment, over something 'which I heard fall out.' One rummages among the litter of raisins and crinkly paper under the table. One emerges with a small tin model of a railway engine—an object useless and unbeautiful. And then there will be tears from those who have been forced to pull the entrail of a cracker—that naked and explosive strip of cardboard tape—as a sign of merriment, and endurance, and human courage.

It will then be 3.25. Already the winter afternoon is drawing in. What to do till tea-time—dinner-time? A walk is recommended. A genial Christmas walk. The sun goes down scarlet behind sodden, naked trees. The little lights are lit in cottage windows—the church bells toll with a persistent gloom. Then there is more food and a large cake—and if you are very unfortunate or hospitable more crackers, more games with the little ones. And thereafter will come a grim interval during which you will all play 'Ludo'—an entrancing game presented to Gerald that morning by his Aunt Edith. The elder members of the party will display a brisk kindness in setting out the Ludo, and by the time they have mastered the rules of the game (printed in un-English letters upon a strip of tissue paper) Gerald himself will have got bored with Ludo and will desire rather to read one of his twelve books or to play Snap upon the carpet.

Yet there is worse to come. For ghastly as Christmas can be while the children squawl and squabble, it is far more ghastly when they have gone to bed. For to them, Christmas does, at least, constitute an excitement, and their subsequent disillusionments are not wholly in vain. For the adult, however, this continuous tension of jollity and gratitude has, by 7.15, become intolerable. The Yuletide spirit will, it is true, flicker up at moments during dinner, but without conviction. It will flame as half-heartedly as the

(Continued on page 800.)



Plea for the American Method

by D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

# SAY IT WITH FOG-HORNS!

FIVE o'clock of a winter afternoon in New York. Outside the windows, the snow-covered spaces of Central Park, the blackness of bare boughs against the white under a lowering dusk, the long dim vista of the Avenue, flashing and glowing with its lights, ruby, emerald, gold, orange. Indoors, in the apartment half way up a towering white cliff of stone and glass which already glows in faery oblongs all over its façade, there is a too-generously steam-heated atmosphere made more languid by the scent of flowers and the blue drift of cigarette-smoke, by soft light spilled into a velvet darkness from shaded lamps, by the drowsy ennui of the hours which stretch like Sahara between tea-time and dinner. Against one wall stands a noble piece of furniture, carved and panelled, and Gothic, and from the panels of this edifice there come floating, suave and lovely, the last long-drawn chords of the second movement of Bach's *D Minor Violin Concerto*.

The last strains of 'wailful sweetness,' gracious, unearthly, dream-laden, shimmer into silence. There is a pause, and a voice is heard. It says: 'You have just heard the second movement of Bach's *Violin Concerto in D Minor* for two violins, played by Kreisler and Zimbalist. By courtesy of the Old Uncle Stork Rubber Corporation, makers of the "Okay" Rubber Pantie for Kute Kiddies. Mother, get Pantie-minded this Christmas—it will be O.K. with the Kids, and How!'

Or perhaps it is Lamond playing Beethoven, with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra ('over WEAF'), by courtesy of Ritzy Face-Foam, Inc., makers of the Cream that Makes the Cuticle Glad, Whisking out of Every Tiny Pore its Load of Sticky Dirt. Or it may be Galli-Curci with the Boston Symphony, by courtesy of Mobiloil—it means Elimination of the Knock and Better Control. Whatever it is, it is good, if I am not confusing impressions. *Utile dulci*. And I ask myself why the B.B.C. does not do it. I ask myself why.

One is forced to reserve for the B.B.C. a sympathy one would not be inclined to feel for any other monopoly. Theirs is the nightly struggle to please the *crétin* and the intelligent alike: the one with his implacable hatred of chamber music, the other with his gorge perpetually rising at the first yelps of jazz. Never these twain shall meet, unless it is in a common hatred (which I share) of being lisped to death by dons. Incidentally, it was mid-way through a terrible series of History Talks by some noisome don or other that a friend of mine in a dazed way got into the habit of putting things in his wireless cabinet—old climbing shoes and bits of coloured string and odd numbers of the *Spectator* and a cracked Bristol glass and parts of a wrecked toy steam-train and an Indian monkey made of ivory and the weights of a disused cuckoo clock and what not. Once the habit was formed it grew. He has now removed the last of what Kipling calls the 'essential guts' and working parts, and the cabinet is a boon.

To resume.

My sympathy for the B.B.C. leads me here, in the sincerest spirit of Christmas good-will, to make the modest suggestion that British wireless would be all the better for an extensive adoption of the American system of handing over special 'hours' to Big Business; particularly the hours earmarked for music, whether orchestral or recitals.



'By courtesy of Ritzy Face-Foam, Inc.—The Cream that Makes the Cuticles Glad.'

'Music, I imagine,' said Plato on one occasion, chatting with some girl or other, 'ought to end in love of the Beautiful.'

'What do you mean, the Beautiful?' asked the girl, a rather fluffy little thing from Naxos named Ariadne.

'Well,' said Plato, rather stumped, for he had not expected the girl would 'come back' at him so cleverly, 'by the Beautiful we mean that which—that is to say, that in which what is beautiful—Chrm! Chrm! Anyway,' said Plato, taking a breath, 'there we are, the Beautiful, meaning full of—er—beauty and what not, and in any case,' added Plato in a high

## BALLAD FOR BROADCASTING

*In a poor and shabby parlour  
Sat a father and his child;  
The little girl was staring  
At her parent pale and wild,  
'What is it ails you, Daddy?'  
See her 'cross the parlour go,  
And with tiny dimpled fingers  
Turn on the radio.  
She only thought to cheer him,  
She did not know that he  
Was plunged this Christmas evening  
In deep, dark misery.  
When he heard the music ringing  
And the Announcer's tone so crisp,  
He sprang to his feet, but faltered  
As he heard his baby lisp:*

*'Don't switch off the wadio, Daddy  
'Coz Mumsie loved it so.  
She struggled to buy us a licence,  
And she is gone, you know.  
But I 'spect she is listening, Daddy,  
In the heavenly mansions above;  
It's not only London that's calling,  
But Mumsie and Chwistmas—and Love!'*

voice, 'Love conquers all, and you can laugh that off, you little curly *hetaira*, or minx.'

I quote this conversation not for the purpose of 'getting at' Plato, one of the imperial thinkers of all time, but because his opening remark seems to sum up my contention perfectly. Let us put it all down in a logical sequence:—

- (a) Music ought to end in love of the Beautiful (Plato); *but*
- (b) What is Beautiful is Good (Mrs. Henry Wood). *Now*
- (c) Big Business is Good (example: 'I caught him short of Beetroot Concessions and bust him.'—'Good'); *therefore*
- (d) Music ought to end in love of Big Business.

Pick a hole, if you can, in this reasoning, Plato's and mine. You cannot. It is crystal-clear. Music, then, ought to end in love of Big Business—Bach ending in infants' rubber pants, Beethoven in face cream, sermons in stones, and good in everything. It is so in America. Why not in Great Britain?

Let us look into this. Clearly there must be some sort of appropriate order obtainable in these things, some desirable rhythm of grouping and association. Assume for a moment that a don's quavering accents garbling history or literature for wireless purposes come under the head of 'Music.' Such an attraction might be followed, after a decent pause, by some such stentorian announcement as:—

'You have just heard Mr. Willowly Tweet lecturing on 'The Elizabethan Ideal.' By courtesy of Goober's Globules, Ltd. Get Rid of that Pain in the Stomach—one globule makes the inside sing.'

The don's effort, in other words, would form part of the Goober Hour, run by Goober's Globules. This hour might embrace not only informative papers of the Tweet kind but various kinds of music—'blues,' say, and the English Concert Ballad, and some of Gilbert and Sullivan, and anything you like. Other blendings will occur instantly. For example:—

'You have just heard Miss Iseult Golightly of the Batley Conservatoire singing the Jewel Song from *Faust*. By courtesy of Garglene, Limited. Are your Tonsils Tired? Get that gargle habit and make your Glottis Glad.'

'You have just heard Professor Arrowroot lecturing on 'The Trend of Modern English Drama.' By courtesy of the Bolo Bedstead and Mattress Company. If you must snore, snore on a Bolo.'

'You have just heard Mrs. Striver Timpany giving a quiet talk on 'Social Service.' By courtesy of the Whiffer Insecticide Manufacturing Company. One Whiff of a Whiffer Product clears the air.'

So one might go on, covering almost every branch of wireless activity. But you can do it for yourself now. I only ask you to remember, when the royalties come tumbling in, that the suggestion was mine.

This article, by the way, is by courtesy of the Isle of Dogs Boiler-Plate and Casting Co., manufacturers of the 'Eureka' Rivet and the 'Nonpareil' Drill, for drilling and ejecting the teeth of those annoying little marine animalcules which gnaw away the bottoms of the buckets of sea-going dredgers.

D. B. WYNDHAM-LEWIS.



# REVENGE: By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

A HUNDRED years or so ago Hemmel might have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; today mental experts would probably have judged him insane.

Two curious traits, one physical, the other spiritual, were noticeable about him: his hair at the age of forty-five was as white as an old man's. The spiritual trait was more intriguing, involving a sudden and radical change of personality. At the age mentioned he inherited a comfortable fortune, but instead of enjoying it as predicted—he was a self-indulgent, pleasure-loving man—he spent it entirely on charity, living himself in poverty, even in penury. Withdrawing from his friends, he lived alone for twenty years in a single room, offering no explanation of his conduct. Every penny not needed to keep body and soul together, he gave away. There was no self-conscious philanthropy, no religious excuse of any sort, certainly no love for humanity. He gave, in fact, no excuse of any kind whatever—beyond a comment made to me when once I came across him ill, half starved, obviously not far from death, and urged a doctor, urged at any rate more personal comfort. 'I must do it,' he said, shaking his head of white hair, 'or else be damned. Probably I'm damned, anyhow.' There was an expression in his eyes I found dreadful; his face, of the kind most might describe as wicked, was tortured, an indescribable horror in it; terror, too, the terror of a haunted man. He recovered that time, however. His mode of living did not alter. His death, when he told me his story, came years later. He continued his painful mode of life to the bitter end. He did not leave enough to pay for a coffin. 'I had to do it,' he whispered with his last breath. 'It was not my money, you see. Probably, as the eyes closed and consciousness failed, I'm damned, anyhow . . .'

His nephew, an orphan, was ending his minority, and in a month Hemmel, then forty-five, would have to give an account of the estate which, as trustee, he had already half squandered. He would himself inherit this estate if his nephew pre-deceased him. Out of these conditions the hideous project came to birth in his mind. First rejected with horror, then toyed with, then, since it became lodged in his mind, it reached the edge of a possibility. From that to a decision was a step that seemed taken of its own accord, and this Alpine holiday furnished easy opportunity—a slight push at the right time and place, a push that if it failed could be explained as a slip, alone was necessary. That August afternoon, as they scrambled along the Rothwand Ridge, provided both time and place.

Such a day was surely made for innocent happiness and laughter; the blazing sun, the flowers, the white snowfields sheeted against an azure sky, the tinkle of cow-bells in pastures far below, these suggested the joy of childhood almost. The soaring peaks held something of fairy-land, and young Eric was as gay, certainly, as any child. He was all agog for edelweiss; but edelweiss is not commonly found on grassy slopes—it flourishes in those cold draughts of air that blow upwards from deep, shadowed gulfs. It has this rather unpleasant fondness for edges and ledges of treacherous kind. The

boy's eager search in this crystal air at 7,000 feet, was childish possibly, all the pleasure of youth dancing in his heart, as he picked his way, yet heedful of his uncle's warnings, along the perilous Ridge. The contrast of that black, devil's heart at his heels was terrible, full of terror literally, but he could not know it. As the man watched his prey, step by step, waiting his opportunity, the hatred in him held a touch of mania. Yet it was an impersonal hatred almost, a hatred due to years of toil, responsibility, care, and trouble his trusteeship had caused him, a hatred now intensified because of the awful temptation the lad put in his way. The perversity in his dark

## THE QUEER TALE of an ALPINE HOLIDAY

soul found odd reasons in support of his frightful purpose.

His hatred of this crystal air was almost devilish. Driving clouds, a misty atmosphere would have suited that purpose better, for modern field-glasses, he well knew, brought distance horribly close, and in the loneliest spot some idle watcher might happen to be covering just that spot. Yet the spot, none the less, presented itself in due course, as he had calculated, and having screwed his determination to the point for days and nights, for weeks, indeed, his resolute, brutal heart did not fail. In this sense, moreover, it did not fail him—that what the heart has long wished, intended, hoped to do, seems done, when it actually comes about, almost spontaneously. The wish, so many times fulfilled mentally and in imagination, seems carried out impulsively, without thought, without preparation, so that the murderer assures himself 'I simply couldn't help doing it—I was impelled by a power greater than my will'—and other lying explanations.

The slight push was so easy, so trivial in its execution, as though he merely stretched an arm clumsily to help his own balance, that Hemmel actually gave a hideous little laugh

in his soul as he saw the young body totter then slide backwards over the brink six feet below. Turning, as it thus slid, the face looked back and up into his own, sheer amazement rather than terror in the eyes. It was unquestionable that the boy was aware of the deliberate push, aware that it was purposed, calculated. He just stared without comprehension, without realization, as the body, twisting a little sideways, fell helplessly into space, the knapsack already hanging vertically in emptiness below him, hat and ice-axe beside it as they sank, arms spread out in the air, one hand clutching the tuft of edelweiss, the whole of them dropping, quite slowly it seemed, into the gulf of over 2,000 feet. The boy sank out of sight, the eyes fixed upon his murderer's face till they passed below the precipice edge. The last detail Hemmel saw was the right hand clutching the edelweiss. He remembered particularly this bare, sun-burned hand against a background of blue dim forest thousands of feet across the valley. Covering his own eyes swiftly, he sat back rigidly among the rocks behind

him, listening, listening, but the depth of that awful drop was too great, and no thud of the body falling upon the glacier could possibly have reached him. He was in a dangerous spot himself, but before he had time to clamber back into safety a feeling of violent sickness came, followed by a sudden darkening of the air, explained by the fact that he had fainted.

With the return to consciousness, realization came back slowly, blunderingly, as though somewhere among his usual powers lurked a dislocation. A shock of terrific impact had numbed his ability to focus. A considerable time had passed, apparently, for clouds now hid the peaks, dusk had come, and he was shivering with cold. It was when his sight rested on the perilous edge at his feet that his first clear thought came back. It came with a crash; realization followed quickly. He had murdered; and his second thought was equally clear—there could be no possible evidence against him. He had only to tell his story—a false step while picking edelweiss—and, whether believed or not, nothing could be proved. Moving his heavy nailed boots to rise, a loosened stone slid a short yard, gave one bound, and plunged into space, his eye following it with a shudder, but no sound following its disappearance. Dizziness seized him, as he cautiously heaved his body, stiff with cold, to a safer stance, two other stones following the first. . . .

He had a long way to go, and darkness dropped early from the lowering sky, while the reaction, nervous, mental, physical, found him exhausted before the first hour of the descent was done. His mind, continually, feverishly, rehearsing the story he would tell, took inaccurate note of the rocks. He stumbled more than once, his muscles trembling and unsteady; night was upon him, he sat down to rest, to concentrate upon the route, to eat some food, only to realize that he could not swallow, that the cold rain driven by a rising wind was almost sleet, and that his sense of direction was now completely at sea. Mist and gloom obscured any lights in the valley far below that might have guided him, nor could he recognize the grouping of the rocks about him. All looked



Hemmel gave a hideous little laugh in his soul, as he saw the body slide over the brink.



unfamiliar, the violent scenery hostile, unfriendly, in conspiracy against his murderer's soul. There was white upon his knees, as he huddled down in what shelter he could find. The sleet had turned to snow.

Aware now that he was definitely lost several hours still from home, he yet stumbled on in the darkness, for the increasing cold made movement necessary to life, only to reach a spot in a couloir, the rocks growing ever steeper, where he could neither advance nor retreat. And here, wedging himself as best he could, his belt tying one arm to a boulder lest the sleep of exhaustion caught him, he faced the night. By the way the icy wind drove up in gusts, as by the sound it made, he knew an abyss yawned just beyond his feet. Coma took charge of his slowly-freezing body.

It was a sound that woke him, perhaps a touch, the stirring, anyhow, of someone near him, and in such close proximity that the sound, the touch, were both registered. Wind roaring among the desolate cliffs, however, made words, if words there had been, utterly inaudible. A dim figure passed, of that he was positive, and it was the proximity that had brought him back to consciousness. His eyelashes, frozen together, only permitted blurred sight at first, but he made out what seemed the outline of a peasant lad, a rescuer, anyhow, though no one but a native could have been among these high, lonely rocks at such an hour and in such weather. His voice trying to articulate 'Help! Help!' made no sound, yet there before him stood the peasant, dimly discernible in the gloom, an arm stretched out already to help him rise. The body, partially frozen, responded at first without control, but the other's arm guided him, its touch secure, its leading slow and skilful. There was no stumbling as they crept back to safer ground through the blackness, buffeted by the wind, fine snow driving against their faces stingingly.

Hemmel, fighting an icy horror in his soul, strove to force some sequence into the content of his mind. He was saved now, if by merest chance, for no light, no cry, had led the fellow to where he lay. A local guide perhaps, possibly a *cretin*, but a mountaineer certainly, for he knew the way and led with confidence. Movement, hope, relief now brought back some attempt at thought, as circulation restored a little warmth and strength, and he found him-

self hideously rehearsing his story again, yet so clumsily that, if uttered, it could only have betrayed him. 'There can't—there *can't* be any evidence—' in his terror he heard his voice say the words aloud. But the fellow did



'Wedging himself as best he could . . . he faced the night.'

not notice, the wind, moreover, tore the feeble sound away. Gratitude rose in him next, followed by a vile computation of what he might have to pay, then by an even viler reflection that he would now have money. He made an effort to see his rescuer's face, but the darkness made it impossible, and only the general outline of a young peasant, muffled, the touch of that steady, guiding arm, were perceptible. A dreadful nausea took him now and again, a nausea of body and soul combined, so that he

dropped to rest on a boulder, the guide waiting patiently, still without speaking. There were attempts at speech, on both sides apparently, but the hurricane smothered all sound.

It was during one of these short pauses to rest, Hemmel beginning to fear he must give up finally, that voices rose faintly from below with a wild swoop of wind, and that lights flickered and disappeared. Their meaning, however, was plain, even to the exhausted man, and he struggled to his feet with a last effort. His guide made a sign as well. The rescue party that must have left the village hours before were close at hand; they would have food, brandy, blankets. He was saved now beyond a doubt. Yet his real saviour, he well knew, was this sturdy, silent peasant who had stumbled upon him by chance or providence.

'They're coming!' he tried to shout into the wind, shouting again to guide the searchers, and just saw the lanterns wave in reply as he collapsed. His guide beside him came close, bent over him. There were words, but Hemmel could not catch them. It seems a moment of unconsciousness came over him, for the next thing he knew was that the guttural *patois* of men's voices sounded close, brandy was at his lips, strong arms wrapped him round. He opened his eyes, he saw the lanterns swinging; in their flickering light he saw the figure of the peasant who had led him into safety, standing a little to one side. For the first time he saw the face, the features showing plainly.

The figure faded, the lanterns flickered elsewhere. But the search party who carried him down in the light litter, and to whom in semi-delirium he gabbled again and again, his lying story learnt by rote, paid small attention to his actual words. They admitted to no other figure. They listened with kindness and sympathy, the three of them, but assured him there had been no fourth. They had found him quite alone, there was no peasant who had guided him. The good God, they urged, had guided him, for no man without divine assistance could have come, in storm and cold and darkness, the way Hemmel certainly had come. Hemmel himself knew otherwise, though he spoke no further word. In the flickering lantern light he had seen the face of his rescuer, he had looked up into the smiling features, into the kind, forgiving eyes of the boy he had murdered for his money.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

## CHRISTMAS,

### Test of Endurance

(Continued from page 797.)

lit brandy on one's plate. And a plethoric exhaustion will steal upon the room, lightened only by a sense of profound relief that the day is drawing to a close.

When, at last, you reach your bedroom, there will be the mute vestiges of this day of pleasure. The slippers; the pull-over; the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. You go to bed; and your dreams, as on no other night, will be peopled with strange shapes and numbing menaces.

The intelligent Christmas present is therefore the sort that will survive this bloated ordeal—the sort which will renew itself from week to week, and bring stirrings of gratitude in the twelve months that follow. Hence the vogue for 'useful presents'—a vogue which, for its proper execution, requires long preparation and great activity of mind.

In any established household the articles of daily necessity have already been purchased. It is possible, of course, to improve on them, but if you are a guest this wish for progress must be carefully concealed. It is rude, for

instance, in a house where there is no electric light, to present your hostess with an electric torch. These things may reflect upon the inadequacy of her household comfort. Tactless, also, is that gesture, so frequent in the inordinately rich, of supplying their poorer friends with those comforts which, if invited to stay, they themselves expect to find. It is kind, for instance, to present bath salts to a

### SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

'Take a faire panne, and set hit under the goose whill sche rostes, and kepe clens the grese that droppes thereof, and put thereto a godele (good deal) of wyn and a litel vynegur, and verjus, and onyons mynced or garlek; then take the gottes of the goose, and slitte hom and scrape hom clens in watur and salt, and so wassh hom, and seth hom, and hak hom smal; then do all this togedur in a postenet, and do thereto raisinges of corance (Covinth) and powder of p-pur, and of gyngere, and of canell, and hole cloves, and maces, and let hit boyle, and serve hit forthe.'

(XIVth-XVth Century: from the Arundel Collection.)

hostess who provides these unguents as a matter of course. It will be taken as a 'hint' if you give bath salts to a lady who has never given you bath salts when you come to stay. The same tact is required in all gifts of sheets, sofas, arm-chairs, gramophones, blotting paper, or equipment for early morning tea. Nor should india-rubber swans be given to hostesses who possess no swimming pool, or tennis balls to hosts who are stingy about such objects when they use their court, or cellar books to houses where, instead of passing round the bottle with an accustomed gesture, they say, suddenly: 'Would you like another glass of port?' Your presents should be hyphens of friendship, not hints for more generous hospitality.

But what, after all, is the most useful present? I should myself plump for all works of reference from the Encyclopædia Britannica to those small midget dictionaries which one finds on writing tables. Then again, there are annual subscriptions. A year's subscription to some popular journal, a season ticket for the Persian Exhibition—by such means will your memory be watered weekly with the tears of gratitude.

That is, if you like people to feel grateful to you. I don't.

HAROLD NICOLSON.





When Groobia had a royal heir,  
Beside the ribboned cot  
The monarchs stood, both père and mère,  
Society in force was there,  
But SOMEONE was forgot!

No invitation from the Queen  
To share the nation's joy  
Had reached the Fairy Melusine,  
So when she sailed upon the scene  
She cursed the princely boy.

'From nine years old to twenty-three  
I shall remove the brat  
To some Pacific isle,' said she,  
To some Pacific isle,' said she,  
'Where only palms and turtles be;  
And that,' she said, 'is that.'

The Fairy kept her awful word,  
And prompt at nine years old  
The Prince departed like a bird;  
Throughout the land when this occurred  
The bells were slightly tolled.

The ageing Monarch sat in grief  
Beside his Monarchess;  
Backgammon brought them no relief;  
They mourned for Jacko on his reef,  
Condemned to loneliness.

'What education,' cried the King,  
And gave his crown a wrench,  
'Will Jacko get out there, poor thing?  
He will not learn to dance nor sing,  
Nor talk Parisian French.

He will not know how stars are styled,  
Philosophy will stump  
A brain so innocently wild.  
When he returns to Court, the child  
Will be a perfect chump!

# PANDORA'S BOX

OR

## PRINCE JACKO ON THE DESERT ISLE

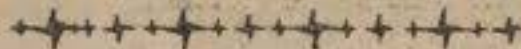
A Radio Fairy Story by E. V. Knox



We cannot do what we had planned;  
We cannot hope to beg  
The lovely Princess Corisande  
To give her fortune and her hand  
To this barbarian egg!

The lovely Princess Corisande,  
In case you did not know,  
Had been endowed by Fairyland  
With beauty like the day star, and  
With quantities of dough.

Her father's heralds used to shout  
To all the realms near by  
That she should wed, when she come out,  
The brainiest Prince there was about:  
No dull ones need apply.



The years rolled on, Prince Jacko came  
Back from his island shore,—  
A handsome youth, with hair like flame  
And sea-green eyes—took careful aim,  
And smote the palace door.

His mother grasped him by the hand  
And gave him kisses three.  
'And would,' she thought, 'my boy might land  
The wealthy Princess Corisande!  
But no. That may not be.'

The Princess sat upon her throne;  
The Princes knelt on stools.  
They came from every country known,  
And all, except Prince J. alone,  
Had been at public schools.

The Princess quickly put them through  
A fairly stiff exam..  
In English, French, Italian too,  
And botany, and asked them who  
Designed the Maktwar dam.

And made them talk of modern Art,  
And parse peculiar words,  
And say long poems off by heart,  
And even criticize Mozart,  
And tell the names of birds,

And state who won the Football Cup.  
All day, without a stop,  
They worked with neither bite nor sup;  
And when the marks were added up  
PRINCE JACKO CAME OUT TOP!

The Princess smiled and made a bow,  
She liked the Prince's eyes.  
The journalists demanded 'Now  
Inform us, please, exactly how  
You came to be so wise?'

''Twas easy!' cried the youth. 'For though  
For years and years I stuck  
On desert isle, and pined with no  
Companions near to shout "What ho!"  
One day I had some luck.

While pacing round the sandy beach  
Consumed with vain regret  
And hungering for human speech,  
THE SEA WASHED UP WITHIN MY REACH  
A high-class wireless set!\*

So there above my plantain stem,  
While monkeys round me hurled  
Big coco-nuts (as monkeys do),  
All day and night, I listened to  
The programmes of the world.

And in my head they all stayed fast—  
And that was why I won.  
And so, his strange adventures past,  
Came happiness and peace at last  
To Groobia's royal son!

\* Note by the Author.—A very similar incident happens to a relation of my own on one of the outer Antilles.





# TANGENT IN TROUBLE: A FANTASY

THOSE ingenious persons who delight in the game of Conditional Consequences ('What would have happened if . . .?') cannot do better than ponder the case of Mr. Tangent, whose recent experience, had but a tittle of it been made public, would have given rise to all manner of scandalous conjecture in the little Surrey town where he lives: where he lives, and has lived many quiet years, surrounded by his books, and managed, quite kindly, by his wife. For it is arguable that if, instead of living on a small private income and devoting himself to esoteric studies, Mr. Tangent had been compelled to earn his bread by attendance at a city office, he would have handled this matter with that crude efficiency of which only your insensitive commercial man is master; and it admits of no question that if Mrs. Tangent had not retired to bed early, and if their one domestic servant had not been away in Leicestershire engaged in the agreeable task of burying her grandmother, and if he himself had not felt the need of bite and sup before finishing his chapter on 'The Demon as Thought-Form, with special reference to Folk Tradition in East Anglia,' he would not have lit a candle and invaded the pantry in search of food, would not have seen that sleek, elegant little mouse standing tiptoe against the milk-jug and listening with all its eyes, and, in fine, would not have become involved in this perplexing adventure.

Now Mr. Tangent being a respectable householder and an obedient husband, his first impulse was to murder the mouse by whatever means came to hand. The gentlest breast harbours these hostilities; even the least niggardly of men resents sharing his food with even the most abstemious of rodents; and Mr. Tangent knew by experience that nothing more surely ruffled the wonted calm of Mrs. Tangent's demeanour than to find evidence of mouse scattered here and there in the neighbourhood of food; only when they appeared on bookshelves could she bring herself to regard them with a half-indulgent eye. For a moment, therefore, Mr. Tangent felt murderous; but only for a moment. Most mice, when you get to know them, have a certain personal charm, and this particular specimen was quite unusually pretty. Mr. Tangent found himself assailed by a dire temptation. Mrs. Tangent was asleep: she would never know. He was alone with his conscience, and a mouse. What if he let the creature escape? Would the heavens fall, would the sanctity of the home be violated and the foundations of Christian conduct undermined? On the whole, Mr. Tangent thought not. It seemed to him, in his innocence, that no great disaster could result from a simple abstention from slaughter on his part.

But Satan, the arch-tempter, would not let him off with a sin of mere omission. He had fallen already, in thought, far from grace: now his virtue was to be tried more sorely. For as he gazed—and these thoughts, you must understand, occupied no more than a tick of clock-time—he became aware, with a shudder, that he had misconceived the situation. It was worse than he had supposed. There was terror, as well as listening, in those small, bright eyes; and there was shrinking, self-concealment in the posture of that little velvet body. A posture, thought Mr. Tangent, with a sudden surge of compassion, that was positively less mouselike than human. Indeed, there was no blinking the fantastic truth of the

matter: this little beast was hiding itself, consciously and fearfully hiding itself behind the milk-jug, from the eyes of some predatory monster. From what, then? Not, observed Mr. Tangent, not at least from him: he was both relieved and flattered to be assured of that, and his heart was now committed not only to mercy but to the more positive crime, protection. And a second glance showed him where the danger loomed. Glaring in at the open window, through the taut curtain of gauze that admitted cool air to the pantry while guarding it (in theory, at least) from the invasion of flies, was a great face, of which only the bristling outline and the gleaming eyes were discernible. The silence and vigilance of the thing were horrible, blood-freezing. Had Mr. Tangent been a mouse himself, he could hardly have suffered a sharper pang of terror than assailed him in this first moment of revelation. Those green orbs were the eyes of a watchful and malicious fate: in fancy, he saw the claws lovingly emerge from their soft sheath and the fangs being uncovered in a greedy smile. This little room the trap, and outside—darkness and smiling menace. And such, thought he, is mortal life. But reason and courage came to aid him. He was not a mouse, after all; and this was a fate he could oppose and overcome. A cat, and a strange cat! Mr. Tangent was indignant. How dared a strange cat come poking its face in at his pantry-window, frightening the poor little mouse! The thing was an outrage.

'Be off with you!' said Mr. Tangent, with an emphasis positively rude.

The cat did not move. The mouse did not move. Mr. Tangent approached the window hissing like a steam-laundry. But the cat, we must suppose, was in an ecstasy. A mouse had come into its life: that was all it knew on earth and all it needed to know. No human hissing, no mere Mr. Tangent, could distract its mind from the contemplation of truth and beauty. It gave no sign of being aware of the untimely interruption.

Astonishing behaviour on the part of a cat,



and singularly disconcerting. Mr. Tangent felt like a debator whose most brilliant retort has been rendered inaudible by the noise of a passing lorry. But he was a man of resource.

'I know what I'll do,' said Mr. Tangent, 'I'll shut the window.' He smiled grimly. 'That'll make you look silly, my feline friend.' And in his exuberance he contrived a hiss so violent, so much bigger with lethal possibilities than anything he had achieved hitherto, that the platonic cat took fright at last, and, hissing its responses, jumped down into the outer darkness.

True to his resolve, and wishing to consolidate the ground he had so valiantly won, Mr. Tangent shut the window and turned to see what had become of his protégé. I hardly think he expected any visible token of gratitude, and I am sure he did not expect what, in fact, he got.

'My hero!' said a soft, caressing voice. And a pair of arms, equally soft, equally caressing, stole round his neck. 'My hero and my saviour!'

'But really,' said Mr. Tangent, pardonably flustered; 'what's this?' Grease dripped copiously from the candle he held. With his free hand he made a polite effort to disengage himself from the embrace.

'I don't think I know you. How did you get here? Who are you? I must be dreaming.' Curiosity, as well as his strong sense of propriety, encouraged him to persevere with the task of self-detachment. It was perhaps an ungrateful task, and something less than gallant; to say nothing of the danger, in this confined space, of breaking crockery—overturning the milk-jug or elbowing a basin of eggs to destruction. But at such close quarters he could not for the life of him discover what sort of person he was dealing with.

'Allow me, madam. I am embarrassed, don't you see, by this wretched candlestick. Perhaps we could resume our conversation in a more convenient place.'

She melted away from him into the passage, and stood there waiting beyond reach of the candlelight. He followed, passed nervously by, and led the way to his study. 'Come to my study,' he said. His voice trembled; his whole body trembled; he was in a fever of bewilderment. What little his senses had learnt of her in that brief slight contact filled him already with an airy intoxication, so that he could not as yet give adequate attention to the questions—why? whence? who? how?—that whirled in his mind. All that the voice of reason had to say at the moment was that, if his wife woke and discovered this visitor, it would all be very awkward indeed. He dared not look round; he could hear no sound of following feet; and by the time he reached his study he had half-persuaded himself that this lovely apparition—for so, alas, he already thought of her—had been a mere figment of fancy.

But that theory proved to be untenable in the face of evidence. For now they were together, he and she, silently confronting each other in his lamplit, book-filled room. He drew a deep breath, and his amazement renewed itself as he gazed at her: this young, slim, dark-skinned, Oriental beauty, soft as a summer's night, lithe as running water.

'Dear me,' said Mr. Tangent, 'this is really very troublesome.' He spoke to himself, and of a trouble within himself; but she overheard the words and answered him.



# by GERALD BULLETT

'You are in trouble, my dear lord?'

'Not at all,' said Mr. Tangent, rather sharply. 'Nothing of the kind. I am, however, a little at a loss. It would be a great comfort to me if you would tell me at once who you are. For, don't you see,' he added with a wry smile, taking refuge in facetiousness, 'we have never been introduced. And this midnight visit, if you will pardon my saying so, is to my simple mind a little unusual. Perhaps,' he went on, for he found a sort of reassurance in the sound of his voice and the prim balance of his sentences, 'perhaps I am mistaken in that view. Conventions change; one hears distant rumours of another and freer way of living, a large, innocent gaiety that takes no thought of the stern categories through which we, in Haslemere, filter the water of life before we dare even to sip of it. But they are rumours only, having, perhaps, no more substance or truth than have those sounds, those echoes of the deep, that a child thinks he hears in a seashell. The balloon of eloquence was filling; had he been alone, and undisturbed by beauty, Mr. Tangent might have turned aside from 'The Demon as Thought-Form' to dash off one of those little essays of the kind that have won him (as we all know) some small reputation. But, indeed, he was talking for talking's sake, being afraid of the suggestions of silence, and still more afraid of the music that might be uttered by his angelic visitor. Was she an angel? Was that the truth about her? 'Tell me,' urged Mr. Tangent, breaking off his discourse, 'who you are.'

Importunate no longer, but gravely and radiantly waiting, she stood at a little distance chining darkly upon him, a figure unimaginably lovely.

'Who am I? I am yours, dear lord.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Tangent, hastily. 'You are very kind, my dear young lady. Quite exceptionally kind. But just a little mysterious, may I say? Just a little evasive.'

'I do not understand you,' she answered.

Was there reproach in her voice; her voice that had all the sunlight of the East in it and all the long honeyed night? He could not tell, and for the moment, being so greatly agitated, did not care.

'And, to be frank,' he said—for he was beginning to lose patience—'I don't understand you. It's all very well for you to stand there calmly saying that you are mine,' he added, almost irritably: 'but it isn't true, you know. I only wish it were.' What am I saying, he thought in a panic. This will never do. I must put a guard on my tongue. 'It isn't true,' he repeated firmly, 'and it would be most improper if it were true.'

Lazy comfort burned on the hearth. The oil-lamp on Mr. Tangent's table shed a soft yellow haze that left the contours of the room swathed in voluptuous shadow. It was a restful and kindly scene, a rich quiet quickened only, quickened and disturbed, by the beating heart of this more than middle-aged man. The call of adventure allured and troubled him. Because it so strongly allured him he feared and resented it. That's all over and done with long ago; that dream is dead; leave me to my sleep. Another voice called him craven, but he wouldn't listen. The unknown woman stood between himself and the hearth. Yet hardly stood. Rather did she blossom there like a dark flower. And she did not answer him again.

'You remind me of something, of someone,'

said Mr. Tangent, after a silence. 'Yes,' he cried, excitedly, 'surely I've seen you before.' He remembered how when he was an undergraduate he had seen a young Indian girl, in her lyrical, native dress, gliding down the High, and how the sight had translated him into a kind of radiant wretchedness that had endured for several hours. 'Weren't you at Oxford in—' But he withheld the date, anxious to conceal his age, and realizing, too, the absurdity of the question. 'Of course not. How could you be! You, who are so young.'

'I am as young [as my lord wishes me,' she said, speaking softly from the shadows. 'You have won me from the enchantment, and I am yours.'

