

RADIO TIMES

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

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

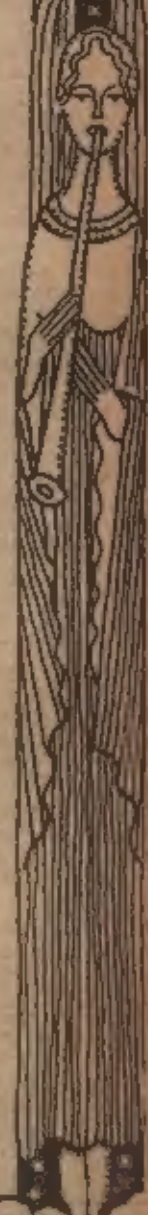
As Christmas approaches, there is detectable in the somewhat hectic air of Savoy Hill a distinct Atmosphere of Festivity. The Pantomime is in rehearsal, snatches of Carol Singing drift from the Studios, the Talks Department babbles of Ghost Stories, mysterious Presents appear on our table. This year's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

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

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

A Merry Christmas to you!

'The Broadcasters.'





The Good Old Christmas

by
G. G. Coulton



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



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

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

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

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

When we choose our day, our love let us take,
When Christmas is over, tell our staff we speak,
At our coming back, Later let us make.

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

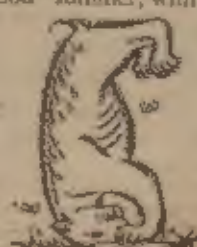
'All the wilde heads of the parishe . . . crown him with great solemnity, the king, anointed, chuseth for the twentie, fourtie, threescore or a hundred lustie guttes liketo himself.' They deck themselves out with bells at their knees, and all the finery they can get, 'borrowed for the moste parte of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

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

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

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

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



'THE FAIRY GOD-DAUGHTER'

A Christmas Tale. By Compton Mackenzie.

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

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

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

'I beg your pardon?' she said haughtily.

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

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

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

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

'Regrets are foolish,' she told herself on the

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

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

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

'It may be my imagination,' she went on to herself, 'but on looking back to that occasion I cannot help fancying that particular cracker had a very unusually loud bang. I distinctly remember that I observed "Oh!" when the explosion occurred, and that, though the large portion remained in my hand after we had pulled it, I allowed it to drop on the floor in my alarm. And I remember dear Papa saying: "Pick it up and see what's inside." And inside there was a most

beautiful little pendant. Not real stones, of course, because it was only a cracker, but still a pendant that anybody might have been proud to wear. And indeed I did wear it until I lost it in the crowd the day the dear Prince of Wales drove to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for his recovery. What a crowd it was, to be sure! I remember I began to wonder whether I ever should find my way home.'

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

road were hardly visible through the windows of the tram.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then it sounded again through the quiet house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The little girl smiled and shook her head.

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

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

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

But, small though Miss Kimpton's feet were,

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

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

'I know you have,' said the visitor.

'You know I have?'

'Yes, I heard you talking about them.'

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

'And what must I do when your mother



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is it necessary to describe that pantomime? It was the story of Cinderella. What more to add? Miss Kimpton sat in the best corner of the box, enraptured. It will not do to be too sentimental, though this is a sentimental story and only meant to be read at Christmas-time, when people are feeling kinder than they sometimes feel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Do declare what?'

'I never took my respirator.'

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

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

CHRISTMAS CONSIDERED

Matthew Quinney says
his Weekly Piece.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MATTHEW QUINNEY.

* Mrs. South Camp.



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

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

The same absence of any sense of fitness is



A TALE OF FOUR COCKTAILS

By A. J. Alan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I insisted on applying a restorative as under:— Then we pulled the last two crackers. Even as they cracked the doctor came in.

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

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

Recipe for Cocktail No. 1
 1/2 tsp. Lemon Juice
 1/2 tsp. Camphor
 1/2 tsp. Cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. Ipecac
 1/2 tsp. Sugar
 1/2 tsp. Water

Recipe for Cocktail No. 2
 1/2 tsp. Lemon Juice
 1/2 tsp. Camphor
 1/2 tsp. Cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. Ipecac
 1/2 tsp. Sugar
 1/2 tsp. Water

Recipe for Cocktail No. 3
 1/2 tsp. Lemon Juice
 1/2 tsp. Camphor
 1/2 tsp. Cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. Ipecac
 1/2 tsp. Sugar
 1/2 tsp. Water

NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ghaatly," said George, trying to hide his feet behind the door.

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

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

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

George Wilkinson cleared his throat.

"I—I—I—" he said. "I—I—I—"

"I beg your pardon?"

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

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



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

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

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

"Come on," he said, ingratiatingly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can't you guess?"

"Someone in a story?"

"No—No," said George, firmly but patiently,

"It's Father Christmas."

To his astonishment, Miss Marshall shuddered.

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

Mr. Wilkinson goggled at her.

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

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

"Running away?" gasped Mr. Wilkinson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A STORY BY DENIS MACKAIL.

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

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

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

'What about it?'

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

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

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

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

'What's that?'

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

'Yes, but—'

'Sh! Keep still.'

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

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

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

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

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

'Unless what?'

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

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

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

'Yes?'

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

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

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

'Thanks awfully.'

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



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

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

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

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

'Hungry?' asked Mr. Wilkinson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Concluded on page 505.)

SAMUEL PEPYS, LISTENER, GOES X^{mas} MASSING

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

Pros:—*item*, being within neare half of deare old mother at Brampton and perchance may be able to get some of the best of the X^{mas} drinking, for a whole se'night, whereby (balancing this against East Bourne) do reckon to be above 20^d in pocket over it which in these ill times is a thing to think of. In the end, being 5 *items* to 2, East Bourne had it, and soe resolved; my wife to write to Pall of our great sorrow, but her letter most happily comes too late having already bespoken rooms at the *Majestick* and cannot now unbespeak them. So in order to truthen before the letter goes, I forthwith get the *Majestick* on the loan, and by God's mercy have one good room left, on the 1st floor which I did then and there bespeak, to the great easing of my conscience, in what my wife writes to Pall being true by the time it was writ.

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

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

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

Dec. 18. My wife, by mine instigation, off Cook and Doris to goe home for the holly and will bring in Mrs. Blagg, the Charlady 1st and house in their absence. Whereto their answer is they can neither of them think of imposing upon us herein, the added expence of Mrs. Blagg, and so forth; seeming not to see that the added expence of Mrs. Blagg be more than compensated by the subtracted expence of their 2 Keeps (with X^{mas} extras in) yet we cannot with dignity acquaint them of



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

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

God forgive them.

She gone I to my tailor's for the last try-on of my new hal-day-suit middle gray with faint pink pin-stripe, which is very noble; and when the fellow have made certain nice adjustments wherewith I charged him—in particular, the unpinching of the pinch at the coat's waist by 1 inch neither more nor less, at either seam—shall I believe, become me mightily. Pestered all this evening with little archers, boys and girls, that come round in 2^d and 3^d singing

'While Shepherds Watched,' on the doorstep and, if left unnoticed, do ring the bell and go on ringing till someone answers it. So bade Doris next time they let them ring till they tire themselves. Presently coming a longer, louder ring then ever, I out in a great fury to put the curse of God into the little devils by suddenly flinging wide the door and nabbing one of the wretched archers. To my surprise, it was Mrs. Black that stands on the stoop with a winter-cherry in her hand; which she brings my wife for X^{mas}, and hath, as she, been ringing these 5 min and more. So bade her within, albeit have some misgivings what may be behind, when vicar's ladies come round with offerings of winter-cherry. When madam, after some business civilly do presently remarque, in the most casual

ly take the mothers' meeting for her Monday. Which my wife cannot do, but on day we goe to East Bourne, and so told madam, with infinite joy in seeing her face fall and inwardly (as I perceive) cursing herself, the 2^d she have wasted on the winter-cherry.

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

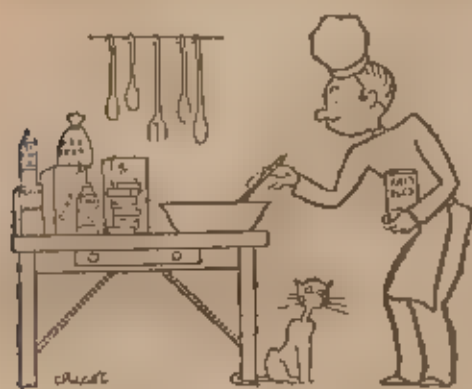
Dec. 24. (X^{mas} Day).—We to Church to St. Saviour's this forenoon, and sets me thinking of mother's old friend, Mrs. Ada Butler ('Edna Lyall') that did one time worshipp here, and got the bells for the church by writing books to pay for them—'Donovan,' 'We Two,' 'In the Golden Days,' and others, that and in their day, a great vogue, but none me fears do now read them, being not enough spicy for the present ungodly generation, God rest her.

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

R. M. FULSMAN.

RECIPES, ROMPS AND REACTIONS.

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



'I never imagined that anyone would take my pudding.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

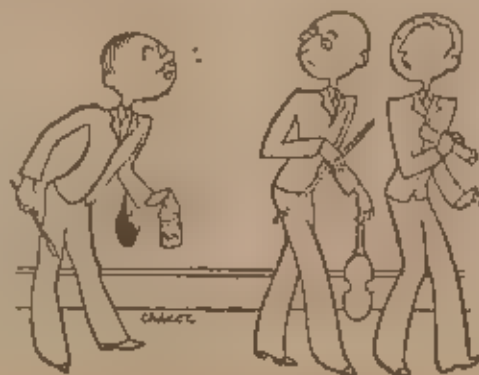
serial were still protruding from his torso, and as soon as the carving knife touched his control-box sparks flew from his dynamo. Naturally, a daily diet of iron-filings had not improved his contours, but this was made up for by filling him with transformer stuffing. When I warned the guests the compliments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

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

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

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

TOMMY HANDLEY



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



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

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| Age | Sex | Height | Weight | Temperature | Pulse | Respiration | Pressure | Color | Condition |
|-----|--------|--------|--------|-------------|-------|-------------|----------|-------|-----------|
| 1 | Male | 5' 10" | 170 | 98.6 | 72 | 18 | 120/80 | Good | Normal |
| 2 | Female | 5' 8" | 150 | 98.4 | 68 | 16 | 110/70 | Good | Normal |
| 3 | Male | 5' 6" | 140 | 98.2 | 65 | 15 | 100/60 | Good | Normal |
| 4 | Female | 5' 4" | 130 | 98.0 | 62 | 14 | 90/50 | Good | Normal |
| 5 | Male | 5' 2" | 120 | 97.8 | 60 | 13 | 80/40 | Good | Normal |
| 6 | Female | 5' 0" | 110 | 97.6 | 58 | 12 | 70/30 | Good | Normal |
| 7 | Male | 4' 8" | 100 | 97.4 | 55 | 11 | 60/20 | Good | Normal |
| 8 | Female | 4' 6" | 90 | 97.2 | 52 | 10 | 50/10 | Good | Normal |
| 9 | Male | 4' 4" | 80 | 97.0 | 50 | 9 | 40/10 | Good | Normal |
| 10 | Female | 4' 2" | 70 | 96.8 | 48 | 8 | 30/10 | Good | Normal |

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1929

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for the Editor

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

for the Editor

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

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

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

171

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REMINISCENCES OF CHEVALIER

MEMORANCES OF CHEVALIER.

What was what item I enjoyed most during my first
 year at the college was the first time I saw a girl.
 cause my father said them to me when I was a little at home.
 Second, Mabel's adventures in Huggins' kitchen why a
 girl was in the kitchen. Well I think she was put
 there as a joke first because I saw a girl in the kitchen
 at the Mallory. The Elder had said she was in the
 kitchen.

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HARKING BACK TO LONG AGO

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

IN the dark nursery at the back of the long, grey brick farmhouse, my sister and I lay awake on Christmas Eve. I was four and she was six-and-a-half, and the hour seemed to us prodigiously, dawningly, joyously late. It was a quarter to ten on a bright frosty night, and through the square, uncurtained window panes glistened, mapped out into astronomical constellations by the woodwork between the small square panes, just as on our nursery map the continents were marked off into squares by the lines of latitude and longitude. The winds who had been clattering in the pantry below were now in the garden pasture beyond the garden wall, and half of one of the old holly leaves on the verge of the nursery was very still. We lay, not speaking—listening.

very much, and they were spreading abundance
of it all over. We saw, indeed, a hare,
and indeed, the two of us set on the ground
of the water the bathing as men took their
place and the water a single large one the
quench was, in that of the water three

$f \in C^1$ ist sp. f. z. f ist 1 -stetig. 1125

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We were in a flash. We were scurrying barefoot in the narrow passage up two steps to the hall, but it was light. A corridor past the screen showed the motioned ghosts and a person on the stairs. A hand opened a door into the best spare room. A gap in the wall between the stairs and the door told there we saw them. The grovelling had not come here. They had drawn back the curtains from the cravens' room windows and the lamp had streamed out into the gravel drive. In mourning and straight as an aspen and a severe light stood by a table. Two faces were pale and their long coats black dark, but here and there a scarlet collar or a pair of bare glowing cheeks caught the lamplight. There were twenty men and boys, and the white starling round the scowling master's lantern, singing—

1. $\int_0^1 x^2 dx = \frac{1}{3}$

God and sinners reconciled.³

The drought blew through the oil, bedroom, the roof was damaged and Cognac and water in the house we pulled out and dress and as and headed together, or work.

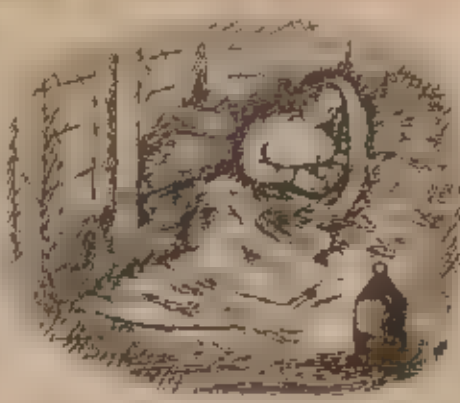
$\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

*Born that man no more may die.**

I can close my eyes and see them, I can shut my ears and hear them in the warmth of my bed. In my room I can feel the wind on my bare arms and legs, I can feel under my naked feet the roughness of the floor or the softness of the rug. I can feel the sun's birds and it is all there.

But it is true. No body else can ever hear it as I heard it. He is the "New Yorker" magazine fellow, an editor in chief of those particular streets in that particular town. I wish you could share his story, his life and his experience. He is not. He is a dark house, a world of shadows and a great fire. When I die, nobody will ever know that particular street, those streets, or even the time I die. I hope you can share that with me of a cold.

So, perhaps you find it comes true.
I suppose that you have long ago met a roach
when you were in the past, pick up the
sand stones as they slide off the air waves on to
the shore and hear there for a while and it at
have ever been. When perhaps, turning a dial
corner is a by gone's pleasure in Chicago, or
a freedom of life, or a sick man's heart,
Rougher than I am, that he can't see
on gravel like a fly stone farmhouse and
the sand stones run very fine, red & red
and the burst of singing that summoned two
children from their beds.

[illegible]

See next round the way.

$$S_{\tau} = \sum_{i=1}^n \tau_i \left(\frac{1}{\tau_i} \right) = \sum_{i=1}^n 1 = n$$
$$S_{rd} = \{r \in R \mid r \neq 0, r \neq 1, r \neq -1, r \neq \frac{1}{2}, r \neq -\frac{1}{2}, r \neq \frac{1}{3}, r \neq -\frac{1}{3}\}$$

(1) 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1

Sally went round the sun.

And so on till the a—-s are all over and
with a triumphant 'Pouf.'

[illegible]

When the
shifted its
to Nizari
Pope was
not only
it of the
Christians
was very
the next day
marched to
restore or
Christmas

in the church of Saint Peter, the most powerful worshipper in the Western world. And behold, as he rose up from prayer, the Pope set on his head the imperial crown, and proclaimed him Holy Roman Emperor in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and all the people applauded and the warriors in the streets outside clashed their weapons, and it was as though the voice of the people spoke with the voice of God, marking the birth of a new epoch. It was the birth of a new epoch. From that cry arose the Holy Roman Empire, and the Middle Ages, and Dante's dream of a united Christendom. A. D. 1000. The New Zealander and I. The great Brains of the time at all the day time in a year that epoch-making turn of

It was his wife and he and I would
 run back. The venerable Becc once told us
 that the dear people of Ayl began the
 year on the 1st of December when we now
 celebrate the birthday of Our Lord, and the
 very night which is now so holy to us they
 called it a strange, mad, & irreverent
 that is, he there said by reason of
 suspicion, he the ceremony which was quite
 long & they performed. I should not wonder
 and a woman in a long orange gown by my
 forehead in their pagan haste. I had
 on a hear stone and the first dark in spirit
 purgatory and the wild top of stones and perhaps
 the shock of a vision sanctified. Or would
 there be a gentler light in our sanctified mother's
 night? I should like to hear

I should like to listen to the first English Christmas after Charles II the Merry Monarch came back—his gayety and his splendour, the gloom of the Puritanical world with laughter and feasts, and during I am a knight in to the court of Saint James where the knights might be a trifle worse and where the best prices would belch and spit like coal heavers; but my own speaker was only in my mind not scent nor sight. The flickering candle-light the heat from the great fire the snow of snow in quantity and in splendour, and perfect and unmarred as we had as we would be lost to see. But I felt hear the King's deep, witty voice, and Lady Castlemaine's and my own ladies. There are inconveniences about a medium which appeals to one sense only.

And now I was a prisoner to Westminster and the seventeenth century, should I tune in to the radio and hear Mr Pops on the channel of the 11th century, as he would receive it, or was he to be taken in enough to hear that of Mr. Pops, when passing along the Alps, for a station in the mountains and even a mountain? No! Here I was in a better than care, for I would rather read Pops's own account of the mountain. A poor fellow, with a most excellent but as though length compensated for poverty in penning I would rather listen on another year to the Pops's own account of the mountain. The Pops's own account of the mountain, who, poor wretch! sat in a dress all day at the foot of the mountain and having a noble petition; while I by her making the boy read to me the tale of John the Pops and the Pops's book of the Alps. I should hear the boy's voice and the tale of Mrs Pops's noble's life and her husband's yawning as he came from the Alps.