'Enchantment?' The student of magic pricked up his ears. 'What enchantment was that?'

'Did not my lord see? I was condemned to run on four feet, as a mouse.'

'The mouse!' cried Mr. Tangent. 'Do you mean to tell me—?'

'And when you saved me from the death that threatened, and uttered the syllables of release, my bonds were broken.'

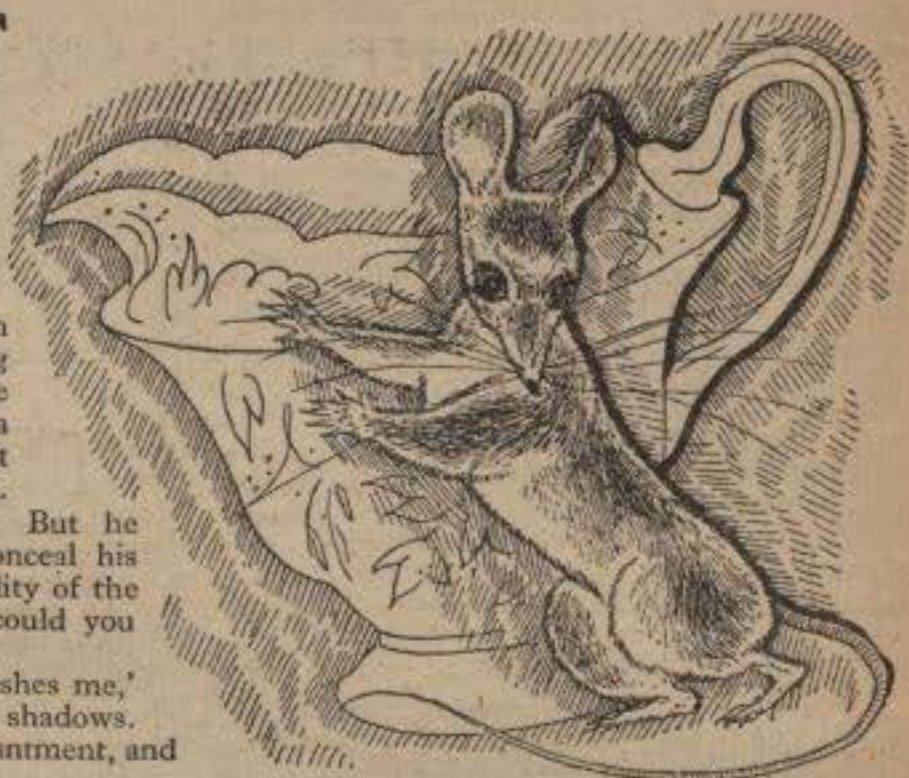
'I see,' said Mr. Tangent. He had read of such cases, and was profoundly eager to know more. 'This interests me extremely. Pray go on. And first tell me, if you will be so good, how you came to assume that lowly shape.' His manner now was almost professional.

'Not of my own will,' said the young woman. 'An enemy worked magic upon me, by guile persuading me to say the syllables of evil power against myself.'

'What are they?' cried Mr. Tangent. 'Oh, this is excellent.' He ran to his desk and picked up a pencil. 'Do you mind if I make a note of them?'

She was silent.

'I'm ready,' said Mr. Tangent.



'Do you then wish to lose me?' asked the young woman, with a world of sorrow in her voice. 'If I speak that incantation—'

'Of course!' said Mr. Tangent. 'How stupid of me! And how inconsiderate. But perhaps,' he suggested, a little wistfully, 'perhaps you could tell me the syllables of release, the ritual of unbinding? That would be of incomparable value to me.'

'Why do you mock me, O lord? Am I so displeasing in your sight?'

'Mock you! Nothing is further from my thoughts, my dear young lady. Why, indeed, should I mock you?'

'Why then do you ask me for the secret that is yours alone?'

'But I assure you, on my word of honour, madam—'

'It was you that unbound me. By the force of your love and the speech of your mouth. Yours are the syllables of power.'

Mr. Tangent pondered. 'You mean,' he said, 'that I myself inadvertently uttered the charm that alone could free you? I see. Very curious. Fascinating. And can't you recall what it was I said? For I, you know, haven't the least idea.' Belatedly he remembered his manners. 'But, dear me, won't you sit down? How very remiss of me!'

To the mind of Mr. Tangent it was all very congenial, this explanation of hers. You or I might have been puzzled by it, or unconvinced; but Mr. Tangent was a rarer spirit. Moreover, he was learned in such matters. In *Caesarius*, in *Lewes Lavater*, in *Godfric the Elder*, and *Bonuomo the Sage*, in the luminous seventeenth-century prose of *Isaac Foot*, the mystical divine, in *Podmore's 'Conclusions'* and *Cruett's 'Discoveries'*, and *Hope Godolphin Ludo's 'Tour of the Seven Planes of Being'*, to say nothing of the *Brothers Grimm* and *Bishop Leadbeater*: in such works as these Mr. Tangent had read of things far more remarkable, and believed them with a little difficulty. That this lovely Indian girl, this flower of paradise, had been changed by malicious magic into the shape of a mouse, and then released from the evil enchantment by some chance words of his own: this did not in the least tax his credulity. To his way of thinking, it was, you might almost say, the most natural thing in the world. Unusual, yes; he would have conceded that much. The mouse, at least, was unusual, frog being the more customary metamorphosis. And in support of this doctrine he would have quoted that not too-well-known passage from *Caius Mensa*, which begins: '*Eheu mures ab urbe græge facto similiter*





*fugant laudati.* . . A passage that puts the whole complicated matter in the neatest of nutshells.

And even had Mr. Tangent been disposed to doubt, he could not doubt the evidence of his senses. Here she was, strange and subtle, dark and shining, with the amber grape of fulfillment in her gift. She was still standing on his hearth-rug, and the room was filled with her attending love. Nothing that she might say, no fiction, however fantastic, could be so astonishing as the fact of her presence. What on earth am I to do now, asked Mr. Tangent of himself.

A sudden click made him glance towards the door. Mrs. Tangent had joined the party. An ample and homely woman, wearing, at this moment, a much-beflowered dressing-gown.

'I thought I heard a noise, dear. Whatever was it?'

'My dear Mrs. Rhomboid, you heard the noise, not I,' said Mr. Tangent. 'It is your noise, so to speak. How can I say what caused it?' If only the dear woman would be a little reasonable! Mr. Tangent was fond of his wife, and grateful for her ceaseless ministrations. But now he was a little overwrought, and at such times, as in other moments of absent-mindedness, he was apt to forget that five years ago Mrs. Rhomboid, his housekeeper, had become Mrs. Tangent, his wife. And then the old name would slip out unawares. In a general way, Mrs. Tangent was far too sensible a woman to take these little accidents to heart.

'It sounded,' said Mrs. Tangent, 'like someone shutting the pantry window.'

'In point of fact,' answered her husband, 'it was someone shutting the pantry window.' He wished he could have added: 'That will be all tonight, thank you, Mrs. Rhomboid.' But his tongue was stayed; for—yes, he now remembered distinctly—this woman was his wife. How extraordinary that she hadn't noticed anything unusual in this room!

But she had. 'I don't want to be inquisitive,' said Mrs. Tangent, in a voice uncommonly like that of irony, 'but might I ask—?'

Mr. Tangent anticipated her. He made the gestures of introduction. 'This young lady is the Princess Pocohontas Millicent. Princess, allow me to present my wife.'

'Pleased to—' began Mrs. Tangent, stiffly. But she suddenly remembered that Mr. Tangent had begged her not to say 'Pleased to meet you!' so she left her pleasure unsaid. 'Good evening. Did you have a nice crossing?'

Having paid her tribute to ideal civility, for she hoped she knew her manners, Mrs. Tangent turned somewhat pointedly to her husband. 'Well?' she said, ominously. 'And what next, may I ask?'

Mr. Tangent faced her desperately. Knowing himself innocent, he felt not a little aggrieved at being found in this equivocal situation. He wracked his brains for a likely story. The truth? It was useless to tell Mrs. Tangent the truth; for even Mr. Tangent's simplicity stopped short of supposing that she would believe it.



THE tower is silent as we mount,  
Except for the ancestral clock  
Who clucks a little iron tongue  
Each second of time, as he has done  
For twenty generations, to count  
In drops of baptism, and the knock  
Of earth on coffin, one by one—  
Life unwinding, life out-spun.

Shuffle of leather on the stone;  
A feather-quilted bird who wakes  
And shakes a wing, that makes alone  
A little fury in the quill  
And then subsides. All is still.

Round by round, the belfry stair  
Falls below us; through the slit  
We see a winter world, moonlit;  
Midnight roofs, trees black and bare,  
A horse who breathes the silver air  
Beside the graveyard wall. And then  
Eight friendly, local Englishmen,  
All of one parish, doff their coats,  
Set down the lantern by the wall,  
Husk a few words, and clear their throats,  
Unknot the snaky ropes, and stand  
Each with a demon under his hand,  
His iron slave poised for the fall.

There is no other sound at all:  
The bird sleeps, the trees outside  
Finger the stars, and catch the white  
Frost-fallings of the Christmastide,  
But make no movement: far and wide  
The fields are frozen; the rusty vane  
Groans; then the world is quiet again.  
Only the clock: 'Tick! . . . tock! . . .  
tack . . . tock!'

'Ready?' says the tenor; but none replies.  
We wait, we are ready; eight pairs of eyes  
Glance swift answer; eight arms lift.  
'Then . . . go!' he shouts, and one by one  
The eight arms swing down, and down  
Bang the bells! The belfry holds  
The fury, hollows itself and folds  
The flood from clapper and rim, but soon  
The tower is swimming, the octaves rise  
On their own ringing selves and fling  
Out and over the fields, the skies.  
Even the silver frost, the hoar moon  
Hum with their metal glint, the trees  
Crook their fingers, pluck the stars  
That ring out with their jewelled voices.  
Hard echo upon salvo, back and forth  
From High Piper to Tenor, mad Christian  
mirth  
Half sinful with the pagan Earth,  
Defying the silence of the spheres,  
The frost, that ghost of Time, the fall  
Of the eternal Light, all Powers unanswer-  
able.

The old horse grazes by the churchyard wall.



'My dear Millicent,' he began, 'the Princess—'

'No more princess than I am!' interrupted Mrs. Tangent.

With a shrug of despair Mr. Tangent turned for help to his visitor. But where was she? Without a sound she had vanished. At first he was indignant; but the next instant he saw the wisdom of these tactics and took his cue from them. No doubt she was hiding somewhere: behind those heavy, damask curtains, perhaps.

'The Princess,' said Mr. Tangent, as though picking up the broken thread of his speech, 'is a phantom, my dear Millicent. Or, perhaps, it would be more exact to say, an eidolon. She existed only in your fancy, and for a moment, I confess, in mine, too. You see, she's completely gone.'

'We'll see about that,' said Mrs. Tangent, grimly. 'I don't trust these foreigners. Never did.' She peered under the table; looked behind the curtains; made a suspicious tour of the whole room. And returned, rather frightened, to her husband's side. 'What's come over me?' she said, with a nervous laugh. 'Seeing things! And me a lifelong teetotaler, too. I was never one to see things. I don't like it, William.' She came closer and he put a protective arm about her shoulders. 'And you saw it, too, William. It must have been there, because you saw it.'

Mr. Tangent saw his chance clearly enough. He had only to deny having seen anything, had only to pretend not to know what she was talking about, and the last vestige of her suspicion would be destroyed. But no, that was too horrible: she would be more frightened than ever, might even think herself mad. He put the temptation away.

'Now you run back to bed, my dear,' he said, kindly. 'I shan't be long following, but I must just look over this chapter of mine first.'

He pushed her gently out of the room and shut the door. The next moment he was back at his writing-table, staring blankly at the manuscript that littered it. He sat with a load of wondering conjecture weighing on his mind. He bowed his head. His arms rested on the table; the fingers of his right hand drummed idly, nervously, on its dark, pegamoid surface. Then: 'Dear me,' said Mr. Tangent. A beautiful little mouse had run out of his sleeve and stood on a page of his manuscript looking at him. Its eyes were bright with unspeakable devotion.

'Well, of all the impudence . . .!' exclaimed Mr. Tangent.

But in his heart he was profoundly moved. Tears stood in his eyes when he realized the stupendous sacrifice this incomparable woman had made for his sake. He would have given anything, he vowed, to get her back to her proper shape. But would he? Remembering again the exceeding awkwardness of the situation, he thought better of it and became afraid to open his lips again lest in so doing he should inadvertently pronounce, for a second time, the unknown charmed syllables that spelt release for her. And so, in tragic silence, in despairing love, they gazed at each other—mouse and man.



# SSH! DO YOU DREAM ABOUT LIONS?

NOT long ago I had a nightmare. Of course, I know that nowadays it simply is not done to tell one's dreams. Times have changed since the days when we ran confidently downstairs to inform the family, over eggs and bacon, how on the previous night we had missed trains or been chased by lions, or dropped petticoats in Trafalgar Square. Then the interpretation of the dream was easy. We simply hunted for the Dream Book, a small, well-thumbed paper volume, bought for two-pence, and found usually at the bottom of the work-basket under three pairs of socks and a kettle-holder, or behind the clock on the mantel-piece, pleasantly dusty; and from it we read out triumphantly: 'To dream of trains—if travelling by train, means a gift of money; if losing a train, means that you will soon hear from a dear friend living abroad.' 'Lions. To dream of the King of Beasts is very fortunate. It means that you will have power and prosperity. To kill a lion means to defeat an enemy. To be hunted by a lion means that you fear a misfortune which will not occur.' 'Petticoat. To dream of a flannel petticoat means that you will soon be sleeping under another roof. To dream of a lace petticoat means that your sweetheart is thinking fondly of you.'

It was all highly satisfactory. However terrifying the nightmare, the little book always found some comforting explanation. Lions lost their dread and trains their victory; fears were proved without foundation, and all life and death and torment were reduced to the homely assurance of an approaching marriage, a gentle journey, or a letter from a friend.

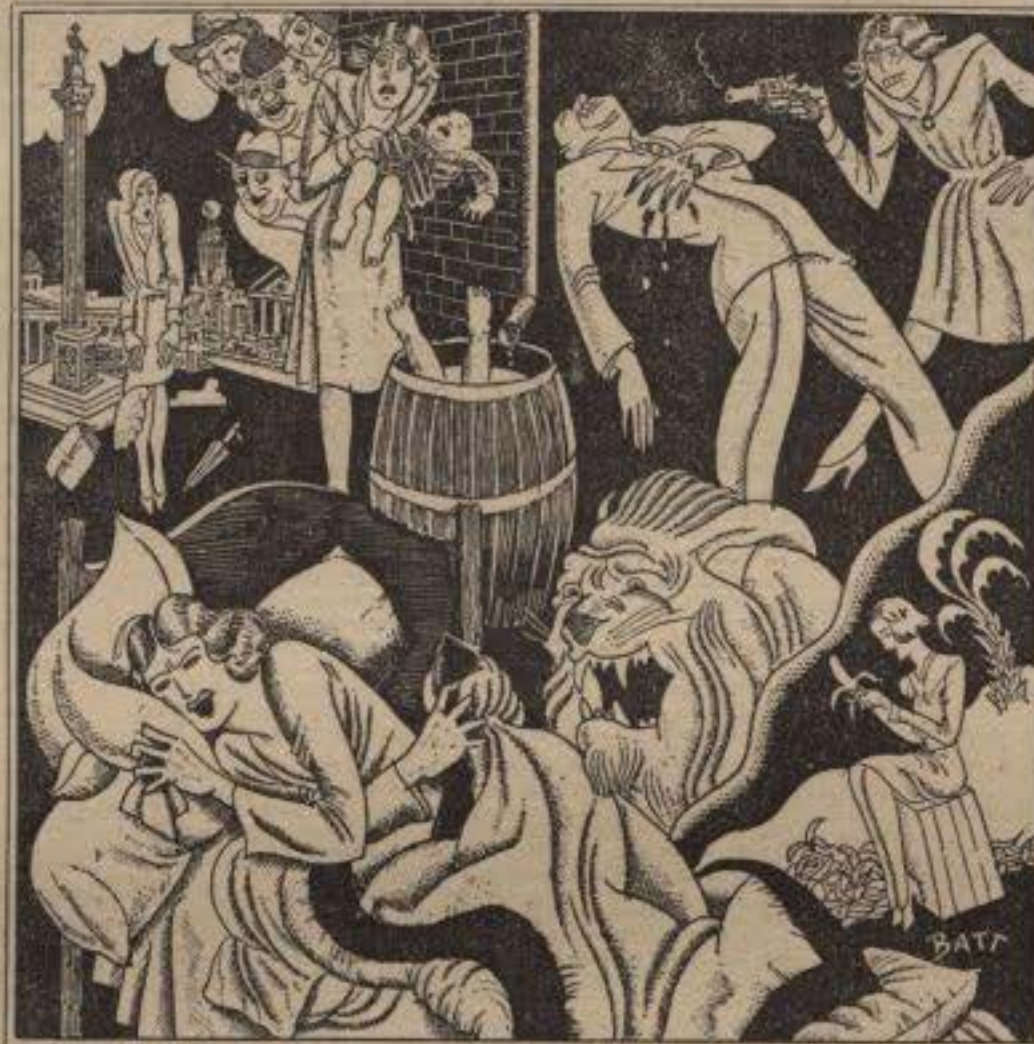
But now we have changed all that. For one thing, there are no eggs and bacon. Or almost no eggs and bacon. Fashion, the modern horror of obesity, and the French example, have reduced our regal breakfasts to a thin slice of toast and a grape-fruit salad. And who feels inclined to tell tales of lions and lost connections over the chaste and chilling grape-fruit? Porridge and kippers were promoters of confidence. We suspect each other secretly over a shred of Vita-Wheat.

As for petticoats? Of course, they are coming in again, but for long we have lost that particular dream of shedding them in exposed public places, since step-ins and cami-knicks have never acquired the wayward traditional habits of the petticoat, and do not lend themselves to dreams. But now that the petticoat is returning with feminine fashions and the longer skirt, this nightmare may well grow popular once more.

But most of all, we have given up the Dream Book. Freud is our man today. True, we are far less likely to keep his *magnum opus* on dreams in the work-basket or behind the clock on the dining-room mantelpiece; few of us, indeed, have read it. But the sense of its formidable presence broods darkly over our conversation. We do not know exactly what Freud said of this or that, but the thought of what he might have said disturbs us. Because of him we walk more warily.

'Trains?' we wonder. 'Now, what might it mean to dream about trains?' And we range

through the complexes, which are as numerous and puzzling as the vitamins, those companion complications of our modern life, seeking what might be the least offensive. Would we rather find ourselves suffering from an inferiority complex, caused by an inability in our infant life to put our toes in our mouth, or from an Oedipus complex caused by—well, I am never sure what causes the Oedipus complex? Or is it, on the whole, preferable to cherish a Proustian passion for one's grandmother? To dream of



missing trains might well denote any of these calamities.

As for Lions, quite obviously to dream about these betrays the Olympus complex. The Olympus complex is my own invention. I flatter myself that it is as good as any of Dr. Freud's. It results from a suppressed desire for Acquaintance with the Great, and more especially for that type of acquaintance with the great which is easily demonstrable to our neighbours. Few of us are entirely immune from it. As a farmer's daughter I observed its effect upon my fellow villagers in their relation to the squire's wife, and thought that it might be an

[By WINIFRED HOLTBY]

exclusive affliction of our somewhat feudal section of society. But when in later life I met a peeress, she confessed to a mild attack of it after lunching with a queen. I have found it in shop stewards who once took the chair at a local meeting for a Cabinet Minister. I have known it in curates' wives after a visit from the Bishop. And I have experienced it myself. It is the Olympus complex which makes me drag into ordinary conversation the fact that I once had dinner with Mr. Bernard Shaw (at least, that is not strictly true; I came in for coffee after the others had had dinner), and that once in the days when I was a probationer

nurse I brushed the teeth of a prince. True, he was an Indian prince, but he had seven tooth-brushes, one for every day of the week, and that, surely, was something.

I see no reason, myself, for any limit to the number of complexes we might discover. There is the Medea complex. It is this complex which makes mothers wish for short intervals to drop their children in the water-butt and drown them as puppies. It seems to emerge after a protracted meal, during which the contents of three spoons and two mugs have been shot across the clean table-cloth, or at half-past four on winter mornings, when bright young voices ask for a drink of water, or at any time at all, on the discovery that a newly-cleaned winter coat has been used as the pudding-cloth to make mud pies. Or there is the Clytemnestra complex, observable in wives who temporarily wish to slay their husbands. Wives with golfing husbands seem greatly subject to this neurosis.

So that, what with one and the other of them, we really dare not nowadays tell our dreams. If trains and lions are dangerous, I blush to think what petticoats may mean. I shall never forget the shock which I received when I once innocently remarked to a modern breakfast table that I had dreamed of lying on board a boat outside Las Palmas and eating sixteen bananas before breakfast—a feat, indeed, which I have actually in real life accomplished. Instead of saying 'Did you? How nice it sounds!' They cried: 'Bananas? Did you say bananas? Oh, my dear.'

To return to my nightmare. . . . But dare I, after all this, return to my nightmare? I may as well risk it, for my dream was this.

I dreamed that the B.B.C. ordered me, as Santa Claus, to broadcast a short talk on Christmas presents, in the course of which I had to say what I was presenting to the Prince of Wales, Lady Oxford and Asquith, an unknown individual called Clara Pinthbeck, and my own Aunt Mary.

Now, I have never met the Prince of Wales. I once saw him ride in a steeplechase, but that is all. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lady Oxford and Asquith, and I have never heard of a person called Clara Pinchbeck. If she does exist, I warn her that she will get no Christmas present from me. She has given me far too much trouble. But an Aunt Mary I have. In fact, I have two. Though what I shall give them for Christmas is my own affair.

Nevertheless, the sense of impending disaster was quite horrible. The date fixed for the talk rushed out of eternity upon me. I could not withdraw. I could not escape. I was a prisoner in time and circumstance. The B.B.C. was waiting for me. London calling, the British Isles was waiting for me. And I could think of nothing in the world to say except 'Should princes wear bed-socks?'

Make what you will of it. It seems to me to reveal the fine flower of the complexes, all blossoming at once, and my ultimate destination is probably a mental home. There is only one thing to be said in its favour: it cannot possibly come true.





## WHAT THE OTHER LETTERS TO LISTENERS



### PHILIP RIDGEWAY BIDS YOU TO KEEP SMILING.

WHAT do I think of you, dear listeners? Well, I am afraid I do think of two classes a great deal, viz., those who cannot afford other forms of entertainment and those who are bedfast; especially patients in hospitals. I always endeavour to brighten up their lives, and that is my pleasure. I cannot help thinking that whatever your taste may be, all round you receive good value for one third of a penny a day; don't you? I think no listeners should ever complain, because if they do not like one programme they should remember that others do, and that there is something for everybody. Personally, I find you most appreciative, and you encourage me always to do my best—you do, really. Good morning, and a Merry Christmas to you all. Keep smiling, for it is half the battle. *Cheerio!—Philip Ridgeway.*

### MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AND THE THRILLS OF BROADCASTING.

My impressions of broadcasting are very strange ones—to begin with, I adore broadcasting. I have told that to many people, inside and outside of Studios, and I don't think they believe me, but I have had more thrills broadcasting than I ever have had on the stage or the platform, and why?—because of that tense silence before one begins, and at the end—during that first moment's silence. I understand the hunter when he hears the horn—that little fox-terrier that waits above the ground for the slightest movement below, how can I explain to you the tenseness of that moment. I am on my mettle to try and please, how many listeners did you say you had, Mr. Editor? I feel very proud when I think of them all listening! and the voice of my friendly enemy whispers in my ear, 'How marvellous and wonderful, they are all listening to you, only you, whatever you say, whatever you sing, even your sighs they will hear.' What if one were tempted, during that brief silence to scream 'Murder,' as once I dreamt that I did? I screamed and screamed, but no one came to my aid; they had all gone, and as I turned, waking, for counsel to my friendly enemy, Mr. Conceit, my head encountered a cooler pillow and I went to sleep again.—*Maggie Teyte.*

### GILLIE POTTER WRITES TO HIS BEST FRIENDS.

DEAR LADIES.—The letters you forward are such as to cause both depression and joy; While most of your missives do thrill one so much There are some that just tend to annoy. The lady I love is the lady who lays . . . ten to one you are handsome and tall . . . The lady I loathe is the lady who says . . . so we none of us like you at all . . . For this last remark is most truly untrue (Though admitting so may stir up strife!) As I've fair admirers by no means a few; If you don't believe me, ask my wife!

*Gillie Potter.*

### MR. DU GARDE PEACH WOULD SQUEEZE YOU.

I THINK Listeners are marvellous! I mean the mere fact that they listen; that for long hours every evening they absorb anything from Chamber Music to Talks on the Life Histories of the Lesser Lepidoptera, like sponges absorbing water, fills me with awe and amazement. But, as a frequent broadcaster, I am not without a certain misgiving. Is there a limit to their capacity for absorption? When a sponge is full we can squeeze it and start again; but what of Listeners? If somehow we could squeeze them dry once a year and start again I should be more easy in my mind. And yet I wonder. Probably if you did squeeze the average listener at the year's end, all you would get out of him would be a couple of Time Signals and a deep depression—especially if Mr. Snowden happened to be squeezing him at the same time. So on the whole, perhaps we had better leave things as they are.—*L. du Garde Peach.*

### ALBERT SANDLER SENDS CHRISTMAS WISHES.

DEAR LISTENERS.—I want to take this opportunity to thank you for all your nice letters, which I have received during my five years of broadcasting. I must say that I have been very lucky in being able to choose my programmes to the satisfaction of you all. I want to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.—*Yours, Albert Sandler.*

### THE MUSIC DIRECTOR'S BEST WISH.

THE best thing we musicians can wish you all for Christmas and the New Year is that you may share with us, more and more fully with every programme we broadcast, the tremendous fun we have ourselves in making music. Without losing sight for one moment of the dignity and beauty of music that is sincere in its grief or in its merriment, we do try to pass on to you through the microphone all the zest and gusto, all the laughter and the reverence, all the human sympathy and fellowship with which we come to it ourselves. Call us 'highbrows' if you will—many of you do—we shall go on trying to convince more and more of you that being that kind of highbrow is richly worth while.—*Adrian Boult.*

### PAT McCORMICK BREATHE AGAIN (INAUDIBLY!).

I DO not know why I am 'the other' and I wonder who 'the one' may be. If he is the anonymous 'one' he's lucky, for anonymous letters need no answer. In the mass, if you really want to know, I think you are terrifying; my knees shake, I have a hollow in the pit of my stomach; I imagine a click and you have shut me off—I am talking to the air! But individually, I think you are marvellously friendly and long-suffering, as a friend should be. Your letters (except the cranks—and we are all cranks, I suppose, on one subject) do help me, because they come from the heart, even the critical ones. So being human the individual wins the contest and I breathe again, inaudibly, I hope!—*Pat McCormick.*

### FROM OTTO SIEPMANN TO HIS 'HAPPY FAMILY.'

*Ein Weihnachtsgruss  
an die Hörer der deutschen Rundfunkstation  
'The Happy Family'  
zum Schluss des ersten Jahreskursus.  
Rundfunk wir preisen dich*

'Wer vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen',  
So denkt der Zauberer Rundfunk weitbekannt;  
Denn bringt er Hörspiel, Jazz, nebst andern Dingen  
Zuweilen dumm, oft klug und amüsant.

Doch loben wir vor allem höh're Ziele:  
So Drang nach Kunst, die Lust zur Wissenschaft,  
Sie bieten bess're Kost als blasse Spiele;  
Denn sie erfüllen Geist und Seel' mit Kraft.

Am höchsten aber preisen wir das Streben,  
Zu lehren uns der deutschen Sprache Klang,  
Wir lieben deutsche Dichter, deutsches Leben,  
Wir singen frisch und froh den deutschen Sang.

*Otto Siepmann.*

### TOM JONES SENDS HIS MESSAGE.

THE Season's greetings to all listeners, to those kind friends who write and tell me they have enjoyed our show, to those who enjoy or suffer silently and to those also who do not, but than goodness the microphone is built on the one-way traffic principle. A word of warning. A day or two ago I received a letter from a listener who said 'I don't play the fiddle, but recently I sang Joselli's Serenata in French.' To those endangered by this enthusiast during the coming festive Season I can only recall the words of the old song, 'Do not Hesitate to Shoot.'—*Tom Jones, Eastbourne.*

### MR. EVELYN WRENCH SYMPATHIZES WITH LISTENERS.

It is, I think, a happy thought on the part of your editor to give broadcasters a chance to say what they think of listeners, but I wonder if he can really compel them to speak the truth! Personally I have a great deal of sympathy with listeners, because I am one myself, and it seems to me that the poor listener has a great deal to put up with. When I am asked to hold forth on some subject by the B.B.C., I always remember that the listener has no means of protesting, and I always try to remember that probably on every subject on which I am speaking there are many listeners who know much more about it than I do; but still, there it is. But seriously though, talking to my unseen listeners has been a very wonderful sensation. The first time I did it I felt petrified when I looked at the microphone, then by degrees I got confidence, and finally I was able to visualize my unseen audience by their firesides all round the United Kingdom, and I felt a growing sympathy between us. I have made many friends through broadcasting. I believe that we listeners could run the country much better than most governments!—*J. Evelyn Wrench.*

### SIR LANDON RONALD WRITES TO YOU.

I HAVE often been asked after I have broadcast, 'What do you think of the Listener?' and my reply has always been, 'How can I answer such a question when I have no idea either who is listening to me or how many listeners have been content to let me continue without turning me off?' The fact is that I have never once worried about or given a thought to the Listener. I do not mean to be either rude or superior in saying this; I simply am stating a fact. When I enter the Studio to conduct or to speak, I only think of the work in hand. Whether I am before a public or before a microphone makes literally no difference to me. All I am out to do is to give of my best. When I conduct it never occurs to me for a second to wonder what impression I am making on my audience—visible or invisible. The only thing that has ever mattered to me has been the message of music I am interpreting. If I convey this to my listeners, then all is well. But I shall never know, so do not worry; they cannot see me and I cannot see them. And that's the best part of it all.—*Sir Landon Ronald.*

### MISS MABEL CONSTANDUROS PROTESTS.

DEAR LISTENERS,—I'd like to stress  
A grievance I have oft resented,  
Which is, that in the Daily Press  
We are so often misrepresented.

Far better in obscurity,  
Like the announcers (fabled creatures!)  
To wrap us than that you should see  
Our much distorted printed features!

If bloated, spotted, plain you think  
The face your Wireless Flame possesses,  
It's mostly due to printer's ink  
And not to measles or excesses!

So kindly Fans, with whom we grieve  
We're but ethereally acquainted,  
Whene'er you view us, please believe  
We aren't so black as we are painted!

—*Mabel Constanduros.*

### CANON C. S. WOODWARD SAYS 'PLEASE CRITICIZE.'

THERE are two things which I think about listeners. First, that they are an amazingly generous crowd. Their response to the appeals so regularly made to them is astounding. It shows how many unselfish people there are in the world. Secondly, that they are not half critical enough. It would be a tremendous help to be told how one can do the thing better. But let it be serious criticism, not just nagging about unimportant details. So will listeners please go on giving when we ask them to, and will they also tell us how we can do our job much better than we do?—*Canon C. S. Woodward.*

### MR. GERSHOM PARKINGTON THANKS YOU.

If 'imitation is a form of flattery,' let me hasten to avail myself of this opportunity of writing you all an Open Letter. Your letters to me have invariably been of a flattering nature, and I want you all to know that your appreciations of my efforts to please and interest you make me very happy. I do hope that while you are gathered round the Yuletide logs, and perchance listening to my Quintet, you will still think 'There's no Place like Home,' without wishing that my Quintet and I were also at home instead of in the Studio. Hoping that the B.B.C. News Bulletins of the coming year will contain glad tidings for all of you, with no 'atmospherics' to mar the 'reception' of any good things coming your way, I wish you all a Happy Christmas.—*Yours gratefully, Gershom Parkington.*



Mr. George Morrow (himself an enthusiastic listener and weekly 'enlivener' of our page, 'What the Other Listener Thinks')—



# BROADCASTER THINKS FROM MICROPHONE FAVOURITES



### CLINTON BADDELEY'S CHRISTMAS RHYME.

SEEMING that now the Festival of Cheer  
 And all the rest of it is drawing near,  
 I dip the festive pen in friendly ink  
 And strive in charitable terms to think—  
 Of him who has a book which I should buy  
 (Demanding an immediate reply);  
 Of her who would be interested to spot  
 If I am my own father—or am not—  
 Or wonders whether her great Uncle Bill  
 Married my father's cousin—Auntie Jill;  
 Or thinks the public would be deeply smitten  
 If I should read the poetry she's written;  
 Of her who asks (her mind must not be strained)  
 Where any common book may be obtained;  
 Of her who writes to me in Words of Praise  
 (May she with untold riches end her days!)  
 Of him who takes exception to my tones  
 (Nevertheless may peace be to his bones).  
 Of her who writes to me with Words of Love  
 (May blessings pour upon her from above!)  
 Even of those—for whom my love is damp,  
 Who ask for answers and enclose no stamp.

—V. C. Clinton Baddeley.

### GERHARDT AND THE TAXI DRIVER.

THE morning after an evening recital I gave for the Leipzig Sender, I hired a taxi. The driver asked me how it was that I was out so early this morning as I had sung so late last night. I asked him if he had listened in; he said: 'Yes, I was in bed already; had turned on my set, and I think it was the loveliest thing I ever heard, your singing—it was so soft and sweet that I fell asleep with it.' Well, I think I had to take this as the greatest compliment, as this particular driver had always annoyed me by his brutal way of expressing himself.—Elena Gerhardt, Leipzig, December, 1930.

### STAINLESS STEPHEN SAYS (COMMA).

THOU art monarch of ether and air,  
 Thy rights I've no right to dispute.  
 Omnipotent in thine own hair,  
 Thy opinions I cannot refute.  
 My jests which I crack with such verve  
 Call forth thy full wrath from its vials,  
 'Whiskers on it, what a nerve!' I  
 can picture you twisting your dials.  
 So let 'Live and let live' be your motto,  
 Though at times our best efforts may flop,  
 Just forgive and forget—semi-colon,  
 'Merry Christmas,' said Stainless—full stop.

—Stainless Stephen.

### CHRISTOPHER STONE—LISTENER.

YOU, my dear listeners, seem to me very long-suffering, very generous, very indulgent. You often give me credit for the excellence of the gramophone records that I broadcast, as if the fly sat on the chariot wheel and said 'See what a great dust I make.' But the reason why we get on so pleasantly every Friday is that I am a listener, too, as much as you are. There are no lessons to be taught, no learning to be foisted on you, no bald statements to be read out perfunctorily. We are just out together looking into shop windows, and if you are bored by anything to which I draw your attention, you just slip away to the next window and I soon catch you up. Other broadcasters have not perhaps quite so irresponsible and vagrant an occupation to share with you, and even on Christmas Day, when I am going to spend three hours in the Studio with a pile of records, you will be helping me to enjoy my Christmas a good deal more than I can hope to help you to enjoy yours.—Christopher Stone.

### NEW NEWS FROM REGINALD NEW.

DEAR LISTENERS,—I have nothing particularly caustic to say to you, being easy to please and always trying to please. The following are my sentiments:—

If New knew you  
 And you knew New,  
 You'd view new views  
 And New's views too.

Try to say it quickly.—Reginald New.

### LEFF POUISHNOFF'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

ALTHOUGH it took place a long time ago—thirty-four years to be precise—I can see it all as vividly as if it only took place yesterday. At the age of three and a half years I started to pick out tunes on the piano, so it was decided to let me appear before the public in order to find out whether there was 'real stuff' in the boy. When I reached a solid age of five I was engaged to appear in a concert, sharing a programme with a violinist. Everything went well at the beginning. The concert opened with one of the sonatas by Mozart for piano and violin, and then followed a solo number for the violinist, and while it was in progress I suddenly found myself in the artist's room waiting rather impatiently for my turn to come. Suddenly my eyes, wandering round the room, were attracted by the sight of blue smoke curling upwards from a cigarette left there by somebody, on an ashtray. Of course, it was only a matter of seconds for me to seize it, inhale it deeply and immediately to feel the room going: lowly round and round and round. By the time I was needed on the platform I was found gently reclining in an easy chair with a face as white as my lace collar. But in a few moments I was my old self again, and I went on the platform and played my 'bit', and so had my first public success. Now for the moral! I never go to play on the platform without a pull or two at a cigarette!—Leff Pouishnoff.

### WHEN JOHN COATES FORGOT HIS WORDS.

IT is difficult to write to my listener friends of my experience in broadcasting. I only know that I consider it to be one of the greatest privileges—perhaps the greatest, an artist can have. I have always felt in closest touch with that vast invisible audience. My most amusing broadcasting experience was when I forgot the words of the song, 'Pretty Phyllis'—my own translation from the French—and blurted out 'Good heavens! I've forgotten it, what a fool I must be!' and then asked to be excused and to be allowed to try again; two days afterwards I received a letter from a choirboy whose choirmaster is a great friend of mine; he wrote: 'The song I enjoyed most was "Pretty Phyllis"; our choir sang it only a few weeks ago at a concert, but we did not sing "underneath the sheltering boughs" where "twittering birds" should come; neither did we sing the word "do" so enticingly; I suppose that was because we are not experienced.' Real, helpful criticism this, it did me a lot of good.—John Coates.

### FOSTER RICHARDSON BEGS FOR TELEVISION.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS ye vast host  
 Of listeners, patient for the most.  
 At this glad time forget the chill  
 Of saxophone and voices shrill:  
 Forget the 'Proms,' forget the plays,  
 Forget those classical essays—  
 This rhyme is going all astray.  
 I think just what I want to say  
 Is, what to-day you count the worst,  
 To-morrow may be all reversed.  
 For television soon will bring  
 The 'Rudolph' charm of those who sing;  
 And millions to the press may run  
 In praise of Foster Richardson.

\*(I enclose my photograph). —Foster Richardson.

[\* This photograph is quite unsuitable for publication.—EDITOR, The Radio Times.]

### HERMIONE GINGOLD LIKES SAVOY HILL.

I HOPE, when you listen this Christmas, you will think a little of Savoy Hill, where the workers will be carrying on without holiday for your entertainment. This will be the third Christmas running during which I have been working in the studio, and though everything is humming at top speed at Savoy Hill, the Christmas spirit is abroad, and the staff is keener to please than ever. The Chief Announcer does not actually wear a false nose or a paper cap, but looks as though he might produce one at any moment. This symposium is supposed to provide broadcasters with an opportunity of replying to those listeners who have addressed complimentary or uncomplimentary 'open letters' to them. As it happens, no one has yet addressed an unkind letter to me, so it is very easy for me to wish you a very Merry Christmas.—Hermione Gingold.



### 'GOOD HUNTING,' SAYS SIR WALFORD DAVIES.

IF a 'microphonist' were asked what he thinks, he would answer, I fancy, that he doesn't think so much as he ventures, and suffers, and enjoys, and ventures again. He probably makes a good though critical listener, for he knows the cares of microphone work. The chief of the broadcaster's little difficulties are the praises and blames of listeners. Yet they are obviously necessary, like the pattings and spurtings that a pony or a donkey gets from his many riders on the beach. One interesting symptom is worth noting. If you get an abusive letter from any listener and answer it sensibly, the abuser and the abused seem to become friends for life. I particularly remember one letter which begged me, if I must speak at the microphone, 'in heaven's name not to be so fatuous.' I asked the writer to guide me a little more in detail, and we both managed to benefit by the correspondence.

But letters can be a mixed blessing. The game's the thing—the chase of ideas on both sides of the microphone—the mental chase of common glories. I suppose there's no place in the world like the microphone for a spacious meet. Good hunting in 1931!—Your obedient servant, Walford Davies.

### 'SO LONG, FOLKS,' SAYS TOMMY HANDLEY.

HELLO! good folks who've criticized me here,  
 To all of you I wish a Good New Year.  
 For bouquets and for bricks I thank you too,  
 I've done my best to earn them.  
 Your bouquets I will keep; your bricks? Well, gladly I'll return them.  
 You've told me what I'm worth; your letters I rejoice in,  
 They prove that one man's mirth may be another's poison!  
 Yet when I read your notes this point has oft arisen,  
 'Though every listener thinks, does every thinker listen?'  
 For six years now you've heard my puffing puns and jokes,  
 Worse ones I have in store, so, so long, folks!

—Tommy Handley.

### WALTON O'DONNELL'S QUANDARY.

SOME of you strafe the military band unwearingly for scrounging in the good old Army way music which does not belong to it, for playing the symphonies and overtures which are the exclusive property of its brother the orchestra. And some of you would be indignant if we played you only the music which is really our own—what little there is of that. So there we are, between the devil and the deep sea, escaping now from one, now from the other, but never escaping scot-free. Some day the band may really have a repertoire of its very own, enough for the 150 concerts a year we offer you: we hope so.—B. Walton O'Donnell.

### EDWARD O'HENRY'S MEDLEY.

'SEATED one day at the organ,' I heard them calling me,  
 'By Killarney's lakes and fells,' and 'Across the sand of Dec.'  
 Said one: 'A song about the Mississippi and old folk shuffling along.'  
 Another cried, 'Oh, can that stuff! Give us "Love's old sweet song"!';  
 A third (he had a lofty brow),  
 Said, 'Fugue me a Fugue, old Bach's a "wow"!' I  
 My hair is growing whiter, will listeners love me more?  
 In frantic haste I turn the leaves and fumble with the score.  
 Shall I walk 'in a Monastery Garden'? Shall I sail 'on the ocean wave'?  
 Whatever I play, it seems to me, will cause some fellow to rave.  
 'Then down the aisle there came a man whose face was old and grey.'  
 'I'll tell you son,' he said to me, 'the tunes you ought to play:  
 With all the force contained within the organ's mighty bellows  
 Proclaim this theme—"Peace, perfect Peace," then tell them  
 they're "jolly good fellows."'  
 —Edward O'Henry.

(Continued on page 830).



—has been delving in his note-book for impressions of prominent broadcasters he has met when visiting the B.B.C. Studios.



# An Antique Story THE CUP AND THE LIP

By  
Frederic Walker

STANDING behind his shop window, Mr. Ebenezer Beck glowered upon as much of the dismal frontage of Aldgate Street as was visible through the grimy panes, and revolved deep and vicious thoughts around the theme of an almost empty till.

Five shillings and eightpence represented the sum of the day's receipts; it was an insult to one who attempted to reconcile a champagne and oyster taste with a beer and whelk treasury.

In half an hour the shutters would bar the fading light from his window. Already the gloom was deepening perceptibly around the antiques which cluttered his poky premises. Mr. Beck moved away from the uninspiring window and sat down behind his counter. Young Albert, his assistant, ceased fidgeting in his corner, and tentatively approached the electric light switch.

'Shall I put the light on, uncle?' asked the boy.

'You'll do what you're told when you're told,' grunted Mr. Beck.

'It's getting dark,' his nephew pointed out unnecessarily. Mr. Beck ignored him. Albert was his sister's child, but the dealer preferred not to think of the relationship. The youth was too stupid and too unreliable to find employment elsewhere, but there was no other boy in the district to whom Mr. Beck could have paid Albert's insignificant wage and continued to employ.

Albert's dumbness was not without virtue; doubtless the boy had heard of the business of a 'fence,' but he never dreamed of applying the term to the secretive transactions which his uncle conducted within the inner recesses of the establishment.

'... and there's a man at the window,' Albert ventured again.

Mr. Beck, opening his mouth in further admonishment, caught sight of the tall figure standing outside the shop.

'The lights—quickly,' he shouted. 'Put 'em all on, it's Mr. Holloway. . . .' He dashed to the door to prevent his patron from moving away unnoticed. 'Something caught your eye, sir?' he queried, ingratiatingly, of his customer. 'I've acquired one or two things since your last visit.'

'So I perceive.' Mr. Holloway was an elderly gentleman with a scholarly stoop and the shabbiness of an eccentric millionaire. He was reputed to possess the finest collection of antique glassware in the country.

He entered the shop, blinking in the sudden blaze of light; and producing his spectacles, he peered above the curtain into the window. His expert eye ignored a curiously variegated collection of junk and became fixed interestedly upon a dainty, long-stemmed glass.

'That Jacobean goblet looks intriguing, Beck,' he said, slowly. 'Has it been in long?'

'It was brought here yesterday by a young, foreign gentleman,' the dealer lied swiftly. 'He is disposing of some family pieces before he returns to Brazil, and I gathered that the glass was part of the inheritance.'

He took the goblet from its stand as he spoke. 'A customer was making inquiries about it only this morning,' he continued, 'but I fancy that the price was a bit above him.'

Mr. Beck handed the heavy, fragile piece to the collector, who received it tenderly, as a young curate takes a child.

'Umph! Either this is a strange likeness or a very good replica,' murmured Mr. Holloway, scrutinizing the goblet closely. 'I could swear that it is the same—'

'The same?' The dealer raised his eyebrows.

Mr. Holloway nodded and pursed his lips thoughtfully. 'My house was burgled about six months ago,' he said; 'perhaps you read about it at the time? I lost a little money and a few antiques. There was a Jacobean glass very similar to this among the—ah—booty.'

'Well, would you believe it?' Mr. Beck demanded, unblinkingly. He had purchased the goblet for five pounds. Curiously enough, the seedy young man who had parted with it, at great sacrifice, had come to the side door of the shop on the evening which followed the robbery at Mr. Holloway's Kensington establishment.

'There are not many goblets of this period on offer,' the collector mused, 'and this would complete my set again. Of course, it cannot be the same piece—'



Albert lumbered forward obediently.

'Of course not, sir. Although it isn't a common glass, as you say,' agreed Mr. Beck, eagerly. 'Just look at those markings—'

'Forty pounds,' interrupted Mr. Holloway, who had observed the markings.

'I'll take it, sir.' The dealer reserved his haggling abilities for lesser fry. 'Albert,' he called to the boy. 'Take this glass into the store room and pack it carefully for the gentleman.'

Albert lumbered forward obediently. The old collector laid his notes on the counter while Mr. Beck, stifling an impulse to burst into song, busied himself with a receipt. With forty pounds in hand he could face his creditors with dignity.

Several minutes passed without the reappearance of Albert, and it occurred to Mr. Beck that the boy was unduly delaying the parcel. He glanced at Mr. Holloway, who was pottering genially around the shop, and at that moment was immersed in the contemplation of a jet-and-gold landscape inlaid into the dusty panels of a Chinese cabinet.

Mr. Beck excused himself without being heard, and slipped quietly into his store-room, his brow dark with suspicion.

On the threshold he pulled up sharply. His jaw dropped as he stared aghast at the remnants of forty pounds' worth of glass which lay scattered on the table before his miserable assistant.

'It—it slipped,' quavered young Albert, moving out of reach.

Mr. Beck, master of invective, writhed for several passionate moments in wordless fury. He had sufficient presence of mind to close the door behind him; then, somehow, he controlled his rage and conducted a swift examination of the wreckage. The goblet had not splintered, but lay in about a dozen large pieces.

The dealer thought rapidly, seeking a way to cover his loss. He might conceal the breakage and trust in the one chance in a million that Holloway would drop the package on his way home. . . . If Holloway dropped the parcel! Mr. Beck's eye lit with inspiration. The collector was a generous and a rich man. The mere thought that he was in any way responsible for the breaking of the goblet would assure his refusal to accept the return of his forty pounds. Providing he could be caused to break the thing in the shop. . . . Mr. Beck took his nephew firmly and ungently by the ear.

'Listen carefully, Albert,' he breathed, 'and you may escape a thrashing. . . . Wrap those pieces together, put 'em in tissue paper, and pack them into a box as if nothing had happened. When you bring the parcel into the shop, hand it first to me. I'll do the rest—understand?'

Albert nodded dumbly and wriggled himself free. The dealer returned to the shop, closing the door behind him.

'The boy couldn't find a suitable box, sir,' he told his patron, easily, 'but the parcel will be ready in a moment. . . . There's nothing else you fancy just now?'

'I don't think so,' replied Mr. Holloway, smiling. 'But I am very satisfied with that goblet, you know.'

Mr. Beck nodded sympathetically, although his private opinion concerning the mentality of people who handled antiques without hoping for a cash reward was neither flattering nor altogether polite.

The inner door opened slowly and Albert entered the shop, carrying the box gingerly before him. Mr. Beck accepted the parcel with an exaggerated caution. He examined the soundness of its wrappings before he prepared to hand it to his customer. Mr. Holloway put away his spectacles.

'Here you are, Mr. Holloway,' beamed Mr. Beck, as he emerged from behind the counter. 'And any time you care to come this way again. . . . Look out, sir!' The dealer's voice rose startlingly into a shout and Mr. Holloway faltered as he grasped the parcel. An instant later, as if by its own volition, the goblet slipped out of his fingers.

'My goblet!' cried Mr. Beck, making a futile dive after the package as it crashed to the uncarpeted floor.

Mr. Holloway stared upon it in dismay, and vented his annoyance in a mild imprecation. 'I do hope it isn't broken,' he said, devoutly.

'I was sure you had it safely, sir,' groaned Mr. Beck, his fingers already busy with the string. 'Forty pounds' worth—'

'It was entirely my fault,' Mr. Holloway assured him. 'The money is of little account to me, anyway; but that glass would be difficult to replace. I do hope it is intact. . . .'

The brown paper wrapping was removed. Mr. Beck tore the lid from the box and lifted the outer layer of newspaper. Together the two men bent anxiously above it, and together they gasped.

The shattered goblet lay within the box as Albert had packed it, and each fragment of glass was wrapped separately in tissue paper!



*A Unique Contribution which will interest you*  
**HOW A DETECTIVE  
 STORY IS PLANNED**

Revealed by A. G. MacDONELL ('Neil Gordon')

THE problem that the author set himself:—

To stage a murder in one of the studios at Savoy Hill while a talk is actually in progress, so that every listener can hear all the sounds which are made during the murder. One of these sounds to lead in the end to the murderer.

A few preliminary considerations which arise:—

1. The sound of the actual killing must not be *obviously* the sound of a struggle or a murder, otherwise every listener will instantly say, 'Hullo! That was a pistol shot.' Or, 'Hullo! That's a desperate struggle going on.' The sounds must be such that only when the listeners read in their papers that there has been a murder, will they begin to rack their brains for the crucial sounds. Therefore:

2. There must be at least one crucial sound, if not more. What is it to be?

3. There are three classes from which to draw the murderer and the victim:—

- (a) The broadcaster.
- (b) A stranger from outside.
- (c) An official of the B.B.C.

4. As this scenario is being designed for *The Radio Times*, 3(c) should be ruled out, as the officials might not like it, and might reject my manuscript. Therefore

5. At least one other man must be introduced into the Studio\* during the broadcast. How?

6. The motive for choosing such a dangerous and public spot for a murder? One or other must have wanted to broadcast a special message or prevent a special message from being broadcast. What special message? Financial? An S.O.S. for a missing heir? The description of a criminal?

7. If the broadcaster is the victim, how does the murderer get out? At first sight it looks as if the broadcaster will have to be the murderer. If so, it will have to be an ingenious and agile broadcaster to commit an almost noiseless murder and keep his talk going at the same time.

The opening of the book, containing scene, murder, and all available facts up to the opening of the Scotland Yard inquiry by Inspector Blank.

At 9.25 the famous scientist, Professor Lillywhite, gave a talk about Potential Energetic Exploitation of the Atom. The Professor is elderly, bearded, absent-minded, etc. His talk came to an end four minutes before the scheduled time, and it was not for another couple

\* Query: What does a studio look like? Must try and cadge an invitation to Savoy Hill.

† Memo.: To consult scientific friend to get the wording right.

of minutes that the B.B.C. Announcer, taken by surprise by the unexpectedly early finish, arrived in the Studio to press the button which informs the engineering department that the talk is over, and that the microphone should be disconnected. The Announcer then shook hands with the Professor and showed him out, and came back to the Studio to switch off the lights. He noticed that a bookcase had been pulled out a couple of feet from the wall. He looked behind it, and saw a man's body. The man had been shot in the back of the head.

First discoveries by local police-sergeant:—

1. That the man was shot at close quarters.
2. That he was a dark, clean-shaven man, about forty, wearing an old tweed suit and button boots.
3. That he had nothing in his pockets, except a false black moustache with waxed ends.
4. That no one at the B.B.C. knew who he was.
5. That the Professor had not returned to the Athenæum Club, where he was staying for the night.

Next morning the Professor's body was found floating in the Thames opposite the Chelsea Embankment, shot through the head and clutching a revolver, out of which two bullets had been fired, in his hand. The revolver was secured round his neck with a lanyard.

The same morning a terrific panic burst upon the City, when tens of thousands of share-

—AND HOW THIS STORY  
 CAME TO BE WRITTEN

Several months ago the Editor invited Mr. A. G. MacDonell ('Neil Gordon,' author of *The Big Ben Alibi*) to write a broadcasting mystery-story for the Christmas Number. A fortnight later, the author submitted a skeleton synopsis of his story for approval. This synopsis was so interesting as a revelation of the precise and methodical way in which such stories are built up in outline before the actual writing is begun that the editor asked Mr. MacDonell's permission to print it as it stood.

holders in the vast Imperial Gold Mines Company flung their shares simultaneously upon the market, acting upon the report which had been officially broadcast the night before from Savoy Hill, that the Chairman of the I.G.M. Company† had committed suicide, that three Directors had been arrested for embezzlement and fraud, and that seven others had disappeared and were urgently wanted by Scotland Yard. The broadcast report concluded with the statement that the gravest fears were being entertained about the financial position of the Company.

It was in vain that bulletins were issued by the Chairman, affirming that he was in the best of health; it was in vain that denials, assurances and balance-sheets were issued, and that Scotland Yard broadcast a special message at 11.15 a.m., that nothing was further from its thoughts than the arrest of the Director of the Company. It was too late. The damage was done, and in a few hours fortunes had been lost and won.

The fatal report had been broadcast in the following circumstances:—

A minute or two after Professor Lillywhite had, with a certain amount of nervous preliminary coughing and throat-clearing, begun his talk, he had been interrupted by another voice which, also after a preliminary cough, began by apologizing to the Professor and to the public for the interruption, and excusing it on the grounds of extreme urgency, and then delivered the message. After the message was finished there was a pause of about thirty seconds, and then the Professor resumed his talk.

The B.B.C.'s statement:—

1. That none of the officials knew anything about it.
2. That the Professor's secretary had telephoned on the morning of the talk, and asked that the Professor should be alone in the Studio while broadcasting, as he was nervous in front of strangers.
3. That the Announcer in charge was given instructions to this effect.
4. That, just as the Professor was due to begin his talk, a man rushed up the steps of the B.B.C., breathlessly stating that he was the Professor's secretary, and that the Professor had brought the wrong manuscript with him. Naturally, he was rushed up to the Studio. He was bareheaded,

†Memo.: To look up Stock Exchange Year Book in case there is an existing I.G.M. Coy.





dressed in an old, rough suit (so far as the Commissionaire could remember), had a big black moustache with waxed ends, and carried a fairly large despatch-case.

5. That no one had seen him go out.

6. The Announcer in charge of the Studio had a complete alibi for the period between his two formal statements, introducing and concluding, and was, in any case, above suspicion.

7. That the bookcase was not pulled out from the wall before the Professor's talk began.

8. That the Announcer noticed a strong smell of methylated spirits in the Studio when he came in at the end of the talk.

Further discoveries by local police-sergeant:—

1. That it was the dead man who smelt of methylated spirits.

2. That the Professor carried away a despatch-case when he left the building, but no one could say for certain whether or not he had brought one with him.

3. That he had no secretary.

4. That he had arrived at the Athenæum on the morning of the day, had deposited his suit-case and inquired of the hall porter the way to Savoy Hill. That he had then gone out, and had not returned.

Arrival of Inspector Blank, Scotland Yard. First tasks:—

1. To arrange for an appeal to be broadcast that everyone who could remember anything unusual about the sounds which they heard during the Professor's talk should write in an immediate and detailed account of them.

2. To arrange for a large staff of clerks to be ready to sift and co-ordinate the replies.

3. To get into touch with the Professor's home in Worcestershire.

4. To send out inquiries about:—

- (a) The dead man's identity.
- (b) The maker of the old tweed suit.
- (c) The seller of the elastic-sided boots.
- (d) The seller of the false moustache.
- (e) The revolver and lanyard.
- (f) The records of all the B.B.C. Announcers.\*

5. To arrange for a finger-mark expert to examine the Studio—and, in particular, the bookcase.

6. To arrange for the police surgeons of Chelsea and Westminster (query: is Savoy Hill in Westminster?) to compare the two bullets as soon as possible.

General result of the response to the broadcast appeal:—

That the Announcer had been perfectly normal in introducing the Professor; that the Professor had been going for about one minute when the interruption took place; that just before the interruption there had been a very distinct 'pop,' which was described as follows (classified by the staff of clerks):—

- (a) Sixty-one per cent. described it as a cough, but deeper in tone than the Professor's preliminary coughs.
- (b) Nineteen per cent. described it as a not very violent blow.
- (c) Twelve per cent. described it as a sneeze.
- (d) Three per cent. described it as a beer-bottle being opened.
- (e) The remaining five per cent., variously, as something falling to the floor, a stone dropping into a pool of water, a dog with croup (query: do dogs have croup? If not, what do they have?), a man sneering audibly (as written 'Hub'), a paper bag being exploded, the first puff of an engine about to start, and other suggestions.

\* Cut this out. The B.B.C. mightn't like it.

Then came the statement about I.G.M., Ltd., in a voice that sounded like any ordinary Announcer (i.e. Oxford accent!); then a pause of about thirty seconds followed by the rest of the Professor's talk. At the end of the talk there were a few seconds of atmospherics, and then at least a couple of minutes before the first Announcer made the formal statement 'that concludes Professor Lillywhite's, etc.'

The first police theory:—

That the stranger had bluffed the Professor into letting him broadcast the message, and that the Professor had then shot him with an air-pistol. This involved the assumption that either:

- (a) The Professor went suddenly mad; or—
- (b) That the Professor suddenly recognized the stranger as a life-long enemy; or—
- (c) That the Professor's life-savings were invested in I.G.M.'s, and that he shot the stranger on the general principle of executing the bearer of ill-tidings, and that the Professor habitually carried an air-pistol,

all of which was so patently absurd that this theory was dropped at once.

First results of Inspector Blank's inquiries:—

1. That the Professor was a widower; that his butler-valet could throw no light upon the affair, except to reiterate that his master was the kindest and gentlest of men.

2. That the old tweed suit was bought in the Fulham Road by a man in a big overcoat and tinted glasses, after dark, and that the shop-keeper could not give any help.

3. That the elastic-sided boots had been bought in a similar way in the Harrow Road.

Deductions from Nos. 2 and 3: that the crime was very carefully planned.

4. No finger-marks in the Studio except those of the Announcer on the door-knob.

Deduction: that the crime was very carefully executed, and that the Professor also wore gloves throughout his talk.

5. That the two bullets were not identical. The Savoy Hill bullet was smaller than the Chelsea bullet.

Second police theory:—

That the Professor had organized this vast financial raid; that the stranger got wind of the scheme and came to frustrate it; that the Professor recognized his intention as soon as he entered the Studio and shot him with an air-pistol (the sound of the pistol being taken for the cough, etc.); that the Professor then carried out his scheme, imitating the Announcer's voice, and, by hurrying up his talk, secured an extra two minutes at the end in which to hide the body.

This involved the assumptions:—

- (a) That the Professor was a murderous and desperate swindler.
- (b) That his habitual mildness was the mask of a lifetime.
- (c) That he was endowed with superb presence of mind and physical agility, for he must have shot the man, caught the body (the sound of a fall would have reverberated into the microphone), and gone on with his talk, without taking his mouth away from the microphone for more than a few seconds. (No one reported a fading-away of tone in his voice.) The Professor, according to 'Who's Who,' was seventy-one.

† Find out, if possible, whether the Announcers would resent this description; alternatively, perhaps *The Radio Times* doesn't care what the Announcers think.

(d) That after this brilliantly successful coup, he was shot by someone else, or else for some inscrutable reason, shot himself.

All of which seemed to Inspector Blank to be unlikely.

More police discoveries.

The dead man is identified as Henry Parrott, shady financier, managing director of a one-man firm.

His chief clerk's statement:—

- (a) That the firm, i.e., Parrott, was hopelessly and utterly ruined by the fall of I.G.M., Ltd.
- (b) That Parrott had been buying I.G.M.'s for weeks in anticipation of a sensational rise.
- (c) That he lived in Putney, on the river.
- (d) That the only business acquaintance Parrott seemed to have was a George Eltringham, who had given Parrott £10,000 to invest in I.G.M.'s.

Eltringham's statement:—

- (a) That he had known Parrott for a year or two in a business way.
- (b) That he had given Parrott £10,000 to invest for him in gilt-edged stock.
- (c) That he had had no idea that Parrott was going to plunge everything into I.G.M.'s.
- (d) That he was utterly appalled by the loss of his £10,000.

Superintendent Jones of Scotland Yard takes a hand, and decides to abandon theories and try common sense; he builds up the following sequence, based on the assumption that the Professor was one of the mildest and gentlest of men, who wouldn't hurt a fly.

1. That the murder was committed during the broadcast, and therefore
2. The man was killed with an air-pistol.
3. A sound which might easily have been the discharge of an air-pistol actually occurred during the broadcast, and therefore
4. In all human probability the sound was the sound of an air-pistol. Therefore
5. The man was dead before the bogus announcement.

And as, according to the basic assumption, the Professor could not have perpetrated a murder and a swindle, therefore

6. A third person must have been in the room.

The only drawback to this view is that it is unsupported by the faintest shred of evidence. Jones maintains that there must have been a third man, and yet the third man simply doesn't exist.

Further police inquiries prove:—

1. That no clues of any sort are discoverable at the house at Putney except traces of blood in a boat at the foot of the garden.
2. That Eltringham can be identified with a John Johansen, who sold a large number of I.G.M. shares just before the crash. ‡
3. That Eltringham admits this. (Make him a quiet, cool sort of card.)

‡ The Committee of the Stock Exchange furnish Scotland Yard with a confidential list of people who sold I.G.M.'s before the crash. This part should be worked up a bit. Might fill two chapters.—A. G. MacDonell.



# THE SPINET: UNUSUAL GHOST-STORY

I HAVE seldom been so conscious of a particular member of my audience. He was sitting quite near the piano, and among so many unresponsive faces his was alert and sensitive. I began my recital with some pieces of Scarlatti, and he applauded them generously. He had that smile which is all wistfulness, as of a man remembering, with a faint edge of satire. He might have been a Venetian, out of one of Guardi's pictures, to whom the music brought back carnivals long ago. It was later that I noticed that he smiled only with his lips; his eyes remained changeless and remote. I played a Beethoven sonata and some Chopin—I can remember each item, for nothing that happened that day can ever be forgotten—but to these he seemed strangely indifferent. I wondered if he was interested only in the older music, and to test it I played as an encore a piece of Rameau. This appeared to revive him, and again his applause was generous. After the recital a card was brought to me, which said 'Mr. Lewis Dormer, Martins,' and he followed it.

He was tall and spare. He might have been any age. His face, which was of an extreme pallor, was without a wrinkle. He had a shock of iron-grey hair. There was something of the seigneur about him; old clothes, worn with an air; gestures a shade too eloquent for an Englishman's; an almost Levantine smell of Turkish tobacco, mingled with excellent soap and the peatiness of his coat; and that courteous, compelling smile. I recall these details because I have to account to myself for accepting his invitation to drive out to his house and dine. I had made arrangements to return to London by the evening train. But I am affected strangely by audiences; and the audience in this sea-coast town on this December afternoon had left me crushed and dispirited. He seemed like a being from another world; he administered, I suppose, some tonic that I immediately needed; and almost before I realized that I had accepted, I was in his car, driving in the direction of the Weald.

He had said charming things about my playing, and in no conventional way. He spoke little as we went along, though once he hummed the air of the Rameau and said it reminded him of a hunting-scene in a tapestry. I told him it was called 'La Chasse.' In about an hour we drew up, not at a mansion, as I had expected, but at what seemed either a large cottage or a small farmhouse. This was Martins. It stood at the end of a lane upon some rising ground; there was a group of sentinel firs around it. We had passed the village some mile back. The house was built of flint in the Sussex way and was square, and plain, and strong. It looked very lonely. Dusk had long fallen and the stars were out. One could see across the dark county the distant line of the downs. The air was crisp and sea-scented.

I was beginning to wonder if I had been impulsive and to wish that I had caught my train to town, but the welcome of Martins was irresistible. We entered into a living-hall lined with books and with some beautiful pieces of antique furniture. A fire of logs blazed in an open hearth. A table was set for dinner, and

I noticed it was set for two. Had he expected someone, or was there a Mrs. Dormer? It had been a cold drive; the good fire, the delicate shading of the lamps, and the deep content of the house drugged nerves that were still inclined to jangle. From the hall we passed into a sitting-room. One uses the phrase 'walking into a picture'; here it was a picture such as one might find in a French story-book. One seemed to have stepped across the Channel into the parlour of some old château in Brittany. It was hard to believe that there had been any break in the life of the room since its furniture was first bought and assembled.

*The author of 'The Spinet,' W. Rooke-Ley, has contributed articles on musical history to 'The Radio Times.' In this adventure by candlelight we meet him in a new vein.*

It was all French, and each piece so inevitably placed as to produce the repose of certain chords in music. Surely a white-capped maid in a sprigged dress had lit that bright fire, and a farm-hand in bobbed wig and coloured fustian brought in that basket of logs? One expected to find embroidery lying about, as though the door had just closed on some beauty of the court of Versailles who had hurried from the room after a hasty glance at her coiffure in the mirror over the hearth; or a book turned down, where Monsieur had suddenly been called away. On one wall hung the portrait of a dancer after the manner, I should have said, of Le Brun. In the background of the picture were the clipped alleys of a garden with the statue of a god playing his reed; before this statue, the dancer sank in deep obeisance, her tarlatan skirt brushing the grass. This was the only picture in the room. A magnificent borzoi stretched its long, nervous frame before the fire. In a corner by the windows stood a spinet.

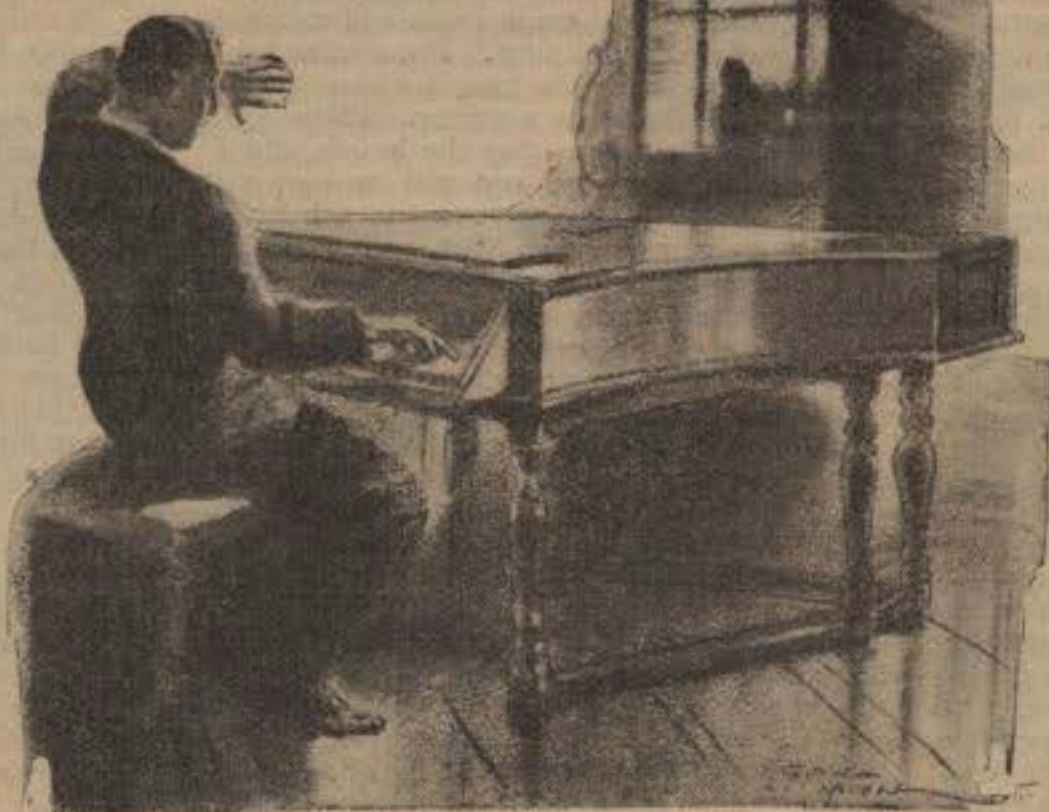
My host told me that he seldom used the

parlour. I found there was no Mrs. Dormer; indeed, the only other person in the house appeared to be a servant, whom I could hear busy in the kitchen. He was his own cook; but his tone implied that I need have no apprehensions. When he said that he must presently be attending to the dinner he spoke as an artist might speak of going to his studio. In the meantime, perhaps I could amuse myself with a book, and he fetched one or two from the hall. One was a volume of Goldoni comedies with illustrations from contemporary painters, which he said would help me to interpret Scarlatti, 'whom already I played so charmingly.' He hoped I should play to him after dinner; this was why the parlour had been got ready. And upon this compliment he left me.

I had little inclination to read. I was content to listen to the friendly chatter of the fire, to watch the dance of flames upon faded gilt and brocade. I let my eyes wander round the room and rest in its harmonies. I turned over the pages of the Goldoni, but my attention was languid; I surrendered to drowsiness and before long I was dozing. I had that dream, all too rare, of composing the most ravishing melody which one is sure one can retain upon waking, but which one rarely can. Whether because my last conscious impression was the girl in the tarlatan skirt, it was a dance measure; a sarabande, very gracious and wistful, and it fitted well that old formal garden and the lovely drooping figure on the grass. The garden came to life in my dream, only it was a night-garden, and there was a scurry of lanterns, like huge moths behind the hedges, and the glitter of jewelled lords and ladies moving as in a masque. And the dancer danced to my tune, and the reed moved slowly in the god's mouth, and presently the music snapped and the god jumped from his pedestal and plunged into the dark avenues, and I knew somehow that he was the expected guest at Martins for whom the table had been laid, and who had forgotten his invitation and was now hurrying to arrive in time! Then I awoke, surprised to find him still upon his pedestal. But my beautiful melody had vanished.

My sleep removed the last traces of headache; and there stood my host bowing me to dinner. I should remember that dinner, but for the evening that followed it, as one of the pleasantest in my life. I was now able to observe him more closely; increasingly he intrigued and fascinated me. I asked him, by the way, whether he had really expected me, and he answered that certainly he had prepared for me. Then he added, with that disarming smile: 'Sometimes one is quite sure.' The dinner itself was very simple; but admirable. In honour of the December night we drank a memorable Côtes Rôties that brought the sun-baked slopes of Provence into the cold north. He told me that he had often heard me play and that he knew me quite well. Once more he managed to give these words a significance beyond their context. So often his words, in his slow, musical utterance, seemed to suggest more than they would have done in the mouth of a man less elusive, less mystifying. It was difficult to place him. Was he an artist—he told me he had himself painted that portrait

My resistance collapsed suddenly, and my head sprang upwards, like a spring released. And in the mirror I saw the figure of a stranger staring into the room.





of the dancer; she was his great-grandmother; he had painted her 'from memory,' what did this mean?—or a writer (I should surely have heard of him) or merely an amateur in the old sense, a dilettante? I remember slipping out the word 'collector,' and how angry he became. He had a strange sensitiveness in regard to furniture; his views on 'collecting' were fanatical. 'Antiques' was a cruel word for things with such life and personality; they were so charged, he said, with human emotion and private memories that the break-up of an old home, the exposure of its contents in the dealer's window, was a kind of betrayal. But principally our talk was on music, though he would admit nothing later than Mozart; and I seemed to breathe the very air in which any music we mentioned was written, so vivid and so real was the life he seemed able to build up around it. He would indulge me in long pauses, whenever he had said something arresting, and I would look up from a reverie to see his pale, ageless face in the candle-light watching me with those enigmatic lips.