So we, slowly the day would turn and the years a away and I think that one place I would linger would be in a boat out in the chaps of the Channel, with the Scilly Isles on

(Continued on page B64)

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

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

"NAY Tom, I can't be bothered wi' stuff like that!" And Sir Samuel Ormondwyke threw down the magazine. It was the Christmas Double Number of the magazine, and, of course, it had one of those Ye Olde Merry Christmas covered covers that bored artists set to work on when they return from their holidays in September. And the story that Sir Samuel had been trying to read in his friend's room, lentation was one of those Christmas Double Number stories, all part of a self-same old square of the eighteenth century, a prodigal son or daughter, a coach broken down in the snow outside the Old Hall, and a reconciliation where the coach was being rung out of the waste with the last of the year's snow.

"You want everything cut-and-dried Sam, even big old-fashioned things like that, Mr. Birstall," he said.

An hour or so later, Sir Samuel declared himself bored with the story of Mr. Birstall's son, a Yorkshire squire, who was a very nice fellow, but who was not a squire. It was a story, he continued with the air of a man who was not prepared to read any more, "I won't read that. It's not a squire's story for kids and far-fetched at that."

"Well, I must say it amused me," said Mr. Birstall, who obviously knew he would not be able to read any more. "Thought I should try it out in these days."

"Not an old-fashioned story," And having finished the story, Sir Samuel heaved his square book out of the chair and walked out to the window. "Snowing too, as observed pointing out of the window."

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

"Nay then, cried his friend with affectionate contempt, "you're off again. Tom, you're off again. Happen you'll be popping out into the snow in a big coat and long legs, so at least for a long time." And he returned to the fine blaze of the fire.

The two men were of the same age and indeed had been boys together in Braddersford and good friends for nearly half a century. Since friends they remained, though Mr. Birstall was now a partner in a firm of the cashiers at Hensworth's in Braddersford, whereas Ormondwyke, always the stronger, a man with a nose and chin and huge shoulders had hammered his way through to a fortune and a lordship and the despotic control of immense concerns. He was a chaste widower and for the last few years he had married Tom Birstall, who was a bachelor, to spend Christmas with him at his country house of his, on the edge of the fens. And at this was really part of the reason, though Sir Samuel would have said that he had been invited to it.

"Say that you're a squire," Mr. Birstall began reflectively, "and you're a good old-fashioned squire Christmas Eve. It's back on the front of the book. I don't read it as I was coming along this afternoon. There I was, up on the top of the hill, and you remember that Christmas Eve we spent at the Old Hall when we got snowed up."

But he got no reply, because at that moment they were interrupted by Jonas, bar-lynnar and husband of Rebecca the cook. "Chap war, Mr. Birstall, Jonas announced, "an' he go me this." And, contemptuously, Jonas handed over a very long letter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And this is Miss Marsden, Miss Rosalind Marsden, a very well-known—"

But he was stopped by a little cry from the pretty girl at his side and by a roar from Sir Samuel.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

'What!'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She gave a little cry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

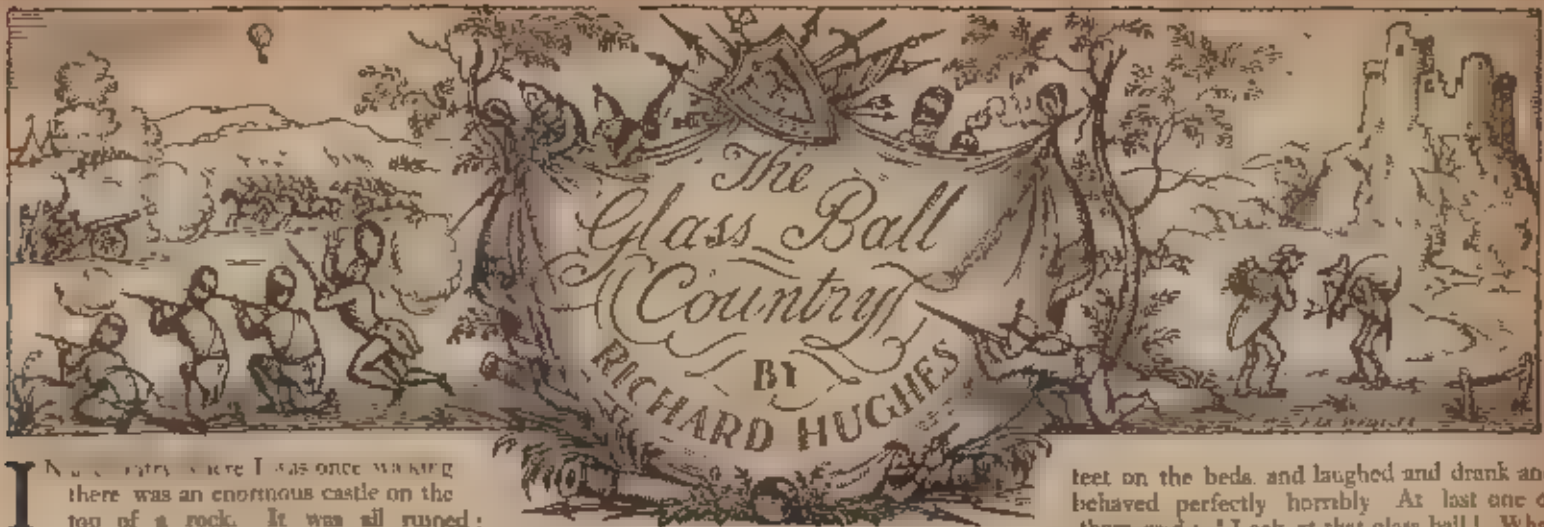
Left to himself, Sir Samuel lit a cigar and then tuned in to Manchester on his excellent wireless set. Instead of the music of the carol-singers, however, there came from the gilded cone of the loud-speaker simply a solitary speaking-voice.

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

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

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

(Continued on page 559.)



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'My axe wants sharpening,' he said. 'Then sharpen it,' said his wife.

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

'Now do it,' said his wife. 'I can't,' he said. 'You do it.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'What country is this?' she asked him. 'It's the Peace Country,' he said. 'None can fight inside here.'

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

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

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

But he had disappeared for good.

RICHARD HUGHES

Poem by Bruce Blunt **THE FROSTBOUND WOOD** Song for voice and piano Music by Peter Warlock

Very slow and quiet throughout

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

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

Ritenuo Molto

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

Fi-ti-ful to see. Bethle-hem could hear sweet singing, Peace on earth, a Saviour's come.

mp

Ped

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

pp *p* *Ped* #

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

Ped #

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

pp

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

(L.H.) *Ped* #





Babies and How to Rear Them



—2nd—



—1st—

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

(Continued from page 854.)

still useless and the least convivial member of the party, sang two songs for him, and Mrs. Knowle-Mowbray, if a bit, lugubrious, and two or three years older than the woman who had tottered in from the snowy road, played the piano, and Mr. Knowle-Mowbray, full with enthusiasm and punch, told stories, held a remarkable conversation with an old woman whom he had just met, and a pocket handkerchief and produced so many cards and ribbons of the expected places that he had to be told to stop.

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

I shall expect a better one than that when you see me on Christmas as present, Rosalind, Sir Samuel told her. He seemed to be in the highest spirits. It was coming, and it was here yet.

Now, a girl may be sorry she has quarrelled with her husband, may be desperately anxious to know where he is, may be feeling that this is the rottenest of all Christmases, but that does not mean she has no curiosity and interest left for a rich uncle's present. 'Lovely!' she cried.

But how can it be coming? I mean, you didn't know I was to be here, did you? I don't understand.

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

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

'How are you going to get there?' Mr.

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

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

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

And there was a moment when at the open door a car had arrived and with it a excited young man.

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

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

They had had the bit of dinner when he explained what had happened. It was a dinner was Mr. Birchall and two cigars. 'You see, Tom, though I said to you I was going to say that's Jeff's car, or I'm a Deoban. I don't know I'd ha' asked it if I hadn't known that this chap, Atterbury, who wrote at my house a good of his. That settled it. I got through to Manchester, and after a lot o' blathering and blethering, I got 'em to give 'lad a message. And there y'are, Tom.'

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

'Well, it's surprising, I'll admit, Tom, but there's nowt so marvellous about it. Rosalind came to this house o' purpose 'cos she thought Jeff'd be here. And Jeff's just told me that the chief reason why he took that reading job on was that he thought Rosalind might possibly hear him, a sort o' SOS like.'

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

IF WE FED LIKE THIS!

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

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

(from Arundel Collection.)

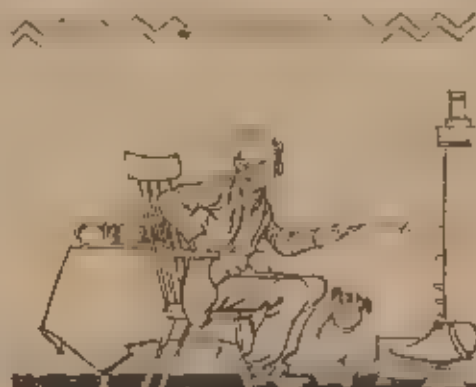
[XVth Century]

deliberately broke down just outside here. Miss Birchall suggested it but the responsibility was mine. I've deceived you, Sir Samuel, and I apologise for it.'

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



—of—



—th—



—listening—

SERIOUS TALK ON PICKING MISTLETOE

By CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM

A famous Poet lapses into great Prose

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 331)



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

IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE MEN



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I feel sure he was right.

LEONARD CROCOMBE.

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

CHRISTMAS TREES

By HAROLD NICOLSON



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

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

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

glowing and crackling like the lights of a beacon from the sea, stood this pyramidal Christmas tree. The things started with a thousand flickering candles. We said 'Oh!' knowing that it was expected of us. Our minds, however, were concentrated greedily upon what we could obtain. My brother reached the tree before me, and began to walk round it quickly, searching for Captain Dreyfus.

This officer, for his part, had managed to hide himself away from the blaze of publicity in some shadowed recess of this sparkling conifer. I found him first. They had attached him to the branch, not by his own piece of elastic, which was frail enough, but by an additional hawser made of twisted golden string. I tugged silently at these moorings, my heart beating for fear lest my brother should emerge from behind the tree. I tugged and tugged. It was impossible to release Captain Dreyfus. I covered his little dangling body with my hand, praying that my mother would appear with the scissors. But it was my brother who appeared. He was two years older than I was, and he was allowed a knife. He detached Captain Dreyfus while I watched in agony. He was, as I still feel, really angry with the Captain for having sold those papers to the German Embassy, although even at the time the evidence of his guilt was questionable. I watched his indignant determination with increasing terror. He kept on saying 'Traitor!' quite close to Captain Dreyfus's ear, and then he went and put that ear, in fact the whole face of the officer, in the flame of the nearest candle. Captain Dreyfus was made of papier maché and did not burn as briskly as other criminals. His face and figure were formed, indeed, by two profiles stuck together with glue; the glue melted in the heat of the flame, and the two profiles of Captain Dreyfus began at that to curl outwards and away from each other, smoking terribly. I let forth a howl of unutterable anguish, and dashed to the rescue. I showed great merit in seizing at the candle rather than at the figure itself which was already held firmly in the stronger hands of my brother. I pulled the candle sideways, bending it down into the fibres of the Christmas tree. A sharp smell of burning pine woods reached my nostrils. I howled again. It was then that I was rescued by my mother. Captain Dreyfus, as an organic substance, had by that time ceased to exist.

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

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

That my affection for Captain Dreyfus was more passing whim is brought home to me by the recollection of an incident which occurred five years later. It was in the autumn of 1899. I had been a year at my private school. The boys in the big schoolroom were allowed the *Daily Graphic*, and I had followed with feverish interest the progress of that famous trial by which Captain Dreyfus was vindicated. The paper would arrive about eight-thirty, at the very moment when we were released, after morning prayers, for a ten-minute run in the playground. I would linger behind, watching the little wooden rack near the green baize door of the headmaster's study. In a minute, I knew, the door would open and the arm of the headmaster would appear round it stretching out to drop the *Daily Graphic* into the rack. On the day when the Rennes verdict was to be announced I watched that door with bated

Harold Nicolson, novelist and biographer of Byron, Tennyson etc., has broadcast several characteristic talks, notably, a 'Miniature Biography' of Byron's valet and a discussion on 'Marriage' with his wife, V. Sackville-West, the B.B.C. critic of novels.

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

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

HAROLD NICOLSON



Oh, dusk of an English day!
KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

THIS LISTENING

—together with some Remarks on Broadcasting

By REBECCA WEST, Novelist and Critic

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am immensely grateful that the personalities which the wireless reveals to us are of this order; for that seems to me one of the most important proofs that the B.B.C. is realising its proper functions. I am no believer in the absolute value of the wireless on its educational and its artistic side. Heaven help the man who tries to get all his mental pabulum by listening; he will end by being unfit to earn his living except by mixing pickles or some such occupation where a disposition to incoherence is a help. Books and long lectures are still the most convenient ways of acquiring knowledge. For one thing the very physical ease which the listener enjoys is far from conducive to the attention. It wants to concentrate. And the man who does that a play sounds like a lecture. The



(Continued from previous page.)

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

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

THE MORNING SERVICE

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

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

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

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

WINIFRED HOLTBY indulges, for once, a sentimental mood.

(Continued from page 852.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WINIFRED HOLTBY



Let the children enjoy themselves

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

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5.15
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9.5
MENDELSSOHN
CONDUCTED BY
PERCY PITT



KATE WINTER
sings in the Military Band Concert this afternoon.

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only) TIME SIGNAL, GIVEN
WITH WEATHER FORECAST
(For 2.0 to 3.30 Programmes see opposite page)

3.45 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT
KATE WINTER (Soprano)
NORMAN ALLEN (Bass)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL
Fantasy from the Ballet Victoria and Morris
Leghorn

KATE WINTER
Sweet Nymph, come to thy Lover
Sorrow, Sorrow, stay
Whither runneth my sweet love's eye

HAND
Suite from 'The Miracle'..... Hindemith
Prelude Procession and Children's Dance
Banquet and Nutcracker Dance, March of the
Army and Death Motif, Christmas Song
and Finale, Act I

NORMAN ALLEN
Mozart's Songs ('The Magic Flute') Mozart

KATE WINTER
What the Lover said to the Evening Star

Mother Mary

HAND
Selection, 'Tarantel'

NORMAN ALLEN
The Midnight Review

The passionate Shepherd to his love

HAND
Wedding Procession ('Coq d'Or') ('The
Gold Bird')

Rusky-Korsakov, arr. Hough
Mock Morris. Grainger, arr. Gerard Williams

The Flight of the Bumble Bee
Rusky-Korsakov

5.15-5.45 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL
by
SOLOMON

French Suite in E

For 5.15 to 5.45 Programmes see 4, inside page

The Week's Good Cause
Appeal on behalf of THE TIME AND TALENTS
GUILD by the Rev. Canon C. S. WOODWARD
IN Dockhead, a riverside corner of South London
a society of girls, called the Time and Talents
Guild, carries on work among girls and children
Since 1914 their centre has been an old public
house, into which crowd weekly 250 members
of the Guild, Brownies, and Sunday School
Girls. The club has a waiting list of girls who
cannot join owing to inadequate accommodation.
Now has come a great opportunity. A new
updated building will shortly be built in
conjunction with the surrounding area and allows the
London County Council has offered them a
freehold site on their new Dockhead Estate, for a Clubhouse, and it is hoped to
establish a centre, not only for girls, but for
the whole family, where recreation and educational
work, etc., will be carried on. The Time and
Talents Guild is asking for £12,000 to buy the
site, build and equip the Clubhouse, and provide
a staff to run it. Of this, £8,000 has
already been raised by public subscription, and
the Guild is appealing to the public to help with the
rest £4,000.

Donations may be sent to The Hon. Treasurer
Dockhead Building Fund, 187, Bermondsey
Street, London, S.E.1

(Daventry only)
8.45 ORGAN VOLUNTARY
From Liverpool (a 1935)
Relayed from Liverpool.

8.50 'The News'
Weather Forecast, Local News Bulletin
Local News (Daventry only) Shipping Forecast.

9.5 A Mendelssohn Programme
LEONARD GOWINGS (Tenor)
THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Leader S. Knapton
Conducted by Percy Pitt



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



SOLOMON
will give a pianoforte recital this after-
noon at 5.15

Overture
Scherzo ('A Midsummer Night's Dream')
Nocturne
Wedding March

LEONARD GOWINGS
Aria, 'If with all your hearts'
ORCHESTRA
Symphony in A ('Italian')

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

The first movement is certainly full of ex-
citement and the first main tune is heard at
once set with real animation; the second
movement is a more serious development of
the first.

For some time now it is well known the
second movement is a waltz called 'The Pil-
grims' March.' The first part of the move-
ment is certainly serious and almost grave as
compared with the vivacity of the other
three, and the introductory bars have been
spoken of as 'a call to prayer.' In the
second part of the movement clarinets have
a fine theme and the movement ends with
a return to the first subject.

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

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

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

10.30 Epilogue
LORD, WHAT IS MAN
LOVE

415
THE VIENNA
STRING
QUARTET

626 kg/m³ (479.2 lb/yd³)

†BASECATION: FROM 2000 TO 2001, 100% WOULD GET NEW START

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RUDOLF KOLB (Trumpet), FELIX KOLB (Violin), FRIEDRICH LEHNER (Viola), BENAM MUELTZ (Cello).

Quartet for Strings in B Flat, Op. 130

A l'agio ma non troppo—Allegro. Il tempo.
Amante con moto ma non troppo. A la-
danza tedesca (Allegro assai). (Cosa na-
[A l'agio molto espressivo]. Finale—Allegro.