We returned to the parlour for our coffee, which was brought in, like the dishes during dinner, by an odd, under-sized creature who recalled his master in that he, too, seemed to have no particular age. Also he appeared to be dumb: a disability that always affects me uncomfortably. The borzoi was still there, but when we had finished our coffee the servant was summoned to lead it out of the room. 'Anette does not like music,' said my host, 'and you are going to play to me.' I heard it being tied up in a shed, and later I heard a gate clang and footsteps fade away down the lane. I gathered this was the servant leaving. I supposed it was already late; and there had been a promise to drive me to a main-line station. But my host opened the spinet. I remember that the last sound I heard before I began to play was the far-away whistle of a train. It was like a whisper from a world I had forgotten.

My fingers woke the sleeping music of the spinet and the silvery sounds sparkled like crystals. But I had not played many notes before I became aware that my fingers were not as dexterous as usual. It was not entirely that I was playing on a spinet. And they were not out of practice. After a little time I found myself playing wrong notes. At first it was only one or two here and there; then several in succession. I was playing a Handel prelude; I stumbled like a beginner. It was not that my memory failed me but that my fingers refused to follow my brain. Then I thought I would improvise. Again my brain dictated the music and again my fingers seemed unable to obey. I hardly dared look at my host. I wondered whether he was thinking his *Côtes Rôties* had been too much for me. To my surprise he appeared to notice nothing. He was sitting in a tall chair, appreciative and encouraging; just as he had looked at my recital. I was definitely playing badly. Before long I was conscious that a force, a magnetism was gaining possession of me; and that this magnetism was directing my fingers, not merely away from what I wanted to play, but towards something other. Soon the wrong notes were no longer isolated: they grouped themselves into phrases, so that now my own notes, wrenched from the spinet with what effort of will, were the false. I stole another glance at my host. Now I saw that his hands were beating time to the music; but only to the phrases that were not mine. These became more and more frequent; something was shaping itself under my hands; the alien phrases

fell together like the pieces of a puzzle; and with the last flicker of my resistance, I knew that what my fingers were playing was something I had heard before. It was the sarabande of my dream.

I longed with all my being to break away from the spinet. I was held there by fear. There was something behind me, something I dared not see, and that I was bound to see if I tried to reach the door. Behind me was the window. The curtains were drawn when we entered the room; but now I felt, I was convinced, the window was exposed. I tried to stop playing, but that brought on a sort of panic. And now an instinct told me to keep my eyes on the keyboard. The room had become darker, for we



had been content with the firelight and the logs had burnt to a glow. Covertly I shot underglances towards the hearth. There he sat, his hands no longer beating time, huddled in his chair. I could make out the velvet of his coat, the twinkle of his shoe-buckles, and his hair, which looked like a periwig. And suddenly I knew what instinct had made me lower my eyes.

All my life I have had a fear of uncurtained windows. My nightmare has always consisted of being alone in a room at night and seeing a face pressed against the pane. But a refinement of my terror is to see the face, not through the window, but reflected in a mirror. I have said that there was a mirror over the hearth, and I was facing it. I braced my will to keep on playing, and to fasten my eyes on the keys. But the same magnetism that had governed my hands seemed now to challenge my head. The more I struggled to keep it lowered, the more powerfully it seemed to be drawn upwards. The room was now almost dark, and I could see a pool of moonlight about my feet. I felt myself yielding. And then a pitiful sound shattered the stillness: it was the borzoi. No one could mistake the terror in those howls. But from the man by the fire came no sign at all. My resistance collapsed suddenly, and my head sprang upwards, like a spring released. And in the mirror I saw the figure of a stranger staring into the room.

I suppose it was only a matter of seconds, but it seemed an eternity. I could note a body, taut and agile; eyes that burned with a dreadful purpose; I saw what the hand held and where

it pointed. I felt some thing brush against my cheek like a veil of lace. I saw the man's fingers move; I heard the piercing cry of a woman. Then I must have fainted.

The landlord of the inn in a remote Sussex village will remember, if he still lives, a distracted man who pounded on his door that midnight, and how the story he heard added only another to the legends of Martins and its owner. For all this happened in the winter before the War. I had had sufficient strength when I revived to refuse all help from the smiling, sinister face I found bending over me, to get out of the house, make for the village as fast as I could, and knock at the first door.

Nor, when I could look back calmly on that evening, would I bring myself to communicate with Mr. Lewis Dormer. I have heard since that he died in an asylum, and that his house and its contents were sold. I cannot help thinking of their disposal among dealers, and how it would have angered him. It was only by chance events, at wide intervals, that I was able to discover any information to throw light on what I had experienced.

The first was some years later. We were discussing a *crime passionnel* that was before the courts, in which the accused man had refused to plead to the indictment. A barrister was telling us of the old procedure in such cases, how speech was crushed out of the prisoner by the pressure of stones on his body; *peine forte et dure* it was called. He went on to recall the case of an Italian named Simoneti at the Sussex Assizes in 1790, or thereabouts. We asked what Simoneti had done, and he said that, as far as he could remember, the man had shot a Frenchman and his wife, refugees from the Terror, and had refused either to plead or to give any account of himself. Somehow the name Simoneti lingered in my memory.

The next happened when one day I was turning over the pages of some French memoirs, the kind that were published in the early years of the Empire to discredit the *ancien régime*. My eye fell on the following: 'The Marquis d'Orme was not a man to brook the rivalry of an Italian dancer, and the simple expedient of a *lettre de cachet* secured his removal to the Bastille. The fair ballerina, knowing nothing of this, and believing her lover to have deserted her, in course of time surrendered to the advances of her noble wooer. It is said that at the Revolution the Marquis and his wife escaped to England.'

The last was only a few months ago. I was in a friend's flat and the radio was on. An orchestra was playing something I knew. Savoy Hill has a *flair* for the buried music of the past, and this, I suppose, was one of its excavations. I flew to the programmes. It was a ballet suite by Grétry. It was easy to look up its history. This ballet, *Arlequin et Columbine*, had been the rage of Paris in the decade of the Revolution.

And now, whenever I hear that sarabande, I think of a night when two lovers danced it together for the last time, unconscious of eyes that watched them from a box, and of soldiers who were waiting for one of them in a dark alley behind the theatre. To how many happenings, gay and tragic, may it have been the music, running in the heads and hummed on the lips of how many men and women noble and humble, in those terrible years! On the Day of the Bastille, perhaps its gracious, wistful refrain still haunted one of the prisoners freed, who was soon to set his face to the north with revenge in his heart.

W. ROORE-LEV.



# ALL NAPLES IN A CHRISTMAS DAY

A MAJORITY of people, who will not be feeling the cold too much, are hoping for a snowy Christmas. They call it 'seasonable weather,' and certainly it is more like Christmas when this happens. But an even more delightful experience is to have snow in a place where it is of such rare occurrence that the children have scarcely seen it before. It has been the writer's good fortune to spend two snowy Christmases at Naples, and they were an unforgettable experience.

People hurry through Naples to see Pompeii and never bother about the city itself, though, in many ways, it is the most interesting town in Europe. What other city has an active volcano just outside it? What other town has had a big population ever since the Greeks founded it? Rome sank so low that it had more statues in it than human beings, but this never happened to Naples. It has churches and palaces as fine as any in Italy. It has a traditional name for music. These are its assets; and when a liberal amount of snow is thrown over it all, and Vesuvius, across the bay, looks like a Japanese print of Fujiyama, is it any wonder that Christmas there is an enchantment?

The sky is clear and blue, of just the right tone for this ground of snow, and the sun is so inviting that the whole morning can be spent walking about in the town. It is cold enough to give energy and appetite; in fact, altogether, a more delightful morning could not be imagined, and it seems only fair to ask anyone who reads these lines to come along as well, bringing a coat, because it may be cold in some of the churches.

The Bay looks so beautiful that it is difficult to walk away from it into the town, but there will be time enough to look at that later on in the day. We are in the square opposite the Royal Palace. Here is the San Carlo Opera House; it joins on actually to the Palace, as, perhaps, opera houses should do, and it is almost certainly the finest, as it is the oldest, opera in the world. It makes one feel grateful to Mr. Snowden. The great time of the San Carlo was the age of Rossini and Bellini; in fact, its history is the history of opera. The latter composer spent many seasons here—long enough, indeed, to impose his taste in other directions, for Tournedos Rossini was invented for him in the restaurant close by. It is sad to think how it has lived longer than any of his operas, but Rossini himself is to blame for that!



But now comes a reminder, other than the snow, that it is Christmas Day. The Zampognari are playing their bagpipes in front of a little shrine in the wall. There are three of them—one to sing, one to play the bagpipes, and one to play the shepherd's pipe. They are shepherds from Calabria, and they come down from the mountains and go round, from house to house, for some three weeks before Christmas.

The sound of their pipes is the most typical thing of the day. It is beautiful from the distance, but squalling and hairy from near by. There is too much goat and ram about it. Only a few years ago these shepherds would have been

by *Sacheverell Sitwell*

wearing the high-peaked Calabrian hats, the real brigand's hat of Fra Diavolo. Even as it is, they seem to date entirely from that time. If it were not Christmas morning we might bribe them to play a tarantella, or saltarello, and we should be reminded of Berlioz' *Roman Carnival*, which is formed from those tunes and this atmosphere.

But there are other things as typical of the season as the Zampognari. We are in the Via Toledo, the main street of Naples, and it is full of market stalls, most of which are selling little figures for the 'presepio' which every home that can afford it puts up at Christmas. The 'presepio' is a scene representing the Nativity, made of plaster and cardboard and peopled with as many of these little figurines as each purse can buy. They are dressed in real stuffs and are extremely skilful bits of work. There are the Three Magi in their jewels and velvet robes; any number of angels with blonde hair; dozens of saints; and, as a wholesome reminder, there are the souls of ordinary people, often in collars and ties so that there is no mistake about it, burning in eternal flames that are painted a vicious red, like the gums of a runaway horse or mad dog.

This is a lingering over from two centuries ago, and several of the churches have an old 'presepio' that they get out at Christmas, to be the delight of young and old. Before the morning is out we shall see the best of these at the old Chartreuse, above the town. Meanwhile, the very mention of churches makes one want to look in as one passes and see what is going on. An enormous, bare façade towers up in front of us. It is the Church of Santa Chiara, the finest thing of its kind in Naples.

The interior is like a huge ballroom. It lacks nothing to make the party a success except the mirrors. In the old days there was a school of music here, and they had the best singing in Italy. There were six hundred nuns in the convent; now there is only one left, an old princess of ninety, who still keeps her blind and deaf old maid-servant sitting by the grill waiting for visitors who will never come, because they have been dead for half a century.

A big painted band-stand has been put up in the church, and you can see the tops of the music-desks. This is for the Christmas festivities, and down at the far end of the church they are giving the final touches to the 'presepio,' under direction of a Padre Clemente, a most charming Franciscan monk. For there are now a few monks in the convent, and as soon as those two old ladies are dead they are going to take the whole place over, having had it given back to them by Mussolini's order.

Padre Clemente leaves the 'presepio' and shows us the rest of the place. A frescoed

chapter-house; an immense cloister, roofed with vines and walled with majolica tiles that show carnival scenes on a blue or yellow ground; it has china benches and china pillars to carry the pergola; after that, we see a splendid refectory frescoed by a famous scene-painter; tumble-down kitchens, romantic enough for Salvator Rosa to people them with smugglers or brigands; and corridors so long that they end in a point of light as if you were looking at a star down the wrong end of a telescope.

None of these things had ever been seen by the public until two years ago, and I suppose that for two centuries before that only female eyes ever saw them, although, to be sure, old guide-books say that the nuns received the best company in their parlours. But guests would never have been allowed as far as

this; they could only visit their friends or relations in the parlatorio, or buy the delicious scents, pomades, and sweetmeats, for which the convent was famed, from the pharmacy.

This tour of Santa Chiara has, most unfortunately, taken up nearly the whole morning. We should have a whole week to walk about Naples. So little can be done in one morning, and in a couple of pages of print.

There is so much more we could have seen. The Church of San Domenico, for instance, and its somewhat alarming sacristy. A rickety ladder leads up to a balcony, round which are ranged velvet-covered coffins, like trunks in a Customs House, and inside these you are shown the bodies, in ruffs and brocade dresses, of the Aragonese Kings of Naples. Or we might have visited the mummy of the strangled Cardinal in the vault of the Castel-Nuovo; or gone to the Carmine, the beggar's church, or, in less lugubrious mood, gone into a dozen churches and palaces all glittering gaily out of the snow.

It is after midday. We must go up the town to the Chartreuse of San Martino. This vast and resplendent monastery has been turned into a museum. It is a mass of coloured marbles and frescoes, culminating in a treasury, the whole vaults and ceiling of which were frescoed for forty-eight hours on end by Lucia Giordano when he was seventy-three years old, and had come back from Spain to his native town, loaded with honours. It was a non-stop run, his last feat before retiring into private life, and the Sacrament was kept exposed the whole time he did it.

(Continued on page 818.)







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Arks



December 21

DAVENTRY

SUNDAY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.30-10.45 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; Shipping Forecast

3.0 CHURCH CANTATA (No. 151) BACH

SÜSSE TRÖST, MEIN JESUS KOMMT

(COMFORT SWEET, MY JESU COMES)

Singers

MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano)  
EDWARD REACH (Tenor)  
STANLEY RILEY (Bass)  
THE WIRELESS CHORUS

Players

MICHAEL MULLINAR (Harp-sichord)  
LESLIE WOODGATE (Organ)  
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA  
(Flute, Oboe d'Amore and Strings)

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

(For the words of the Cantata see page 816)

Time Signal, Greenwich, at 3.0

3.45 FOR THE CHILDREN

Relayed from ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET  
A quarter of an hour with the Young People of St. Olave's, Hart Street, City of London, conducted by the Rev. Prebendary WELLARD, Rector

We Three Kings—a Carol by the Choristers  
A talk about keeping Christmas  
In the Bleak midwinter—A Hymn by the children. (Words by Christina Rossetti.)  
(Music by G. V. Holst)

4.0 MISSIONARY TALK

'CHRISTMAS TODAY IN BETHLEHEM'  
By The Rev. P. STACY WADDY

4.15 A BRASS BAND CONCERT  
(From Manchester)

THE WINGATES TEMPERANCE PRIZE BAND  
Conducted by H. MOSS  
Suite, The Merchant of Venice ..... Rosse  
PERCY THOMPSON (Bass-Baritone)  
Songs

BAND  
Tone Poem, Finlandia ..... Sibelius  
B. BYERS (Trombone)  
Love's Old Sweet Song ..... Molloy

PERCY THOMPSON  
Songs  
BAND  
Petite Suite de Concert .... Coleridge-Taylor  
Tone Poem, Lorely ..... Nesvadba

5.30 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL  
by  
WALTER FREY

Rhapsody in B Minor, Op. 79 ..... Brahms  
Scherzo in E Minor, Op. 16 ..... Mendelssohn  
7 Short Pieces ..... Honegger  
Fantasy in F Minor, Op. 49 ..... Chopin

THREE CLERICS TO BROADCAST TODAY



The Rev. P. STACY WADDY (left) talks about 'Christmas Today in Bethlehem' this afternoon at 4.0. The Rev. M. C. D'ARCY, S.J. (centre) conducts the Studio Service at 8.0, and the Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT (right) makes the Good Cause appeal at 8.45.

6.0-6.15 VICTORIAN PROPHETS—I  
By JOHN BAILEY

READING from CARLYLE'S PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES ('Sartor Resartus')

6.30 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE  
(In Welsh)

Relayed from ABERPERGWYM CHURCH, PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN  
(From Cardiff)

Order of Service:

Eryn, 39. Filwyr Fyddlon Iesu  
Salm Arbennig, 132



WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE.

A very restful impression of the truculent Victorian philosopher, from whose 'Sartor Resartus' Mr. JOHN BAILEY will give a reading this evening at 6.0.

Yr Ail Lith, S. Ioan xiv, 1-15  
Nunc Dimittis  
Anthem, Sun of my Soul (Turner)  
Eryn, 289. Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r Anialwch  
Pregeth Gan y Parch. J. LLEWELLYN THOMAS (Ficer)  
Eryn 52. Duw Mawr, pa beth a welaf draw?  
Carolau  
Gloria (Twelfth Mass) (Mozart)  
Y Fendith  
Yr Emynau allan o 'Emyniadur yr Eglwys

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

From the Studio

Conducted by The Rev. Father M. C. D'ARCY, S.J., of CAMPION HALL, OXFORD  
In the Name, etc.  
Prepare, O Lord, our Actions  
Hymn: Soul of my Saviour (Westminster Hymnal, No. 74)

Scripture: Narrative of the Nativity  
O Salutaris Hostia

Address by the Reverend Father M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.  
Hymn: My God, I Love Thee (Westminster Hymnal, No. 33)

Prayers from the Missal. Office of the Nativity  
Hymn: See amid the Winter's Snow (Westminster Hymnal, No. 6)  
Blessing

8.45 The Week's Good Cause

Appeal on behalf of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, by the Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT

Contributions will be gratefully received addressed to Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.

8.50 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Shipping Forecast  
Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0

9.5 TOM JONES

and  
THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE, ORCHESTRA

From THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE  
Overture, The Bat ..... Johann Strauss  
Evensong ..... Easthope Martin

DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano)  
Ah, fors'e lui (La Traviata) ..... Verdi

ORCHESTRA  
Selection, The Yeomen of the Guard Sullivan  
Tom Jones (Violin)

Romance ..... Svendsen  
Auf Wien (From Vienna) ..... Kreisler  
Praeludium and Allegro Pugnani, arr. Kreisler

DOROTHY BENNETT  
The Willow ..... Goring Thomas  
Where the Bee sucks ..... Sullivan

ORCHESTRA  
Pas des fleurs (Flower Dance) ..... Debussy

10.30 Epilogue

SAYINGS OF JESUS

'I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD'

(For details of this week's Epilogue see page 854)



## SUNDAY

## LONDON PROGRAMMES

## December 21

## LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme on page 815)

- 3.0 CHURCH CANTATA (No. 151) BACH
- 3.45 FOR THE CHILDREN  
By The Rev. T. WILLARD, from ST. OLAVE'S,  
HART STREET
- 4.0 MISSIONARY TALK  
'CHRISTMAS TODAY IN BETHLEHEM'  
By The Rev. P. STACY WADDY
- 4.15 A Brass Band Concert  
(From Manchester)
- 5.30 A Pianoforte Recital  
by  
WALTER FREY
- 6.0-6.15 VICTORIAN PROPHETS—I  
By JOHN BAILEY  
Reading from Carlyle's Philosophy of Clothes  
(Sartor Resartus)
- 8.0 A ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICE  
FROM THE STUDIO  
Conducted by The Rev. Father M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.
- 8.45 The Week's Good Cause  
Appeal on behalf of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
SOCIETY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS  
by The Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT
- 8.50 'The News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 9.5 TOM JONES  
and  
THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE, ORCHESTRA  
FROM THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE
- 10.30 Epilogue

## LONDON REGIONAL

842 kc/s (356.3 m.)

- 3.30 Modern Carols  
Sung by THE WIRELESS SINGERS  
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON  
I saw three Ships ..... *J. Meredith Tatton*  
Lullay my Liking ..... } *Holst*  
Of One that is so fair and bright ..... }  
Corpus Christi ..... *Warlock*  
Noël ..... *M. Talbot Hodgk*  
Cradle Song ..... *Armstrong Gibbs*  
Wassail Song ..... *arr. Vaughan Williams*

4.0-5.15 THE  
GERSHOM PAR-  
KINGTON QUINTETOverture, Die Fleder-  
maus (The Bat)  
*Johann Strauss*  
Noël... *Balfour Gardiner*WALTER WIDDOP  
(Tenor)

Songs

QUINTET

Selection, Cavalleria  
Rusticana *Mascagni*

WALTER WIDDOP

Songs

QUINTET

Ronde des Lutins  
(Imps' Round Dance)  
*Bazzini*Minuet..... *Beethoven*  
Impromptu... *Schubert*  
Nazareth..... *Gounod*8.0 A RELIGIOUS  
SERVICE

from

THE CHAPEL OF THE  
COLLEGE OF ST. NICOLAS, CHICHESTER

Versicles and Responses

Psalm 48 to Chant by Robinson in E Flat

First Lesson, Isaiah xxxv.

Magnificat (from the Short Service)

*Orlando Gibbons*

Second Lesson, I Peter i, 3-9

Nunc Dimittis (from the Short Service)

*Orlando Gibbons*

Creed, Lord's Prayer, Versicles and Responses

Collects, St. Thomas

Fourth Sunday in Advent

Second and Third Collects for Evensong

Hymn, Hark, the glad Sound (Ancient and Mod-  
ern, 53—Tune: Bristol)  
Address: The Rev. L. H. NIXON, Proctor  
of Westminster Abbey

CAROLS:

Once as I remember ..... *Italian*  
Hail, Holy Child ..... *Flemish*  
Lullay, my Liking ..... *Holst*  
Sing Lullaby ..... *Basque*  
Unto us a Child is born ..... *Traditional*  
The Blessing8.45 National  
Programme

8.50 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST,  
GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

9.0 Regional News

9.5 Sunday  
Orchestral  
Concert—IXTHE B.B.C. OR-  
CHESTRA(Leader, ARTHUR  
CATTERALL)Conducted by PERCY  
PITTOverture, Sakuntala  
*Goldmark*ALMA BORODINE  
sings in the Sunday Orchestral Concert  
tonight at 9.5.ALMA BORODINE (Soprano) and Orchestra  
Scene, O mes chers diamants (O my bright  
Diamonds) (Ariane et Barbe Bleue) (Blue-  
Beard) ..... *Dukas*

ORCHESTRA

Symphony in B Flat ..... *Chausson*  
Lent (slow); Allegro vivo; Très lent; Animé  
An English Rhapsody ..... *Percy Pitt*

10.30

Epilogue

## THIS WEEK'S BACH CANTATA

Cantata No. 151. SÜSSER TROST, MEIN JESUS KOMMT (Comfort sweet, my Jesu comes)

Though on a smaller scale than many of the others, and laid out for solo voices, with the choir singing only the Chorus at the end, this is a very beautiful work, in which the happiness of Christmas is very tenderly set forth. It is interesting that the few solo cantatas among the last of Bach's which we possess are almost all either for Christmas or Epiphany. This one is meant for the third day of the Christmas festival. Except for the chorus and the recitative, it consists only of two arias, in the first of which the strings, always playing very softly, have a lullaby for the infant Jesus. Above their melody the flute plays a running commentary of exuberant happiness. The other aria, with Jesu's meekness as its central idea, is built up on a gentle swaying figure throughout.

No. I.—Aria (Soprano):

Comfort sweet, my Jesu comes, He is born to-day and liveth!  
Thou my soul be glad, rejoice, for that God eternal life unto  
all believers giveth.

No. II.—Recitative (Bass):

Rejoice O thou, my soul, for now art thou made whole,  
And all thy weary travail endeth.  
For God doth give His own, His well beloved only son,  
Him unto Earth He sendeth.  
He cometh from His throne that mankind may be won  
From slavish chains that bound us, and bonds the world had  
cast around us.  
O wondrous gift of love! God all the world's affliction beareth,  
Yes, lowliest of men, a beggar's robe He weareth.

No. III.—Aria (Alto):

In Jesu's meekness am I blest, His lowliness on high hath  
brought me.  
The grief and sorrow He did bear are bounteous joy and grace  
become,  
From out His heavy load of care, He hath a wondrous blessing  
wrought me.

No. IV.—Recitative (Tenor):

Thou blessed Son of God, the gates of Heav'n for me hast  
opened,  
And by Thy lowliness, a wondrous light o'er all my way hast  
shed!  
Thou cam'st to earth alone, Thy Father's House and Throne  
For love of man hast Thou forsaken,  
So doth abiding love for Thee within our hearts awaken.

No. V.—Chorus:

To-day He openeth wide the door  
Of God's own Paradise;  
It shall be closed nevermore,  
To Him our praises rise.

English text by D. Millar Craig. Copyright B.B.C. 1930.





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SUNDAY

626 kc/s (479.2 m.)

December 21

MIDLAND REGIONAL

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3.30 *London Regional Programme*

4.0 **An After-noon Concert**

THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Directed by FRANK CANTELL

STILES ALLEN  
(Soprano)

ORCHESTRA

Lyric Suites (Nos. 1 and 2) . . . . . Grieg

STILES ALLEN

A last Year's Rose;  
The faithless Shepherdess;  
Now sleeps the crimson Petal;  
Fair House of Joy  
Quilter

4.25 ORCHESTRA

Five Short Pieces for Strings  
*Handel, arr. Dunhill*

Romance, Op. 22  
*Wieniawski*

Woodland Sketches  
*MacDowell*

STILES ALLEN

In Springtime . . . . . } Grieg  
I love Thee . . . . . }  
The Lilacs; Oh, never sing to me again  
*Bachmaninov*

5.0-5.15 ORCHESTRA

Suite, Sylvan Scenes . . . . . Fletcher



*Vaughan and Francis*

STILES ALLEN

sings in the concert to be broadcast in the Midland Regional Programme this afternoon at 4.0.

7.50 **A RELIGIOUS SERVICE**

Conducted by the Rev. DENIS TYNDALL (of St. Jude's Church, Birmingham)

Relayed from THE CATHEDRAL, BIRMINGHAM

THE BELLS

*Order of Service*

Hymn, O Thou, Who didst with Love untold (206, English Hymnal)

Psalms 97 and 98

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in A  
*Stanford*

Prayers

Anthem, Hosanna to the Son of David  
*Weelkes*

Address

Hymn, Lo! He comes with Clouds descending (7, English Hymnal)

Benediction

Organist and Choir Master, FRED DUNNILL

8.45 *National Programme*

8.50

News

9.0

Midland News

9.5

*London Regional Programme*

10.30

Epilogue

**ALL NAPLES IN A CHRISTMAS DAY**

(Continued from page 813.)

Nothing could be more entrancing than the museum, with all its relics of the old Bourbon kingdom. In particular, a set of designs for new uniforms, bearded grenadiers, whiskered hussars, dashing dragoons, for King Bomba's new army which faded away so fast when Garibaldi arrived. There is a son of King Bomba still alive and living on the Riviera. He must be nearly ninety years old; what stories he could tell!

But here is the great 'presepio,' when there is hardly space left to describe it. It takes a whole room, and has a background of Roman ruins and an aqueduct. Literally hundreds of figures are disputing every inch of ground, every ledge of rock, and they are all by great sculptors of this Christmas art, by Mosca, Celebrano, Sammartino. The dolls are dressed as eighteenth-century Orientals or—and this is more interesting—in the old costumes of the different provinces of the kingdom of Naples.

Dozens of scenes are going on at the same time. The Three Magi are arriving in solemn procession, and, over their heads, a yellow-robed, Ziegfeld angel is being pursued through the air by a turbaned Pasha in full flight. Near by is a typical Neapolitan house. It has a terrace on the roof; washing is hung out to dry in the sun; there are trays of figs and raisins, put there to the same purpose; and quails are being

fattened in little cages. Not far off, needless to say, a tarantella is being danced. It is accompanied by the Viganese, or harpist, and by the Triccaballacche, or triple-castanets, a glorious and exciting sound; and next to it is a dinner-party with every conceivable kind of macaroni publicly displayed. The whole thing is gay and delightful beyond words; it is a Christmas holiday in itself.

There is just a minute left for the Belvedere. This is a balcony of the monastery that overhangs the whole town and acts as a whispering gallery. You can hear every cough or sneeze from all over the city. What a view! The island of Capri; Vesuvius, with its plume of smoke, like a quill-pen in an ink-pot; the Bay of Sorrento; the cliff with Virgil's tomb; and last, not least, the city itself. Its flat-roofed, pink houses, its domes of coloured tiles, the tenor voices singing from all over the town, it does certainly seem a pity to go and leave all this in order to eat lunch—and a poor Christmas lunch at that—when you think what an afternoon we might be spending, down below there, walking about looking at everything in the bright light from the snow. But, from far off, a bagpipe breaks in on these reflections. It is the Zampognari again. They must be doing it on purpose; but they are within their rights, for it is Christmas Day.



# December 21 CARDIFF SUNDAY

953 kc/s (309.9 m.)

## WESTERN REGION

3.0-6.15 *National Programme*

6.30 **A RELIGIOUS SERVICE**  
IN WELSH  
Relayed from  
ABERPERDWM CHURCH, PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN  
(*National Programme*)  
Emyn 39, Filwyr Ffyddlon Iesu  
Salm Arbennig, 132  
Yr Ail Lith, S. Ioan xiv, 1-15  
Nunc Dimittis  
Anthem, Sun of My Soul ..... *Turner*  
Emyn 289, Arglwydd, Arwain trwy'r Anialwch  
Pregeth Gan Y Parch J. LLEWELLYN THOMAS  
(Ficer)  
Emyn 52, Duw Mawr, pa beth a welaf draw ?  
Carolau  
Gloria (Twelfth Mass) ..... *Mozart*  
Y Fendith  
Yr Emynau allan o 'Emyniadur yr Eglwys

8.0 *National Programme*

8.45 **The Week's Good Cause**  
An Appeal on behalf of THE LORD MAYOR OF  
CARDIFF'S DISTRESS FUND by THE LORD MAYOR  
OF CARDIFF, Alderman R. G. HILL SNOOK

8.50 *National Programme*

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 *National Programme*

10.30 **Epilogue**

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

### SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

3.0-6.15 *National Programme*

6.30 *West Regional Programme*

8.0 *National Programme*

9.0 West Regional News

9.5 *National Programme*

10.30 **Epilogue**

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship  
(*West Regional Programme*)

### PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

3.0-6.15 *National Programme*

8.0 *National Programme*

9.0 Local News

9.5 *National Programme*

10.30 **Epilogue**

**BOURNEMOUTH**

3.0-6.15 *National Programme*

8.0 *National Programme*

9.5 *London Regional Programme*

10.30 **Epilogue**

### MANCHESTER and LEEDS

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

3.0 *National Programme*

4.15 **A Brass Band Concert**  
(*National Programme*)  
THE WINGATES TEMPERANCE PRIZE BAND  
Conducted by H. MOSS  
IVAN MELLOWDEW (*Baritone*)

5.30-6.15 *National Programme*

7.55 **A RELIGIOUS SERVICE**  
Relayed from ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, BIRCH-IN-  
RUSHOLME, MANCHESTER, with an Address by  
The Right Rev. THE BISHOP OF MIDDLETON  
(Dr. R. G. PARSONS)  
Organ, Air from 'The Water Music' .... *Handel*  
Hymn, Lo! He Comes (Ancient and Modern, 51)  
Lord's Prayer. Versicles and Responses  
Psalm 98. Chant, *Barnby in D*  
Lesson, I John iv, verses 7-16  
Nunc Dimittis. Chant, *Wickes in G*  
Versicles, Responses and Prayers  
Anthem, And the Glory of the Lord .... *Handel*  
Prayers  
Hymn, Love Divine (Ancient and Modern, 520)  
Address by THE BISHOP OF MIDDLETON  
Choral Alleluia ..... *Traditional*  
The Blessing and Three-fold Amen

8.45 *National Programme*

9.0 North of England News

9.5 **A Light Orchestral Concert**  
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON  
(Leader, JOHN BRIDGE)  
Overture and Scherzo (A Midsummer Night's  
Dream) ..... *Mendelssohn*  
Valse Triste ..... *Sibelius*  
TERESA RUSSELL (*Soprano*) and Orchestra  
My noble Lords (The Huguenots) .. *Meyerbeer*  
ORCHESTRA  
Two Aubades ..... *Lalo*  
Ballet Suite ..... *Grétry, arr. Mottl*  
TERESA RUSSELL  
The Violet ..... *Mozart*  
The Virgin's Slumber Song ..... *Reger*  
Caller Ou (The Boat Man of the Forth)  
*John Gray, arr. Mansfield*  
STRING ORCHESTRA  
Elegy (Serenade, Op. 48) ..... *Tchailovsky*

10.30 **Epilogue**



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Joyeux Noël

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CZ4	40 "	13/6
CZ6	60 "	17/6

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December 22

DAVENTRY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

MONDAY

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; Shipping Forecast

10.45-11.0 'KEEPING FIT IN EVERYDAY LIFE'—VIII  
Professor V. H. MOTTRAM: 'Sugar as Food'

12.0 ORGAN RECITAL

By EDGAR T. COOK

Relayed from  
SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL  
EILEEN PILCHER (Contralto)

EDGAR T. COOK  
Fantasia in F Minor . . . . . Mozart  
Minuet . . . . . Beethoven

EILEEN PILCHER  
The Virgin's Slumber Song . . . Reger  
Stars all dotted over the Sky  
Evelyn Sharpe  
The Bells of Christmas  
Martin Shaw

EDGAR T. COOK  
Fantaisie Pastorale . . . . . de Severac  
Variations on an old French Carol  
Leslie Woodgate

EILEEN PILCHER  
When I view the Mother . . . Barnby  
The Birds' Noel . . . . . Chaminade

EDGAR T. COOK  
Holy Boy . . . . . Ireland  
Introduction and Toccata . . . Walond  
Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0

1.15 An Orchestral Concert

Relayed from  
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES  
(From Cardiff)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by  
WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

March Militaire . . . . . } Schubert  
Moment Musical in F . . . . }  
Overture, Rosamunde . . . . }

2.0-2.30 Gramophone Records

4.0 Gramophone Records

4.15 A Light Classical Concert

GERTRUDE NEWTON (Soprano)

THE GRILLER STRING QUARTET

Quartet in D Minor, K.421 . . . . . Mozart  
Allegro; Andante; Minuetto; Allegretto

GERTRUDE NEWTON  
The Swan . . . . . } Grieg  
With a Water-Lily . . . . . }  
Spring . . . . . }  
Solveig's Song . . . . . }

Quartet in F, Op.135 . . . . . Beethoven  
Allegretto; Vivace; Lento; Grave, allegro  
Time Signal, Greenwich, at 4.45

5.15 The Children's Hour

Various Pianoforte Solos by GENIAL JEMIMA  
'The Pit,' another Mortimer Batten story  
'The Attack' being the Twelfth Episode from  
'Treasure Island'  
(Robert Louis Stevenson)

7.0-7.20

'NEW BOOKS'

By Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY

7.25 Talk

7.45

A PIANOFORTE INTERLUDE

By  
BERKELEY MASON

Pièces Espagnoles . . . . . de Falla  
Arangonesa; Cubana; Montanesa;  
Andaluza

8.0 'BETHLEHEM'

A Nativity Play  
(In Three Scenes)

By BERNARD WATKINS

Relayed from THE PARISH CHURCH  
OF ST. HILARY, CORNWALL

(From Plymouth)

(See centre of page)

9.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND  
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0

9.15 Shipping Forecast; New York  
Stock Market Report

9.20 Captain ROBERT A. L. HART-  
MAN: 'On going to the Circus'

9.35 Vaudeville

1 THE MAESTROS  
In Harmony

2 THE ROOSTERS  
In 'TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS'  
by  
PERCY MERRIMAN

3 ELLA RETFORD  
(Principal boy in this year's Pantomime,  
'Aladdin,' at the Dominion Theatre, London)  
Some of her Pantomime Hits

4 MABEL CONSTANDUROS  
and MICHAEL HOGAN  
'MRS. BUGGINS' BIRTHDAY'  
Hailed by  
'THE FOURSOME'  
who will also interfere every now  
and again

(Songs for 'The Foursome' specially composed  
by George Foxford)

WALTER HYDEN and his ORCHESTRA

THE WEEKLY THEATRICAL CARTOON  
Impressionist, ELIZABETH POLLOCK  
Material by HERBERT FARJEON  
SYBIL THORNDIKE

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND,  
from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER

Time Signal, Greenwich, at 11.30



'BETHLEHEM'

A Nativity Play in Three Scenes, by  
Bernard Watkins.

Relayed from the Parish Church of St. Hilary,  
Cornwall, tonight at 8.0.

Scene 1.—The Angel and the Shepherds

Scene 2.—The Children and the Lamb

Scene 3.—The Three Kings and the Crib

CAST:

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

6.0 POETRY OF TODAY—XVII

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN. London Stock Exchange Report  
Time Signal, Greenwich, 6.30

6.40 The Foundations of Music

HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL



MONDAY

LONDON PROGRAMMES

December 22

842 kc/s

LONDON REGIONAL

(356.3 m.)

10.15 *National Programme*11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission  
by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. *Vision*; 261.3 m. *Sound*)12.0 *A Concert*EVELYN FRYER (*Mezzo-Soprano*)  
LESLIE JONES (*Baritone*)  
MARJORIE BLACKBURN (*Pianoforte*)1.0 *Light Music*LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL  
ORCHESTRA  
From THE PICCADILLY HOTEL2.0-3.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by ERNEST PARSONS  
(From *Midland Regional*)Overture, Messiah ..... *Handel*  
Selection, A Dream of Christmas .. *Ketelbey*  
Waltz, The Skaters ..... *Waldteufel*  
Selection, Merrie England (First Part) *German*  
The Toymaker's Dream ..... *Golden*  
Fantasy, Old Folks at Home—in Foreign Lands  
*Roberts*  
Christmas Medley ..... *Aston*4.0 *National Programme*5.15 JACK PAYNE  
and his  
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

## 6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

## 6.40 The Victor Olof Sextet

ELSIE OTLEY (*Soprano*)  
JOHN TURNER (*Tenor*)

## SEXTET

Waltz, Morgenblätter (Morning Leaves)  
*Johann Strauss, arr. Winter*

## JOHN TURNER

Sea Rapture ..... *Eric Coates*  
The Mourner ..... *Seymour Hess*  
Drinking Song (Rose of Persia) ..... *Sullivan*

## SEXTET

Minuet (Bernice) ..... *Handel*  
Hexentanz (Witches' Dance) .... *MacDoowell*

## ELSIE OTLEY

Whither? ..... } *Schubert*  
The Question ..... }  
Impatience ..... }

## SEXTET

Ballet Music, Callirhoe ..... *Chaminade*

## JOHN TURNER

Why, why repine? ..... *Kathleen Biddick*  
Jean ..... *H. T. Burleigh*  
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind ..... *Quilter*

## SEXTET

Londonderry Air ..... *arr. O'Connor-Morris*  
Molly on the Shore ..... *Grainger*

## ELSIE OTLEY

Break o' Day ..... *Sanderson*  
Do not go, my Love ..... *Hagemann*  
When London was a Market Town ..... *Löhr*  
Love went a-riding ..... *Frank Bridge*

## SEXTET

Waltz, The Sleeping Beauty .... *Tchaikovsky*

8.0 Talk

8.30 Regional News

## 8.35 THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND

Conductor, B. WALTON O'DONNELL  
TOM KINNIBURGH (*Bass*)

## BAND

Christmas Overture ..... *Coleridge-Taylor*  
Interlude, Over the Hills .... *Herbert Bedford*

## TOM KINNIBURGH

Jenny's Way ..... *Willeby*  
Sinners and Saints ..... *Geehl*

## BAND

Wand of Youth—Suite No. 2 ..... *Elgar*  
March; The Little Bells; Moths and Butter-  
flies; Fountain Dance; The Tame Bear;  
Wild Bears

## TOM KINNIBURGH

Sweet Night ..... *Austin*  
The Victor ..... *Sanderson*

## BAND

Cornish Rhapsody ..... *Geehl*

## TOM KINNIBURGH

Old Clothes and fine Clothes ..... *Shaw*  
When dull Care ..... *arr. Lane Wilson*

## BAND

Folk Song Suite ..... *Faughan Williams*  
March, Seventeen come Sunday; Intermezzo,  
My bonny Boy; March, Folk Songs from  
Somerset

## 9.45 A VIOLONCELLO RECITAL

by

LAURI KENNEDY

DOROTHY KENNEDY at the Pianoforte

Andante and Allegro Scherzando (Sonata in  
G, Op. 19) ..... *Rachmaninov*  
Seven Variations on a Theme of Mozart *Beethoven*  
Melody ..... *Frank Bridge*

## 10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

## 10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND,  
from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission  
by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. *Vision*; 261.3 m. *Sound*)12.0 ORGAN RECITAL by EDGAR T. COOK  
Relayed from SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL  
EILEEN PILCHER (*Contralto*)1.15 An Orchestral Concert  
Relayed from  
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES  
(From *Cardiff*)

2.0-2.30 Gramophone Records

4.0 Gramophone Records

4.15 A Light Classical Concert  
GERTRUDE NEWTON (*Soprano*)  
THE GRILLER STRING QUARTET

## LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme  
on page 821)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 POETRY OF TODAY—XVII

6.15 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN; London Stock Exchange Report6.40 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC  
HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL7.0-7.20 'New Books'  
By Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY

7.25 Talk

7.45 A PIANOFORTE INTERLUDE  
By BERKELEY MASON8.0 Nativity Play  
From St. HILARY, CORNWALL  
(From *Plymouth*)9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

9.15 New York Stock Market Report

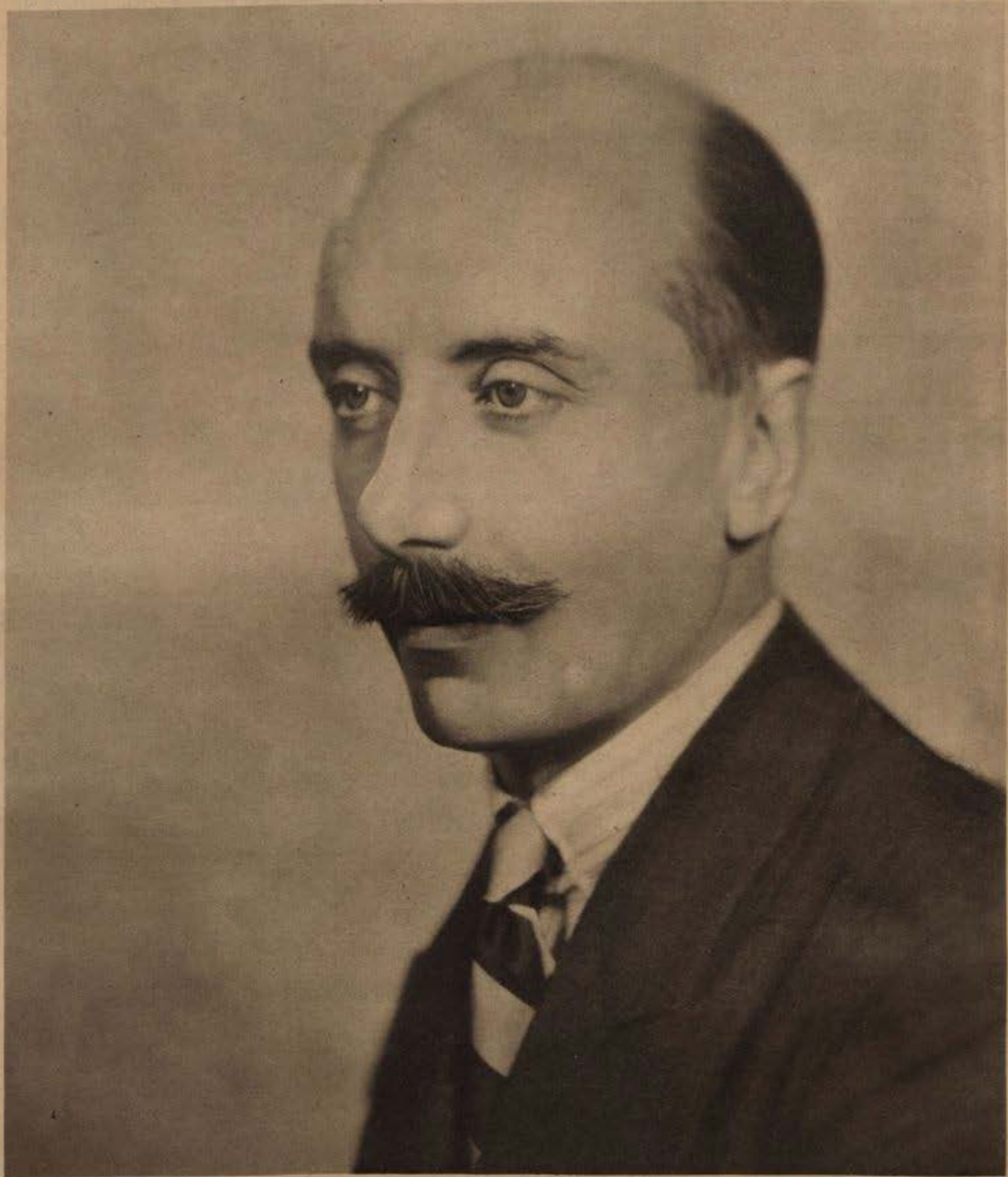
9.20 Captain ROBERT A. L. HARTMAN: 'On going  
to the Circus'

9.35-11.0 Vaudeville



# KNOWN TO THE MICROPHONE

*{ A series of photographs of prominent broadcasters, specially  
taken by Sasha for the Christmas Number of the Radio Times }*



ADRIAN BOULT, THE B.B.C.'s DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, AND ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CONDUCTORS OF THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.





MABEL CONSTANDUROS AND MICHAEL HOGAN, OF THE "BUGGINS" FAMILY.





CECIL DIXON, WHOSE PIANO INTERLUDES MANY LISTENERS SO EAGERLY AWAIT.





TWO FAVOURITE CONCERT SINGERS—JOAN COXON (left) AND KATE WINTER (right).



THE REVUE COMPANY AT WORK. Some of the people who play regularly in the broadcast revues. Leonard Henry and Anona Winn are at the microphone, with Paul England, Olive Groves, Horace Percival and Wynne Ajello behind. Harry Pepper and Doris Arnold are at the pianos, and Leslie French at the back.





GILLIE POTTER, THE COMEDIAN.



ANN PENN, THE MIMIC.



**THE RIDGEWAY PARADE.** The producer, on the left, with his company, who have given so many popular broadcast shows during the past year — Dorothy Hogben (at the piano), Irene Vere, Hugh Dempster, Doris Yorke, Hermione Gingold, Paddy Prior, Janet Linde, Dorothy Dampier and Jack Hodges.





GERSHOM PARKINGTON, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR BROADCAST MUSICIANS.





CLAUDE HULBERT AND ENID TREVOR, A PAIR WELL KNOWN IN VAUDEVILLE.





GEORGE F. ALLISON, THE MASTER OF FOOTBALL COMMENTARY.





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"They don't need for ever watching now"



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for health and character

A LEVER PRODUCT

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MONDAY

626 kc/s (479.2 m.)

December 22

MIDLAND REGIONAL

12.0 London Regional Programme

2.0-3.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by ERNEST PARSONS

- Overture, Messiah ..... *Handel*
- Selection, A Dream of Christmas ..... *Ketelbey*
- Waltz, The Skaters ..... *Waldteufel*
- Selection, Merrie England (First Part) *German*
- The ToyMaker's Dream ..... *Golden*
- Fantasy, Old Folks at Home—in Foreign Lands  
*Roberts*
- Christmas Medley ..... *Aston*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

- 'Joan's Christmas,' a Story, by MAB-JORIE LYON
- Songs by DAPHNE HICKMAN (*Soprano*)
- GEORGE HACKFORD (*Vibraphone and Xylophone*)
- 'The Week's Sport,' by MAURICE K. FOSTER

6.0 London Regional Programme

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 Light Music

PATTISON'S SALON ORCHESTRA  
Under the direction of NORRIS STANLEY

Relayed from THE CAFÉ RESTAURANT, BIRMINGHAM

- Overture, The Seraglio ..... *Mozart*
- Waltz, The Count of Luxemburg ..... *Lehar*
- NORRIS STANLEY (*Violin*)
- Air on the G String ..... *Bach*
- La Capricieuse ..... *Elgar*
- ORCHESTRA
- Selection, The Damask Rose *Chopin, arr. Clutsam*
- Three Dale Dances ..... *Arthur Wood*

7.30 An Organ Recital  
By FRED DUNNILL

Relayed from THE CATHEDRAL, BIRMINGHAM

- Sonata No. 4 ..... *Mendelssohn*
- Scherzo and Pagan ..... *Whitlock*
- Second Overture ..... *Abel, arr. Barber*
- Allegro; Andante; Allegro

8.0 London Regional Programme

8.30 Midland News

8.35 An Orchestral Concert

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by LESLIE HEWARD  
EDA KERSEY (*Violin*)

- ORCHESTRA
- Overture, Die Fledermaus (The Bat) *Johann Strauss*
- Scherzino... } (Scènes de Ballet) ..... *Glazounov*
- Marionettes }
- EDA KERSEY and Orchestra

Concerto in A (K.219) .. *Mozart*

- ORCHESTRA
- Symphonic Poem, Danse Macabre (Dance of Death) *Saint-Saëns*
- Italian Serenade *Wolf*
- Intermezzo in G (The Jewels of the Madonna) *Wolf-Ferrari*

- EDA KERSEY
- Cancion .. *de Falla, arr. Kochanski*
- En el Jardin de Lindaraja (Dialogue for Violin and Pianoforte) *Nin*

- ORCHESTRA
- The Swan of Tuonela. *Sibelius*
- Overture, Fingal's Cave *Mendelssohn*

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.30-11.0 DANCE MUSIC

HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND, THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER  
(London Regional Programme)



LESLEIE HEWARD conducts the City of Birmingham Orchestra in the orchestral concert tonight at 8.35.

THE RADIO TIMES.  
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December 22 **CARDIFF** **MONDAY**  
 968 kc/s (309.9 m.)  
**WESTERN REGION**

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
 10.30-11.0 National Programme  
 1.15 An Orchestral Programme  
 relayed from  
 THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES  
 (National Programme)  
 NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
 (Corddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)  
 (Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
 Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE  
 March Militaire ..... Schubert  
 Moment Musical in F .....  
 Overture, Rosamunde.....  
 2.0-2.30 National Programme  
 4.0 National Programme  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.  
 A PROGRAMME OF WELSH CAROLS  
 arranged by  
 MEGFAM  
 6.0 LEIGH WOODS: 'West of England Sport'  
 6.15 National Programme  
 9.15 West Regional News  
 9.20-11.0 National Programme

**SWANSEA**

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
 10.30-11.0 National Programme  
 1.15-2.30 National Programme  
 4.0 National Programme  
 5.15 West Regional Programme  
 6.15 National Programme  
 9.15 West Regional News  
 9.20-11.0 National Programme

**PLYMOUTH**

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
 10.30-11.0 National Programme  
 4.0 National Programme  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
 'THE ATTACK'  
 Twelfth Episode from 'TREASURE ISLAND'  
 (Robert Louis Stevenson)

6.0 National Programme  
 8.0 Nativity Play  
 FROM ST. HILARY, CORNWALL  
 (National Programme)  
 (See page 821.)  
 9.0 National Programme  
 9.15 Local News  
 9.20-11.0 National Programme

**BOURNEMOUTH**

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
 10.30-11.0 National Programme  
 4.0-11.0 National Programme

**MANCHESTER and LEEDS**

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
 10.30-11.0 National Programme  
 4.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA  
 March, The Thin Red Line ..... Alford  
 Waltz, Wintermärchen (Winter Fairy Tale)  
 Czibulka  
 4.13 RONALD G. MURGATROYD (Tenor) (From  
 Leeds)  
 So we'll go no more a-roving, Mauds Valerie White  
 Where'er you walk ..... Handel  
 Fair House of Joy ..... Quilter  
 4.23 ORCHESTRA  
 Fantasy, Cinderella ..... Eric Coates  
 4.46 RONALD MURGATROYD (From Leeds)  
 Lullaby ..... Brahms  
 Drink to me only ..... Quilter  
 Recondita Armonia (Strange Harmony of Con-  
 trasts) ..... Puccini  
 Elegy ..... Massenet  
 4.56 ORCHESTRA  
 Airs de Ballet (Lakmé) ..... Delibes  
 Teraná; Rektah; Persian; Coda  
 Selection, The Greek Slave ..... Sidney Jones  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
 6.0 National Programme  
 9.15 North of England News  
 9.20 National Programme  
 11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC  
 HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL DANCE BAND,  
 Relayed from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER  
 (National and London Regional Programme)

"More essential  
 to sleep soundly  
 than to sleep long"  
 Scientists say



Sound sleep alone banishes fatigue

PEOPLE who find it "hard to get up" even after a long night, are not getting enough deep sleep, authorities state.

Moreover, statistics show that 70 out of every 100 people fail to get all the rest they need. For it is deep sleep rather than long sleep, scientists say, which rests the body and brain.

This simple, health-giving custom—a cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk taken regularly at bedtime—has helped thousands of men and women to get the restful sleep they need.

The warmth and generous creaminess of the Malted Milk is wonderfully soothing. It has a lightly stimulating effect on the digestive organs—helps over-keyed, tense nerves to relax. Warmed and satisfied—you are soon fast asleep.

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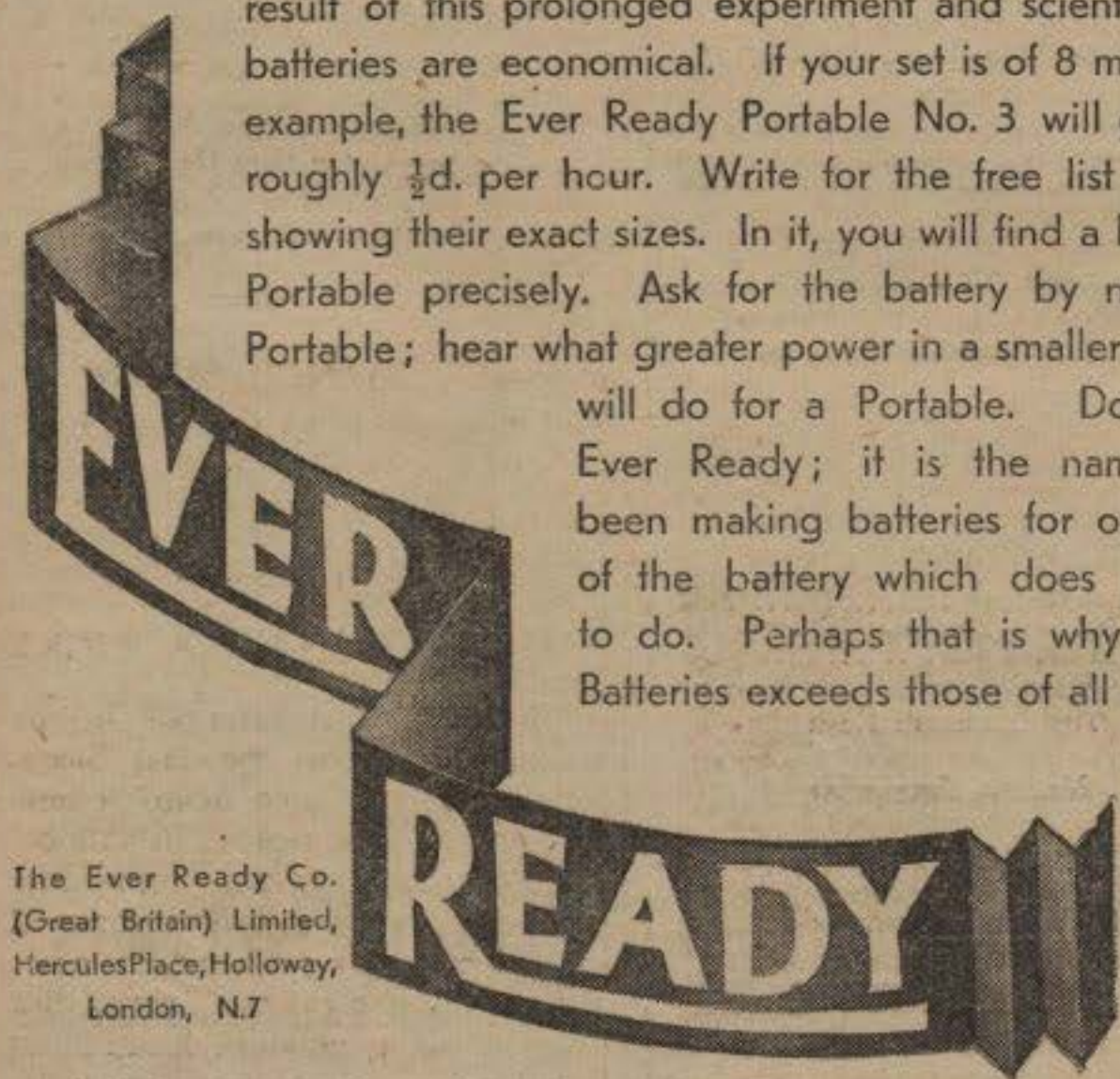
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**P**OWER INTO YOUR  
**P**ORTABLE  
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 (Great Britain) Limited,  
 Hercules Place, Holloway,  
 London, N.7

**THE BATTERY  
 THAT GIVES  
 UNWAVERING  
 POWER . . .**



# December 23

# DAVENTRY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

# TUESDAY

## NATIONAL PROGRAMME

- 10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; Shipping Forecast
- 10.45-11.0 Mr. F. G. H. MACRAE:  
'LIGHT AND COLOUR IN THE HOME'
- 12.0 A Ballad Concert  
MARJORIE CHARD (Soprano)  
(By permission of Herbert Clayton)  
CYRIL WHITTLE (Baritone)
- 12.30 EDWARD O'HENRY  
At THE ORGAN of TUSSAUD'S CINEMA  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0*
- 1.0 Light Music  
LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA  
From THE PICCADILLY HOTEL
- 2.0-2.30 THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL BANQUET TO LITTLE LONDONERS  
ORGANIZED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE TRELOAR CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER FUND  
Relayed from THE GUILDHALL  
The proceedings will open with the arrival of the Rt. Hon. THE LORD MAYOR and SHERIFFS in State, accompanied by THE METROPOLITAN MAYORS  
The Rt. Hon. Viscount BURNHAM, G.C.M.G., will deliver a speech of welcome, and THE LORD MAYOR will reply.  
COMMUNITY SINGING  
Under the direction of JOSEPH HAY  
CITY OF LONDON POLICE BAND  
Directed by Lieut. F. W. SKEPPELHORN
- 2.30-2.35 Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board  
*By the Fultograph Process*
- 4.0 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 4.30 THE PRINCE OF WALES ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by FRANK WESTFIELD  
Relayed from THE PRINCE OF WALES PICTURE PLAYHOUSE, LEWISHAM  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 4.45*
- 5.15 The Children's Hour  
'THE KIDNAPPING OF FATHER CHRISTMAS'  
A most amazing adventure in the lives of some of the Toy Town Citizens (S. G. Hulme Beaman)  
Arranged as a Dialogue Story, with Incidental Music played by THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET
- 6.0 Topical Talk
- 6.15 'The First News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, London Stock Exchange Report  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 6.50*

### 'THE LOVE RACE'



MADGE ELLIOTT and CYRIL RITCHARD

By Stanley Lupino, Music by Jack Clarke. Lyrics by Desmond Carter, H. B. Hedley, and Harry Actes.

Relayed from THE GAIETY THEATRE  
*Characters in the order of their appearance*  
Bobby Mostyne (Mrs. Mostyne's Son) LADDIE CLIFF  
Reggie Powley (Horace Powley's Son) STANLEY LUPINO  
Norman Figgis (Taxi-driver) ..... ARTY ASH  
Harry Drake (Talkie Star) CYRIL RITCHARD  
Mary Dale (William Dale's Daughter) MADGE ELLIOTT  
Horace Powley (Motor Manufacturer) ARTHUR RIGBY, JR.  
Mrs. Mostyne (Motor Manufacturer) VIOLET FAREBROTHER  
Ferdinand Fish (Mrs. Mostyne's Second Husband) ..... WYN WEAVER  
Rita Payne (the Lady with the Bag) CONNIE EMERALD  
Ida Mostyne (Mrs. Mostyne's Daughter) FAY MARTIN  
HARRY ACRES' ORCHESTRA with H. B. HEDLEY at the Piano

8.30 PART OF ACT I  
The Hall of Mrs. Mostyne's House on the Thames

Reggie Powley (STANLEY LUPINO) when visiting Bobby Mostyne (LADDIE CLIFF) exchanges suitcases with Rita Payne (CONNIE EMERALD) by mistake. On her calling to put the matter right, she is taken first for Reggie's sister, and then for his wife.

9.45 PART OF ACT II

Mrs. Mostyne's Garden, next morning.  
Mary Dale (MADGE ELLIOTT) has said that she would marry the first man to enter the front door after midnight, and arranges that this should be her lover, Harry Drake (CYRIL RITCHARD). Unfortunately, a taxi-driver arrives first. A further complication is that the second husband of Mrs. Mostyne (VIOLET FAREBROTHER) has been mistaken by her son for a lunatic and given in charge of the police.



The bag scene (left to right)—FAY MARTIN, CONNIE EMERALD, STANLEY LUPINO, and LADDIE CLIFF.

- 6.40 The Foundations of Music  
HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL  
No. 2, in E. Minor; No. 4, G Minor
- 7.0 'The Month in the North Country'  
Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON
- 7.25 Talk
- 7.45 THE FRANK WALKER OCTET  
Overture, La Finta Giardiniera (The pretended Garden-girl)..... Mozart, arr. Sabac-el-Cher  
Minuet in G ..... Beethoven, arr. Weninger  
Noël (A Christmas Fantasy) .. Manuel E. Gomez
- 8.0 SIR JAMES JEANS, F.R.S.  
'THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES'—VI  
'THE GREAT UNIVERSE'
- 8.30 Excerpts from  
'The Love Race'  
Relayed from THE GAIETY THEATRE  
(See centre of page)  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0*
- 9.5 'The Second News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 9.20 Shipping Forecast; New York Stock Market Report
- 9.25 TALKS ABOUT MUSIC  
Mr. VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON
- 9.45 'The Love Race'  
Extract from Act II
- 10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC  
BILLY MASON and his CAPHEANS, from THE CAFÉ DE PARIS  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 11.30*

### WHEN THE CLOCK TICKS

During various intervals in the programmes of the last week, listeners will have heard a new signal, like the ticking of a clock. This ticking (which represents exact seconds) will be employed only during non-advertised intervals of over a minute or two, but not of long enough duration to warrant a pianoforte interlude.



# TUESDAY

## LONDON PROGRAMMES

# December 23

842 kc/s

# LONDON REGIONAL

(356.3) m.

- 10.15 *National Programme*
- 11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)
- 12.0 An Instrumental Concert  
FRANZEL'S VIENNESE SALON ORCHESTRA
- 1.0 ORGAN MUSIC  
(From Midland Regional)
- 2.0-3.0 THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA  
Directed by FRANK CANTELL  
Selection, TOM JONES ..... German Two Waltzes .....  
Sextet (Lucia di Lammermoor) Donizetti  
Fantasy on the Music of Flotow arr. Urbach  
Suite, Woodland Pictures ..... Fletcher
- 4.0 *National Programme*
- 5.15 JACK PAYNE and his  
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 6.15 'The First News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.40 'Bethlehem'  
A Choral Drama in Two Acts  
The Libretto Adapted from the Coventry Nativity Play  
Music by RUTLAND BOUGHTON



Compiled by M. H. Allen

From the anthology by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine

Music written and arranged by Robert Chignell

The Gershom Parkington Quintet  
The Wireless Singers  
Produced by Peter Creswell

**TO BE BROADCAST TONIGHT AT 9.40**

*Make we merry both more and lasse  
For now ys the tyme of Crystymas*

Let no man cum into this hall,  
Grome, page, nor yet marshall,  
But that some sport he bryng withall ;  
For now ys the time of Crystymas !

*Characters :*  
The Virgin Mary ; Gabriel ; Joseph ; Jem ; Sym ; Dave ; Angels ; Zarathustra ; Nubar ; Merlin ; First Woman ; Second Woman ; The Believer ; The Unbeliever ; Calchas, the Herald ; Herodias ; Herod

*The Cast will include :*  
OLIVE GROVES (Soprano) ; ESTHER COLEMAN (Contralto) ; DORIS OWENS (Contralto) ; FRANK TITTERTON (Tenor) ; BRADBRIDGE WHITE (Tenor) ; EDWARD REACH (Tenor) ; WILLIAM BARRAND (Bass) ; SAMUEL DYSON (Bass) ; STANLEY RILEY (Baritone)

THE WIRELESS CHORUS  
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

- 8.40 Regional News
- 8.45 JACK PAYNE and his  
B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
- 9.40 A Christmas Miscellany  
(See centre of page)
- 10.15 'The Second News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC  
BILLY MASON and his CAPREANS, from the CAFE DE PARIS
- 12.0-12.30 a.m. Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)

- 11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)
- 12.0 A Ballad Concert
- 12.30 EDWARD O'HENRY  
At THE ORGAN OF TUSSAUD'S CINEMA
- 1.0 LIGHT MUSIC  
LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL ORCHESTRA  
FROM THE PICCADILLY HOTEL
- 2.0-2.30 The Thirty-Seventh Annual Banquet to LITTLE LONDONERS  
Relayed from THE GUILDBALL
- 2.30-2.35 Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board by the Fullograph Process
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Topical Talk
- 6.15 'The First News'  
and London Stock Exchange Report
- 6.40 The Foundations of Music

## LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme on page 827)

- 7.0 'THE MONTH IN THE NORTH COUNTRY'  
Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON
- 7.35 Talk
- 7.45 THE FRANK WALKER OCTET  
Overture, La Finta Giardiniera (The pretended Garden Girl) ..... Mozart, arr. Sabae-el-Cher  
Minuet in G ..... Beethoven, arr. Weninger  
Noël (A Christmas Fantasy)... Manuel E. Gomez
- DOROTHY HELMBRICH (Contralto)  
Cavatina (Prince Igor)..... Borodin  
Berceuse..... Gretchaninov
- OCTET  
The Miniature Piano ..... J. Engleman  
Fête Foraine (Namouna).... Lalo, arr. Haensch
- DOROTHY HELMBRICH  
There was a little Baby King.... Evelyn Sharpe

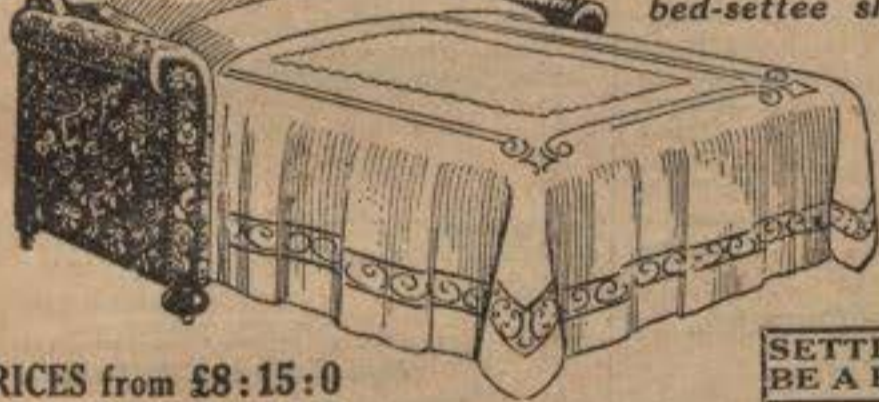
- The Christmas Minstrel..... Oliver Turner  
September ..... Ancliffe  
Minstrel's Christmas Carol..... Leslie Woodgate
- OCTET  
Introduction and Dance } (Second Symphony  
of the Corregidor .... Suite from The  
Finale ..... } Three-Cornered Hat)  
de Falla, arr. Manuel E. Gomez
- 8.30 Excerpts from  
'THE LOVE RACE'  
Relayed from THE GAIETY THEATRE
- 9.5 'The Second News'
- 9.20 New York Stock Market Report
- 9.25 Talks about Music  
Mr. VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON
- 9.45-10.30 'THE LOVE RACE'  
Extract from Act II
- 12.0-12.30 a.m. Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)



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# "Stay the Night"

The "Stay the Night" is the best bed-settee made and is obtainable only from us. Our Argyll Street showrooms are the largest bed-settee showrooms in the country.



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High quality 3-piece  
Bed-Settee sets  
from £14:14:0

(Easy  
Chairs  
to  
match  
any  
model)



A case-panel model.



A hide or texine model with loose velvet cushions.

IN SMALL  
HOUSES  
EVERY  
SETTEE SHOULD  
BE A BED-SETTEE

## MODERN BED-SETTEES AND 3-PIECE BED-SETTEE SETS

OVER 40 ATTRACTIVE MODELS AND 100  
TASTEFUL COVERING FABRICS, AT  
MODERATE PRICES

In recent years a growing number of people have found the modern Bed-Settee a great convenience—especially in small houses or flats. The "Stay the Night" is very handsome as a settee in any model, and opens out in two easy movements to a full size double spring bed, 6ft. 3in. long by 4ft. 6in. wide (or baby models if desired). The blankets fold away inside the settee when closed.

THE "STAY THE NIGHT" is a fine example of British workmanship. In appearance it will do credit to your home. It will often be a great convenience as a bed to your relations or friends. It costs no more than an ordinary settee.

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Oxford Circus, W.1

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ADDRESS.....

R.T. 10/12/30

## EMISSION UP TO 20 MILLIAMPS

that's why this new H.T. Battery  
works wonders in a portable.

To do themselves justice portables require an exceptional amount of power. Up till now they haven't received it. But here's Fuller's new product—the Sparta H.T. Battery W.O.P.100 for Portables which has an emission up to 20 milliamps. Fit one into your Portable now, and listen to the difference it makes. You're only half acquainted with your Portable until you fit a Sparta H.T. Battery.

Fuller 'Sparta' Dry H.T. Battery for Portables.  
W.O.P.100. 100 volts (reads 108) 10"x5"x3" 15/-

Guaranteed emission up to 20 milliamps.



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edition of the famous B.B.C. log-book is now ready. It is worth buying and keeping. It contains:—wavelengths, frequencies, power, call-signs and interval signals of most European and some short wave American stations. This new edition contains several new panels, and details of the new power ratings for European stations. *World-Radio Station Identification Panels Booklet, price 1s. od. post free of the B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill*

**TUESDAY**

626 kc's (479.2 m.)

**December 23**

**MIDLAND REGIONAL**

**12.0 London Regional Programme**

**1.0 REGINALD NEW**

At THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA

Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM

- March, Coronation Bells ..... *Partridge*
- Overture, The Magic Flute ..... *Mozart*
- Ballad, My little grey Home in the West. *Lohr*
- Waltz, In the Meadows ..... *Johnson*
- Selection, Classics ..... *arr. Ewing*
- Spanish Dance, El Relicario ..... *Padilla*
- Love's Dream after the Ball ..... *Czilbulka*
- Ballad, Friend o' Mine ..... *Sanderson*
- Suite, The Two Pigeons ..... *Messenger*

**2.0-3.0 THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA**

Directed by FRANK CANTELL

- Selection, Tom Jones ..... *German*
- Two Waltzes ..... *Dvorak*
- Sextet (Lucia di Lammermoor) ..... *Donizetti*
- Fantasy on the Music of Flotow. .... *arr. Urbach*
- Suite, Woodland Pictures. .... *Fletcher*

**5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**

'The Spirit of Christmas,' a Play, by ALFRED BUTLER

JACKO will entertain

Light Songs by VIOLET COBURN

**6.0 London Regional Programme**

**6.15 'The First News'**

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

**6.40 A Military Band Programme**

THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND

Conducted by W. A. CLARKE

Overture, The Merrymakers ..... *Eric Coates*

VIOLET COBURN (*Light Songs*)

**BAND**

Selection, H.M.S. Pinafore ..... *Sullivan*

MEIRION WILLIAMS (*Pianoforte*)

Gavotte (Suite, Op. 60) ..... *Albanesi*  
Concert Paraphrase, Rigoletto. *Verdi, arr. Liszt*

**BAND**

Czardas, Zsambeki ..... *Gung'l*  
Cornet Solo, A perfect Day ..... *Jacobs Bond*  
(R. MERRIMAN)

VIOLET COBURN (*Further Light Songs*)

MEIRION WILLIAMS

Prelude, The Sea ..... *Palmgren*  
Third Nocturne ..... *Albanesi*  
Hunting the Hare (Old Welsh Air)  
*arr. Meirion Williams*

**BAND**

Variations on Three Blind Mice ..... *Lotter*  
Galop, Tally Ho! ..... *Barsotti*

**8.0 DANCE MUSIC**

JACK KERR and his BAND

Relayed from TONY'S BALLROOM, BIRMINGHAM

**8.40 Midland News**

**8.45 'From the Musical Comedies'**

THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Directed by FRANK CANTELL

Selection, The Belle of New York ..... *Kerker*

MAY STURGESS (*Soprano*) and SAM WORLEY (*Baritone*)

Trot here and there (Veronique) ..... *Messenger*  
Waltz Dream (A Waltz Dream) ..... *Straus*

**ORCHESTRA**

Selection, Betty ..... *Rubens*

MAY STURGESS and SAM WORLEY

Roses, Red and White (A Chinese Honeymoon) *Talbot*  
A Paradise for Two (The Maid of the Mountains) *Fraser-Simson*

**ORCHESTRA**

Selection, The New Moon ..... *Romberg*

**9.40 London Regional Programme**

**10.15-10.30 'The Second News'**

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

**WHAT THE OTHER BROADCASTER THINKS**

(Continued from page 807.)