'The last string Quartets' of Beethoven, as they are always called, are admittedly difficult and obscure, but, to his devout admirers they are a very precious, even sacred, part of his noble work. More than anything else he wrote, they are regarded as intimate revelations of his own spirit, full of the deep sadness and of the physical suffering which made his last years a martyrdom, but touched, too, with the glow of the faith and hope which were his strength and his consolation. The 'Hugos' in the summer of 1820, and finished in November, 1820, was the last of the quartets which he wrote before his death. They were written for the first time, and he felt, with a justness that any, though I have who were to hear the first of the quartets, would be so completely deaf to the beauty of the music, that he had not a hint of their

Op. 136 in B flat has no fewer than six movements. The first begins with a slow introduction, whose theme plays an important part in the Allegro which forms the main part of the movement. There are two movements in Scherzo form, the second and fourth, two slow movements, the third and fifth, and a great Allegro to round off the Quartet.

REPORT MATING 1951

In die Leyer (To the Lyre). } Schiller et
Der Schwan. Ein Märchen. }
Die Nachtigall. Eine Ballade. } Bruns
Die beiden Granaiores (The Two Granadiors)

QUARTET

Flute Quartet for Strings Op. 30) ...Schubert
M. 1000 Adagio: Intermezzo (Allegro
moderato) (Anda. Molto moderato)

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



The Rev. BENSON PERKINS conducts the service that will be relayed from the Central Hall, Birmingham, tonight.

8.0 A RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Conducted by the Rev. BENJAMIN PERKINS
Relayed from THE CENTRAL HALL,
HULL, ENGLAND.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude
Hymn: 'Laud Ho comes with clouds descending'
(Songs of Praise No. 43)
Reading: Isaiah, Chapter ix, Verses 2 & 7,
Chapter xl, Verses 1-11
Carol: 'Take heart, the journey's ended' (Oxford
Book of Carols, No. 81)

I Love Prayer
 Ford, L. & Co. Boy is born. (First Book of
 Cyrus, No. 37)
 Hymn Love in a gown a Christmas (Songs
 of Praise, No. 240)
 A. C. 1888

Hyattsville, Md., April 10, 1904.
 Dear Sir:
 I am very glad to hear from you.
 Yours truly,
 M. L. Wostenholm

8.45 The Week's Good

Cause
 (From Birmingham)
 An Appeal for EXTENSIVE
 Contributions should be forwarded to Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Grosvenor Lodge, Kensington, N. W. 4.

8.50 'The News'

W A S H I N G T O N P O S T (2 2 5)
E D I T I N G B U R E A U

q.q. Albert Sandler

and
The Park Lane Hotel
Orchestra
Relayed from Park Lane
Hotel

ГРЕЧКА ТЕРЕН (Soprano)

On "MISTY"
Overture, 'Morning, Noon and Night' .. Supp
Folk ..

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| THE DANCE | Qu'lier |
| Jewel Song ('Fadet') | Gounod |

DISCUSSION

Four Indian Love Lyrics .. Woolfork-Frieden

ALBERT SANCHEZ

Solo Violin

(a) Meditation ('Thais') Massenet
(b) Schon Rosmarin (Far Rosemary) .. Kravtzer
(c) Variations Tchaik. arr. Kravtzer

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

ORCHESTRA

Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14 *Less*

10.30 Epilogue

'THE LIGHT ETERNAL.'

Hymn 290 (Ancient and Modern)
Gospel of St. John, Chapter i, Verses 1-14
Hymn 292 (Ancient and Modern)
Benediction
Normandy Carol, 'Away in a Manger'

(Sunday's Programming continued on page B71.)

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See the NEW Cossor Construction—firmly braced elements—electrically welded joints. Look at the grid—each turn spaced with micrometer accuracy. See the new Anode—strong, rigid—designed for efficiency.

NEW Filament

See the NEW Cossor filament with its tungsten core—tougher than steel yet as pliable as wire. Tough for strength, pliable for long life. The NEW Cossor filament gives enormous emission, far greater than ever before.

NEW Process

The NEW Cossor Process—over thousands of pounds of pressure—ensures absolute accuracy—absolute uniformity of all valves of a type. It gives maximum results from every valve—greater volume, longer range and wear-free tone. Get better W. results—use the NEW Cossor through out your Receiver.

2-volt types now
obtainable from
all Dealers.

A.C. Cossor Ltd., Highgate Road, London, N.5.

GA 70

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

Sunday's Programmes continued (December 22)

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| SWA
CARDIFF.
1040 kc/s.
(280.5 m.) | 55X
SWANSEA.
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(280.5 m.) | 22Y
MANCHESTER.
107 kc/s.
(375.4 m.) |
| 3.0 <i>S.B. from London</i>
3.45 <i>A Light Symphony Concert</i>
The Northern Welsh Chamber Orchestra
Conducted by T. H. M. Jones
4.00 <i>S.B. from London</i>
6.30-7.55 <i>A SERVICE IN WELSH</i>
<i>Relayed from The Lord Mayor of Cardiff</i>
8.0 <i>S.B. from London</i>
8.45 <i>S.B. from London</i>
9.0 <i>W. & T. from London</i>
9.5 <i>S.B. from London</i>
10.30 <i>Epilogue</i>
10.40-11.0 <i>The Silent Fellowship</i>
<i>Relayed from Cardiff</i> | 3.0 <i>S.B. from London</i>
3.45 <i>S.B. from London</i>
6.30-7.55 <i>A Service in Welsh</i>
<i>Relayed from The Lord Mayor of Cardiff</i>
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3.45 <i>A Light Symphony Concert</i>
The Northern Welsh Chamber Orchestra
Conducted by T. H. M. Jones
4.00 <i>S.B. from London</i>
6.0 <i>A PEOPLE'S SERVICE</i>
<i>Relayed from Liverpool City</i>
6.45 <i>S.B. from London</i>
7.0 <i>A PEOPLE'S SERVICE</i>
<i>Relayed from Liverpool City</i>
7.45 <i>The Week's Good Cause</i>
<i>An Appeal on behalf of The City of Cardiff</i>
8.0 <i>S.B. from London</i>
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appears on behalf of the City of Cardiff
dances from 8.45 to 9.45 | THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF
appears on behalf of the City of Cardiff
dances from 8.45 to 9.45 | THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF
appears on behalf of the City of Cardiff
dances from 8.45 to 9.45 |
| 6BM
BOURNEMOUTH.
1040 kc/s.
(280.5 m.) | 6PY
PLYMOUTH.
1040 kc/s.
(280.5 m.) | 6SC
GLASGOW.
1040 kc/s.
(280.5 m.) |
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3.45-4.00 <i>S.B. from London</i>
8.0 <i>S.B. from London</i>
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<i>An Appeal on behalf of The Lord Mayor of Cardiff</i>
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10.30 <i>Epilogue</i> |
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ABERDEEN.
1040 kc/s.
(280.5 m.) | 2BE
BELFAST.
1040 kc/s.
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(280.5 m.) |
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9.45 <i>S.B. from London</i>
10.30 <i>Epilogue</i> |

7.45
A CORNISH
NATIVITY
PLAY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

843 K/L/9. 355 3 m. 197 K/L/5. 1,544 4 m.

9.35
PROGRAMME
OF
CONTRASTS

7.45 'BETHLEHEM'

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

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

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

2.0-2.30 app.

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

This entertainment is
presented by the
Lord Mayor and the
Metropolitan Mayors
Procession round the
Cathedral

Speech by Viscount
Barnham welcoming
the Lord Mayor
The Lord Mayor's
Reply

Lord Mayor singing
under the direction
of REGINALD FRYEN
The City of London
Police Band
directed by
Lieut. FREDERICK W
NIGHTINGALE

6.15

'The First News'

TIME NEWS AND WEATHER
187, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULL.

6.30

Musical Interlude

6.45

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
M. 820 OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
ROBERT PAUL (Pianoforte)

7.0

Mr. JAMES AGATE: DRIBBLES Criticism

7.15

Musical Interlude

7.25

Reading from English Letter Writers

7.45

A Nativity Play
'Bethlehem'

By BERNARD WALKER

Relayed from THE CHURCH OF ST HILARY,
CORNWALL

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

9.0

'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SPECIAL GENERAL NEWS
REVIEWING THE NEWS DEPT. 24 (9)
Shipping Forecast

9.30

TRUCK

9.35

'Contrasts'

A Programme by
DEREK McCULLOCH

Produced by GORDON McCONNEL
THE GERBOM PARKINGTON QUINSET

10.30

DANCE MUSIC

TEDDY BROWN and his BAND from Ciro's CLUB

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

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 THE DAILY SERVICE WEATHER FORE-
CAST

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

11.0 (Daventry only) Gramophone Records

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

12.0

A Ballad Concert

BLANCHIE HARRISON (Contralto)
WILFRED CARTRELL (Tenor)

12.30

Organ Music

Played by EDWARD O HENRY
Relayed from TUSSEAU'S CINEMA

1.0

LIGHT MUSIC

LEONARDO KEMP and his PICCADILLY HOTEL
ORCHESTRA
FROM THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

1.0

(Daventry only)

PIANOFORTE INTERLUDE

(Daventry only)

1.15-2.0 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Relayed from THE NATIONAL MUSEUM
OF WALES

S.B. from Cardiff

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
(Ceredorff Genedlaethol Cymru)

Leader, LOUIS LEVITUS

Conducted by WARWICK BATHURST
Overture, 'Carnival'....., 'Drapak'
Andante with Variations... 'Bokanys'
Introduction, A III (The
Masteringuns)..... Wagner
Entrée of the Masters

3.0

A Concert

LEONARD WHITE (Baritone)
MARGARET ALLEN (Pianoforte)

3.30

DANCE MUSIC

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

4.15

LIGHT MUSIC

MAX JAFFA and his PICCADILLY GULL ORCHESTRA
FROM THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

5.15

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Story of 'The Little Pagan Faun'
(Patrick Chalmers)

Piano Solos by EUGENE LLOYD

'The Salvaging of Pyack' from 'Under Northern
Lights,' written and told by ALAN SULLIVAN

Songs by FOSTER
RICHARDSON

6.0

Miss NINA ABBOTT
'Christmas in Ber-
muda'

CHRISTMAS in the 'Still
Vex'd Bermoothes' is
to be the subject of Miss
Abbott's talk this even-
ing. The festival is so
traditionally bound up
in our European minds
with snow and cold that
it is almost impossible
to visualize a tropical
setting for the 'hous-
ing of the Yuletide'.
But in the Bermoodas,
those coral islands of
the Atlantic whose
shores are fringed with
mangrove, where
oranges and lemons
grow wild, and where
the most annual of
parties is the 'log-
cabin' Christmas, far
from being only a scenic
evening among the
considerable coloured
population.

9.35

CONTRASTS



A Programme by

DEREK McCULLOCH

Produced by

GORDON McCONNEL

THE GERBOM PARKINGTON QUINSET

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s (479.2 m)

9.0

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND

Here's
Happiness
and Prosperity
for you and yours

£275 A YEAR FOR LIFE, WHEN YOU RETIRE

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

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

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

£275 a Year for Life.

1. If you are aged 35 and have deposited £100,000, you will receive £275 a year for the rest of your life.

£20 a Month if Unable to Work.

2. If you are aged 35 and have deposited £100,000, you will receive £20 a month if you become permanently incapacitated or die.

Income Tax Rebate.

3. The £275 a year is free of income tax. This is additional to the £20 a month if you become permanently incapacitated or die.

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

4. Should you not live to the age of 55, £2,000 plus accumulated profits will be sent to your family. If death results at an earlier age, the sum will be £1,000.

Any Age, Any Amount.

5. A charge of 2s and £275 a year for life have been quoted by plan applies at any age and for any amount as low as £100. Whatever your income, if you can spare even out of 1 for your and your family's future, this plan is for you.

£100,000,000 Assets.

6. The assets of over £100,000,000 which are invested in the most responsible form.

FILL IN AND POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

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

I am interested in the plan and would like to know more. Please send me, without obligation, full particulars of your endowment plan, showing what sum of cash will be available for me.

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____
Address _____
Occupation _____
Exact date of birth _____

3.0 THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by HAYDN HEARD
Relayed from THE GRANGE SUPER CINEMA,
FALL ROAD, BIRMINGHAM

March, 'Hunts across the Sea' Sousa
Selection, 'That's a Good Girl' Meyer
One-step, 'Coming'
Intermezzo, 'Darling' Lincke
Waltz, 'Village Swallows' Johann Strauss
Serenade, 'A Little Love' Silenus
Imaginary Ballet Suite Colorido-Taylor

4.0 A Ballad Concert (From Birmingham)

CHARLES HILL (soprano)
You
Think of Mary
Spirit of the Night
Sing no more, Ladies
Cyril Connors (Violoncello)
Flegine Poem,
DOROTHY WITCOMBS (Cello)
Housing del Negro
O that it were so
Frank Bridge

4.30 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and
LIE B.R.C. DANCE

5.30 The Children's Hour
(From Birmingham)

'Santa brings his Toy' by E. B. Healy
Victrola Selection (Soprano)
JACKO and a Pianoforte
How Mechanical Toys Work, by Major Vernon Brock
Hush-a-Bye, by Dorothy Cooper

6.1 'The First News'
TIME SIGNAL, QUEENSWICH, WEATHER FORECAST,
FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music (From Birmingham)

THE ILLUMINATED STREET ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTRELL

March, 'Spirit of Pageantry' Fletcher
Waltz, 'The Swan'
White Rose
Nightingale, Op. 87 No. 1
Serenade, 'If I were a Bird'
ORCHESTRA
Fantasy, 'A Dream of Christmas' Knabbe
ALBERT HODGKINSON (Tenor)
Blow, blow, thou winter wind
For You Alone
WILLIAM LEWIS
Preludes, Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 15
Study, Op. 42, No. 4
Study, Op. 8, No. 1
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Greek Slave' Jones

7.6 ORCHESTRA
Pastoral Suite John Arzuff
WILLIAM LEWIS
Preludes, Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 15
Study, Op. 42, No. 4
Study, Op. 8, No. 1
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Greek Slave' Jones

7.45 ALBERT HODGKINSON
A Mid Winter Carol
O Vision entrancing
ORCHESTRA
The Nigger's Birthday
8.0 From the Musical Comedies
PATRICK'S SALON ORCHESTRA
Directed by NORMAN STANLEY
Relayed from THE CAFE RESTAURANT, COVENTRY STREET, BIRMINGHAM

9.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT (From Birmingham)

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
Conducted by RICHARD WARRELL
Overture, 'Tam O'Shanter'
Leamont Drysdale, arr. Godfrey
Folk Song Suite
Vaughan Williams

9.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT
(From Birmingham)

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND
Conducted by RICHARD WARRELL
Overture, 'Tam O'Shanter'
Leamont Drysdale, arr. Godfrey
Folk Song Suite
Vaughan Williams

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

It begins in mysterious mood, with a few bars of soft prelude.

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DOROTHY WITCOMBS sings in the Ballad Concert this afternoon, and REX LAWES, conductor, takes part in the Band Concert tonight.

AS THE ARTIST SEES IT

Broadcasting as the Inspiration of Modern Etching



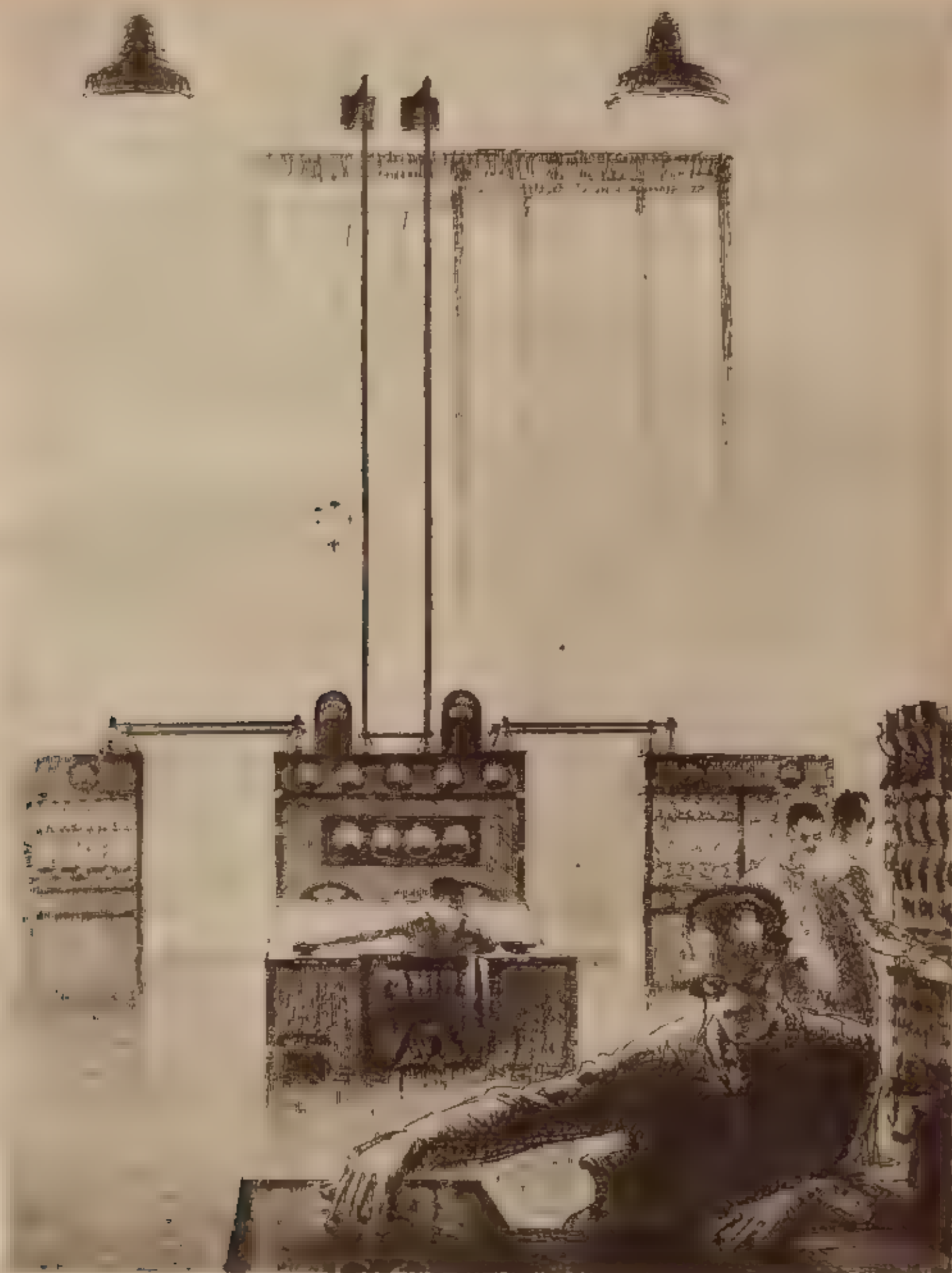
The Church of St. Hilary in Cornwall, from which, on Monday December 23, the Nativity Play will be relayed for the third time



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



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



[Etching by Baylar Allen]

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



(Drawing by Mervyn Campbell)

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



(Drawing by Mervyn Campbell)

Broadcasting House, Piccadilly - The Manchester Headquarters of Broadcasting in the North, opened early in 1927



[Sketching by Randolph S. Smith]

The Union of the Churches of Scotland. On October 3 there was broadcast to all stations from St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh a service of Praise and Thanksgiving for the Union of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland.