**HOLT MARVELL FLIES HIGH.**

SINCE I first began to broadcast, listeners, both in the columns of *The Radio Times* and in private correspondence, have been assuringly appreciative of my various contributions to programmes. The only time I ever stirred up a hornet's nest was when I broadcast from Croydon my account of Miss Amy Johnson's arrival from Australia. Many listeners wrote to complain of my misuse of flying terms and the correspondent of a well-known aeronautical journal saw fit to refer to me as 'Mr. Dolt Miracle, the B.B.C.'s inaccurate commentator,' a name by which, I am informed, I am still known in various R.A.F. messes. I love being called 'Mr. Dolt Miracle,' but I should like to point out that I was at Croydon on that August afternoon not to broadcast a technical description of a flying exhibition, but to paint a picture of a social occasion in some such way as the ordinary man would have seen it if he had been there. —Holt Marvell.

**MR. JOSEPH MUSCANT KNOWS YOU.**

It is just twelve months since the Commodore Gold Medal Orchestra began broadcasting on Saturday afternoons, but it

took only a week or so for me to discover the true musical taste of my listener friends. The trend in your popular likes and dislikes has brought about a remarkable situation. At present, there are only two divisions of music that are being widely broadcast—compositions by composers who are numbered among the Classics and Jazz. The middle class of music has been eliminated. A few years ago, when orchestra or conductor made mistakes, one cherished the hope that the microphone would fail to pick it up and send it over the air; that is all changed now. The microphone is capable of taking care of everything, the good and the bad, but I think all musicians would rather have it that way. Today, when we play well, and have our microphone properly placed, we are assured that the apparatus has carried our music out of the theatre in its true proportions. In looking forward towards the future, I am sure our problems will centre more on the programmes themselves than on the means of getting those programmes over to my friends the listeners; and when I say 'my friends,' I use the term with its full meaning and hope that each and everyone of them will like the broadcast of myself and my Orchestra of the special arrangements of various works which I prepare for them. —Joseph Muscant.



# December 23 CARDIFF TUESDAY

968 kc/s (309.9 m.)

## WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 *National Programme*

4.0 *National Programme*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
'The Kidnapping of Father Christmas'  
'Dirty Work at the 'Dog and Whistle'  
by  
S. G. HULME BEAMAN

6.0 Sir THOMAS HUGHES: 'Great Welshmen I  
have known—Lord Pontypridd and Judge  
Gwilym Williams'

6.15 *National Programme*

7.0 EGWYL GYMRAEG  
A WELSH INTERLUDE  
Mr. IORWERTH PEATE, of the Department of  
Archaeology, National Museum of Wales  
Penodau Cyntaf Hanes Cymru—IV, Rhufeiniwr  
a Brodor.  
Early Chapters in the History of Wales—IV,  
Roman and Native

7.25 *National Programme*

7.45 AN ALL-WELSH  
RECORD VARIETY PROGRAMME  
in which will be included leading Welsh Artists  
and well-known Welsh Songs recorded by the  
Principal Gramophone Companies

9.5 *National Programme*

9.20 West Regional News

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

### SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 *National Programme*

4.0 *National Programme*

5.15 *West Regional Programme*

6.15 *National Programme*

7.0 *West Regional Programme*

7.25 *National Programme*

7.45 *West Regional Programme*

9.5 *National Programme*

9.20 *West Regional News*

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

### PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 *National Programme*

12.0-1.0 *National Programme*

4.0 *National Programme*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
'The Kidnapping of Father Christmas'  
'Dirty Work at the 'Dog and Whistle'  
by  
S. G. HULME BEAMAN

6.0 *National Programme*

7.0 Mr. J. C. TREGARTHEN: 'Creatures of the  
Brake and Fen—IV, The Fox'

7.25 *National Programme*

7.45 *London National Programme*

8.30 *National Programme*

9.20 *Local News*

9.25-12.0 *National Programme*

### BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE  
10.30-11.0 *National Programme*  
12.0-1.0 *National Programme*  
4.0 *National Programme*  
7.45 *London National Programme*  
9.0-12.0 *National Programme*

### MANCHESTER and LEEDS

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15:—The Daily Service. 10.30-11.0:—National Programme. 12.0:—Gramophone Records. 1.15-2.0:—The Manchester Tuesday Midday Society's Concert. Relayed from The Houldsworth Hall, Manchester. Christmas Carols, sung by The Manchester Cathedral Choir. 4.9:—An Afternoon Concert. The Northern Wireless Orchestra: Overture, Le Pré aux Clercs (The Clerks' Meadow) (Hérolt); Bouncing Ball (Colin Wark). 4.13:—William Maughan (Baritone): O hat it were so (Frank Bridge); Travellers all (Loughborough); Columbine's Garden (Besby). 4.23:—Orchestra: Selection of Easthope Martin's Songs (arr. Geesh). 4.38:—William Maughan: Life has not been in vain? (Heron Maxwell); The Tune the Bosun played (Loughborough); Will she be waiting up? (Sterndale Bennett); The Song of the Tinker (Ernest Elliott). 4.48:—Orchestra: Four Pieces (Op. 26) (Friml); Mignonne; Chant sans paroles (Song without Words); Egyptian Dance; La Danse des Demoiselles; Selection, Eldorado (Rutland Clapham). 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—Dr. J. E. Wallace: 'Christmas Music Old and New' (From Liverpool). 6.15:—National Programme. 7.0:—Canon A. N. Cooper: 'Ghazling Mount St. Bernard under Snow' (From Leeds). 7.25:—National Programme. 7.45:—Round About the North. Some pictures in sound of characteristic and seasonable Northern events. (1) The Curfew rung at St. Michael's Church, Spurrer Gate, York. (From Leeds.) (2) Northumbrian Pipes played by Tom Clough. (From Newcastle.) (3) Dance Music by Henry Hall's Gleneagles Hotel Dance Band, relayed from the Midland Hotel, Manchester. Interludes by the Northern Wireless Orchestra. 9.5:—National Programme. 9.20:—North of England News. 9.25-12.0:—National Programme.



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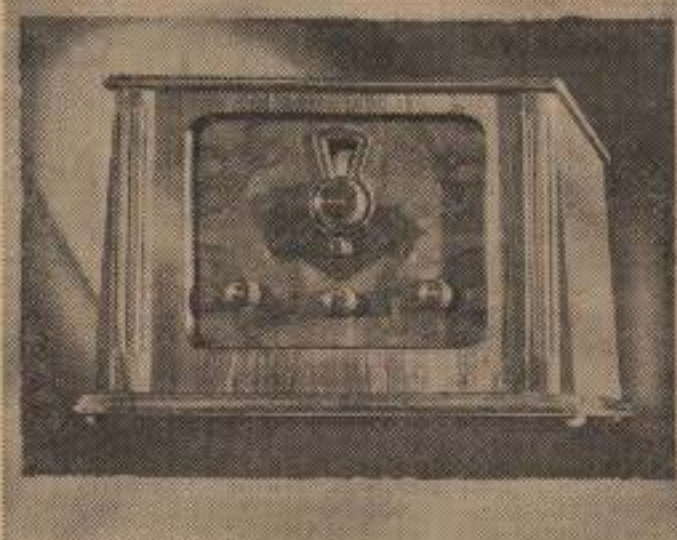
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**Varley**



# Christmas Eve

DAVENTRY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

# WEDNESDAY



## NATIONAL PROGRAMME



10.15 a.m. **THE DAILY SERVICE**  
 10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; SHIPPING FORECAST  
 10.45-11.0 'THE WEEK IN WESTMINSTER'  
 Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY, M.P.

12.0 Gramophone Records  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0*

1.0 **Light Music**  
 FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA  
 Directed by GEORGES HALCK  
 FROM THE RESTAURANT FRASCATI

2.0-2.30 **Children's Christmas Songs**  
 Sung by  
 SOPHIE WYSS (*Soprano*)  
 Die Hirten .....  
 Christkind (The Christ Child) .....  
 Tyrloz, tyrlow .....  
 Lullay .....  
 Come, sing and dance .....  
 Prologue de Jesus .....  
 Noël .....  
 Le Noël des Jouets (The Toy's Christmas) .....  
 L'ange .....

3.30 **Symphony Concert**  
 FROM THE PAVILION, BOURNEMOUTH  
 (From Bournemouth)  
 THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
 Conductor, Sir DAN GODFREY  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.45*

4.45 **REGINALD NEW**  
 AT THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA  
 Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM  
 Tunes of Christmastide .....  
 Demoiselle Chic .....  
 Ave Maria .....  
 Selection of Old Songs .....

5-15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
**A CHRISTMAS STOCKING**  
 Woven and filled  
 by  
 DEREK McCULLOCH  
 A Christmas Phantasy for Children  
*The Speakers*  
 The Boy .....  
 The Northwind .....  
 The Man .....  
 The Man's Friends .....  
 The Toy Sergeant .....  
 The Swiss Woodcutter .....  
 The Carol Singers

6.0 Mrs. DOROTHY GERVERF: 'Christmas on an African Farm'

6.15 'The First News'  
 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. London Stock Exchange Report  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 6.30*

6.40 **The Foundations of Music**  
 HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
 Played by REGINALD PAUL  
 No. 34 in E; No. 25 in D



### '—AND AFTERWARDS....'

A Creepy Interlude  
 by  
 Lady Cynthia Asquith, Mr. Felix Aylmer and Captain Robert A. L. Hartman; tonight at 10.30.

7.0 Mr. V. C. CLINTON BADDELEY reading 'The Poor Relation's Story,' from 'Christmas Stories,' by Charles Dickens

7.30 **REGINALD KING'S ORCHESTRA**  
 ROBERT EASTON (*Bass*)

ORCHESTRA  
 Ballet, A Modern Cinderella .....  
 Gavotte .....

ROBERT EASTON  
 She alone charmeth my Sadness (The Queen of Sheba).....

ORCHESTRA  
 The Kiss Waltz .....  
 Who Cares? Hackforth, transcribed Reginald King  
 My Blonde Morgan, transcribed Reginald King  
 Grasshopper's Dance .....

ROBERT EASTON  
 The Gay Highway .....  
 Dana .....  
 Simon the Cellarer .....  
 Tally Ho .....

ORCHESTRA  
 All on a Christmas Morning .....  
 The last Dance of Summer .....

8.30 **Carol Service**

Relayed from  
 ST. MARY'S, WHITECHAPEL  
 MEMBERS OF THE WIRELESS CHOIR  
 and the  
 WIRELESS MILITARY BAND  
 Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON  
 O come, all ye Faithful  
 God rest you merry, Gentlemen  
 Coventry Carol (Lully, thou little tiny Child)  
 Sussex Carol (On Christmas Night all Christians sing)  
 The First Nowell  
 The Holly and the Ivy  
 Good King Wenceslas  
 We three Kings of Orient are  
 Hark, the Herald Angels sing  
 (See also page 839)  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0*

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

9.15 Shipping Forecast; New York Stock Market Report

9.20 **A String Orchestral Concert**

JOAN COXON (*Soprano*)  
 THE B.B.C. STRING ORCHESTRA  
 Conducted by JOHN BARBIROLLI  
 Concerto for Christmas Day .....  
 JOAN COXON  
 Recit., Me, when the Sun  
 begins to sling .....  
 Aria, Hide me from Day's  
 garish Eye .....

ORCHESTRA  
 Andante (Cassation) .....  
 Air and Dance .....

JOAN COXON  
 Infant Christ .....  
 Christmas Voices .....

ORCHESTRA  
 Serenade .....

10.30 '—AND AFTERWARDS....'

A Creepy Interlude  
 by  
 Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH, Mr. FELIX AYLMEY, and  
 Captain ROBERT A. L. HARTMAN

11.0-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC**

JACK HARRIS'S GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND,  
 FROM GROSVENOR HOUSE  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 11.30*



WEDNESDAY LONDON PROGRAMMES Christmas Eve

842 kc/s

LONDON REGIONAL

(356.3 m.)

10.15 *National Programme*  
11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission  
by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 **Organ Recital**  
By WALTER S. VALE  
Relayed from

ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET  
Five Variations on the Christmas  
Hyinn, Vom Himmel Hoch *Bach*  
CECIL LUCAS (*Contralto*)  
The Holy Child .. *Easthope Martin*  
In questa tomba (In yon  
dark Tomb) ..... *Beethoven*  
The Praise of God .....  
WALTER S. VALE  
Pastorale in F ..... *Bach*  
CECIL LUCAS  
Evensong .....  
My Heart's in the } *Schumann*  
Highlands .....  
WALTER S. VALE  
Choral Preludes ..... *Bach*  
Jesu meine Freude; Fuga on  
Vom Himmel Hoch

1.0 Gramophone Records

1.30-3.0 THE MIDLAND STUDIO  
ORCHESTRA  
Directed by FRANK CANTELL  
(From *Midland Regional*)  
CONNIE BEE (*Violin*)  
REGINALD MORGAN (*Tenor*)

3.30 *National Programme*

5.15 **DANCE MUSIC**  
JACK KERR and his BAND  
Relayed from TONY'S BALLROOM, BIRMINGHAM

6.15 'The First News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

6.40 **A BRASS BAND CONCERT**  
(From *Newcastle*)

THE THORNLEY COLLIERY SILVER  
PRIZE BAND  
Conducted by E. KITTO  
March, The Road King ..... *Greenwood*  
Selection, Memories of Britain ..... *Rimmer*  
GWLADYS GARSIDE (*Contralto*)  
Caro mio ben (My dear one) ..... *Giordano*  
Contentment ..... *Muriel Herbert*  
When Song is sweet ..... *Sans Souci*



LILIAN KEYES (left) sings the Fairy Queen in *Little Red Riding Hood*, the pantomime by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE (right) that is being broadcast in the London Regional programme tonight at 8.0, and in the National programme tomorrow night.

BAND  
Overture, Poet and Peasant ..... *Suppe*  
Selection, William Tell ..... *Rossini*

GWLADYS GARSIDE  
How the Holly got its Thorns ..... *Besly*  
Sweet Christmas Time ..... *Weckerlin*  
The Holy Child ..... *Easthope Martin*

BAND  
Sailor's Memories ..... *Hackins*  
Cornet Duet, Marionettes ..... *Windsor*  
(J. LUKE and G. KIME)  
March, Majestic ..... *Alwyn Teasdale*

8.0 'Little Red Riding Hood'

Another Phantom Pantomime  
Written, Composed, and Produced  
By ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

Additional numbers by various Authors and Composers

The Compere ..... CYRIL NASH  
Little Red Riding Hood  
ALMA VANE  
Boy Blue ..... HORACE PERCIVAL  
Simple Simon .. LEONARD HENRY  
King of the Wolves MICHAEL SHAW  
The Squire ..... PHILIP WADE  
Mother O' Hubbard  
FLORENCE MARKS  
The Fairy Queen (LILIAN KEYES  
JESSIE TANDY)  
THE PANTOMIME CHORUS and the  
ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

9.30 Regional News

9.35 THE WIRELESS MILITARY  
BAND

Conducted by  
CHARLES LEGGATT

March, El Capitan ..... *Sousa*  
Overture, The Bohemian Girl  
Balfe

Selection, The Mikado ..... *Sullivan*  
Suite, Egyptian Ballet ..... *Luigini*

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

10.30-12.0 **DANCE MUSIC**

JACK HARRIS'S GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND, from  
GROSVENOR HOUSE

11.0-11.30 Experimental Television Transmission  
by the Baird Process  
(356.3 m. Vision ; 261.3 m. Sound)

12.0 Gramophone Records

1.0 **LIGHT MUSIC**  
FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA  
Directed by GEORGES HAECK  
From THE RESTAURANT FRASCATI

2.0-2.30 Children's Christmas Songs  
SOPHIE WYSS (*Soprano*)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin

LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme  
on page 833)

6.15 'The First News'  
and  
London Stock Exchange Report

6.40 The Foundations of Music

7.0 Mr. V. C. CLINTON BADDELEY, reading  
The Poor Relations Story, from 'Christmas  
Stories,' by Charles Dickens

7.30 REGINALD KING'S ORCHESTRA  
ROBERT EASTON (*Bass*)

8.30 Carol Service  
Relayed from ST. MARY'S, WHITECHAPEL  
MEMBERS OF THE WIRELESS CHOIR  
AND THE  
WIRELESS MILITARY BAND  
conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

9.0 'The Second News'

9.15 New York Stock Market Report

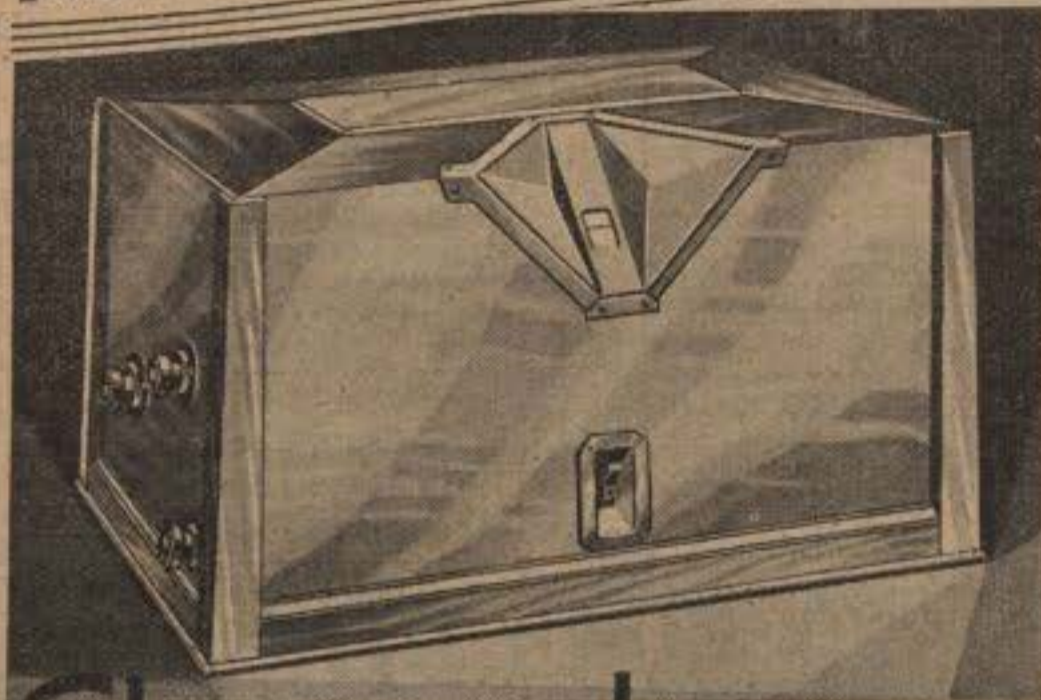
9.20 **Orchestral Concert**  
JOAN COXON (*Soprano*)  
THE B.B.C. STRING ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by JOHN BARBIEROLI

10.30-11.0 --'AND AFTERWARDS'--  
A Creepy Interlude



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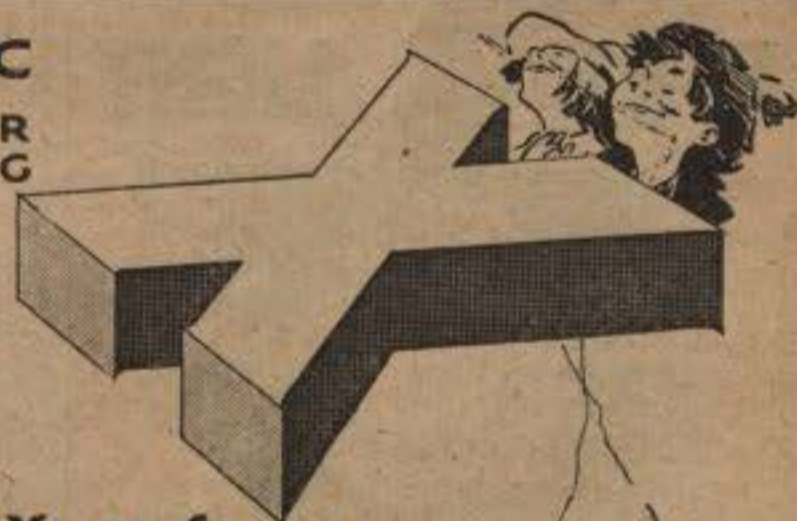
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# WEDNESDAY December 24 626 kc/s (479.2 m.) MIDLAND REGIONAL

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**RAWLPLUGS**

The Rawlplug Co., Ltd.,  
Croswell Road, London, S.W.7.

12.0 *London Regional Programme*

1.30 **THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA**  
 Directed by FRANK CANTELL  
 Selection of Popular Songs by Montague Phillips  
*arr. Higgs*

CONNIE BEE (*Violin*)  
 Spanish Dance ..... *Granados, arr. Kreisler*  
 Polichinelle Serenade ..... *Kreisler*

ORCHESTRA  
 Selection, A Day in Paris ..... *Finck*

REGINALD MORGAN (*Tenor*)  
 Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind ..... } *Quilter*  
 O Mistress mine ..... }  
 Sigh no more, Ladies ..... *Aiken*

6.15 'The First News'  
 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.40 **THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA**  
 Directed by FRANK CANTELL  
 A Dream Fantasy, Christmas Memories .. *Finck*  
 Children's Suite, Cap and Bells ..... *Holliday*  
 Pastorale (Christmas Music) ..... *Cavelli*  
 A Lightning Switch ..... *Alford*  
 Christmas Tree Suite ..... *Rebikov*

7.30 'Come, Pipe a Song'  
 THE MIDLAND STUDIO CHORUS  
 Directed by NIGEL DALLAWAY

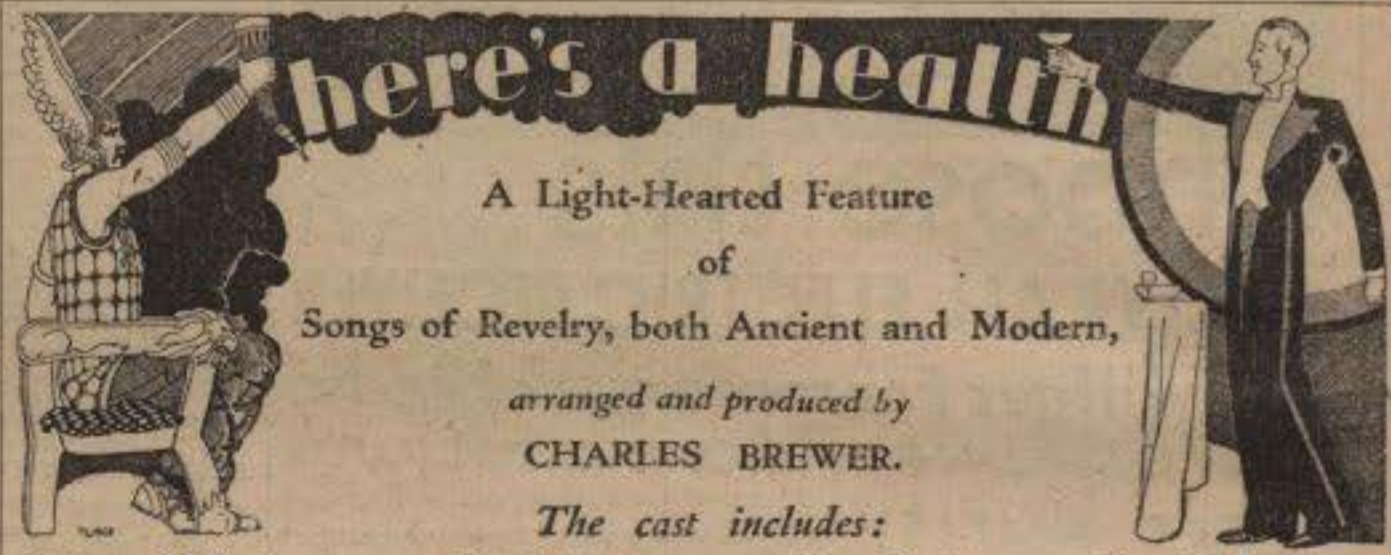
**here's a health**

A Light-Hearted Feature  
 of  
 Songs of Revelry, both Ancient and Modern,  
*arranged and produced by*  
**CHARLES BREWER.**

*The cast includes:*  
 Colleen Clifford      Alfred Butler      John Rorke      Donald Davies

**The Midland Studio Chorus and Orchestra**  
 directed by Frank Cantell

*To be broadcast in the Midland Regional Programme this evening at 9.35*



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**"for lasting brilliance"**

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2.10 ORCHESTRA  
 Andantino ..... *Lemare*  
 Intermezzo, On the Bosphorus ..... *Lincke*

CONNIE BEE  
 On Wings of Song .... *Mendelssohn, arr. Achron*  
 Perpetuum mobile ..... *Novacek*

ORCHESTRA  
 Three Light Pieces ..... *Fletcher*

2.45-3.0 REGINALD MORGAN  
 To Mary ..... *Maude Valerie White*  
 Vein of my Heart ..... *Charles Willeby*  
 Phyllis ..... } *Phillips*  
 My Celia ..... }

ORCHESTRA  
 The Nigger's Birthday ..... *Lincke*

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
 'The Plum Pudding,' a Story, by MARY RICHARDS  
 Songs by COLLEEN CLIFFORD (*Soprano*)  
 and JOHN RORKE (*Baritone*)  
 'The Season's Greetings,' by FRANCES PEARMAN

6.0 **DANCE MUSIC**  
 JACK KERR and his BAND  
 Relayed from TONY'S BALLROOM, BIRMINGHAM

8.0 *London Regional Programme*

9.30 Midland News

9.35 'Here's a Health'  
 A Light-hearted Feature of  
 Songs of Revelry, both Ancient and Modern,  
 arranged and produced by  
**CHARLES BREWER**  
*(See centre of page)*

'High-Jacker, High-Jacker, where have you been?  
 After a guy with a load of Potteen!  
 High-Jacker, High-Jack, did you get your wish?  
 Sure I lifted the dope, and bumped off the poor fish!  
 (From 'Bright Ballads for Boot-Leggings Babelets')

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

10.30 *Experimental Transmission for the Radio Research Board by the Fullograph Process*

10.35-11.0 *London Regional Programme*



# Christmas Eve **CARDIFF** WEDNESDAY

968 kc/s (309.9 m.)

## WESTERN REGION

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

1.15 A Symphony Concert  
Relayed from  
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES  
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE  
Meditation (The Light of Life).....Elgar  
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Beethoven

2.0-2.30 National Programme

3.30 NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE  
Selection, Tom Jones.....German  
LINDA SEYMOUR (Contralto) and Orchestra  
Flower Song (Faust).....Gounod  
THE ORCHESTRA  
Selection, San Toy.....Jones  
LINDA SEYMOUR  
Come, let's be merry.....Lane Wilson  
Fair House of Joy.....Quilter  
I know a Bank.....Julius Harrison  
THE ORCHESTRA  
Three Dances (The Rebel Maid).....Phillips  
Selection, Merrie England.....German

4.45 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 National Programme

7.30 'CHRISTMAS WITH THE SAILORS'  
Shanties and F'cas'le Favourites by Mercantile  
Jacks, with a short talk on 'Christmas at Sea'  
by Commander DAMER POWELL, author of  
'Bristol Privateers and Ships of War,' relayed  
from The Missions to Seamen's Institute, Bristol

Artists  
ROBERT COLE (Tenor)  
MAURICE GERBISH (Baritone)  
WILFRED EALES (Bass)  
HEDLEY GOODALL, Recital  
Conductor, JOSEPH JENKINS

The Right Rev. THE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL  
will preside and will give a Christmas message  
to the sailors

8.30 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.20-11.0 National Programme

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

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

1.15 West Regional Programme

2.0-2.30 National Programme

3.30 National Programme

5.15 West Regional Programme

6.0 National Programme

9.15 West Regional News

9.20-11.0 National Programme

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

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

3.30 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
'HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS'  
A Christmas Eve Programme  
by  
(M. E. Jenkin)  
Christmas Music by THE JUNIOR CHORISTERS  
St. Andrew's Parish Church, Plymouth

6.0 National Programme

9.15 Local News and Mid-week Sports Bulletin

9.20-11.0 National Programme

**BOURNEMOUTH**

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

3.30-11.0 National Programme

**MANCHESTER and LEEDS**

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15.—The Daily Service. 10.30-11.0.—National Programme. 3.30.—An Afternoon Concert. The Northern Wireless Orchestra: Overture, Marinella (Finck); Waltz, Casino Dances (Gung'l). 3.50.—Ruth Araujo (Violin): Adagio espressivo and con variazioni (Sonata in D Minor) (Joseph Gibbs, arr. Moffat). 4.0.—Orchestra: Romance, Heart's Delight (Anchiff); Little Columbine (Sammons). 4.10.—Doris Clegg (Soprano): The Pipes of Pan (The Arcadians) (Monckton); My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier) (Strauss); I love the Moon (Rubens). 4.20.—Orchestra: Masque (As You Like It) (German) (Woodland Dance); Children's Dance; Rustic Dance). 4.30.—Ruth Araujo: Tango (Albeniz, arr. Dushkin); Melody (Cluck, arr. Kreisler); Gavotte in E (Bach, arr. Kreisler). 4.40.—Doris Clegg: If we sailed away (Phillips); The Blue Danube (arr. Elkin). 4.50.—Orchestra: Selection, The Beauty Stone (Sullivan); March, Folies-Bergères (Lincke). 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0.—National Programme. 7.30.—'The Summer Mummings' in Christmas Garb. Kitty Darnell; Doris Gumbell; Christie Marshall; Ralph Collis; Bert Copley; Walter Jones. At the two pianos, Eric Fogg and W. E. Wright. Special lyrics by Henrik Ruge set to music by Eric Fogg. 8.30.—National Programme. 9.15.—North of England News. 9.20.—Here's a health to one and all of us. The Northern Wireless Orchestra: The Stein Song (Fenstad); Drinking Song (Cavalleria Rusticana) (Mascagni); Drinking Song (The Student Prince) (Rouberg). 9.35.—Stanley Maher and his Merry-men: Here's a health unto His Majesty (Savile); Drinking Song in Winter (Schubert); Jolly Good Ale and Old (Edmunds); The Agincourt Song (arr. Warrell). 9.45.—Orchestra: Bacchanalia (Finck). 10.0.—Stanley Maher and his Merry-men: Down among the dead Men (Dyer); Here's to the Maiden (arr. R. Greaves); Ho Jolly Jenkin (Sullivan). 10.10.—Orchestra: Dances des Liqueurs (Costa). 10.20.—Stanley Maher and his Merry-men: A Fine Old English Gentleman (arr. Purday); The Yeomen of England (German); Wassail Song (arr. C. Sharp). 10.28.—Orchestra: Christmas Medley (Aston, arr. Ketchelbey). 10.30-11.0.—National Programme.

## You won't forget this Christmas

You won't forget this Christmas if you invest in a present that will bring a new and lasting happiness to your family.

A New Ford car is an investment which will pay dividends of pleasure and health and economy for many years.

A New Ford car is easy to buy. Its economy lasts as long as its own long life.

You and all your family will quickly learn to rely upon the New Ford, upon its speed and safety, and its unfailing reliability.

Let this Christmas always be remembered in your home. Let it be the occasion of introducing a New Ford car to your family.

## This is the Present he'll appreciate most!

TAKE A LOAD OFF HIS SHOULDERS

Just the present you are looking for! Men all over the world are adopting this new British invention which has superseded both braces and belts. The "SPAN" BRACER is smarter, healthier, and much more efficient. Gloriously free, it enables a man to ride, walk, and lounge in the utmost comfort, and garments "hang" perfectly every moment. There is no abdominal strain with the "SPAN," the elastic sections allowing for muscular movement. Ideal for sports, business, and evening wear.



Back View



Front View



Side View

The Junior "SPAN" is ideal for boys' wear. On growing boys, braces drag shoulders down and restrict chest expansion. Belts constrict the abdomen. The "SPAN" gives the body full freedom and supports the lumbar region of the back. Ask for the "Junior" Model. In all sizes.

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General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, K.C.B., D.S.O., R.E., M.P., writes: "Your SPAN BRACERS are excellent."

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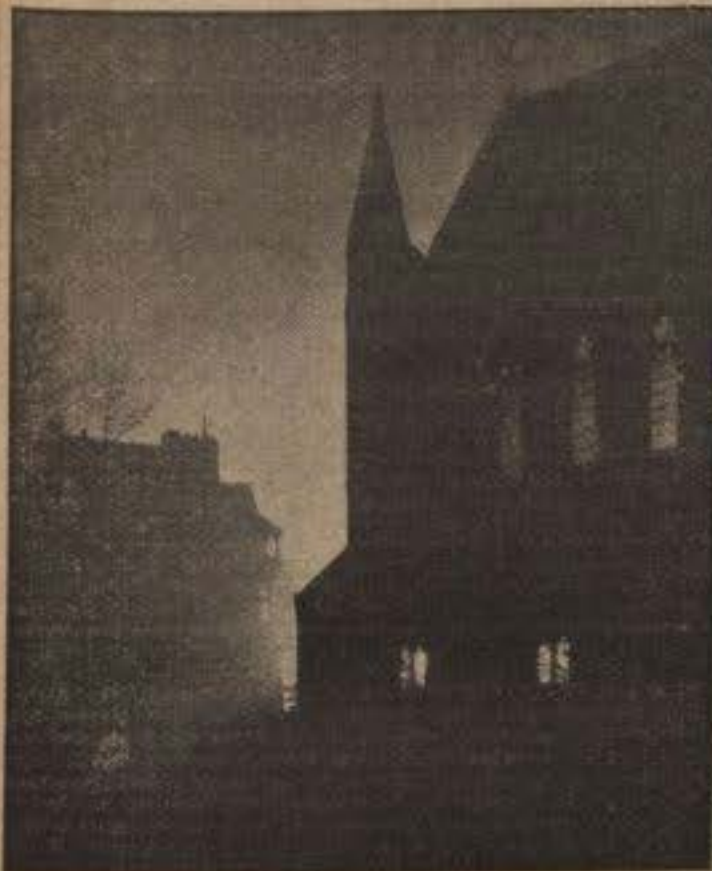
I cross  
the open  
sky . . . .

We met at dusk—just he and I. Back from the fields with tired steps, he never knew I passed that way. Speed was mine—one second and a hundred thousand homes had heard me—I am a radio wave. A million pounds of machinery have flashed me into space . . . down to your aerial . . . into your set . . . into your valves.

*Make me myself again through—*

**Mullard**  
**THE · MASTER · VALVE**





## A CAROL SERVICE

given by

Members of the Wireless Choir and the Wireless Military Band, conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON, will be relayed from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, on Wednesday at 8.30 (National Programme).

The Carols to be sung are :

O come, all ye faithful.  
God rest you merry, gentlemen.  
Coventry Carol (Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child).  
Sussex Carol (On Christmas night all Christians sing).  
The First Nowell.  
The Holly and the Ivy.  
Good King Wenceslas.  
We three Kings of Orient are.  
Hark the Herald Angels sing.

The verses of three of the Carols to be sung are printed on this page, by courtesy of the Oxford University Press.

# A Carol Service from Whitechapel on Christmas Eve

### SUSSEX CAROL.

On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the angels bring—  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin He set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before His grace,  
Then life and health come in its place ;  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night ;  
' Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and for evermore. Amen.'

### COVENTRY CAROL.

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child  
Byby, lully lullay.  
O sisters too,  
How may we do  
For to preserve this day  
This poor youngling,  
For whom we do sing,  
Byby, lully lullay ?

Herod, the king,  
In his raging,  
Charged he hath this day  
His men of might,  
In his own sight,  
All young children to slay.

That woe is me,  
Poor child for thee !  
And ever morn and day,

For thy parting  
Neither say nor sing  
Byby, lully lullay !

### KINGS OF ORIENT.

The Kings.

We three kings of Orient are ;  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar.  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star :

Chorus.

O star of wonder, star of sight,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Melchior.

Born a king on Bethlehem plain,  
Gold I bring, to crown Him again—  
King for ever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign :

Gaspar.

Frankincense to offer have I ;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh :  
Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship Him, God most high :

Balthazar.

Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom ;  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb :

All.

Glorious now, behold Him rise ;  
King, and God, and sacrifice !  
Heaven sings alleluya,  
Alleluya the earth replies.