Illustration by Rosa Hope

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



Illustration by E. E. Ward

"The Air Fish" An artist's impression of the R101 on her return to Cardington from a trial flight, he sees her as a silver fish swimming over the Bedfordshire fields. A running commentary on the return of the R101 was broadcast



Illustration by M. H. H.

As the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Wood conducting his Symphony Orchestra in one of this year's successful series of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, organised by the British Broadcasting Corporation

THE ART OF ETCHING BY JAMES LAVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Listeners who may wish to possess proofs of a few of the etchings included in this supplement, should get into touch with the Redfern Galleries, Ltd., 27 Old Bond Street London, W1. The Galleries have arranged, on behalf of the artists, for strictly limited editions of signed proofs to be prepared from the original plates. The price of the proofs and the size of the respective editions are as follows: The etchings by J. B. Souter, Basil Allen, Randolph Schwabe, Ian Strang (by courtesy of the Lefevre Gallery), Michael Ross. Three Guineas each (edition of 10); the etchings by G. H. R. Heritage and Sybil Andrews. Two Guineas each (edition of 150) and those by Molly Campbell, Rosa Hope and L. D. Luard. Two Guineas each (edition of 100).



A decorated tin of
 Player's 'Medium' Navy
 Cut Cigarettes offers a
 delightful means of
 expressing the Season's
 Greetings and Goodwill

50's at 2'6
 100's at 4'10
 150's at 7'3
 also in blue Card Boxes of
 25 for 1'3

*Player's
 Please*



19 CHRISTMAS EVE 20

2LO LONDON AND 5XX DAVENTRY

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

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH WEATHER

10.45 Recipes for Party Dishes

(Inventory only) Gramophone Records

11.0-11.30 (London only)

Experimental Television Transmission by the Baird Process

ORGAN MUSIC

Played by EDGAR T. COOK
Relayed from Southwark Cathedral

Master R. LAURICELLA
Master W. ASHWORTH

1.0-2.0 Christmas Eve Children's Party

FRANCATTA, 10, 45 THE
Directed by GEORGE HART
at THE RESTAURANT FRANCATTA

A Ballad Concert

H. A. GARDNER (Soprano)
Cecil Whittle (Baritone)

3.30 Christmas Eve Carol Service

Relayed from KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE

1.0-1.15 Hymn: O Come, all ye faithful
Nineteenth Century

The Singing Prayer
Invitatory Carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem"
Twentieth Century. Walford Davies,
Wentworth, 1891. Words: Walford Davies

1.15-1.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

1.30-1.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

1.45-2.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

2.0-2.15 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

2.15-2.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

2.30-2.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

2.45-3.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

3.0-3.15 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

3.15-3.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

3.30-3.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

3.45-4.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

4.0-4.15 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

4.15-4.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

4.30-4.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

4.45-5.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

5.0-5.15 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

5.15-5.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

5.30-5.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

5.45-6.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

6.0-6.15 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

6.15-6.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

6.30-6.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

6.45-7.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

GHOST STORIES, MAGIC, AND CAROLS.



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

The Blessing
Recessional Hymn: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
Mendelssohn, 1800-47; Words by C. Wesley (1743), G. Whistler (1753)

4.45 LIGHT MUSIC
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy



CAROL-SINGING TONIGHT

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

0.0 Reading of Modern Poetry

6.15 "The First News"

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

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

MUSIC OF MENDELSSOHN
Played by
RICHARD PAUL (Pianoforte)

7.0 The Haunted Hour

GHOST STORIES by
Mr. E. F. BENSON
Mr. W. W. JACOBS

Mr. EDMUND MACCARTHY

7.45 DANCE MUSIC

JACK PAYNE and his B.D.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA

8.30 A CAROL SERVICE

By THE WIFE OF...

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

Relayed from St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel
O Come, all ye faithful
The First Noel
Good Christian Men
The Holly and the Ivy
Good King Wenceslas
Carol for Christmas Eve
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

9.0 "The Second News"

WEATHER, TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER
BULLETIN, Local News, (Daventry only) Shipping

10.20 Mr. W. W. JACOBS
Ideas for the Christmas Party

9.35 An Orchestral Concert

DALE SMITH (Baritone) and Orchestral
The Holly and the Ivy
Light o' Love
Early One Morning
The Song of Moses to Mary

10.15-10.30 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
Noli, (Christmas Song), Compline, Chant
Le moulinet
Le moulinet
Le moulinet
Le moulinet

10.30-10.45 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
O leave your sheep
A Babe is born (Warwickshire tune)
The Cherry Tree
Now three welcome Christmas

10.45-11.0 The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
The Holly and the Ivy
A Carol Symphony
Prelude, "O come, all ye faithful", Scherzo,
"God rest you merry, gentlemen" Romance,
Lullaby Lullaby - The First Noel

10.45 DANCE MUSIC

THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUZY LYRES BAND
FROM THE CAFE DE PARIS

11.0-11.30 JACK HARRIS' GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND
FROM GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE

TUESDAY DECEMBER 20, 1939

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

6 Kcs. (479.2 m.)

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

4.0 From the Light Classics
From Birmingham
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED
ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CASTELL
A. C. Brown's Overture Quilter
Linda Symcox (Contralto) and Orchestra
Hymn to Aphrodite Bartok
OVERTURE
M. J. in E Bachmann
F. J. in E Ruben

5.30 OLGA THOMAS
(Pianoforte)
Morgenstimmung
W. J. in E
Morning... Schopen
Concert Study in E
Flat Major, Schopen
Overture
Suite, "The Miracle"
Humperdink
I. A. Schopen
The Great Road
Bartok
Five Eyes
L. A. Petrola... Moret
ORCHESTRA
Lyrical Serenade Elgar

6.10 OLGA THOMAS
Bohemian Caprice
Smetana
F. J. in E
Flat, Op. 23 Chopin
ORCHESTRA
Second Ballet Suite,
L. A. Schopen
P. J. in E
L. A. Schopen, J. Schopen

7.30 The Children's
Hour
(From Birmingham)
A Programme by THE
HOMER BAKER STUDIO
STAFF, assisted by THE
D. ALTON INSTRUMENTAL
QUARTET

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

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

9.0 Light Music
PARTSON'S SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA
Directed by NORMAN STANLEY
Relayed from THE CAFE RESTAURANT, COMPO-
TION STREET, BIRMINGHAM
Overture, 'The Bohemian Girl' Balfe
Waltz, 'The Wedding Dance' Lincke
NORMAN STANLEY (Violin)
Hymn to the Sun ('The Golden Cockerel')
Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. Kraler
Zapatero (Spanish Air) Sarasate
ORCHESTRA
F. J. in E 'Mignon' Ambrosius Thomas, arr. Tuxen
M. J. in E Eric Coates

8.0 - A Neapolitan Hour

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED
ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CASTELL
Naples has always rejoiced in its own particular
blend of folk music, gay and sparkling, as is only
natural. But apart from that, it was a great
centre of cultivated music as long ago as
middle of the fifteenth century. Its early schools
of music were not only the first in Europe, but
were adopted as models throughout Italy and
eventually all over Europe. Its early schools
of music were not only the first in Europe, but
were adopted as models throughout Italy and
eventually all over Europe.

it was church music which was their chief
La Danza, A Neapolitan
Tarentelle
I. A. Schopen
Bartok
F. J. in E
Flat, Op. 23 Chopin
ORCHESTRA
Second Ballet Suite,
L. A. Schopen
P. J. in E
L. A. Schopen, J. Schopen



Le CABARET au LAPIN Qui SAUTE

with
JACK BECHING, The Radio Rascal
ERNEST JONES and His Songs
JOHN ROSKE in Light Songs
THE DALTON INSTRUMENTAL QUARTET
MASON and ARMES, Entertainers with a Piano
MOLLY HALL
JACK VENABLES, Syncopated Pianists
PHILLIP BROWN'S REVELLERS DANCE BAND
Menu prepared by JOHN WATT
FROM BIRMINGHAM TONIGHT AT 9.0

all the world knows. It has passed so completely
into the realm of popular things that the great
Richard Strauss imagined it to be a real folk-
song, and as such, made use of it in his Suite for
Orchestra, 'From Italy'. Denza was one of the
Directors of the London Academy of Music and
a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, for
a good many years.

ORCHESTRA
Neapolitan Scenes J. Schopen
La Danza; La Procession; L'Improvisateur

9.0 'Le Cabaret au Lapin qui Saute'

(From Birmingham)
(See centre of page)

10.0 'The Second News'

WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS
BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC

THE CAFE DE PARIS BLUES LYRES BAND from
THE CAFE DE PARIS

11.0-11.15 JACK HARRIS' GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND
from GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE

(Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 878.)

Columbia RECORDS

BEST RECORDS OF THIS WEEK'S MUSIC

Orchestral and Band
Sunday: COO DOR B. 10. Procession 10.0
FLOOT OF BUNBLE BEE 10.0
NINEHUNDRED NIGHTS DREAM 10.0
HOMER BAKER 10.0
HERRIDGE TINGALS CAVE OVERTURE 10.0
Monday: DREAM OF CHRISTMAS 10.0
MERRIE ENGLAND Selection 10.0
Wednesday: MIKADO Selection 10.0
RAYMOND OVERTURE 10.0
W. J. SQUIRES POPULAR SONGS Selection 10.0
BLUE DANUBE WALTZ 10.0
CASSE-NOISSETTE Suite 10.0
Thursday: PARADE OF THE SOLDIERS 10.0
SAVOY CHRISTMAS MEDLEY 10.0
Friday: MAGIC FLUTE Overture 10.0
TCHAIKOWSKY'S SYMPHONY No. 3 10.0
Saturday: E. J. in E Overture 10.0
WAGNER'S SCOTCH SYMPHONY 10.0
Instrumental
Sunday: ON WINGS OF SONG 10.0
BEETHOVEN'S QUARTET IN F 10.0
Monday: M. J. in E Overture 10.0
Tuesday: MACHINISTS' MELODIES IN E 10.0
POLONAISE IN E FLAT 10.0
ORCHESTRAL MARCH 10.0
Wednesday: BEETHOVEN'S TRIO IN E FLAT 10.0
SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN E FLAT 10.0
KARL'S LARGO 10.0
Friday: TOGATA AND FUGUE D. MINOR 10.0
Friday: MOZART'S SONATA A MAJOR 10.0
Saturday: HUNGARIAN Rhapsody No. 3 10.0
Peter Pan Selection 10.0
INVITATION TO THE WALTZ 10.0
VISION OF CHRISTMAS 10.0
Vocal
Sunday: MIDNIGHT REVIEW 10.0
Monday: ROMING 10.0
O. T. H. IT WERE SO 10.0
BLOW BLOW THOU WINTER WIND 10.0
Tuesday: LA DANZA Tarentelle 10.0
Wednesday: I'M A BAKER 10.0
SIMON THE CELLARER 10.0
O. T. H. IT WERE SO 10.0
MAIRE, MY GIRL 10.0
Thursday: WHEN THE SERENADE MAJORS 10.0
DEFEAT WITH HIS LUTE 10.0
INVICTUS 10.0
MUSICAL Complete in 2 Voices 10.0
Saturday: VALE 10.0
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG 10.0
New on Sale at all Stores and Dealers

A REAL ACCUMULATOR GUARANTEE

There is no accumulator or battery to compare with the "YOUNG," either for perfection of reception or long life. Definitely, they embody the results of the most exhaustive researches and have features not to be found in any other make. What do you want more than this positive guarantee:

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LONDON, E.C. 5

For Outdoors, use
Potter's Smoking Mixtures
and Cigarettes



Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 24)

5WA CARDIFF. 961 m (1500.0 m)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
The Children's Hour

Eric and Sean pay us a visit

Songs by MARGARET WILKINSON and

'A Christmas Carol' by Charles Dickens
(Adapted for the microphone by Nancy Powell)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.0 WELSH GHOST STORIES

6.15 S. B. from London

6.30 S. B. from London

6.45 S. B. from London

6.55 S. B. from London

7.0 S. B. from London

7.15 S. B. from London

7.30 S. B. from London

7.45 S. B. from London

8.0 S. B. from London

8.15 S. B. from London

8.30 S. B. from London

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9.0 S. B. from London

9.15 S. B. from London

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8.30 S. B. from London

8.45 S. B. from London

9.0 S. B. from London

9.15 S. B. from London

9.30 S. B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH 1040 m (288.0 m)

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S. B. from London

7.0 Mrs. RICHARDSON: 'The Demon of Tidworth'—A Wessex Ghost Story

7.15 S. B. from London

7.30 S. B. from London

7.45 S. B. from London

8.0 S. B. from London

8.15 S. B. from London

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10.45 S. B. from London

SPY 1040 m (288.0 m) PLYMOUTH.

10.15-10.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 S. B. from London

7.0 Mrs. RICHARDSON: 'The Demon of Tidworth'—A Wessex Ghost Story

7.15 S. B. from London

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8.30 S. B. from London



THE DEMON OF TIDWORTH

A Wessex ghost story, will be told by Mrs. Richardson from Bournemouth this evening

9.35 Christmas Cards

1.0 S. B. from London

1.15 S. B. from London

1.30 S. B. from London

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10.0 S. B. from London

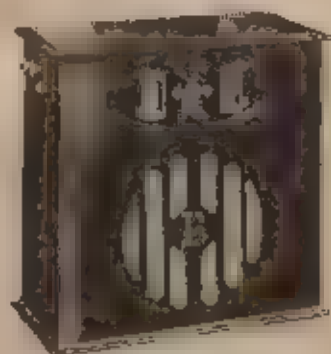
10.15 S. B. from London



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Give British Radio for Christmas!

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with Loud Speaker
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Type B.M. for mains price on
£20 10 0
Also in kit form at slightly lower
prices



Brown Receiver
with Loud Speaker
Type B. for battery operation £9 7 6
Type B.M. for mains operation £12 7 6
Also in kit form at slightly lower
prices

For there is nothing in Radio that can so eloquently express your Yuletide thoughts as a Brown Receiver, Brown Duplex Loud Speaker or Brown "Vee" Unit. Remember that Brown on a Radio instrument stands for British and Best.

Even though you pay considerably more for a Set you can get no better value than the Brown Receiver. It represents the very best in Radio performance—in range, in volume and in tone.

If you would give a loud speaker, there is none which can better express your greetings than the new Brown Duplex Loud Speaker. Its real-time reproduction is unequalled among Loud Speakers.

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**Brown Duplex
Loud Speaker**
Made to three sizes
Size price
Size price
Size price



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Price on 25/-
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"To be with
the Christmas"

The "Vee"
Perfect

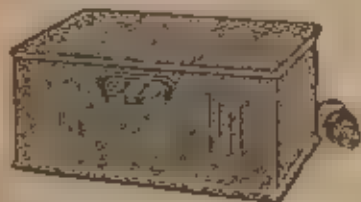


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EKCO" WORKS LEIGH-ON-SEA.

There's a treat in store for those who have "EKCO-LECTRIC" Radio this Christmas! Radio free from worry! Radio with plenty of power! Radio at its best! Just plug the "EKCO" Adaptor into the electric light or power socket and "Switch-on—That's all!"

Battery operated sets can be completely electrified with an "EKCO" All-Power Unit, and H.T. or L.T. batteries eliminated with an "EKCO" H.T. or L.T. Unit, whilst "EKCO-LECTRIC" Radio Receivers give you modern radio in its simplest and most modern form—without batteries—without accumulators—without mess.

"EKCO" products are British Made for D.C. as well as A.C. Mains and are obtainable on Easy Payments.

"EKCO"

"Plug-in—That's all!"

"EKCO-LECTRIC" RADIO RECEIVERS AND POWER SUPPLY UNITS.

Programmes for Tuesday.

Worcester Program—continued from page 874.

- 3.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
5.30 London Program re relayed from Driventry
5.15 The Children's Hour
6.1 Dr J. E. WALLACE: 'The Approach of Christ'
VI, MUSIC, S.B. from Liverpool
6.15 S.B. from London
7.0 MARTIN WILSON: 'Christmas for Children' (Songs)
S from Leeds
7.15 S.B. from London
7.45 BRITISH MARCHES AND WALTZES.
THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
1. "Auld Reekie" In a Haunted Room.
8.30 S.B. from London
9.15 North Regional News
9.20 S.B. from London
9.35 Christmas Eve at Brown's

It is a pity that the

Bill Brown
Mean Brown
by ...

$$\int_{\mathbb{R}^n} f(x) dx = \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} f(x) dx$$

Γ 100, 915020

The Power of \mathcal{P} is $\mathcal{P}_{\text{max}} = P_{\text{max}} \cdot \mathcal{P}_{\text{min}}$.

The W_{eff} is

$$\left(\frac{1}{2} \frac{d u}{d t} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{d v}{d t} \right) = \frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{d t} (u + v) = \frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{d t} (F_r)$$

THE NATIONS ARE IN REBELS

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Other Stations.

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Have you ever tasted Nestlé's "Fruit Queen" it's chocolate, almonds and rich ripe fruit — packed in sixpenny cartons.

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\$16 stock

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(1,554.4 ml.

Revised from THE KIT CAT RESTAURANT

1929 WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11 5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. 7.9 am

TRANSMISSION FROM 1.000 A.M. TO 1.00 P.M.

3.0 A BAND CONCERT

From Birmingham
The METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND

Conducted by E. PERKIN

Cossack March Runner
Pot-Pourri, 'Musical Fragments' Runner

3.15 GEORGE GUY (Bass)

Land a Roadster
Solemnity of the Mind

Manfredson
Hutton

RONALD GOSLEY, Music and
Humour

BAND

Cornet Solo, 'O, dry those tears
of Mine'

(W W STEPHENS)

Solemnity, 'The Mind' Sullivan

3.30 GEORGE GUY

The Duvall Lover

Maude Vale is White

Joe the Gypsy Bollen

RONALD GOSLEY

Will again Entertain

BAND

Euphonium Solo, 'Titania'

Humoresque, 'Lasses and La's'

Runner
10 man

4.30 DANCE MUSIC

JACK PARRY'S COCK CLUB SIX

* * * The Children's Hour

(From Birmingham)

CHRISTMAS, 2020 A.D.

6.0 ADDRESS

by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Relayed from Bishopthorpe

8 B from Leeds

6.15 MARGARET ALLEN

Pianoforte

(From Birmingham)

Waltz, 'The Christmas Tree'

Relay

The Sixty Mummies' Christmas

Carol....

Noel....

Waltz in A Flat

Chopin

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

The 3 B's....

Chopin

London....

London....

Overture, Raymond....

Selection, 'Lull Time'....

PARRY JONES (Tenor)

Kerry Dancer

To Mary

Maude, my Girl

Volley

Maude Valeria White

Atkin

7.5 ORCHESTRA

Selection of W. H. Squire's Songs

HENRY BENTLEY (Violoncello)

Andante no. 1

Scherzo

Thomas

Van Gennep

7.30 ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'The Blue Danube'

Johann Strauss

PARRY JONES

Believe me, if all those enquiring young charms

(Irish Air)

Sally in our Alley (Old English Air)

'Tom Bowling'

Dibdin

ALTHOUGH it is the simple melody of 'Tom Bowling' which impresses the hearer more than its sentiment, the song was composed as a quite sincere expression of grief on the death of Dibdin's eldest brother, whose name really was Tom. He was skipper of a merchantman on the Indian Service. Charles Dibdin himself the composer once had to go to sea to raise the necessary money to pay for the tour, published in 1784 as 'The Musical Tour'.

HENRY BENTLEY

Romance Without Words

Rustic Dance

ORCHESTRA

March, Colonel Bogey

8.0 An Orchestral Concert

From Birmingham

Land a Roadster

Amen

Land a Roadster

Land a Roadster

Overture, 'Fingal's Cave'

Two of Macdonauld's orchestral works the 'Fingal's Cave' Overture and the so-called 'Beats' Symphony owed their inspiration to the composer's visit to the island of Iona. The melody which forms the basis of the Overture is a tune of the 13th century. The Overture was written down immediately after a visit to Staffa and Iona, and sent home in one of his delightful letters, describing the visit with all his own buoyant enthusiasm. The Overture begins with lower strings and bassoons, presenting a theme which depicts the long rolling Atlantic breakers, and later it is the same instruments which give us the second chief tune. The Overture is built up on these single and together; a very beautiful instance of their use in combination is heard near the end, where the oboe and horns join to play them very softly.

PARRY JONES (Tenor) and Orchestra
Aria, 'Ombra mai fu' (Largo)
Handel
Ombra mai fu is the beautiful air for alto voice which is known the wide world over as 'Handel's Largo.' Accepted, in this country, where we like to draw a hard and fast distinction between Sunday and week-day music, as suitable for playing or singing on the most solemn occasions, it comes from a secular work and the words have nothing to do with any religious subject. It is a stout witness on behalf of the power of music to inspire which is not in vain.

attention is also sacred music.

'CINDERELLA'

A PHANTOM PANTOMIME

written, composed and produced

by

ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

will be broadcast

FROM 5GB

TONIGHT AT 9.0

This extra British Pantomime
Deserves a boost in better rhyme.
Here's no imported, plugged libretto
From negroid swamps or New York's ghetto.
Hence, ye sloppy Sonny Boys!
Hence, ye red-hot Mommas' joys!
Don't let Hardboiled Hannah scream songs!
Balk those squawky, Talkie theme songs!
Swat that sob-stuff, let's be skitish
And above all, let's be British!
So salute the home-grown seller!
List' to

Longstaffe's

'CINDERELLA!'

THE PANTOMIME CHORUS and ORCHESTRA

Conducted by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

This pantomime will be broadcast from London and Daventry tomorrow night. For cast, etc. see page 886

of Mr. Dibdin, was the only result. He had actually embarked for India, but was so far from deciding him to abandon the project, and he went no farther than Torbay.

For many years connected with one or other of the London theatres, he composed many stage pieces of which more than one is still occasionally heard. The greater part of the music in *London and Chelsea*, for instance, was his, and *The Waterman*, *The Ephemeral Matron*, and *The Quaker* are not by any means forgotten. But one of his most interesting enterprises was an entertainment in which he not only wrote the words, and composed the music, but sang, recited, and played, providing the whole. 'The evening's programme under the title, Whim of the Monks!' It was for this that many of his best-known songs were written - 'The Bells of St. Dunstons', 'The Lullaby', and others which are still popularly sung.

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'Casse Noisette' (The 'Nutcracker')
Tchaikovsky

PARRY JONES and Orchestra

The Star of Bethlehem

ORCHESTRA

Welsh Rhapsody

9.0 'Cinderella'

(See centre of page)

10.10 'The News'

WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.45 DANCE MUSIC

THE CAFE DE PAMS BLUE LYONS BAND FROM THE CAFE DE PAMS

11.0-12.0 JACK HYLTON and his BAND

Relayed from THE KIT CAT RESTAURANT

(Wednesday's Programme continues on page 885)

The best yet The Platignum Fountain Pen Desk Set

These illustrations are on a reduced scale.



There's nothing more appropriate—more acceptable



For you the Platignum Fountain Desk Set is the end of your quest for the ideal gift—for the fortunate recipient the beginning of a life-time's easier writing.

Platignum Desk Sets provide a large capacity, lever-filling Fountain Pen of famous Platignum make, ready to write at any moment. You simply take the pen from the swivelled socket, where its nib is always moist, sealed against air when not in use—and write.

Platignum Fountain Desk Sets make writing easier—more pleasant. Give them this Christmas. You can buy them at your stationers 5/- complete. The perfect gift, and the most useful present you can give yourself

THE FOUNTAIN PEN FEATURES

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| 1. The pen is made of the finest materials and is of a design which is both elegant and practical. | 2. The pen is of a large capacity and is able to hold a large quantity of ink. | 3. The pen is of a lever-filling type and is able to be filled without the use of a converter. | 4. The pen is of a swivelling type and is able to be locked in the writing position. |
| 5. The pen is of a lever-filling type and is able to be filled without the use of a converter. | 6. The pen is of a swivelling type and is able to be locked in the writing position. | 7. The pen is of a lever-filling type and is able to be filled without the use of a converter. | 8. The pen is of a swivelling type and is able to be locked in the writing position. |
| 9. The pen is of a lever-filling type and is able to be filled without the use of a converter. | 10. The pen is of a swivelling type and is able to be locked in the writing position. | 11. The pen is of a lever-filling type and is able to be filled without the use of a converter. | 12. The pen is of a swivelling type and is able to be locked in the writing position. |
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MENTMORE MANFG. CO. LTD., Dept T.R.,
Platignum House, Hackney, London, E.9.



ANDREWS
LIVER
SALT
will give
you
a Happy
Christmas
— the day
after.



Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 25)

5WA CARDIFF. 1,000 kc/s (309.6 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 1.0-1.15 Birmingham Children's Hour
 1.15-1.30 Relayed from Daventry
 1.30-1.45 Birthdays
 1.45-2.0 Leeds Programme relayed from Daventry
 2.0-2.15 S.B. from London
 2.15-2.30 West Regional News
 2.30-3.0 S.B. from London

5SX SWANSEA. 1,040 kc/s (288.6 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 1.0-1.15 Birmingham Children's Hour
 1.15-1.30 Relayed from Daventry
 1.30-1.45 S.B. from Cardiff
 1.45-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 2.0-2.15 S.B. from London
 2.15-2.30 West Regional News. S.B. from Cardiff
 2.30-3.0 S.B. from London

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s (288.6 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 12.0-1.0 Birmingham Children's Hour
 1.0-1.15 Relayed from Daventry
 1.15-1.30 London programme relayed from Daventry
 1.30-1.45 S.B. from London
 1.45-2.0 Local News
 2.0-2.15 S.B. from London

5PY PLYMOUTH. 1,040 kc/s (288.6 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds
 11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 12.0-1.0 Birmingham Children's Hour
 1.0-1.15 Relayed from Daventry
 1.15-1.30 Children's Birthdays and Letters
 1.30-1.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry
 1.45-2.0 S.B. from London (9.15 Min-week Sports Bulletin, Local News)

22Y MANCHESTER. 797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

10.30-11.30 SERVICE FROM YORK MINSTER
 S.B. from Leeds
 Vestry Prayer in South Aisle of the Choir, followed by Extensio prelude by Dr. Bainesrow
 Matins
 Verse
 Psalm 10 and 85
 Te Deum and Benedictus (B. A. 10.15)
 Hymn, 'Christians, Awake,' 1-3 (English Hymnal, 21)
 Sermon by the Dean of York (The Very Rev. Hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels sing' English Hymnal 24)

3.0 An Afternoon Concert

THE NORTHERN W. M. S. ORCHESTRA
 HAROLD DERRYSNIRE (Piano)
 DONATHY LEOP (Songs and Stories at the Piano)

The Children's Hour

A Address
 by the Archbishop of York
 Relayed from the Chapel of York
 S.B. from Leeds

6.30 S.B. from London

7.30 Christmastide Requests

THE NORTHERN W. M. S. ORCHESTRA
 HARRY BOWWELL (Baritone)
 H. P. BOWWELL (Baritone)

8.0 S.B. from London

9.15 North Regional News

9.20-12.0 S.B. from London

Other Stations.**5SC GLASGOW** 740 kc/s (398.9 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds (See London) 3.0-4.0
 4.0-5.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 4.0-5.0
 5.0-6.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 5.0-6.0
 6.0-7.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 6.0-7.0
 7.0-8.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 7.0-8.0
 8.0-9.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 8.0-9.0
 9.0-10.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 9.0-10.0
 10.0-11.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 10.0-11.0
 11.0-12.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 11.0-12.0

2BD ABERDEEN. 790 kc/s (381.6 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds (See London) 3.0-4.0
 4.0-5.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 4.0-5.0
 5.0-6.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 5.0-6.0
 6.0-7.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 6.0-7.0
 7.0-8.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 7.0-8.0
 8.0-9.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 8.0-9.0
 9.0-10.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 9.0-10.0
 10.0-11.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 10.0-11.0
 11.0-12.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 11.0-12.0

2BE BELFAST. 1,000 kc/s (300.0 m.)

10.30-11.30 S.B. from Leeds (See London) 3.0-4.0
 4.0-5.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 4.0-5.0
 5.0-6.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 5.0-6.0
 6.0-7.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 6.0-7.0
 7.0-8.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 7.0-8.0
 8.0-9.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 8.0-9.0
 9.0-10.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 9.0-10.0
 10.0-11.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 10.0-11.0
 11.0-12.0 The Daily Bulletin (See London) 11.0-12.0

PICKING MISTLETOE.

Continued from 250

out like an umbrella to catch the plant as it fell. The bulls, which had hitherto taken no active part (and very little interest) in the proceedings, would then be sacrificed, there would follow a short session of community singing, causing joy and merriment to all, and the party would disperse to its various homes.

Today, of course, the task of picking mistletoe cannot be invested with any such elaborate ceremonial. Personally, I know of no one with a sufficiently long white beard whom I could successfully dispatch up a tree—no one, that is to say, except my dear grandfather, and he would very probably refuse to go—he's getting terribly fussy in his old age. (The Prime Minister, besides having no beard, is too busy a man to go climbing apple trees, even in so excellent a cause, and Mr. Bernard Shaw is more interested in Carts than Trees.)

Again, there arises the difficulty of the bulls. I once spent a very uneasy half hour with a single black bull in a paddock near Ilorham, and if anybody thinks that I am going to start driving two white bulls about he is grossly mistaken. It simply can't be done; and in any case I haven't got the time.

The method that I recommend, therefore, especially to amateur pickers, is as follows. First find your mistletoe, mark its exact position, and then bicycle home and fetch a small step-ladder. . . . I am sorry to find that my allotted space is exhausted. I shall look forward to next Christmas to giving you a few hints on 'How to bring home the Yule Log'.

HARRY GRAHAM.

THE NEW YEAR AT BIRMINGHAM.

And Notes by 'Mercian' on Some Other Midland Programmes.

Exit 1929.

ON the last evening of the year the central concert will be heard, beginning at 8 p.m. from the Birmingham Studio. The Studio Augmented Orchestra will play conducted by Joseph Lewis and there will be tenor songs by John Armstrong. Afterwards, from 10.15 to 11.40 p.m., comes a New Year's Eve Party programme, with a sparkling array of talent warranted to stimulate the festive mood as midnight draws near. Among the stars of the evening shine Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan, well described as 'The Cheerful Chatterers with a Piano.' Each of these artists first appeared on a public platform when their ages were yet in single figures, Miss Vaughan to win a prize for singing, and Mr. McGill to play an accompaniment for his father—and earn a fee for it, too. The rest of the constellation comprises May Somerville (soprano), Eddie Robinson ('The Lad from Lancashire'), Albert and Richmond ('The Whistler and his Friend'), and Pattison's Salon Orchestra, directed by Norris Stanley.

The Last Sunday of 1929.

ON the last Sunday evening of the Old Year a service will be relayed from St. Philip's Cathedral at Birmingham. The service, which will be preceded by the Cathedral bells, will be conducted by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. E. W. Barnes, who will also deliver the address. In the Week's Good Cause period which follows the service, the work and the needs of the Working Boys Home at Oriel House, Birmingham, will be brought to the notice of listeners by Mrs. C. Riley. This establishment, which was founded forty years ago, aims at offering a real home to otherwise homeless lads who have left school and are already wage earners. They contribute to their maintenance to the utmost of their ability, but it can readily be understood that outside assistance is essential to enable the home to carry on this work.

Cheery Tunes of Yesterday.

THE bright, tuneful music of three light operas, each a great favourite with our immediate ancestors in the nineteenth century, form the cheerful material of a concert which comes from the Birmingham Studio on the evening of Friday, January 3. Liban Keyes (soprano), Herbert Thorpe (tenor), and Herbert Simmonds (baritone), will sing, and the Studio Augmented Orchestra, under Joseph Lewis, will play samples from *La Fille de Madame Angot* (Lecocq), *Les Cloches de Corneville* (Planquette), and *The Grand Duchess* (Offenbach).

Hip-Hip-Hooray!

THIS was the first revue prepared for the microphone by that indefatigable humorous writer, Graham Squares. Presented from Birmingham last spring, it met with such a warm welcome that it has been decided to let listeners have the opportunity of hearing once again *The Potted Concert*, *Faint Up-To-Date*, and *Arbut and Guertie at the Pictures*—the three chief items of this light-hearted production. Thursday, January 2, will therefore see or rather hear, *Hip-Hip-Hooray!* on the air again with a cast including Harry Sennett, Alfred Butler, Mason and Aimes, Edith James, Evelyn Drewe and Leonard Henry. Incidentally, while mentioning Graham Squares, I hear rumours of a Grand Pantomime from his pen, complete with Transformation Scene, to be broadcast from Birmingham early in the New Year.

BOXING DAY

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.)