# And a Christmas Morning Service from Canterbury Cathedral

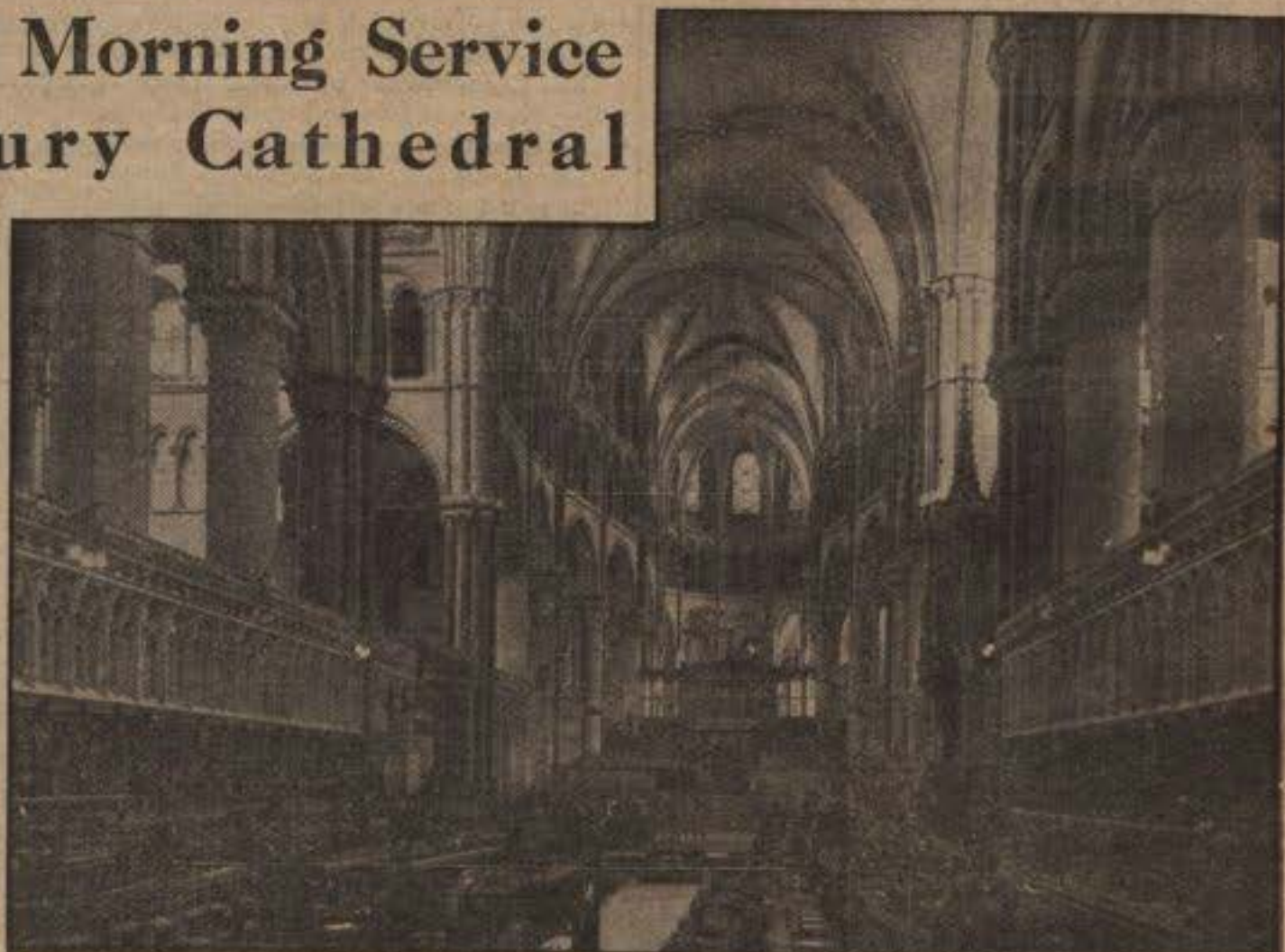
## CHRISTMAS DAY

from 10.30 a.m.—11.15 a.m.

Hymn, Hark the Herald Angels Sing  
Confession  
Absolution  
Lord's Prayer—The Lord's Name be Praised  
Psalm 19  
Lesson, St. Luke ii, 1—14  
Te Deum (Stanford in B Flat)  
Creed—Third Collect  
Anthem, Gloria in excelsis Deo (Martin Shaw)  
Address  
Hymn, O Come, all ye faithful

## THE BLESSING

The picture on the right shows the great nave of Canterbury Cathedral.





THURSDAY

DAVENTRY  
193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

Christmas Day



NATIONAL PROGRAMME



10.15 Shipping Forecast

10.30-11.15 SERVICE  
From CANTERBURY  
CATHEDRAL

Hymn, Hark, the Herald Angels  
sing  
Confession  
Absolution  
Lord's Prayer — The Lord's  
Name be praised  
Psalm 19  
Lesson, St. Luke 2, 1-14  
Te Deum (*Stanford in B Flat*)  
Creed—3rd Collect  
Anthem, Gloria in excelsis Deo  
(*Martin Shaw*)  
Address  
Hymn, O come, all ye Faithful  
The Blessing

See also previous page

12.0 Songs my Father Sang

RUSSELL OWEN (*Baritone*)  
THE GEORGIAN TRIO  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0*

1.0 REGINALD FOORT

At THE ORGAN OF THE REGAL,  
MARBLE ARCH

2.0-2.30 A Ballad Concert

ANTONIA SOMERVELL (*Soprano*)  
HERBERT DE LEON (*Baritone*)

4.0 Light Music

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE ORCHESTRA  
Directed by JOSEPH MEEUS  
From GROSVENOR HOUSE  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 4.45*

5.15 The Children's Hour

(*From Midland Regional*)  
'PANTOMIMES RE-POTTED'

A Transplantation undertaken by MABEL  
FRANCE and NORMAN TIMMIS, with the  
assistance of JEAN HARLEY and GEORGE  
BARKER, and THE MIDLAND REGIONAL STAFF

5.50 Birthdays from London

6.0 Sports Bulletin

6.10 London Sports Bulletin

6.15 London Regional Programme

6.25 Interval

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 6.30*

6.30 A STUDIO SERVICE

Conducted by—the Rev. JOHN A. MAYO,  
Rector of WHITECHAPEL

Hymn, Ancient and Modern, 59, O Come, all  
ye Faithful  
Hallowing Introduction  
The Lord's Prayer  
Lesson: St. Luke ii, 6-20  
Magnificat  
Thanksgiving  
Prayer from Scripture  
Carol: A Babe in Bethlehem  
The Petitions  
Hymn, Ancient and Modern, No. 62, While  
Shepherds Watched



Another Phantom Pantomime, written, composed,  
and produced by Ernest Longstaffe.

TO BE BROADCAST AT 7.30

Re-enter Longstaffe with his pen and baton  
To stir the stuff that listeners grow fat on,  
A Christmas pudding, served without digressions—  
Composed of plums, traditional and fresh 'uns—  
Remodelled themes from Panto's pawky pages,  
New gags for old, and songs to suit all ages,  
Complete with chorus, village belles appealing  
To licence-holders for that Christmas feeling!  
Red Riding Hood revives the time-worn question:  
'Did Grandmamma upset the Wolf's digestion?'  
Boy Blue—true blue and trusty as of old,  
The Fairy Queen with heart and voice of gold,  
A comic Squire and silly Simple Simon—  
All pegs to hang some simply silly rhyme on!  
Tune in tonight and hear the wild waves saying:  
'We like this low-brow lilt that sets us swaying!  
Scriabin scoffs! Bill Bartok cocks an eyebrow!  
Lay on, Longstaffe! And let who will be high-  
brow!'

John Derwent.

CAST:

The Compere ..... Cyril Nash  
Little Red Riding Hood ..... Alma Vane  
Boy Blue ..... Horace Percival  
Simple Simon ..... Leonard Heney  
King of the Wolves ..... Michael Shaw  
The Squire ..... Philip Wade  
Mother o' Hubbard ..... Florence Marks  
The Fairy Queen ..... (Lilian Keyes  
Jessie Tandy)  
The Pantomime Chorus and the Orchestra

conducted by  
ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

Address: The Blessing on the  
Home, by the Rev. JOHN A.  
MAYO  
Evening Prayer  
Blessing  
Hymn, Ancient and Modern, 60,  
Hark, the Herald Angels sing

7.0 APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE  
BRITISH WIRELESS FOR THE  
BLIND FUND

(Organized by THE NATIONAL  
INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND)  
by the  
RT. HON. WINSTON S.  
CHURCHILL, M.P.

7.15 The Foundations of Music  
HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL  
No. 6 in C Sharp Minor; No.  
21 in C

7.30 Little Red  
Riding Hood

(See centre of page)

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0*

9.0 \* Shipping Forecast

9.10 THE B.B.C.  
ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

ORCHESTRA

A Children's Overture ..... Quilter

PARRY JONES (*Tenor*) and Orchestra

My Pretty Jane ..... Bishop  
Tom Bowling ..... Didden  
Sally in our Alley ..... Didden

ORCHESTRA

Fantasy, Cinderella ..... Eric Coates

PARRY JONES

The Knight of Bethlehem ..... Cleghorn Thomson  
Queen of Heaven ..... Dunhill  
Christmas Carol ..... Malcolm Davidson

ORCHESTRA

Waltz, Vienna Woods ..... Johann Strauss

10.15 'OTHER PEOPLE'S CHRISTMASSES'  
A Series of Contrasts

10.45 'CHRISTMAS DAY IN AMERICA'  
Mr. William Hard, relayed from  
N.B.C. STUDIOS, AMERICA

11.0 DANCE MUSIC

BILLY COTTON and his BAND, from CIRO'S CLUB

11.30-1.0 a.m. MARIUS B. WINTER and his  
DANCE ORCHESTRA

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 12.30*

1.0-1.5 a.m. Experimental Transmission for the  
Radio Research Board  
By the Fultograph Process

\* If any news of importance is received during  
the day it will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m.





Give your Set  
a  
**FULL O'POWER**



Illustration of the NEW Seamless Drawn Zinc Cylinder, as used exclusively in Full O'Power Batteries.

**F**OR the attractive programmes at Xmas time you want to be sure of getting the very best from your Radio Set.

Here is a definite suggestion:

Do not wait for that old battery to let you down during the holiday — get a Full O'Power Radio Battery and enjoy the Xmas programmes at their very best. You will not only get purer and better reproduction, but will be giving yourself the opportunity of trying out—

Specified for  
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**'ORGOLA,'**  
**COSSOR**  
and  
**FERRANTI**  
Sets.

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**FULL O'POWER**  
**BOOKLET**

containing illustrations, sizes, and prices of the complete range, together with many useful hints and tips.

*The finest H.T. Battery obtainable today!*



# THURSDAY LONDON PROGRAMMES Christmas Day

## LONDON REGIONAL (356.3 m.)

10.15-11.15 *National Programme*

**12.0 CHRISTOPHER STONE'S PROGRAMME**

Christmas Records

12.30 FAVOURITES

1.10 ENGLISH DANCE RECORDS

1.35 ENGLISH ORCHESTRAS AND SOLOISTS

2.15 AMERICAN DANCE RECORDS

2.55-3.0 ENGLISH VAUDEVILLE

Arranged and introduced by CHRISTOPHER STONE

4.0 *National Programme*

5.15-6.25 MARIUS B. WINTER and his DANCE ORCHESTRA

6.30 *National Programme*

7.0 Interval

7.5 THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

LEONARD GOWINGS (Tenor)

QUINTET  
Selection of Bygone Melodies

LEONARD GOWINGS  
When icicles hang by the Wall ..... Arne  
The sweet little Girl that I love ..... Hook

QUINTET  
Selection, Bitter-Sweet..... Noel Coward

LEONARD GOWINGS  
Rose of Tralee ..... Glover  
My Sweetheart when a Boy.... W. Morgan

QUINTET  
Selection of Old Favourites

LEONARD GOWINGS  
To Mary ..... Maude Valerie White  
I care not if the Cup I hold (The Rose of Persia) Sullivan

THE WEEKLY THEATRICAL CARTOON.



SYBIL THORNDIKE

is Elizabeth Pollock's subject in the last of her series of impressions, which she will broadcast in the Vaudeville programme tonight at 9.5

QUINTET  
Aubade Printaniere (Springtide)..... Lacombe

8.0 CALLENDER'S CABLE WORKS BAND  
Conducted by TOM MORGAN

GLADYS PALMER (Contralto)

BAND  
Overture, The Bronze Horse ..... Auber  
Humorous Fantasy, Three blind Mice Douglas

GLADYS PALMER  
It was a Lover and his Lass ..... Morley  
Now Phoebus sinketh in the West..... Arne  
An Old Garden ..... Hope Temple

BAND  
Fantasy, National Songs of Great Britain and Ireland..... arr. Ord Hume

GLADYS PALMER  
The Fairy Pedlar ..... Rowley  
The Songs my Mother sang ..... Grimshaw  
The Shadow March ..... del Riego

BAND  
Xylophone Solos (PAT GREENER):  
The Squirrel Dance..... Elliot Smith  
Crazy Sticks..... Bringham  
March Medley, Martial Moments.... Winter

9.0 Interval\*

9.5 Vaudeville

1. THE MAESTROS  
In Harmony

2. THE ROOSTERS  
'Tommy's Christmas'  
by  
PERCY MERRIMAN  
ELLA RETFORD  
(Principal boy in this year's Pantomime 'Aladdin,' at the Dominion Theatre, London)  
In some of her Pantomime Hits

4. MABEL CONSTANDUROS and  
MICHAEL HOGAN  
'MRS. BUGGINS' BIRTHDAY'  
Hailed by  
'THE FOURSOME'  
who will also interfere every now and again  
(Songs for 'The Foursome' specially composed by George Porford)

WALFORD HYDEN and his ORCHESTRA  
THE WEEKLY THEATRICAL CARTOON  
Impressionist, ELIZABETH POLLOCK  
Material by HERBERT FARJEON  
SYBIL THORNDIKE

10.15 DANCE MUSIC  
BILLY COTTON and his BAND, from CIRO'S CLUB

11.30-1.0 a.m. MARIUS B. WINTER and his DANCE ORCHESTRA

\* If any news of importance is received during the day, it will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m.

12.0 Songs my Father Sang  
RUSSELL OWEN (Baritone)  
THE GEORGIAN TRIO

1.0 Organ Recital  
REGINALD FOOT  
At the Organ of THE REGAL, MARELE ARCH

2.0-2.30 A Ballad Concert  
ANTONIA SOMERVELL (Soprano)  
HERBERT DE LEON (Baritone)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

5.30 Birthdays from London

6.0 Sports Bulletin

6.10 London Sports Bulletin

6.15 *London Regional Programme*

1.25 Interval

LONDON NATIONAL  
1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)  
(See also National Daventry Programme on page 840)

6.30 A STUDIO SERVICE  
Conducted by The Rev. JOHN A. MAYO  
Rector of WHITECHAPEL

7.0 Appeal on Behalf of The WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND FUND  
by  
The Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, M.P.

7.15 The Foundations of Music

7.30 Little Red Riding Hood  
ANOTHER PHANTOM PANTOMIME  
WRITTEN, COMPOSED, AND PRODUCED  
By ERNEST LONGSTAFFE  
ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS

9.0\* Interval

9.10 An Orchestral Concert  
PARRY JONES (Tenor)  
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

10.15 'Other People's Christmases'  
— a series of Contrasts'

10.45-11.0 'CHRISTMAS DAY IN AMERICA'  
MR. WILLIAM HART, relayed from N.B.C. STUDIOS, AMERICA

\* If any news of importance is received during the day, it will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m.



## Christmas Day

CARDIFF  
968 kc/s (309.9 m.)

THURSDAY

## WESTERN REGION

10.15-11.15 *National Programme*  
 12.0-2.30 *National Programme*  
 4.0 *National Programme*  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(*National Programme*)  
 5.50 Birthdays  
 6.0 *National Programme*  
 6.10 Regional Sports Bulletin  
 6.15-1.0 a.m. *National Programme*

## SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15-11.15 *National Programme*  
 12.0-2.30 *National Programme*  
 4.0 *National Programme*  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(*National Programme*)  
 5.50 *West Regional Programme*  
 6.0 *National Programme*  
 6.10 *West Regional Sports Bulletin*  
 6.15-1.0 a.m. *National Programme*

## PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15-11.15 *National Programme*  
 12.0-1.0 *National Programme*  
 4.0 *National Programme*  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(*National Programme*)  
 5.50 Birthdays from Plymouth  
 6.0 *National Programme*  
 6.10 Interlude  
 6.25-1.0 a.m. *National Programme*

## BOURNEMOUTH

10.15-11.0 *National Programme*  
 1.0-2.0 *National Programme*  
 4.0-1.0 a.m. *National Programme*

## MANCHESTER and LEEDS

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15-11.15 *National Programme*

4.0 *National Programme*  
 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(*National Programme*)  
 5.50 Birthdays  
 6.0 *National Programme*  
 6.10 Regional Sports Bulletin  
 6.15-1.0 a.m. *National Programme*

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

626 kc/s (479.2 m.)

10.15 *National Programme*  
 11.15-11.20 The Rt. Rev. E. W. BAENES, F.R.S.,  
D.D., Sc.D., LL.D., The Lord Bishop of BIR-  
MINGHAM, will give a Christmas message to  
patients in the local hospitals  
 5.15 The Children's Hour  
 6.0 Sports Bulletin  
 6.10-6.15 Midland Sport  
 6.25 *London Regional Programme*  
 6.30-7.0 *National Programme*  
 7.5 *London Regional Programme*  
 9.0 'The News'  
 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN  
 9.5-11.0 *London Regional Programme*

## HOW A DETECTIVE STORY IS PLANNED

(Continued from page 810)

Statement of Technical Expert of the Universal Gramophone Company (see Trade List in case one exists: alternatives, Imperial, Royal, Empire, Colossal):—

1. That he listened to the Professor's talk.
2. That he left at 5 a.m., on the next day, for a four days' yachting holiday and heard no news till his return. (Or perhaps got sharp attack of 'flu and didn't see newspapers?)
3. That he was positive that the noise at the end of the talk was not atmospheric, but the scratching of a needle on the tail-end of a gramophone record that was still revolving.
4. That he was almost prepared to swear what type of record was being scratched.

Assuming the Expert to be correct, the Superintendent evolves this new theory:—

1. That the last part, if not the whole, of the Professor's talk was delivered by means of gramophone records.
2. That the gramophone, however it came into Savoy Hill, went out in the Professor's bag.
3. That as the Professor was incapable of being involved, owing to his nature and character, he could not have carried away the gramophone, and therefore
4. He was being impersonated.
5. That the Professor was murdered elsewhere, probably in the house at Putney.

So far so good. But why a gramophone at all? In order that the murderer should have time to dispose of the body of Parrott? But he couldn't have known that Parrott was coming. In order to leave it running while he made good his escape? But he didn't. He

packed it up and walked out with it in his despatch-case.

The crux now is: What was the murderer doing while the gramophone was giving the talk?

Further police discovery: An unsigned telegram to Eltringham on the day before the murder: 'Parrott is buying Imperial Gold heavily, not selling.' Deduction from this: That Parrott and Eltringham were partners, and that Parrott intended to double-cross Eltringham, and from this deduction, coupled with the position of the wound, everything fell into place suddenly, as follows:—

1. The dead man was shot in the back of the head. Therefore
2. He must have been sitting at the microphone with his back to the door. Hence the absence of a falling body, and the perfect continuity of the talking. There was no fading away, as there would have been if the broadcaster had somehow managed to manœuvre the other man into turning the back of his head. Therefore
3. Parrott came into Savoy Hill disguised as the Professor, and began the talk, and that
4. The other man went out disguised as the Professor, having finished it with the records. And
5. The gramophone gave the other man time to remove Parrott's disguise and to disguise himself, and, by putting the absurdly ostentatious waxed moustache into Parrott's pocket, to convey the impression that there was not a third man. The methylated spirits was used to rub off Parrott's make-up.

6. The Professor had been deliberately selected owing to his long beard and spectacles and general easiness to imitate.

7. That the murderer had left the gramophone running a few seconds too long. And

8. That the murderer was Eltringham.

Further police discovery:—

The shop which sold to Eltringham on the afternoon of the day before the murder an apparatus for making gramophone records and six dozen blank discs.

## Conclusion.

Eltringham's flat was surreptitiously searched, but nothing was found. His cook, bribed with a pound, stated that on the day of the murder she had been given a day off; on returning in the evening she found an appalling smell pervading the flat. Mr. Eltringham had explained that he had been burning old gramophone records.

The double crime was never brought home to Eltringham, who reaped the reward of infinitely careful planning and almost unbelievable audacity and coolness. Some years afterwards Fleming met him in Hyde Park, and stopped him on an impulse.

'You left the gramophone running a little long, didn't you?' he said.

Eltringham looked at him for a moment, and then said, seriously:—

'Well, you see, rubbing off Parrott's make-up with the methylated spirits took longer than I anticipated.'

He bowed gravely and walked on.

THE END.



# PARTY SHOES XMAS GIFTS

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**FREE** AN INTERESTING  
COMPETITION for  
the HOLIDAYS

Send a postcard to-day to KILTIE SHOE WORKS, NORWICH, for FREE WORD BUILDING MODEL and full particulars of competition.

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Ask for No. 9413

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This perfectly modelled dancing sandal is made in black glaze kid and patent leather, in sizes and half-sizes, to fit children and young ladies.

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An *Ingersoll*  
Wrist Watch for **10/6**



**10/6**

Like the first 5/- Ingersoll Pocket watch introduced over a quarter of a century ago the new Ingersoll Earl Wrist Watch marks a great achievement. Keen buyers may now choose a chromium plated Wrist Watch of real merit, as illustrated, covered by the famous Ingersoll guarantee for as little as 10/6, or with Radiolite dial 12/6.

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WRIST WATCHES from 10/6 to £10 each. MAKE IDEAL XMAS GIFTS. Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents everywhere. Ingersoll Ltd. Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

## the Mincemeat



Put it there

RECIPE FOR MINCE PIES

1. Rub together finely 1 lb. Flour, 1/2 lb. lard; 1 teaspoon Baking Powder and Pinch of Salt.
2. Make into stiff paste with cold water.
3. Roll half of paste very thin. Line patty tin.
4. Put one tablespoonful of ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT in each patty tin.
5. Roll out and cut remaining pastry, and place on top.
6. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.
7. Sift with sugar. Serve warm or cold.

## Robertson's Mincemeat

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3/6 M.A.

**£10**  
for readers of  
the *RADIO TIMES*

CAN you tell us of a new or unusual use for Price's Night Lights? We offer twenty prizes of ten shillings each for the best reply received by 3rd January, 1931. Everyone knows how the friendly glow of Price's Night Lights cheers youngsters, invalids and the old folk, and many know of their use in food warmers and vaporizers. If you have come across an original practical use for Night Lights, jot it down on a sheet of paper (write on one side only) and send it to us. By the way. Have you got a box at home in case of emergency?

Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., Dept. R.T., Battersea, S.W.11



# HOW I BROADCAST MY RUNNING COMMENTARIES

Mr. George F. Allison, who you will hear from the Arsenal F.C. Ground at Highbury on Boxing Day and on Saturday, tells you some of his secrets.

**N**EARLY four years ago my first running commentary on a 'Soccer' football match was broadcast. It was a Football Association Cup-tie, Corinthians v. Newcastle United at Crystal Palace. Prior to the match I had a letter from an old friend living in Newcastle-on-Tyne. He wrote:—

'What would we have said a few short years ago if anyone had suggested that you would one day talk to an audience of tens of thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands, and describe a football match to them? Today, a football broadcast is no longer a novelty. It has become, I venture to say with all due modesty, an established and, I hope, a popular feature in the programmes provided by the B.B.C. I can recall vividly that occasion at the Crystal Palace. I was thrilled at the prospect of describing a match to invisible thousands. I confess to an upheaval in my nervous system. I had never before had a finer demonstration of what are generally called conflicting emotions. There was all the excitement of the game, the cheers and shouts of thousands of spectators, and above all, the knowledge that it was not to those thousands that I was talking but to countless others in their homes miles and miles away from the scene of the actual match. I was conscious of the fact that my commentary must also be a descriptive narrative, a word-picture of what came before my eyes. The very novelty of the experiment—for experiment it was to me—made it something of an ordeal. I tried to visualize my audience; men, women and children, hospital patients, sailors and passengers on ships, the blind, all hearing my voice and 'seeing' the great game. I wondered if they, too, were feeling the thrill of the battle. A thousand thoughts were conjured up by my first acquaintance with the microphone. Much has happened since. Experience has been a good teacher. Practice has given confidence.

During the intervening years hundreds of people have spoken to me about these running



HIGHBURY

This picture will help you to visualize the ground of the Arsenal F.C. during the Christmas football broadcasts.

commentaries, and the one thing which seems to intrigue them most is the rapidity with which I am able to give the names of the players. Time and again I have been asked to explain how I recognize each player. They can understand that it is not difficult in the case of the Arsenal players, but what of the other eleven men, whom I may not have seen before? It is all a question of fixing each player by some distinctive feature, plus a knowledge of his proper position in the field. If I broadcast a match between two teams I have never seen, I go into the dressing-rooms and make a mental note of any outstanding physical features which may help me. For instance, Brown may be a big, gaunt fellow with light curly hair, Smith may be stocky and dark, and so on. It takes but a minute to memorize each man's appearance, and the rest is easy. Some kindly people form their own ideas of how this flow of names comes so easily from my lips. Here is a letter I had from an Essex listener: 'My father and I were listening and enjoying the match, when my mother, who knows nothing of football, asked was the commentator very interested in the Arsenal club? I replied that I under-

stood Mr. Allison was a director of the club. The amusing reply was, "I thought so, he calls the men by their Christian names." Needless to say, she was referring to Jack, James and John.' These happen to be the surnames of three of the Arsenal players, and it is probably as well that Arsenal's team does not include a Charles, a Harry and a Thomas.

The growing popularity of these running commentaries is reflected in the letters I receive, and most of them come from people who have never seen a football match. Immediately after the last Cup Final at Wembley I had a letter from a lady resident in Shropshire asking me to do her the favour of getting her two tickets for—then a year hence—next year's Cup Final, as she was determined to see a big match which apparently provided such a thrilling and exciting spectacle.

Running commentaries have done much to popularize Association football. It has been the experience of the Arsenal club that wherever they have gone to fulfil their engagements, the crowds have been materially increased by people anxious to see the team they have heard so much about, people who ordinarily take no more than a passing interest in the game, or even no interest at all. And at this festive hour, when you may be listening to a commentary on one of the big Christmas matches, I am sure you will feel a tinge of sympathy with the players in the big leagues, who have to face a strenuous ordeal of three exacting matches on three successive days. For them the Christmas pudding and the turkey will have to wait until Sunday. From my intimate knowledge of the modern professional player I know this little hardship is gladly endured, because the professional of today is an enthusiast. He loves playing the game, and I have no doubt he will enjoy his deferred family reunion the more because of his knowledge that he has, in playing the game, brightened the festive season for so many thousands of enthusiasts.

GEORGE F. ALLISON.



The Run of the Game—as the commentators see it from their box overlooking the field of play.



FRIDAY

DAVENTRY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

Boxing Day



NATIONAL PROGRAMME



10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; SHIPPING FORECAST

10.45-11.0 Miss GRETA WOOD: 'Organizing a Children's Party'

12.0 A Sonata Recital  
ARTHUR W. PAYNE (*Viola*)  
LILIAN RISQUE (*Pianoforte*)

12.30 ORGAN RECITAL  
By LEONARD H. WARNER  
Relayed from St. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE  
NELLIE SANDOW (*Contralto*)  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0*

1.30-2.30 A RECITAL OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS  
By CHRISTOPHER STONE

3.10 ARSENAL v. MANCHESTER CITY  
A RUNNING COMMENTARY on the Second Half of the Game by Mr. GEORGE F. ALLISON  
Relayed from THE ARSENAL FOOTBALL GROUND, HIGHBURY

4.10 Light Music  
MOSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA  
From THE MAY FAIR HOTEL  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 4.15*

5.15 The Children's Hour  
We spend Christmas with Captain Hardnut (*From Manchester*)

5.50 Birthdays from London

6.0 Miss MARY KELLY: 'Theatricals at Home'

6.15 'The First News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN and Football Results  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 6.30*

6.35 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.40 The Foundations of Music  
HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL  
No. 22 in C Minor; No. 24 in B Flat

7.0-7.20 'THIS SURPRISING WORLD'  
Mr. GERALD HEARD

7.30 Vaudeville  
A VAUDEVILLE PROGRAMME SURROUNDED BY GOLF BOBBIE COMBER, the plus fifteen man, will introduce the artists  
1. FIRST GOLF SKIT by PAUL ENGLAND  
2. LIONEL CLAFF and his IMPERIAL HAWAIIAN BAND  
3. MAX and HARRY NESBITT, Songs and Duets with Ukulele Accompaniment  
4. SECOND GOLF SKIT by A. P. GARLAND  
5. HARRY HEMSLEY, Child Impersonations  
6. MARIUS WINTER'S BAND  
7. THIRD GOLF SKIT by A. P. GARLAND  
8. WE THREE GIRLS, In a Musical Act  
9. CLAPHAM & DWYER In Another Spot of Bother and MARIUS WINTER'S BAND  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0*

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

9.10 Shipping Forecast; New York Stock Market Report

9.15 PEOPLE and THINGS  
THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON

9.30 Light Symphony Concert  
ARTHUR FEAR (*Baritone*)  
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by PERCY PITT  
Overture, Tannhäuser ..... Wagner  
Two Songs without Words  
*Mendelssohn, arr. Guiraud*  
ARTHUR FEAR and Orchestra  
Wotan's Farewell and Fire Music (*The Valkyrie*)  
Wagner  
ORCHESTRA  
Suite, Casse-Noisette (*Nutcracker*) *Tchaikovsky*  
I. Miniature Overture;  
II. Characteristic Dances;  
March; Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy;  
Trepak; Arabian Dance; Chinese Dance;  
Reed Pipe Dance  
III. Flower Waltz  
ARTHUR FEAR  
Looking Backward ..... *Parré*  
Serenade ..... (*Don Giovanni*)  
For a Crousal ..... *Mozart*  
ORCHESTRA  
Invitation to the Dance  
*Weber, arr. Weingartner*

10.55 DANCE MUSIC  
HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND, from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER  
11.30-1.0 a.m. JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 11.30*

During the Dance Music tonight prominence will be given to the latest dance band music by British Composers.

ANOTHER VAUDEVILLE PROGRAMME SURROUNDED BY GOLF



Clapham and Dwyer (left), Harry Hemsley, and Max and Harry Nesbitt take part in this evening's Vaudeville programme (7.30), introduced by Bobbie Comber (right), 'the plus fifteen man.'



# Boxing Day

## LONDON PROGRAMMES

# FRIDAY

842 kc/s

# LONDON REGIONAL

(356.3 m.)

10.15-11.0 *National Programme*

12.0 **THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA**  
Directed by FRANK CASTELL  
(From *Midland Regional*)  
AUBREY MILLWARD (*Baritone*)

1.15 **LIGHT MUSIC**  
MOSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA  
From THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

2.15-3.0 **DANCE MUSIC**  
(From *Midland Regional*)  
JACK KERR and his BAND  
Relayed from TONY'S BALLROOM,  
BIRMINGHAM

3.10 *National Programme*

5.15 **MARIUS B. WINTER and his DANCE ORCHESTRA**

6.15 'The First News'  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN and Football Results

6.40 **THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET**

Overture, Phèdre ..... *Massenet*

FREDERIC LAKE (*Tenor*)  
How far is it to Bethlehem? .. *Rowley*  
O leave your Sheep .. *Cecil Hazlehurst*  
Praise ye the Lord (Psalm 150) *Bantock*

OCTET  
Twilight on the Waters .. *J. H. Squire*  
Valse des Fleurs (Flower Waltz)  
*Tchaikovsky, arr. Willoughby*

CONSTANCE WENTWORTH (*Soprano*)  
As Joseph was a-walking .. *Eric Thiman*  
The Birds ..... *Phyllis James*  
The Monkey's Carol ..... *Stanford*

### GRAND BANK HOLIDAY ATTRACTION!



### BALIOL HOLLOWAY and MARIE NEY in 'THE SILVER KING'

Written by  
HENRY ARTHUR JONES and HENRY HERMAN  
Adapted by DULCIMA GLASBY  
Incidental Music by DENNIS ARUNDELL  
Produced by PETER CRESSWELL

Wilfrid Denver, *the Silver King*..... BALIOL HOLLOWAY  
Captain Herbert Skinner, *known as the Spider* NEIL CURTIS  
Harry Corkett, *clerk to Geoffrey Ware*..... JACK KNIGHT  
Elijah Coombe, *a Receiver of Stolen Goods*.. H. O. NICHOLSON  
Cripps, *a Locksmith* ..... PETER HANNEN  
Daniel Jaikes, *a Faithful Old Servant*... DENNIS ARUNDELL  
Sam Baxter, *a Detective*..... HARVEY BRABAN  
Geoffrey Ware, *an Engineer*..... LESLIE PERRINS  
Binks ..... } Tradesmen { RALPH DE ROHAN  
Brownson ..... } HAROLD YOUNG  
Parkyn, *a Parish Clerk*..... MALCOLM GRAEME  
Tubbs, *Landlord of the 'Wheatsheaf'*..... HENRY FORD  
Gaffer Pottle, *a Villager*..... MALCOLM GRAEME  
Nelly Denver, *Denver's Wife*..... MARIE NEY  
Olive, *Skinner's Wife*..... MADGE WHITEMAN  
Tabitha Durden, *an old Villager*..... ETHEL LODGE  
Susy, *Waitress at the 'Chequers'*..... HERMIONE GINGOLD  
Cissy Denver ..... } Nelly's children { JOYCE MOORE  
Ned Denver ..... } HAROLD REESE  
Also: Villagers, paper boys, Racing Men, Customers at the 'Wheatsheaf,' a Police Inspector, a Detective, School-children, etc., etc.

TO BE BROADCAST TONIGHT AT 8.0  
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE PAGE 851

OCTET  
Intermezzo, *Amina*  
*Lincke, arr. Willoughby*  
The Wedding of the Rose ..... *Jeancl*

CONSTANCE WENTWORTH and FREDERIC LAKE  
Duets:  
Ring out, wild Bells ..... *Fletcher*  
Now once again our Hearts we raise  
(Tune: *Laasi una erveen*)

OCTET  
Songs of the 'Eighties'  
*arr. J. H. Squire*  
Romance and Intermezzo (Kleine (little) Suite) ..... *Mozart, arr. Sear*  
Moonbeams and Shadows *J. H. Squire*

### 8.0 'The Silver King'

Written by  
HENRY ARTHUR JONES and  
HENRY HERMAN  
Adapted by DULCIMA GLASBY  
(See centre of page)

9.45 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

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

10.25 Regional News

10.30 **DANCE MUSIC**  
HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLE'S HOTEL BAND, from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER

11.30-1.0 a.m. JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

12.0 **A Sonata Recital**  
ARTHUR W. PAYNE (*Violin*)  
LILIAN RISQUE (*Pianoforte*)

12.30 **Organ Recital**  
By LEONARD H. WARNER  
Relayed from ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE  
NELLIE SANDOW (*Contralto*)

1.30-2.30 **A Recital of Gramophone Records**

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
(From *Manchester*)

5.50 Birthdays  
(From *London*)

### LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme on page 846)

6.0 Miss MARY KELLY: 'Theatricals at Home'

6.15 'The First News'

6.35 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.40 The Foundations of Music

7.0-7.20 'THIS SURPRISING WORLD'  
Mr. GERALD HEARD

7.30 Vaudeville

9.0 'The Second News'

9.10 New York Stock Market Report

9.15 PEOPLE AND THINGS  
The Hon. HAROLD NICOLSON

9.30-10.55 **A Light Symphony Concert**  
ARTHUR FEAR (*Baritone*)  
THE B.B.C. ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by PERCY PITT



FRIDAY

626 kc/s (479.2 m.)

December 26

MIDLAND REGIONAL



Teas with Hōvis!

Salad—Fresh Fruit—Butter—HOVIS. Do you remember enjoying them in the country? There's nothing finer for school children. No other meal is so rich in bone and muscle-forming elements and in priceless Vitamin B. No other gives them the very nourishment they need, equal protection against common ailments or pleases them more than tea with plenty of delicious Hovis.