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

10.15 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.45 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

11.15 'Parents and Child' with The Rt Hon. Mrs. St. Andrews (Church of England)

11.30 (Daventry only) Gramophone

11.30

(London only)

11.45 a.m. THE DAILY SERVICE

12.0 A CONCERT

SYLVIA PARSONS (Soprano)
MIRIAM ANGLIN (Violoncello)
ETHEL BAUER (Pianoforte)

1. 'L'Espresso'

Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée

Mai coeur se recommande à vous

1. 'L'Espresso'

1. 'L'Espresso'

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Tonight

At 7.30

'CINDERELLA'

A Phantom Pantomime
Written, Composed, and Produced by
ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

This ultra-British Pantomime
Deserves a boost in better rhyme.
Here's no imported, plugged libretto
From negroid swamps or New York's ghetto!
Hence, ye sloppy 'Sonny boys'!
Hence, ye red-hot mommas' joys!
Don't let Hardboiled Hannah scream songs!
Balk those squawky Talkie theme songs!
Swat that sob-stuff, let's be skittish
And above all, let's be British!
So salute the home-grown seller!
List to Longstaffe's 'CINDERELLA'

CAST:

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Baron Overdraft | Michael Shaw |
| Shinglet | Jean Allstone |
| Binglet | Miriam Ferris |
| Buttons | Tommy Handley |
| The Prince | Harold Kimberley |
| Dandini | John Rorke |
| Fairy Queen | Lilian Keyes |
| Cinderella | Alma Vane |

The Pantomime Chorus and Orchestra
Conducted by Ernest Longstaffe

1. 'L'Espresso'

8.0 A Concert

1. 'L'Espresso'

8.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

ALADDIN AND HIS WIFE

1. 'L'Espresso'

8.40 Musical Interlude

8.45 'The First News'

1. 'L'Espresso'

8.40 Musical Interlude

8.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

1. 'L'Espresso'

9.0 Miss A. SALVILLE WEST

9.15 Musical Interlude

9.30 'Cinderella'

1. 'L'Espresso'

9.40 'The Second News'

1. 'L'Espresso'

9.20 Miniature Biographies—VI.

9.40 Military Marches

1. 'L'Espresso'

A. J. Shaw

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC

1. 'L'Espresso'

THURSDAY DECEMBER 30

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

- 3.0 JACK PABURY'S COSMO CLUB SIX
- 4.0 A Balled Concert
(From Birmingham)
- DEBBIE CHARLES (Harbour)
When the Sergeant-Major's On Parade
- A Day Song
The Trump
- DAVID BRANSON (Piano)
Maiden Song
The City of London
The City of London
- FLORIE (Soprano)
Cherry Tree
Orchestra with his I
Song
- 4.30 ORGAN MUSIC
Played by REYNOLD NEW
- Maiden Song
The City of London
The City of London
- STANLEY DUBOIS-HOPPER (Bass)
The City of London
The City of London
- REYNOLD NEW
Savoy Christmas Melody
Broadway Melody
- STANLEY DUBOIS-HOPPER
Whispered o' Mine
If Love's Content (Tom Jones)
- REYNOLD NEW
Selection, Community Songs
- 5.15 The Children's Hour
- 5.30 Birthdays
(From Birmingham)
- 6.0 Interim
- 6.15 'The First News'
The City of London
The City of London
- 6.25 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)
- 6.40 JACK PABURY'S COSMO CLUB SIX

- 7.0 'Messiah' (Ballet)
I from THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM
- THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL SOCIETY
DAVID BRANSON
KEITH FARRAR
- THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ORCHESTRA
Conducted by ADRIAN BOULT
- WHEN HIS...
was under a cloud...
disappointment which must have overwhelmed any, but the stoutest spirit. His last two operas had failed, largely, so we are told, through the... of his opponents. He was in anything but... health, his eyesight was beginning to fail him and he was almost penniless. He shut himself in his house in Brook Street, and, seeing hardly stopping even to touch the food which his faithful maid brought... himself to the...
... of an immense period... it was simply laid aside for the time... In November of the same year, the Lord... of Ireland and the Duke of Devonshire, and... him to Dublin to organize concerts of his own music on behalf of the charities they had at heart. One was the provision of food for prisoners. It was at one of these concerts that 'Messiah' had its first performance, in April, 1742.
- 8.30-8.45 app. ORGAN MUSIC
Played by REYNOLD NEW
- Relayed from THE CATHEDRAL, BIRMINGHAM
Offertoire upon Two Christmas Themes
Film Tune
- The above will be played during the interval of 'Messiah'
- 9.15 Three Choral Preludes...
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor... } Bach
- 10.0 'The Second News'
Weather Forecast
Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)
- 10.15-11.15 DANCE MUSIC
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
(The day's programmes continued on page 880)

RADIO GRAMS RECORDED ON "His Master's Voice"

Vocal

- SARASTRO'S SONG - "THE MAGIC FLUTE"
- MIDNIGHT REVIEW
- SIGN NO MORE, LADIES
- HEM NO
- ELEANORE
- MATT WATA
- LASCIA CH ID PIANGA RINALDO
- THE DEVOUT LOVER
- OMMA KAI PI LAPPEN
- ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE
- DOWN HERE
- LITTLE SILVER RING
- LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Instrumental

- TURANDOT SELECTION
- FLIGHT OF THE DUMBLE BAY
- A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM OVERTURE
- SCHERZO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
- WEDDING MARCH A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
- NOCTURNE A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
- BIORZAU JETAS
- CHILDREN'S OVERTURE
- HYMN TO THE SUN
- ZAFATEADO
- O SOLE MID-DE
- THE IN A FLAT OF
- CASSE NOINETTE
- SHOW BOAT Selection
- TOCCATA AND FUGUE
- MAGIC FLUTE Overture
- PIANOFORTE CONCERTO IN C MINOR
- SYMPHONY NO 5 IN B MINOR Tchaikovsky
- GOYBAC
- DANCE OF THE KILN
- INVITATION TO THE WALTZ
- RICKET OVERTURE
- PIANO CONCERTO NO 5 IN E FLAT



The Gramophone Co. Ltd.



AN SC IN RECI... FROM BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL TONIGHT

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can make
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"All-Electric"
in **2 MINUTES** with



Yes! even if you don't know the first thing about wireless. Take out your old H.T. Battery, and connect up the same leads to a Regentone Mains Unit. Plug in the adaptor to your electric light socket, switch on and you're ready for H.T. and L.T. for A.C. valves is required.

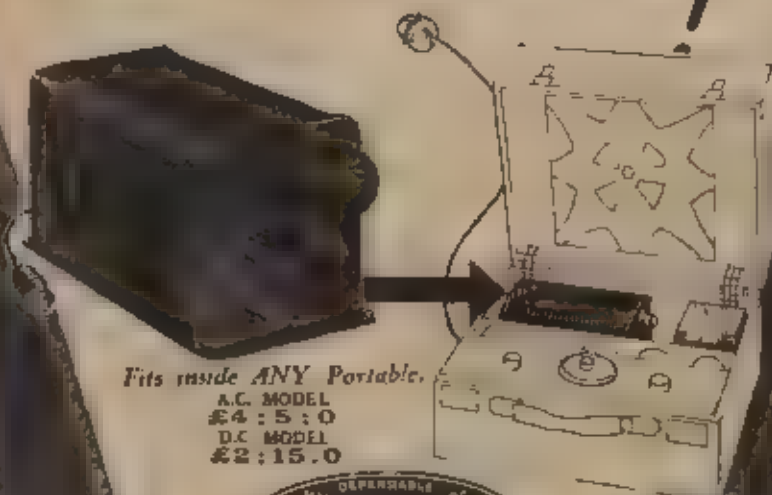
Now for I.T. for stationary valves. Connect up a Regentone Permanent Charger both to the electric light and also to your accumulator. Pull out the switch and your accumulator is automatically charged—push it in and your Set—any Set—is ready for operation.

A two minutes job, no trouble, lasts for years and years guaranteed, costs practically nothing to run, and you can buy Regentone on Hire Purchase Terms.

Amongst the complete Regentone range there is a model to suit your set.

Write to-day for free Art Booklet "Radio from the Mains" to all the best purveyors of our Hire Purchase Terms.

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Fits inside ANY Portable.
A.C. MODEL
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for Radio from the Mains

REGENT RADIO SUPPLY CO. 21, Bortlett's Bldgs., Holborn Circus, London, E.C. 1

STOP=PRESS FROM AUSTRALIA!



Sensational Events at ends of Earth... Marconi Valves flash News to Fleet Street

LAST EDITION going to press. Harried telephone call to night editor. Big news coming in from Australia! Stop presses! Sub-editors rush copy to printers. Presses roar again. Few hours later, millions read story—received through Marconi Valves!

Important cables between Australia and England are transmitted through Marconi Valves. Because of their long life. Because of their efficiency. They will make your own radio set more efficient, too. Give it longer range, clearer tone, greater volume. Unfadingly reliable. Cost not a penny more. Fit any set.

MARCONI
VALVES

The first and greatest name in wireless

MARCONI VALVE COMPANY LIMITED
21, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1

7.45
THE LONDON
STRING
PLAYERS

12.15 P.M. THE DAILY SERVICE

1.15 P.M. Recipes and Household Hints

1.45 P.M. The London String Players

2.15 P.M. The London String Players

2.45 P.M. The London String Players

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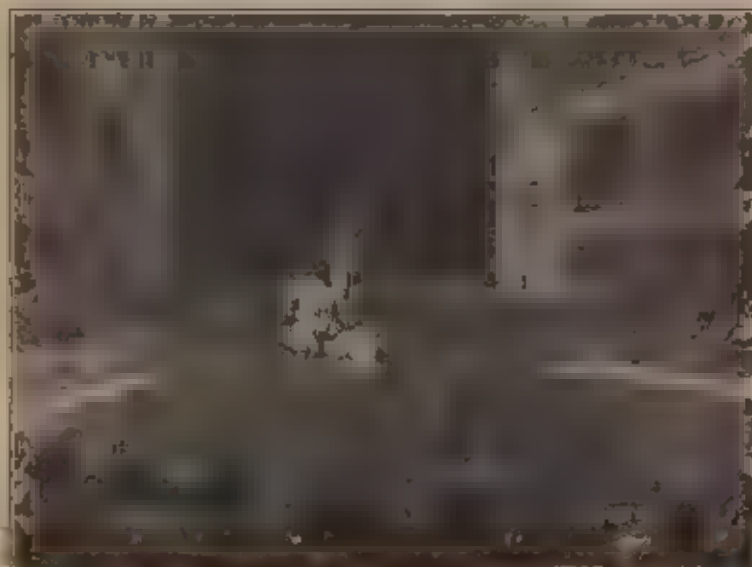
2.45 P.M. The London String Players

3.15 P.M. The London String Players

3.45 P.M. The London String Players

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27
2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 793 kc/s. (375.4 m.)



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF ASTLEY'S CIRCUS,

the famous London circus to which Kit took his family in 'The Old Curious Shop'. Mr. W. H. D'ARCY will describe Astley's in an act tonight at 9.20.

6.15 The First News
6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
7.15 M. B. M. M. L. S. Film Criticism

7.25 Talk

7.45 A CONCERT
Concerto Grosso, No. VIII (Written for Christmas)



JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND,
one of the finest 'show bands' in the country, have recently returned from a trip to California. Their music will be relayed from the stage of the Brixton Astoria tonight at 10.30.

9.35
MUSICAL
COMEDY
PROGRAMME

7.55 ISOLDE MENGES and LONNIE
MURPHY in 'The Daily Service'

8.15 'The Second News'
8.30 'The Second News'
8.45 'The Second News'
9.00 'The Second News'

9.20 Mr. Wilson Dumas: 'Astley's - The Circus'

9.35 Musical Comedy Programme

9.45 'The Second News'

10.00 'The Second News'

10.15 'The Second News'

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4.00 'The Second News'

4.15 'The Second News'

4.30 'The Second News'

4.45 'The Second News'

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

626 kc/s. (479.3 m.)
 TRAN. ON THE AIR AT 10.15 THE DUTYMAN'S STATION

8.0

SPANISH GUITAR RECITAL

3.0 Symphony Concert

Relayed from THE PAVILION HALL, DAVENTRY
 (No. XII of the 35th Winter Season)

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 Conductor, Sir DAN GODFREY
 Programme:
 1. *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 2. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 3. *Symphony No. 3 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 4. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)

By the same orchestra, Sir DAN GODFREY
 Conductor, Sir DAN GODFREY
 Programme:
 1. *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 2. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 3. *Symphony No. 3 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 4. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)

4.30 **DANCE MUSIC**
 Relayed from THE WINDMILL DANCE HALL,
 DAVENTRY

ON THE AIR
 Dances (The Rubel Maid)

8.0 SPANISH GUITAR RECITAL

Fernando Pujol (Spain)
 Programme:
 1. *Prélude* (Bach)
 2. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 3. *Symphony No. 3 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 4. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 5. *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 6. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 7. *Symphony No. 3 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 8. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 9. *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 10. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)
 11. *Symphony No. 3 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky)
 12. *Concerto in A Minor* (Scriabin)

THE history of the guitar in Europe, and the history of Spanish music are, if not one and the same

Why WHIRLWIND WINS

Because thousands of users recommend it to their friends as the most efficient and economical sweeper on the market...

BECAUSE it costs nothing to use and does not require any special service. Because it sweeps up all dust, dirt, lint and hair. NOT Electric: there are no sparks, no shocks, no tripping wires. Not hauled from door to door. Sold by all leading stores, ironmongers and furniture dealers.

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ANTHONY HOPE

'RUPERT OF HENTZAU,'

being the further Ruritaman adventures of
 Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.,
 by ANTHONY HOPE,

arranged for broadcasting by HOLT MARVELL

will be broadcast from 5GB
 tonight at 8.30

It will be broadcast again, from London and Daventry, tomorrow night at 7.30. Full particulars of the production, including a short synopsis of the story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, to which *Rupert of Hentzau* is a sequel, will be found on page 896.

- 5.30 **The Children's Hour**
 1. *Decorations and All That* - A Sketch by Norman Timmins
 2. *Hearts and Minds* - A Sketch by Norman Timmins
 3. *What is a Girl?* - A Sketch by Norman Timmins
- 6.15 **'The First News'**
 TIME 8.00 AL GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 6.30 **Light Music**
 (From *Bornholm*)
 THE BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 Conducted by FRANK CASTELL
 Second Session of the 1939-40 Season
 1. *Sing, Joyous Bird* (Phillips)
 2. *The Songs my Mother Sang* (Phillips)
 3. *The Blue of the Day* (Phillips)
 4. *On the Water* (Phillips)
 5. *Tip Toes* (Gershwin)
- 7.10 **MANGERY RAINBOW** (Fiddlers)
 The Dove (Somerset)
 On the Water (Somerset)
 WINTER MORNINGS
 Wander Thru (London Road)
 Morning Bells (London Road)
 Lullaby (London Road)
 On the Water (London Road)
 Waltz (London Road)
 Spanish Serenade (London Road)
- 7.40 **MANGERY RAINBOW**
 Spanish Dance
 Summer Song
 Elfin Dance

- thing, very closely knit together. Ever since the instrument was introduced into Europe by the Moors, long centuries ago, it has been of all others the one on which and for which Spaniards have made their music. Of the long line of classical guitar players, whose tradition has been faithfully handed on from age to age, Emilio Pujol is the accredited representative today. He was a pupil of Francisco Tárrega, whose name is still held in honour as one who did much to perpetuate the best traditions of Spanish guitar playing.
- 8.30 **'Rupert of Hentzau'**
 (See above)
- 10.0 **'The Second News'**
 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
- 10.15 **DANCE MUSIC**
 ALAN GREEN and his BAND and ART GREGORY and his ST. LOUIS BAND, from THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE DANCES, COVENT GARDEN
- 11.0-11.15 **THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS**, directed by SID BRIGHT, and **THE PICCADILLY GRILL BAND**, directed by JERRY HORN, from THE PICCADILLY HOTEL
- Friday's Programmes continued on page 892
- This Week's Epilogue
'LORD, WHAT IS MAN?'
 (LONDON)
 1. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 2. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 3. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 4. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 5. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 6. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 7. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 8. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 9. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 10. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 11. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)
 12. *Lord, What is Man?* (London)

honey

from New Zealand

in your porridge

This creamy, golden honey from the sun-drenched meadows of New Zealand, stirred into your porridge makes a truly delicious dish.

In 4's, 1's and 2's glass jars with patent 'Neter' caps. If unable to obtain locally write to—
A. J. MILLS & CO., LTD
 Colonial House, Tisbury Street, SE1

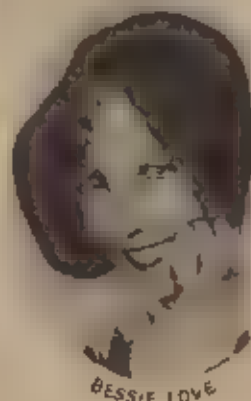
SAVE YOUR COUPONS for FREE GIFTS
 Full particulars are given with every jar. 16 jars (1) Honey Stand for table use (2) 5-glass and (3) Mallet of Imperial Bee, Ltd. for free.

NEW ZEALAND
Imperial Bee HONEY

THE PATHÉSCOPE HOME CINEMA



TO YOUR
HOME



Think of entertaining your friends this Christmas with Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Felix, Bessie Love, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, and hosts of other famous "stars" in films of the first order! You may have long thought this out of the question, but the Pathéscope Home Cinema completely reverses the old order of things. The home cinema is now an *inexpensive* form of home entertainment! The projector, for showing perfect, brilliant, motion pictures, costs only £6, and films, of which there are hundreds to choose from, cost from 2 6 per reel.



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Please send me full particulars of Home Cinema apparatus and a complete illustrated Film Catalogue for which I enclose 6d.

Name

Address

Friday's Programmes continued (December 27)

SWA CARDIFF. 1500.9 m.

Programme relayed from

3.0 An Afternoon Concert

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ... *Eric Costen*

Linda Stannard (Soprano) and Orchestra
Overture from "The Power of the Sea" (Mason and Delius)

Orchestra

Suite, "Peer Gynt" No. 1 ... *Grieg*

Linda Stannard and Orchestra

Waltz, "Corals Lie" Sea Pictures ... *Elgar*

Orchestra

Symphony, "The Sea" ... *German*

4.0 London Programme relayed from Day

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 The Life of ... *W. J. ...*

6.15 London relayed from ... *Illustrated tour ...*

6.15 S.B. from London

7.45 Adsemau o'r Gorfennol

Echoes from the Past

8.15 The One Man Drum Band

8.30 The Children's Hour

8.45 The Children's Hour

9.0 The Children's Hour

9.15 The Children's Hour

9.30 The Children's Hour

9.45 The Children's Hour

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10.15 The Children's Hour

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10.45 The Children's Hour

11.0 The Children's Hour

11.15 The Children's Hour

11.30 The Children's Hour

11.45 The Children's Hour

12.0 The Children's Hour



THE ONE MAN DRUM BAND
A drawing from the diary of J. Orlando Parry of whom Mr Isaac J. Williams speaks from Cardiff this evening at 6.0.

Wife are seated very snugly and contentedly before a large fire. From without the house strains of three or four juvenile voices sing ... King Wenceslas

9.0 S.B. from London

9.15 S.B. from London

9.30 S.B. from London

9.45 S.B. from London

10.0 S.B. from London

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5.45 S.B. from London

6.0 S.B. from London

6.15 S.B. from London

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 S.B. from London

*twice
over
the
beard*

FOR A CLOSE SHAVE



first time with the growth



— second time against it

For a really close shave go over the face twice with your razor. The first time stroke with the growth of the beard, the second time against it—the blade-edge will actually lift up the shorter, stiffer hairs, so that it can cut through them closer to the skin.

But you must use a sharp, reliable cutting edge. Gillette blades are manufactured from Sheffield steel—with the finest edge that steel will take. And every blade is perfect, for of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department, four spend their whole time inspecting blades.

Use a Gillette blade always!
Gillette Safety Razor Limited,
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BLADES 

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Owing to the fact that Rawlplugs are made in all sizes they are ideal for wireless fixing jobs. Aerials, lead-in tubes, battery shelves and dozens of other fixing jobs can be done much more quickly, neatly and cheaply with Rawlplugs than by any other method. Make sure that your aerial pole will withstand the fiercest gale by fixing it with Rawlplugs.

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**PIANO PLAYING
easily MASTERED**

Without
Drudgery
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Ordinary
Music.



Make YOUR Xmas Gift a permanent one.

Whether it is your own or a gift, you will always be remembered. Even if you cannot now play a note of music, you can learn to play the classics or dance music without any heart-breaking exercises from our new Billy Mayerl system.

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It is an easy & simple system of playing the piano. It is the only system of playing the piano that is so simple that it can be taught to anyone. It is the only system of playing the piano that is so simple that it can be taught to anyone. It is the only system of playing the piano that is so simple that it can be taught to anyone.

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**FESTIVE MEALS
EVERY DAY**

Mincepies and clear, sparkling, fruit-flavoured Jellies and Jelly Creams are essential at every well-planned Xmas Party—extend the same festive atmosphere to ordinary, everyday meals by serving these delightful dishes at lunch, tea or supper to-morrow—but insist on "CHIVERS"—this name is your guarantee of supreme quality



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DEPT. AG. CHIVERS & SONS LTD.,
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Programmes for Friday

(Manchester Program) and not from page 86.

4.0 *SB from Equiforce*

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9. 12. 8

Other Stations.

| 55C | | CLASLOW | | 75C | |
|-----|------|---------|------|-----|------|
| 30 | 4.00 | 30 | 4.00 | 30 | 4.00 |
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| 660 | 4.00 | 66 | | | |

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NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

(Continued from page 847)

lay on her bed and dreamt for three hours without ever going to sleep at all. They awoke feeling full of the same strange emotion, though it was now so hot that almost everyone else in London was already in an extremely bad temper, and would be far worse before the long day was over.

But before the long day was over—at seven o'clock, to be strictly accurate—Mr. Wilkinson had finished his drawing of the Columbine. And he put on a tie and a pair of socks and a pair of brogues and a jacket, and he crossed the landing, and he knocked on Mrs. Marshall's door.

'I thought you might care to see this,' he said. 'I've just finished it.'

"Half a second," said Miss Marshall, typing the last word on the last page. And then, "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson—I think it's splendid!"

'Do you?' said George, blinking at her.
'It's so—so wonderfully Christinassy,' said
Miss Marshall.

Do you really think so?"

'I mean, there's something about Christmas. . . . Well, I can't quite explain, but—'

'I know, and George. 'Are you—are you—coming to Comelli's—by any chance?'

Yes, Miss Marshall was coming to Cornelli's. They both went to Cornelli's, though it was still over eighty degrees in the shade barely three hours before sunset. And they both ate, or possibly drank, Cornelli's soup, though everyone else was sending it away in disgust. And during the entrée, which they both chose—though even Cornelli's poorest clients were calling faintly for cold and expensive extras—George Wilkinson suddenly caught Miss Marshall's hand under the dirty tablecloth, and she let him hold it while he told her something extremely interesting, and she nodded when he asked her a particularly important question and thus they were still staring at each other's eyes and thinking of Heaven knows what foolishness and beauty, when again the waiter came hobbling towards them and plucked their plates away and produced his thumb-stained napkin.

'And to follow?' asked the waiter, dismally. Neither patron even glanced at him, but their lips parted simultaneously. 'Plum pudding,' they said. 'Please.'

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PAY more
than 5¢**

**FOR A UNIVERSAL
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New Glass Bu b
F n e r yet
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2
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Strength Grid

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Coating.

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Flow of Elec-
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Base for Easier
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| Super Power | 20 amps | 5/6 | Super Power | 40 1/2 amps | 5/6 |
| Master Power | 3 amp | 5/6 | Master Power | 5 1/2 amps | 5/6 |
| Penetration | 3 amp | 5/6 | Penetration | 5 1/2 amps | 5/6 |

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Democracy and

3.30 THE R.A.F. CENTRAL BAND

10.15 B.M. THE DAILY SERVICE

10.30 TIME SIGNAL (ON RADIO)
WALLS OF FARECAST

11.45-12.0 Miss Ethel R. HAM
MUSICAL 'Dressmaking—How to
Do'

1.0-2.0 LIGHT MUSIC
MUSCHETTO and his ORCHESTRA
FROM THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

3.30 A BAND CONCERT
Tom Kinniburgh (M.A.),
THE CENTRAL BAND OF H.M. ROYAL
AIR FORCE
Conducted by Flight Lieut. AMERS
March Medley, 'Martial Moments'
Memories of Melodians we love
(Looking Backward) . . .

5.30 TOM KINNIBURGH
Sombre Woods . . . *Lullaby, arr. A. L.*
I triumph, I triumph . . . *Cerise*

Beginning life in a very humble way
Jully was one of the comparatively
few musicians who amassed con-
siderable fortune. His career reads
back from the day when
he was a boy of about 10, when
he was taken to the theatre for
the first time. He was
who had asked for a
Jully to teach her the dancing.
His playing of the violin soon
attracted the notice of influential
people, and he rose from one post
of distinction to another until he
had the whole of musical France
very securely under his sway. He
was an estate courtier, knowing well
how to make his way among the
intrigues of the Palace, and enjoyed
the favour of his King to a degree
which has seldom been equaled in
the history of the nation. On the occasion
of his death was as unlucky as the
rest of his career had been fortunate.
Conducting in the Royal presence,
one day, he struck his foot with the
baton and the resulting injury, in the
hands of an incompetent surgeon,
grew so serious as to prove fatal soon
afterwards.

Although this beautiful song, a
typical example of his gracious and
dignified style, is so often sung, it is
clearly one of those evergreen
favourites which no rejection can
slain.

4.0 BAND
Suite from 'The Miracle'
Procession and Children's Dance,
Banquet Scene and the Nun-
Dance; The March of the Army
and Death Motif; The Xmas
Scene and Finale, Act 1

Those who saw Reinhardt's magnifi-
cent production of *The Miracle* at
Olympia in London in 1911, have
no need to be reminded how large
a share of its success it owed to
Humperdinck's impressive music.
Wholly unlike the far better known
Hansel and Gretel, though it is, it
has the same feeling of belonging
as of right to the scenes which it is

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28 2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

842 kc/s. (356.3 m.) 293 kc/s. (1,554.4 m.)



'RUPERT of HENTZAU'

Being the further Ruritanian
adventures of Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.

By ANTHONY HOPE

Arranged for Broadcasting by HOLT MARVELL

CHARACTERS

H.M. RUDOLPH THE FIFTH—King of Ruritania
Colonel SAFT
COUNT FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM } Loyal servants of Queen Flavia
LORDLY BERNARD }
COUNT RUPERT OF HENTZAU—banished from Ruritania
COUNT VON LOZAN RUSCHENHEIM—his cousin, attached to the Court
BARON HILFING—Chancellor of Ruritania
RUDOLPH RASSENDYLL—an English gentleman
JAMES—his Valet
BAUER—a Swiss, servant to von Tarlenheim
SIMON—the King's Chief Huntsman
H. ROBERT—a huntsman
H.M. QUEEN FLAVIA of Ruritania
COUNTESS HELGA—wife of von Tarlenheim
MOTHER HOLF—a lodging-house keeper in Strelsau
ROSA—her daughter
Porters, Station-master, Servants, Carter, Butler, Citizens of Strelsau,
etc.

The Story is told by Count Fritz von Tarlenheim

FOR the benefit of listeners who did not hear, or may not clearly recall, the
recent broadcast of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, to which *Rupert of Hentzau*
is a direct sequel, here is a brief résumé of the former story. Rudolph
Rassendyll, an Englishman who, through the love-affair of an ancestor, had
inherited the features of the Elphbergers, the royal house of the little Kingdom
of Ruritania, visited Ruritania for the coronation of King Rudolph the Fifth and
found himself involved, by his amazing likeness to the King, in a strange adventure.
Duke Michael, the King's half-brother, plotted to kidnap His Majesty and his
crowned in his place. But he had not reckoned with Rassendyll,
to the King and the daring of Colonel Sapt, the King's secretary, who had
held his brother captive in the Castle of Zenda. Rassendyll played the King
in Strelsau, the capital. Only after intrigue and adventure in which all the con-
spirators except Duke Michael's unscrupulous *ad-dé-camp*, Rupert Hen-
tzeu, met with their death, was the King rescued from Zenda. When the time came
for Rassendyll to leave Ruritania, it was not easy for him to go, for he had fallen
deeply in love with the Princess Flavia to whom King Rudolph was betrothed.
Before he went, he disclosed to Flavia that it was he who, since the King had
taken the King's place, but she, though she loved Rassendyll, felt it her duty
to stand by her country. So Rassendyll returned to England, while Sapt and
the King's friends kept the story of his impersonation a secret. The
unlawful parentage of the secret was Count Rupert Hentzau, whom the King
banished for his part in the plot.

The scene of RUPERT OF HENTZAU is the German town of Wintenberg,
the King's Castle at Zenda, and Strelsau, capital of Ruritania.

Produced by PETER CRESWELL

7.30 'RUPERT OF HENTZAU'

Illustrating, and it is of itself such
often, the story of the
comed apart, in the text, on the
concert platform

6.15 TOM KINNIBURGH
When I think on the happy days
Green grow the Rushes O! . . . } *Trind.*
The Hundred Pipers

4.25 LAND
Salon Piece 'First Heart Throbs'
Grand Patriotic Fantasia 'Festival
of Empire' . . . J. Mackenzie-Rogan

4.45 ORCHESTRAL SELECTION
Conducted by CHARLES WILLIAMS
Delayed from DAVIS' THEATRE.
(Continued)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
THE BLUEFAIRY PRINCESS
A Play written specially for broad-
casting by EVELYN GARDNER

6.0 Musical Interlude
6.15 'The Fast News'
TIME S.S.
WEATHER REPORT
10.15 NEWS
Met and Sports Bulletin

6.40 Musical Interlude

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

7.0 Mr. BASIL MAINIE 'Next Week's
Music'

7.15 The Week's Work in the Garden
by the Royal Horticultural Society

7.30 'Rupert of Hentzau'
Being the further Ruritanian adven-
tures of Rudolph Rassendyll, Esq.
By ANTHONY HOPE
Arranged for Broadcasting by HOLT
MARVELL

Produced by PETER CRESWELL
(See centre column.)

9.0 'The Second News'
WATSON'S FIVE-UP
CRIPAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local News
(Daventry only) Shipping Forecast
and Fat Stock Prices

9.20 Mr. GERALD DARR 'The Week
in London'

9.35 Vaudeville
CLAY KEYES (The Ace of Clubs)
THE ALBERT SANDLER TRIO
JACK PAYNE and his B.B.C. DANCE
ORCHESTRA
and an item from the
LONDON PALLADIUM

10.45-12.0 DANCE MUSIC
AMERSON'S BAND, from THE MAY
FAIR HOTEL
(See day & Programme continued
on page 840.)

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Makes the Turkey go a "Long Way"

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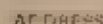
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Transmit on 5GB 5.000 m. 1000 Kc/s 300 m. 1000 Kc/s 300 m.

9.0
BIRMINGHAM
STUDIO
ORCHESTRA

3.30 An Hour of Light Entertainment

4.30 The Dansant

5.30 The Choral's Hour

6.15 The First News

6.45 Light Music

Selection, "Lany Mui"

ROSINA VERNE
Born in 1872
Died in 1952
Was a famous singer

7.15 ROSINA VERNE

Wayfarer's Night Song
The Silver Ring

ORCHESTRA

Overture, "Maritima" Wallace

ROSINA VERNE

Vision Wallace
Lany Mui's Song Malloy

ORCHESTRA

Symphony No. 1 Wallace

8.0 A CONCERT

HERNANDEZ
The Squire's Castle Quartet

QUARTET

Song J. H. Squire, arr. W. H. Squire
The Squire's Castle Quartet
(First Performance)

HERNANDEZ

QUARTET

Excerpts from "Peter Pan" J. H. Squire
The Squire's Castle Quartet
Deber, arr. Squire

HERNANDEZ

QUARTET

A Vision of Christmaseve J. H. Squire
Putting the Clock Back J. H. Squire

9.0 A Symphony Concert

From the repertoire of the Birmingham Studio Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

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Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra



ROSINA VERNE
sings in the programme of
light music to be broadcast
this evening at 6.45

10.00 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
10.15 Sports Bulletin (From Birmingham)
10.30-11.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Saturday 28th December 1952

11.15-11.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
11.30-12.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Sunday 29th December 1952

12.15-12.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
12.30-1.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Monday 30th December 1952

1.15-1.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
1.30-2.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Tuesday 31st December 1952

2.15-2.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
2.30-3.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Wednesday 1st January 1953

3.15-3.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
3.30-4.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Thursday 2nd January 1953

4.15-4.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
4.30-5.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Friday 3rd January 1953

5.15-5.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
5.30-6.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Saturday 4th January 1953

6.15-6.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
6.30-7.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Sunday 5th January 1953

7.15-7.30 Second News
Weather Forecast and General News
7.30-8.15 Orchestra
Symphony No. 3 in A Major by Beethoven
Allegretto (1st Movement)
Cavatibla (2nd Movement)
Ballet Music (3rd Movement)
Monday 6th January 1953

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2/6

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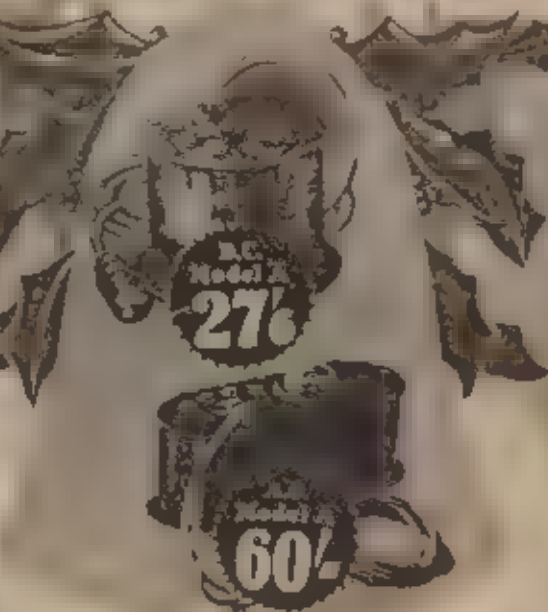


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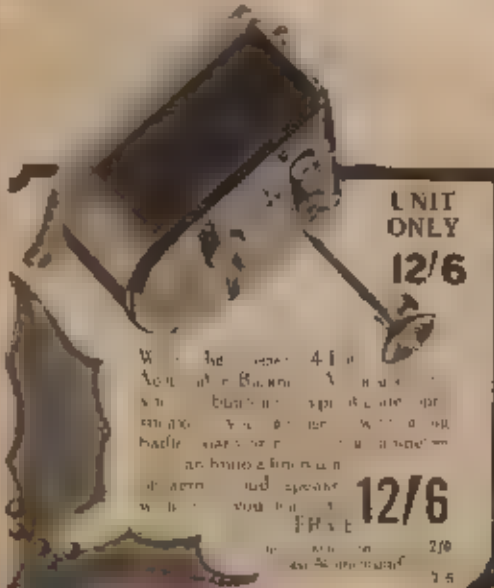
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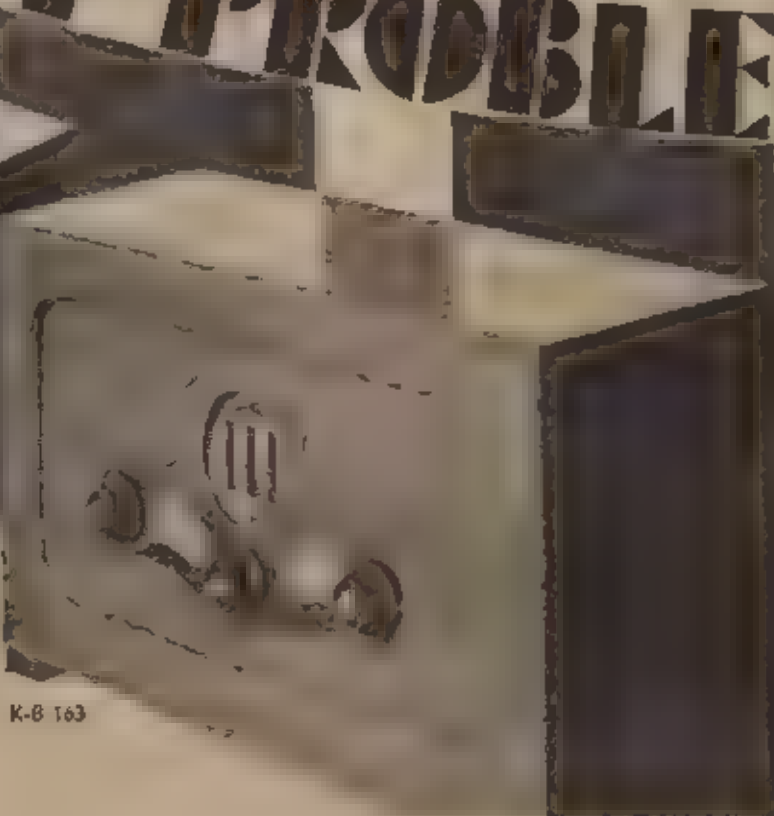
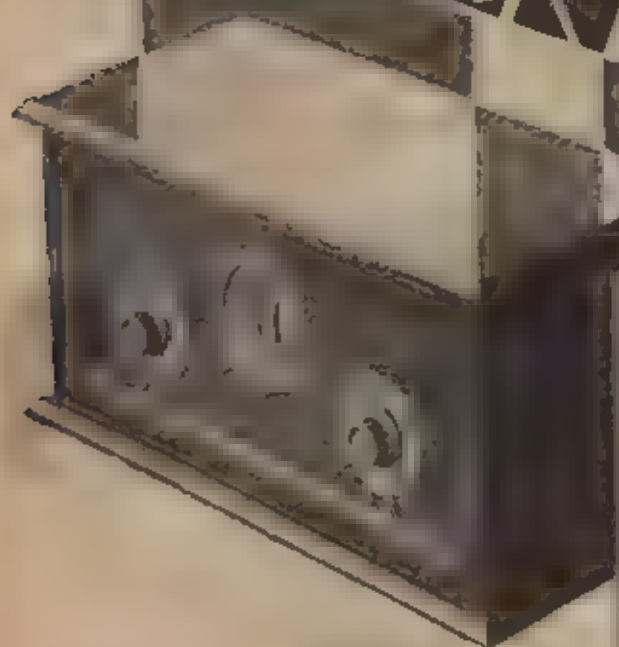
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- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | MARCH 22 California | Gilbert |
| 2 | Le Rêve d'Omohelo (Poème symphonique) | Saint-Saëns |
| 3 | WALZ 2 Solome | Archibald Joyce |
| 4 | SELECT 011 Lohengrin | Leo Delibes |
| 5 | Wiener Glück (Grande Valse) | Dezseny |

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| (V) Narcissus | Nevin |
| (V) Pilex Di di | Waldiguel |
| (V) L. et al. arpen | Lehal |
| (V) OVERTURE "Siegfried" | Sever |
| (V) Sonnetto de Canchise | Edu Flammé |
| (V) Le Jongleur de Notre Dame | Mascanus |
| (V) Marche (Voies) | G. Wotenberg |
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I'm sure nothing will please him better- or us! From the time that we first had the wireless set Dad has continually preached the virtues of what he calls a wet H.T. of the C.A.V. make: how it will improve reception by cutting out those funny crackling noises, and then he goes on to talk about less trouble, constant volume and all that.