**HōVIS**

The National Health Builder



Best Bakers Bake It

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

12.0 THE MIDLAND STUDIO ORCHESTRA

Directed by FRANK CANTELL

March, The Last Stand ..... Myddleton  
Suite, At the Play ..... York Bowen  
Soirée intime ..... Lincke

AUBREY MILLWARD (Baritone)

Limehouse ..... Hyden  
The fine Pacific Islands ..... Charles Mortimer  
Sittin' thinkin' ..... Howard Fisher  
The Tune the Bosun played... Loughborough

ORCHESTRA

Selection, The Arcadians .. Monkton and Talbot  
Humoresque, Mascots on Parade ..... Collins

AUBREY MILLWARD

Every Sunday Morning  
Eric Harding  
The Darset Daisy  
Ernest Melvin  
Casey the Fiddler  
Haydn Wood

ORCHESTRA

Spanish Serenade... Friml  
Ke-sa-Ko ..... Chapuis  
Patrol, The wee Mac-  
Gregor ..... Amers

1.15 London Regional Programme

2.15-3.0 DANCE MUSIC

JACK KERR and his BAND  
Relayed from TONY'S  
BALLROOM, BIRMINGHAM

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(Manchester Programme)

5.50 Birthdays

6.0 London Regional Programme

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

6.35 Midland Sport

6.40 The Midland Studio Orchestra

Directed by FRANK CANTELL

Overture, Crown Diamonds... Auber, arr. Winter

GERTRUDE ENTWISTLE (Contralto)  
Undimindful of the Roses ..... Coleridge-Taylor  
Caro mio ben (My dear one) ..... Giordano  
Still as the Night ..... Böhm

ORCHESTRA

Selection of Easthope Martin's Songs arr. Geckl

7.5 AUDREY EVANS (Violoncello)

An old Italian Love Song  
Sammartini, arr. Squire  
Finale (Sonata in G Minor)..... Sammartini

ORCHESTRA

Prelude, Werther ..... Massenet  
Arioso ..... Delibes

GERTRUDE ENTWISTLE

Serenade, When you Sing ..... Gounod  
Lascia chio pianga (Let me weep) (Rinaldo)  
Handel

7.35 AUDREY EVANS

A Memory ..... Goring Thomas, arr. Squire  
Simple Aveu ..... Thomé

ORCHESTRA

Suite, Miniature Ballet Dances .... John Ansell

8.0 'The Silver King'

Written by

HENRY ARTHUR JONES and HENRY HERMAN

Adapted by DULCIMA GLASBY

Incidental Music by DENNIS ARUNDELL

Produced by  
PETER CRESWELL

- Wilfried Denver, the Silver King
- BALLOL HOLLOWAY
- Captain Herbert Skinner, known as the Spider
- NEIL CURTIS
- Harry Corkett, clerk to Geoffrey Ware
- JACK KNIGHT
- Elijah Coombe, a Receiver of Stolen Goods
- H. O. NICHOLSON
- Cripps, a Locksmith
- PETER HANNEN
- Daniel Jaikes, a Faithful Old Servant
- DENNIS ARUNDELL
- Sam Baxter, a Detective
- HARVEY BRABAN
- Geoffrey Ware, an Engineer
- LESLIE PERRINS
- Binks and Brownson, (Tradesmen)
- RALPH DE ROHAN and HAROLD YOUNG
- Parkyn, a Parish Clerk
- MALCOLM GRAEME



AUBREY MILLWARD, baritone, takes part in the concert given by the Midland Studio Orchestra at midday.

Tubbs, Landlord of the 'Wheatheaf'

HENRY FORD  
Gaffer Pottle, a Villager .... MALCOLM GRAEME  
Nelly Denver, Denver's Wife .... MARIE NEY  
Olive, Skinner's Wife ..... MADGE WHITEMAN  
Tabitha Durden, an old Villager... ETHEL LODGE  
Susy, Waitress at the 'Chequers'

HERMIONE GINGOLD  
Cissy Denver } Nelly's Children { JOYCE MOORE  
Ned Denver } { HAROLD REESE

(London Regional Programme)

(For full details see page 851)

9.45 JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA (London Regional Programme)

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.25 Midland News

10.30-11.0 DANCE MUSIC

HENRY HALL'S GLENEAGLES HOTEL BAND, from THE MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER (London Regional Programme)



# Boxing Day

CARDIFF

968 kc/s (309.9 m.)

# FRIDAY

## WESTERN REGION

### 10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

12.0-2.30 National Programme

3.10 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(National Programme)

5.50 Birthdays

6.0 National Programme

6.35 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.40 National Programme

9.10 West Regional News

9.15 National Programme

9.30 'SNAP DRAGON'

A SEASONABLE REVIEW  
By DOROTHY EAVES

A violent storm and a mysterious dish of Soap Dragon are responsible for an adventurous evening in a deserted country mansion at Christmas time. The invited guests include:—

ELSIE EAVES SIDNEY EVANS  
MARY CARDEW RICHARD BARRON  
DONALD DAVIES LISTER JAMES

JOHN ROBEK  
MAI JONES and DOROTHY EAVES at the Pianos

10.55-1.0 a.m. National Programme

### SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

12.0-2.30 National Programme

3.10 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(National Programme)

5.50 West Regional Programme

6.0 National Programme

6.35 West Regional Sports Bulletin

6.40 National Programme

9.10 West Regional News

9.15-1.0 a.m. National Programme

### PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

3.10 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(National Programme)

5.50 Birthdays

6.0 National Programme

6.35 Local Sports Bulletin

6.40 National Programme

9.10 Local News

9.15-1.0 a.m. National Programme

### BOURNEMOUTH

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30-11.0 National Programme

4.0-1.0 a.m. National Programme

### MANCHESTER and LEEDS

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,500 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15:—The Daily Service. 10.30-11.0:—National Programme. 2.10:—National Programme. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. (National Programme.) 6.0:—Mr. Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., M.R.O.C.: 'Bird Migration at Christmas.' (From Newcastle.) 6.15:—National Programme. 6.35:—Regional Sports Bulletin. 6.40:—National Programme. 9.10:—North of England News. 9.15:—National Programme. 9.35:—A Holiday Programme. The Northern Wireless Orchestra. Florence and James H. Gregson (From Leeds.) Lucia Rogers and L. T. Whipp. 11.0:—Dance Music by Henry Hall's Glenesglo Hotel Dance Band, relayed from the Midland Hotel, Manchester. 11.30-1.0 a.m.:—National Programme.

## SAMUEL PEPYS, ★ Listener, ★ By R. M. FREEMAN

Nov. 27.—Onelie 28 daies this day to X<sup>mas</sup> Day, which is hard believing. Very observable it is how X<sup>mas</sup> do continue stealing marches upon us every yeare regularly; so that, for all our annual vows not to let it take us by surprizall next time, as sure as next time comes, we are still catcht unawares by it as imprudently as ever.

To the Clubb to lunch, not having meant to stay thus long, but Wix prest me to crack a botel with him; is, moreover, cold mutton onelie at home by something amiss with the gass-stove, and like to be some h<sup>rs</sup> before the gas-men can redress it. Coming Eves, he mentioued a new wench at the flower-shopp round the corner, being (as his own words were) pretty Flossie's eaven prettier successor, and worth a man's spending a shilling or 2 there if onelie to be served by her. Whereby having it already in mind to take some flowers home to my wife, I may as well get them here as elsewhere, and soe have a look at the girl. Which I did, and found that Eves had hardly overprayed her, having that rare conjunction of flaxen-gold hair, and dark eyes, with the clearest satiny skin ever I beheld. In figure, alsoe, very trim and natty, and a soft tunceable voice mighty pleasant to hear. With whom, while she served me, divers civill changes: and, on parting, a modest yet not discouraging smile from her, to my great content.

Home and gave my wife the flowers, but beyond a perfunctory, 'Oh! Thanks, Sam,' and bidding Brenda put them in water, she made the slightest possible matter of it; which vext me a good deal, the forethought I had shown in getting them and the money (5<sup>s</sup>) laid out on them; but is all of a piece with my wife's posture to me, ever since she began to sit for that devilish Blimson.

Nov. 30 (Lord's Day. 1st in Advent. Andrew's Day).—We to Church to Mr. Blick, where the opening Processionall, 'On Jordan's Banks' (to New Winchester) did, in a manner thrill me, as it alwaies do, not onelie for its measured majesty, but alsoe for its ceremonious heralding-in of the X<sup>mas</sup> Season; whereto, from this day onwards, all our worshipping thoughts be turned, and every

intervening Lord's Day till the Blessed Day itself is a specially hallowed day of preparatioun therefor.

Listened-in this afternoon to The Scottish Festival Service from Columba's in Pont S'. A most hearty rousing service as ever I heard, and the Rev. Dr. Miller's sermoun a fine piece of eloquence. Musing hereon afterwards, I was brought to ask myself (i) why do these Scottish Divines mostly excell our English Divines in pulpit oratory? (ii) How comes it, that, of the 4 sectionns of the British Isles, Scotland alone hath a Bible Saint to her patron, but England, Wales and Ireland onelie Prayer-Book Saints, and, in respect of worthy Saintlinesse, England's George (unless reputacioun err) the least worthiest of them all?

Dec. 1.—My wife busy all this day listing her schedule of X<sup>mas</sup> gifts, and to make as grave a business hereof as if the Fate of the Nacioun hung upon it.

Dec. 2.—Come my photos from the photographer's, mighty good photos and methinks alsoe good likenesses; but my wife says they flatter me. Which is, I suppose, in part wifelinesse, but in part alsoe my having recently writ (in my Diary) of the photographer's lady as 'a comely young madam,' and in with the photos comes a civill noat from her playfully thanking me for this. Whercof my wife catcht a sight, and, like the jealous fool she is, it manifestly vext her.

A thing that did at once please and pain me this night was hearing Maud Nelson sing good old Thos. Forde's 'Since first I say your face.' The rarest love-song for words and musick, both by the same man, that ever I believe was writ. Yet do, in a manner, stab me through the heart, the way it fits my wife's late distances to me since she took up with her damned painter.

Dec. 3.—My wife was to have gone to Blimson's this forenoon to her 3rd sitting, but soon after 10 comes a foan message that he is sick of the influenza, and may be some little while ere he is able for work again. Whereto she plainly chagrined, but I inwardly overjoyed, and praying that the reptile's 'some little while' may prove some great

while—the greater the better. Moreover, but for the good-will required of me at this Blessed Season, I doubt I had staid my prayers even here, God forgive me.

Dec. 5.—At the Clubb this night, we debating of the right pronounciatioun of the word 'long-lived' (whether 'lived' or 'lyved')—which a writer in *The Radio Times* do propound for an open questioun—I did strenuously and methinks conclusively maintain 'long-lyved' as alone allowable; being that 'lived' is here not a participle of the verb 'live,' but an adjective formed from the noun 'life.' So that 'long-lived' really 'long-lifed,' with 'f' softened to 'v.' For had the verb been concerned herein, the onelie form it c<sup>d</sup> have taken (whether for sense or syntax) must have been, not 'long-lived' but 'long-living.' Whereto, if anie can find me a cogent answer, I shall be glad to hear it.

### LISTENERS' LETTERS.

The Editor of *The Radio Times* is pleased to receive letters from his readers on current broadcasting topics.

But would correspondents please note that:—

1. The Editorial Address of *The Radio Times* is Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.
2. Communications should be as brief as possible.
3. The name and address of the sender should be included in all letters, although not necessarily intended for publication.
4. Letters on Programme matters requiring a reply should be addressed to the Programme Branch, B.B.C.
5. Letters on technical matters should be addressed to the Chief Engineer of the B.B.C. and not to *The Radio Times*.



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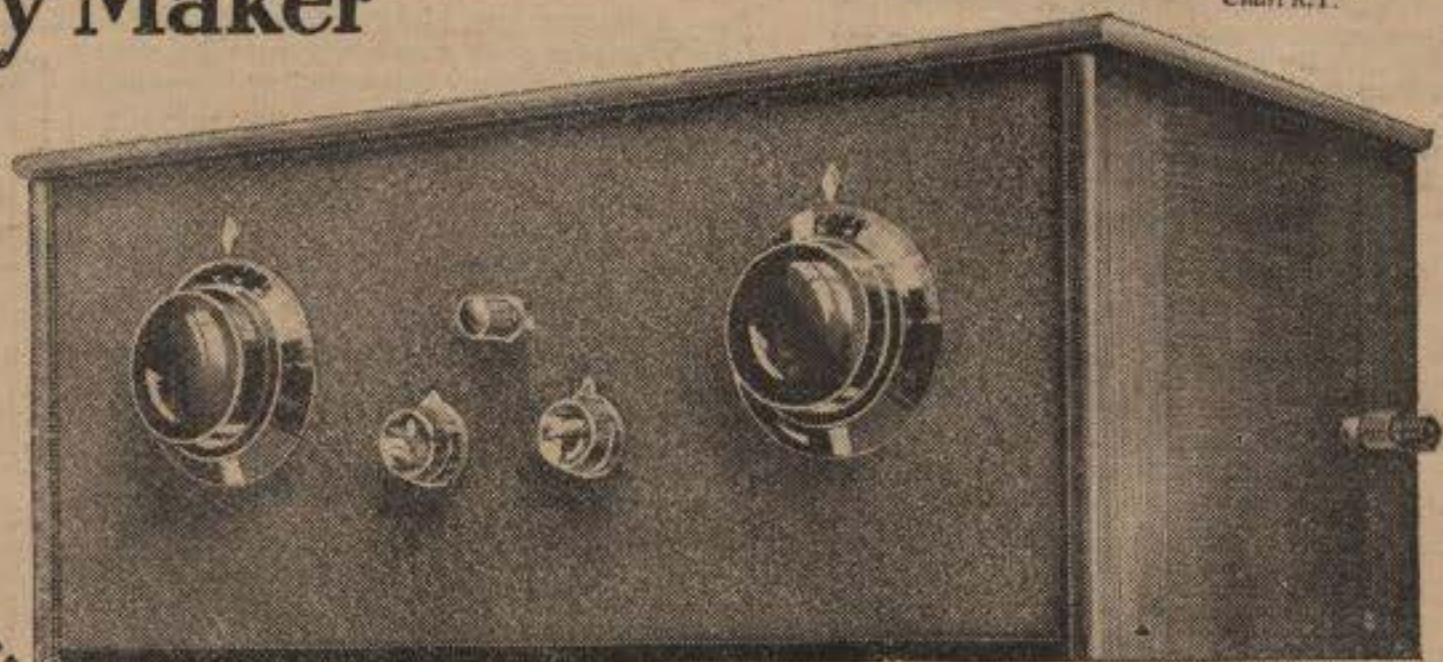
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December 27

DAVENTRY

SATURDAY

193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.)

NATIONAL PROGRAMME

10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; Shipping Forecast

10.45-11.0 'HOME DRESSMAKING'—IV  
Mrs. J. WEBB: More Embroidery Hints  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 1.0*

1.0-2.0 Light Music  
THE COMMODORE GRAND ORCHESTRA  
Directed by JOSEPH MUSCANT  
From THE COMMODORE THEATRE,  
HAMMERSMITH

Overture, Britannia ..... Mackenzie  
Song Waltz, The Lantern Song .. Nicholls  
Keltic Suite ..... Foulds  
Fox-trot Ballad, If I had a Girl like You  
McDermott  
Drinking Songs, Bacchanalia ..... Finck  
Serenade, Rêve d'Amour (A Dream of  
Love) ..... Ricci  
Fox-trot Ballad, Cuban Love Song .. Keith  
Ballet, Dance of the Hours .... Ponchielli  
Fantasy, The Glory of Russia .... Krvin

3.10 ARSENAL v. BLACKPOOL

A RUNNING COMMENTARY  
(On the second half of the game)  
By  
Mr. GEORGE F. ALLISON

(Relayed from THE ARSENAL FOOTBALL  
GROUND, HIGHBURY)

4.10 London Regional Programme

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 4.45*

4.45 REGINALD NEW

At THE ORGAN of THE BEAUFORT CINEMA  
Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH,  
BIRMINGHAM

March, Blaze Away ..... Holzman  
Selection, Rose Marie ..... Friml  
Poem ..... Fibich  
Pot-Pourri of Community Songs  
*arr. Pether*

5.15 The Children's Hour

'MRS. BUGGINS'S CHRISTMAS PARTY'  
With MABEL CONSTANDUROS and MICHAEL  
HOGAN

An Interlude or Two by GENIAL JEMIMA  
The Story of 'The Glass Peacock' (Eleanor  
Farjeon)

6.0 Interlude

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL  
NEWS BULLETIN; Football Results  
*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 6.30*

6.40 London Sports Bulletin

6.45 The Foundations of Music

HAYDN PIANOFORTE SONATAS  
Played by REGINALD PAUL  
No. 8 in A Flat

THIS EVENING AT 7.30

BALIEL HOLLOWAY  
and MARIE NEY

in the world-famous drama

'THE SILVER KING'

Written by

Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman

Adapted by Dulcima Glasby.

Incidental music by Dennis Arundell.

Produced by PETER CRESWELL.

CAST

Wilfred Denver, <i>the Silver King</i>	Baliol Holloway
Captain Herbert Skinner, <i>known as the Spider</i>	Neil Curtis
Harry Corkett, <i>clerk to Geoffrey Ware</i>	Jack Knight
Eliah Coombe, <i>a Receiver of Stolen Goods</i>	H. O. Nicholson
Cripps, <i>a Locksmith</i>	Peter Hannen
Daniel Joikes, <i>a Faithful Old Servant</i>	Dennis Arundell
Sam Baxter, <i>a Detective</i>	Harvey Braban
Geoffrey Ware, <i>an Engineer</i>	Leslie Perrins
Binks	Ralph de Rohan
Brownson	Harold Young
Parkyn, <i>a Parish Clerk</i>	Malcolm Graeme
Tubbs, <i>Landlord of the "Wheatsheaf"</i>	Henry Ford
Gaffer Pottle, <i>a Villager</i>	Malcolm Graeme
Nelly Denver, <i>Denver's Wife</i>	Marie Ney
Olive, <i>Skinner's Wife</i>	Madge Whiteman
Tabitha Durden, <i>an old Villager</i>	Ethel Lodge
Susy, <i>Waitress at the "Chequers"</i>	Hermione Gingold
Cissy Denver	Joyce Moore
Ned Denver	Harold Reese

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

'Clouds are gathering. The cost of Folly!'

Scene I—The Bar of the 'Wheatsheaf,' Clerkenwell  
(Evening of Derby Day, 1882)

Scene II—Geoffrey Ware's Chambers at 114, Hatton  
Garden

A Night passes between Acts I and II

ACT II

'Nemesis at Hand—the Innocent must suffer!'

Scene I—A room in Denver's House

Scene II—A Railway Station

Scene III—The 'Chequers' at Gaddesden

Three years and six months elapse

ACT III

'The Waters of Tribulation! Help from an unsuspected  
Source!'

Scene I—A room in Skinner's Villa

Scene II—Nelly Denver's Home

Six Months elapse

ACT IV

'A Ray of Light. Is it the dawn?'

Scene I—The Grange, Gardenhurst

Scene II—Coombe's Wharf at Rotherhithe

ACT V

'VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT'

Scene—The Grange at Gardenhurst

7.0 Major F. YEATS-BROWN: 'Strange  
Christmasen'

7.20 The Week's Work in the Garden, by  
the Royal Horticultural Society

7.30 'The Silver King'

Written by

HENRY A. JONES and HENRY HERMAN

Adapted by DULCIMA GLASBY

Incidental Music by DENNIS ARUNDELL

Produced by PETER CRESWELL

(See centre of page)

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 9.0*

9.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL  
NEWS BULLETIN

9.30 Shipping Forecast

9.35 EDGES OF THIS WORLD—XVII

Mr. F. S. GELDART: 'A Business Man's  
Day in the Interior of China'

9.50 THE WIRELESS MILITARY  
BAND

Conducted by CHARLES LEGGETT

JOHN THORNE (*Baritone*)

BAND

March, King Cotton ..... Sousa  
Overture, The Merry Wives of Windsor  
Nicolai

JOHN THORNE

Nonsense Songs ..... Stanley Marchant  
Hundreds of Things; The Four Journey-  
men; Yesterday; The Traction En-  
gine; Sir Niketty Nox

BAND

Selection, Il Trovatore ..... Verdi

JOHN THORNE

The Monkey's Carol ..... Stanford  
Water Boy ..... *arr. Avery Robinson*  
Her Hair was like the beaten Gold

Treasure Trove ..... *arr. Lily Cover*  
Lily Cover

BAND

Waltz, The Grenadiers ..... Waldteufel  
Dance of the Tumblers Rimsky-Korsakov

10.45-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

AMBROSE'S BAND, from THE MAY FAIR  
HOTEL

*Time Signal, Greenwich, at 11.30*

The Third Sonata for Violin and Piano-  
forte by Frederick Delius, which was  
broadcast by Miss May Harrison in her  
recital on Sunday, December 7, was written  
in the Spring of this year, and is still in  
manuscript. The Sonata is dedicated to  
Miss Harrison, who first had the honour  
of performing it



SATURDAY

LONDON PROGRAMMES

December 27

842 kc/s

LONDON REGIONAL

(356.3 m.)

10.15-11.0 National Programme

1.0-2.0 National Programme

3.30 A Light Orchestral Concert  
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Overture, Titus..... Mozart  
Irish Tune from County  
Derry..... Grainger  
Molly on the Shore....

TOPLISS GREEN (Baritone) and  
Orchestra

Si, tra i ceppi (If amid the  
Chains) (Berenice)..... Handel

THE ORCHESTRA  
Nocturne..... (King Christian  
Elegy..... Suite)  
Musette..... Sibelius

TOPLISS GREEN and Orchestra  
Now your Days of Philandering  
are over (Figaro)..... Mozart

THE ORCHESTRA  
Invitation to the Dance  
Weber, arr. Berlioz

TOPLISS GREEN and ORCHESTRA  
Ho, jolly Jenkin (Ivanhoe)  
Sullivan

THE ORCHESTRA  
Slav March..... Tchaikovsky

6.45 The Serge Krish Septet

MAY HUXLEY (Soprano)

SEPTET

Marche Militaire Française  
Saint-Saëns, arr. Mouton  
Aubade..... Trousslet  
Bolero Fantastique..... Krish

7.45

JACK PAYNE

and his

B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

8.25

Regional News

8.30

Talk

9.0

Chamber  
Music

ANNE THURSFIELD (Mezzo-  
Soprano)

THE INTERNATIONAL  
STRING QUARTET:

ANDRÉ MANGEOT (Violin);  
WALTER PRICE (Violin); ERIC  
BRAY (Viola); JACK SHINEBOURNE  
(Violoncello)

VICTOR HELY-HUTCHINSON  
(Pianoforte)

QUARTET and VICTOR HELY-  
HUTCHINSON

Quintet in E Flat for two Violins,  
Viola, Violoncello, and Piano-  
forte, Op. 44..... Schumann



MAY HUXLEY (left) sings in the concert that the Serge Krish Septet are giving this evening at 6.45. ANNE THURSFIELD (right) sings in the concert of Chamber Music tonight at 9.0.

4.45 REGINALD NEW

At THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA  
Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM  
(National Programme)

March, Blaze Away..... Holzman  
Selection, Rose Marie..... Fritl  
Poem..... Fibich  
Pot-Pourri of Community Songs.... arr. Pether

5.15 JACK PAYNE

and his

B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN; Football Results

6.40 London Sports Bulletin

MAY HUXLEY

Recit. and Air, Scenes that are brightest (Mari-  
tana)..... Wallace  
What's in the Air today?..... Robert Eden  
Cradle Song (1915)..... Kreisler

SEPTET

Fantasy on Scottish Airs..... arr. Mulder

MAY HUXLEY

Tosca's Aria, Love and Music..... Puccini  
Il Bacio (The Kiss)..... Arditi

SEPTET

To a Water-Lily.... MacDowell, arr. Woodhouse  
Viennese Citizens (Waltz)..... Ziehrer  
Toreador and Andalous..... Rubinstein

Allegro brillante; In modo d'una marcia;  
Scherzo; Molto vivace; Allegro ma non  
troppo

9.30 ANNE THURSFIELD

Songs

9.45 QUARTET

Three Fugal Fancies..... Hely-Hutchinson  
Six Ecossaises..... Weber

10.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

AMBROSE'S BAND, from THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

3.10 National Programme

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Interlude

6.15 'The First News'

WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN; Football Results

6.40 London Sports Bulletin

6.45 The Foundations of Music

7.0 Major F. YEATS-BROWN: 'Strange Christ-  
mases'

LONDON NATIONAL

1,148 kc/s (261.3 m.)

(See also National Daventry Programme  
on page 851)

7.20 The Week's Work in the Garden, by the  
Royal Horticultural Society

7.30 'THE SILVER KING'

Written by HENRY ARTHUR JONES  
and HENRY HERMAN  
Adapted by DULCIMA GLASBY

Incidental music by DENNIS ARUNDELL  
Produced by PETER CRESWELL

9.15 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

9.35 EDGES OF THE WORLD—XVII  
Mr. F. S. GELDART: 'A Business man's Day in  
the Interior of China'

9.50-10.45 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

JOHN THORNE (Baritone)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND

Conducted by CHARLES LEGGETT



# THIS IS A GOOD GIFT!

Look at it on the next bookstall or bookshop you pass: 464 pages, innumerable beautiful photographs: details of every aspect of broadcasting to fascinate the casual listener or the fiercest fan: strongly bound, and only two shillings to buy. What a bargain: what a fine Christmas gift!

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—Harley St.

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Name .....  
Address .....  
E.T.  
10/12/30  
141





### On Christmas Day, 1929

20,000 blind people in Great Britain and Northern Ireland were without a wireless set—deprived of the greatest boon the blind can possess.

But in the evening, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., launched the British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund by broadcasting an appeal which must have touched the hearts of all who heard it. A sum of £10,000 was the immediate response, and during the year a further £14,000 was subscribed. This money enabled the Fund to supply 7,000 specially designed crystal sets, and to make arrangements for the delivery in the New Year of 5,000 valve sets.

### On Christmas Day, 1930

there will still be 8,000 blind people without any prospect of obtaining a wireless set, and again Mr. Winston Churchill is coming to the rescue and will broadcast an appeal for further aid.

Wireless means so much to the blind that it is impossible to imagine the blind of a civilised country without it. Wireless is a blind man's newspaper; it is his key to the treasuries of religion, thought, music, the arts and the sciences; it is his guide into the throng of humanity—to the sports grounds, to pageants, to national and international conferences. In brief, it makes him a partaker in the World's Debate.

But what of the blind without wireless? It is a difficult question to answer, but picture to yourself the intense loneliness of physical darkness, the yearning after knowledge, the groping for light, the endless baffled search! . . .

If your picture is truly conceived, it is certain that you will be amongst those who will ensure that no blind person in Great Britain and Northern Ireland will be without a wireless set

### On Christmas Day, 1931

Please use this form and

## LET THE BLIND HEAR

To the Rt. Hon. REGINALD MCKENNA, P.C.,  
Hon. Treasurer,  
BRITISH "WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND" FUND,  
226, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

I have pleasure in sending £.....  
in aid of the British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund.

Name .....  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

# SATURDAY December 27

626 kc/s (479.2 m.)

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

3.30 **A Band Programme**  
THE HASLAND PRIZE BAND  
Conducted by H. T. MOSELEY

- March, 3 D.G. .... *Brophy*
- Overture, Tancredi ..... *Rossini*
- JAMES HOWELL (Bass)
- The Vagabond ..... *Vaughan Williams*
- Droop not, young Lover ..... *Handel*

BAND  
Selection, The Desert Song  
*Romberg, arr. Hume*

MARJORIE EDWARDS (Songs  
at the Piano)

- Father ..... *Burton*
- I'm glad I didn't live in  
Grandma's Days  
*Helen Alston*

BAND  
Cornet Duet, Ida and Dot  
*Lozey*  
(E. and F. W. FOUNTAIN)

JAMES HOWELL  
Bois épais (Sombre Woods)  
*Lully*

The Road of Looking  
Forward ..... *Léhr*

BAND  
Fantasy, Recollections of  
England .. *arr. Rimmer*

MARJORIE EDWARDS  
Why? ..... *Jordan*

The Inconvenience of  
being nearly nine  
*Caryl Brahms*

BAND  
Waltz, Birds of Paradise ..... *Rimmer*

4.45 **REGINALD NEW**  
At THE ORGAN OF THE BEAUFORT CINEMA  
Relayed from WASHWOOD HEATH, BIRMINGHAM

- March, Blaze away ..... *Holzman*
- Selection, Rose Marie ..... *Friml*
- Poem ..... *Fibich*
- Pot Pourri of Community Songs *arr. Pether*

5.15 **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
(National Programme)

6.0 **London Regional Programme**

6.15 **'The First News'**  
WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

6.40 **Midland Sport**

6.45 **A Military Band Concert**  
THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND  
Conducted by RICHARD WASELL

- March, The Spirit of Pageantry ..... *Fletcher*
- Overture, Pique Dame (Queen of Spades) *Supplé*
- THE MCGOWRAN QUARTET
- The Gongs are beating (a Chinese Barlesque  
March) ..... *Jules Otto*
- Absence ..... *Hatton*
- Simon the Collaror..... *Hatton*

BAND  
Sursum Corda ..... *Elgar, arr. Kappey*  
Exotic Dance ..... *Mascagni, arr. Godfrey*  
Waltz, Torero ..... *Translatour*

THE MCGOWRAN QUARTET  
Sunset and Night ..... *Abt*  
Sally in our Alley ..... *Carey*

BAND  
Selection, Merrie England (2nd Part)  
*German, arr. Godfrey*



MARJORIE EDWARDS  
contributes some songs at the piano to  
this afternoon's programme from Belfast.

7.45 **London Regional Programme**

8.25 **Midland News**

8.30 **London Regional Programme**

9.0 **The Midland Studio Orchestra**

Directed by FRANK  
CANTELL

- Overture, Mignon  
*Ambroise Thomas*
- Entr'acte, La Colombe  
(The Dove) ... *Gounod*
- SYDNEY GRAINGER  
(Pianoforte)
- The submerged Cathedral  
*Debussy*
- Romance in D Flat  
*Sibelius*

9.25 **ORCHESTRA**  
Ballet Music, Sylvia ... *Delibes, arr. Moutons*  
Valse Espana (Spanish) ..... *Waldteufel*

SYDNEY GRAINGER  
Rosemary ..... *Frank Bridge*  
Water Wagtail ..... *Cyril Scott*  
Devoniansis ..... *Sydney Grainger*

10.0 **ORCHESTRA**  
Minuet ..... *Boccherini*  
Three Dances (The Bartered Bride) *Smetana*

10.15 **'The Second News'**  
WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS  
BULLETIN

10.30 *Experimental Transmission for the Radio  
Research Board by the Fullograph Process*

10.35-10.45 **London Regional Programme**

*This Week's Epilogue:*  
**SAYINGS OF JESUS**  
'I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD'  
Hymn, Ancient and Modern, 232, Light's  
abode, celestial Salem  
I John, 5-10, and II, 9, 10 and 11  
Hymn, Ancient and Modern, 642, O little  
town of Bethlehem.  
John viii, 12



# December 27 CARDIFF SATURDAY

968 kc/s (309.9 m.)

## WESTERN REGION

- 10-15 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30-11.0 *National Programme*
- 12.0-12.45 An Orchestral Concert  
Relayed from  
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES  
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Cerdorfa Genedlaethol Cymru)  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE  
Overture, The Yellow Princess ..... *Saint-Saëns*  
Suite No. 1, Carmen ..... *Bizet*  
Voice of the Bells ..... *Luigini*  
Henry VIII Dances ..... *German*
- 3.30 A Light Orchestral Concert  
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES  
(Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS)  
Conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE  
Overture, Titus ..... *Mozart*  
Irish Tune from County Derry ..... } *Grainger*  
Molly on the Shore ..... }  
TOPLISS GREEN (Baritone) and Orchestra  
*Si, tra i ceppi* (H amid the Chains)(Berenice)  
*Handel*
- THE ORCHESTRA  
Nocturno ..... } (King Christian  
Elegy ..... } Suite)  
Musette ..... } *Sibelius*
- TOPLISS GREEN and Orchestra  
Now your Days of Philandering are over (Figaro).  
*Mozart*
- THE ORCHESTRA  
Invitation to the Dance ..... *Weber, arr. Berlioz*
- TOPLISS GREEN and Orchestra  
Ho, jolly Jenkin (Ivanhoe) ..... *Sullivan*
- THE ORCHESTRA  
Slav March ..... *Tchaikovsky*
- 4.45 DANCE MUSIC  
ESPLANADE HOTEL DANCE BAND  
(Leader, R. CECIL HURN)  
(Relayed from the  
ESPLANADE HOTEL, PORTHCAWL
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(National Programme)
- 5.50 Birthdays
- 6.0 National Programme
- 6.40 West Regional Sports Bulletin
- 6.45 National Programme
- 7.0 Mr. A. G. POWELL: 'The Log of the "Great Western"'
- 7.20 National Programme
- 9.30 West Regional News
- 9.35-12.0 National Programme

In our issue for December 5 special attention was drawn to the broadcast by the Cardiff Musical Society of Sir Edward Elgar's choral work 'The Kingdom.' The details of this work which appeared in *The Radio Times* were printed by permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd., the owners of the copyright.

### SWANSEA

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

- 10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30-11.0 *National Programme*
- 12.0-12.45 *West Regional Programme*
- 3.30 *National Programme*
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
(National Programme)
- 5.50 *West Regional Programme*
- 6.0 *National Programme*
- 6.40 West Regional Sports Bulletin
- 6.45 *National Programme*
- 7.0 *West Regional Programme*
- 7.20 *National Programme*
- 9.30 West Regional News
- 9.35-12.0 *National Programme*

### PLYMOUTH

1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

- 10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30-11.0 *National Programme*
- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Recital  
Yuletide Music (Selected)
- 3.30 *National Programme*
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR  
Birthdays
- 5.50 *National Programme*
- 6.40 Local Sports Bulletin
- 6.45 *National Programme*
- 9.30 Local News and Naval Notes
- 9.35-12.0 *National Programme*

### BOURNEMOUTH

- 10.15 THE DAILY SERVICE
- 10.30-11.0 *National Programme*
- 1.0-2.0 *National Programme*
- 3.30-12.0 *National Programme*

### MANCHESTER and LEEDS

797 kc/s (376.4 m.) 1,560 kc/s (200 m.)

10.15:—The Daily Service. 10.30-11.0:—National Programme. 12.0-1.0:—The Northern Wireless Orchestra. Joseph Liso (Alto). (From Newcastle). 3.10 National Programme. 4.10 Orchestral Concert. A. V. Lloyd (Pianoforte). A. V. Baker Entertainer. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. (National Programme). 6.0:—National Programme. 6.40:—Regional Sports Bulletin. 6.45:—National Programme. 7.0:—Mr. L. Stanley Jast: 'Endings.' 7.20:—The Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin for Northern English Listeners. 7.30:—National Programme. 9.30:—North of England News. 9.35:—National Programme. 9.50:—A Light Orchestral Concert. The Northern Wireless Orchestra. Harry Hopewell (Baritone). 10.45-12.0:—National Programme.

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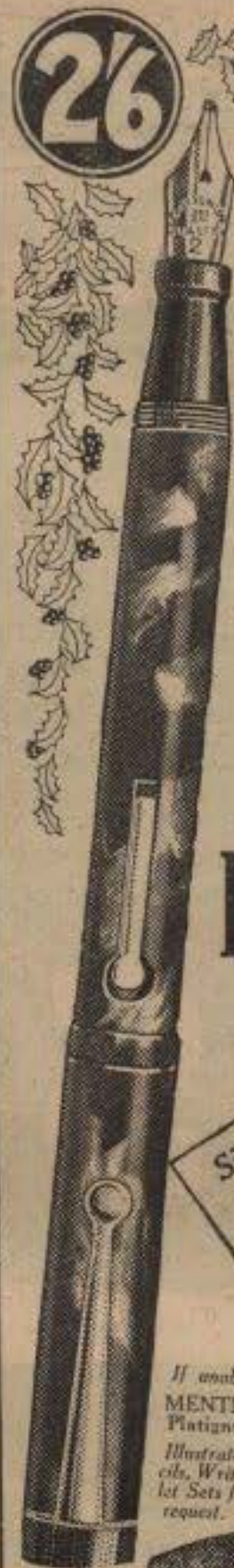
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