Anyway, if all the things are true that he said about the new C.A.V. type, the one which he says is "built like a car battery" it will be a good investment. So we have taken the hint, and I'm certain that the improvement will make it worth while, for Dad does know what he is talking about on the subject of wireless.

The new **CAV** of course!



10 VOLTS **6/3** 5000 MILLIAMPS

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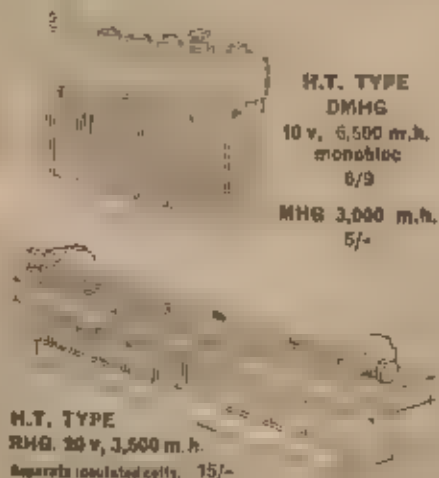


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To-day so many people are turning to Fullers super batteries that our works have had to treble their output! Super batteries are now acknowledged to have set an altogether new standard, both for Low and for High Tension. This LDG type, for instance, is without question the finest battery of its kind that is manufactured. Its small brothers SDG (25 a/h., 5/6d) and MSG (12 a/h., 4/6) are popular, too. A note on the HT types appears on the left. Super batteries, and the LDG particularly, have won largely because their unique micro-porous paste is not only more porous, more active, but of finer grain, stronger, more lasting. Incidentally there are wonderful Sparta guaranteed Dry Batteries, too—see the list on the left. Give super batteries this Christmas—starting with yourself! Of Fuller Service Agents, or first-class dealers.

TYPE LDG. 2v. 60 a/h. PRICE 9/6d
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H.T. TYPE
RMG. 20 v. 3,500 m.h.
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Charge your R.H.T. with the power of the P.S.K. (Peto & Radford's) Charger. For D.C. or A.C. Simple, Safe, NO TOXICITY. Constant Voltage. Perfect reception all the time. Uses practically no current. Price complete for D.C. 29/9, or A.C. 49/9. Send postcard for details of this and the range of P. & R. Batteries (L.T. and H.T.) to

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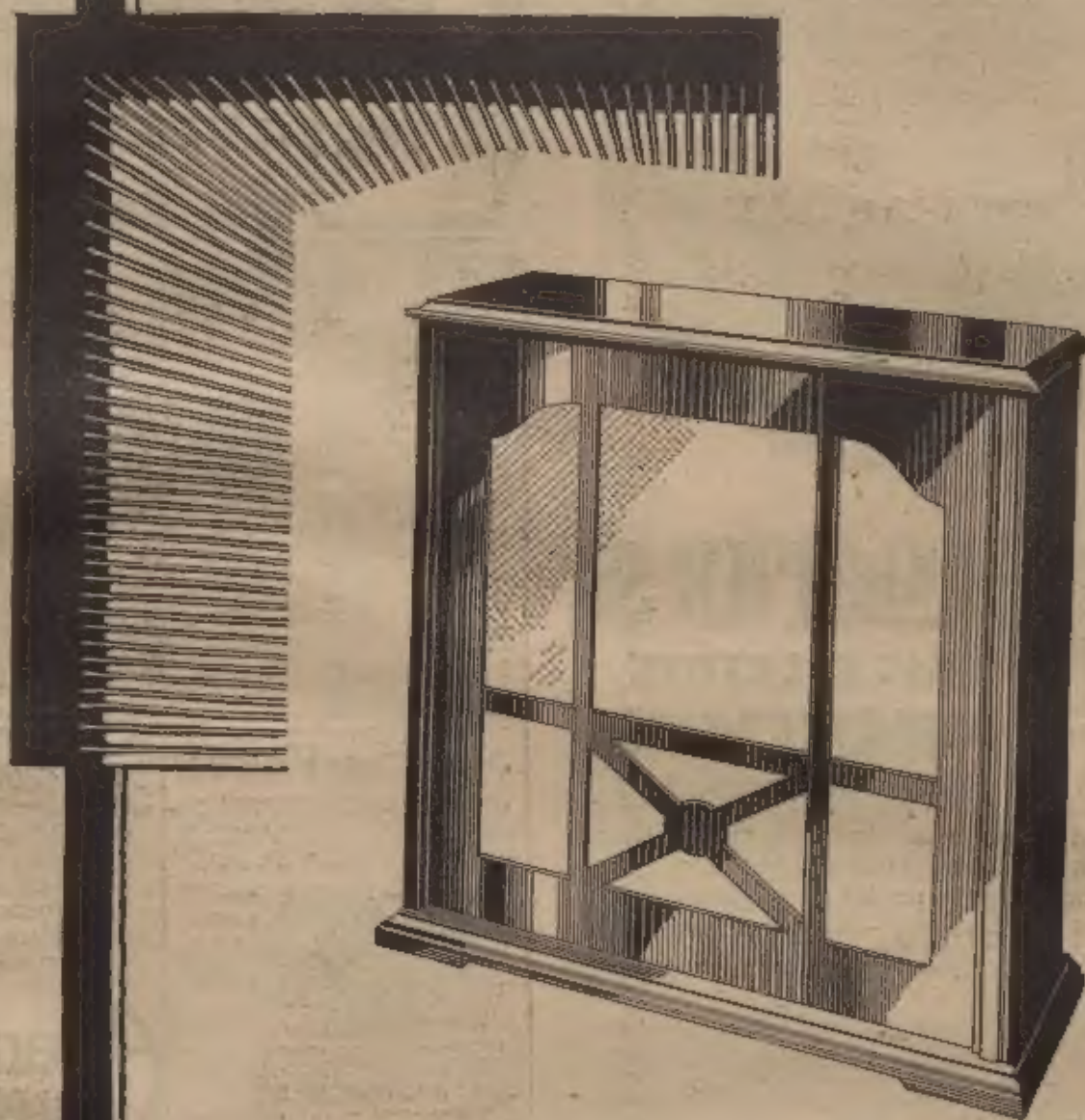
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ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "RADIO TIMES" should be addressed to the ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER, B.B.C., 28-29, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. TELEPHONE: TEMPLE BAR 5400.



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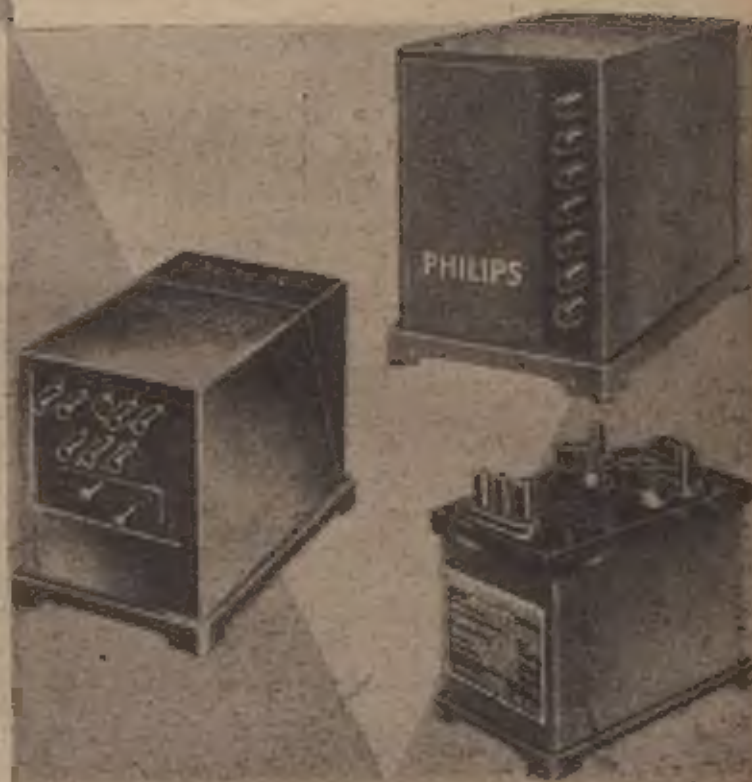
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FANCY DRESSES WHICH ONLY COST TEN SHILLINGS

TWO other unusual materials for use in making Fancy Dresses, which I have not myself seen used previously for this purpose, but which lend themselves admirably, are—

1. *Raffia*, dyed a natural green and mounted on coarse green sackcloth.

2. The transparent glassy-looking wrapping paper often used for chocolate boxes, and which is used now for a variety of other purposes. This paper is obtainable in several thicknesses, and some varieties have a pretty silvery shine on their translucent or well-polished glass. It is fairly tough and will stand a lot of handling. It will bend easily and can be creased attractively, also may be satisfactorily "sewn" or "stitched". If you make a mistake and over-crease it, you may smooth it out with a warm iron. I have also tested it by burning a piece, and find that it is, if anything, a little less inflammable than most paper, but it should be recollected that it is a kind of paper, and I do not recommend its use for children's dresses.



Tennis enthusiasts may like to represent a grass tennis lawn at the dance (Fig. A). The court should be made of the grass material mentioned, and the paths surrounding it with inexpensive brown material, such as Government silk or Japanese crepe.

If the whole of the front and back of the dress are to be "lawn", you will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of the "grass," or an *en tout cat*, cut in two, one piece for the centre back and the other for the front, leaving a space at top, bottom and sides for the paths, but should you decide to have the skirt part only for the tennis, and the bodice for the flower garden, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the grass material will be enough. The bodice will then require to be made of green and brown material of some kind, or floral cretonne, with just a little plain brown for paths. Coloured flowers on the sides of the "paths" would add to the attractiveness of the dress, and great varieties can easily be made with coloured paper.

The price of the dress, if made at home, would be about 10s.

If a hard court, as shown in Fig. A, is desired, dark satin may be used, with a grass surround.

The second dress (Fig. B) is one suggesting a large glass vase of flowers. This is represented with the transparent paper referred to, and a straight design rather than one very much shaped should be selected, as it will be found easier to make and to wear. Make the vase to form the skirt part of the dress, and to come just above the natural waist so that the girl's figure seems to rise from the centre, surrounded with artificial flowers. The "base" should



be large enough to allow of movement, and be only slightly less in size than the top of vase. The size of the latter may be accentuated by having a turned-over edge.

With the vase top and bottom, and crinkle or bend the paper to form a little undecided pattern on the "glass," and also to make it less transparent-looking. A good effect, suggestive of some types of cut glass, is obtainable by pressing $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch folds on the vase first one way and then the other, to make small diamond-shaped creases.

Under the "vase" should be worn a thin slip from the waist add folds of white tinsel tulle or old starched net curtains to fill out the vase a little, and also keep it firm. Attach the "vase" with large stitches of white or grey silk at its neck, and add a twist of the transparent paper below the lip of vase to cover the stitches, or a twist of ribbon would be effective.

With some of the spare paper make a hat to match, fashioning it to a shape you think would suit you.

A head-dress of leaves, as sketch, or one to represent a glass or tumbler.

A head-dress of leaves, as sketch, or one to represent a glass or tumbler.

A third idea (Fig. C) is to go in a "Chocolate Box Girl." Make the dress itself of organdy, patterned cretonne or coloured satin.

The lid, on a padded base, with a silk ruche surround to suggest the thickness, should be made on a foundation of French canvas, which is pliable. The shape may be square, round or oblong, as you fancy. Attach the lid to the ruche by sewing, or with the aid of a bit of tube of liquid glue, and make the lid attractive with a design of some kind.

The design need not present any difficulty at all, it might be a girl's head cut from the cover of a popular magazine, or the pretty outside cover of one of the Christmas numbers, paper flowers fastened, or dried heather, mounted on a piece of satin. The whole should be tied across with satin ribbon like a real box, and covered with transparent paper to make it look professional. The word "Chocolates" should appear across one of the boxes.

Drape ribbon across the plain bodice and hang a bag marked "chocolates" from one shoulder and the waist, with long streamers of coloured ribbons. These bags may be filled with confetti or seeds.

You will not require a quantity of the transparent paper, and if you are unable to buy a small piece anywhere, purchase two food covers made of it, 6s. 6d. each, and cut them up to cover your "lids."

An effective way of brightening up fancy costumes, also old artificial flowers and leaves, is to touch them up with gold. To do this, purchase a tin packet of metallic gold dust for 9d. and a $\frac{1}{4}$ tube of liquid glue. Get an old saucer and squeeze out some of the glue from the tube and mix with a few drops of warm water and some of the gold dust, making it of the consistency of very thin batter or enamel. This will adhere to almost anything, such as transparent paper, wood, ribbon, silk, velvet, or any material you wish to brighten. If the fancy dress party takes place at Christmas time, artificial holly which does not prick can be bought for 1s. 6d. a dozen little bunches, and one dozen of these would go a long way on a dress.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH LASTS FOR A YEAR

FEW things during the present century have developed with such rapidity as broadcasting. Seven years ago it was little more than an experiment; today it is part and parcel of the life of every man and woman in the country.

The romance of broadcasting in England, however, covers other romances—the astonishing growth, for instance, of the journals designed to give expression to the activities of the B.B.C.

It is not long ago since listeners who wished to read the talks they had enjoyed over the wireless were compelled to satisfy themselves with those few extracts which it was possible to print in *The Radio Times*. Such a state of affairs was obviously unsatisfactory; and so, at the repeated requests of listeners, there sprang into being another journal, *The Listener*, intended to concentrate upon those talks and to give particular expression to the educational activities of the B.B.C.

That was a year ago. With the issue of January 18, 1930, *The Listener* will be exactly one year old.

The Listener contains each week nearly everything of permanent value in the spoken word of the broadcasts of the previous week. It is authoritative and unbiased. It contains original articles which are

designed further to illuminate current and forthcoming talks. It is simply illustrated. It is up to date. It is, in a word, the intelligent reader's journal.

A survey of the files reveals a list of contributors of which any journal might well be proud: Bernard Shaw, Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. Bridges, Winston Churchill, Osbert Sitwell, Compton Mackenzie, T. S. Eliot, Roger Fry, Rebecca West, the Dean of Canterbury, the Bishop of Yukon, and Dr. Sulzby.

But *The Listener* is not going to rest content with the achievements of 1929; it intends to offer its readers even further attractions for 1930. Hitherto, the paper has contained of thirty-six pages, beautifully illustrated and printed. It now proposes adding eight more pages—an addition which will only be possible by increasing the price from twopence to threepence. These extra pages are being added so that the paper may accommodate the best talks broadcast in the alternative London programme and provide space for additional features. The book-reviews and texts of language-talks will be continued; a page is to be set aside each week for discussion of the latest scientific developments; there will be weekly Art features and literary com-

petitions; and at intervals of about two months special illustrated supplements will be included.

Among forthcoming articles of exceptional interest is a series by Professor Delisle Burns on social problems in the post-war world; Professor Leonard Hill on modern wonders of science; and S. C. Kaines Smith, Curator of the Birmingham Art Gallery, on the Meaning of Pictures—a series which will be primarily related to the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House. The Christmas Number contains a supplement on 'The Supernatural in Life and Literature,' to which Margaret Murray, E. F. Benson, and Dr. C. D. Broad will contribute.

The Listener is a necessary complement of the loud-speaker, giving the spoken word the permanence of print. For those who enjoy the talks, and for your friends abroad who wish to keep in touch with intellectual matters, it provides the best possible fare.

The annual subscription, including postage, for Great Britain and Canada, is 17s. 4d.; abroad, it is 19s. 6d. The B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill, will gladly send you a specimen copy on receipt of your name and address.