

ALL THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES.

RADIO TIMES



6d.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



RADIO TIMES

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO LISTENERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But John Macready could afford this and more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Jewel

BY EDGAR WALLACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

small red morocco case that he had been working on with such industry that evening. 'The size is right to the eighth of an inch,' he said complacently, 'and the lettering is usual.'

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

'Is all well, *monsieur*?'—

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

'All right, conductor.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 650.)



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

Broadcasting and the Christmas Spirit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Programmes You Will Hear on Christmas Day.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

'Steward!' I said.

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

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

He went on saying so, and, of course, it was impossible for me to contradict him, however accurately he had read my thoughts. I stared at his eldest girl—since for once he had omitted to snatch her away—and saw, apparently, a clean-shaven man, with a very high collar, a shock of fuzzy hair, and an expression which I can only describe as suggesting violent insanity. I can remember those eyes still, with the whites showing all round the irises, and a look of queer, tortured intensity such as you may see in a dog that is trying to communicate an important idea, or, if it comes to that, in a visionary who has been born in the wrong century. At once pathetic and anti-pathetic. Childish, but infinitely worn. Yet there are plenty of faces like that when once you start noticing them.

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

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

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

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

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

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY

by DENIS MACKAIL



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

He was dead, I decided.

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

The stranger gazed at the photograph again.

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

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

'He disappeared, you mean?'

'Like smoke,' said the sallow stranger.

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

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

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

'Like smoke?' I repeated.

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

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

'But how—?' I began.

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

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

'Let me see, now. That was—'

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

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

'Yes,' I said. 'But—'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But I wanted to hear more.

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

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

'But did he?'



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

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

It was astonishing, and I said so.

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

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

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

"What?" I said.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stephen Leacock

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

A NOTE ON SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Victor France.

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

Edgar Wallace.

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

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

By Sir Harry Lauder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* 'Stey brae' = steep hill.



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

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

shall make another film and then tour the provinces.

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

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

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

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

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY DANCING

There will be Dance Music as follows—

Christmas Eve

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

Boxing Day

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

December 27

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

New Year's Eve

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



A BROADCAST

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

BROADCASTING AT CHRISTMAS.

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

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

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

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

Katharine Tynan.

IN THE STUDIO.

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

Where monstrous flashing signs supplant the
stars

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robert Seitz.

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

THREE RADIO POEMS.

I.

THE SHEPHERD HEARS A SYMPHONY

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

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

Rain after drought; and thunder in the
night;

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

II

THE LONELY LISTENER

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

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

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

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

III

MUSIC STOLE IN.

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

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

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

Wilfrid Gibson.

I KNOW THAT NEAR THE STARS.

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

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

Of a Cleopatra who knows that she must
die,

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

Of Tristan's lance against Palamides
Galahad's piety, Guinevere's wandering

By chance one evening when the English
Spring

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

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

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

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

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

Graham Elltham

ANTHOLOGY

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



A 'CELLO SINGS IN DAVENTRY.

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

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

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

Indoors! And yet one marches up and down
And thinks unresting backwards into town
Clare of Tube and 'bus and street
everywhere

Publicity
'Phoning, scribbling, casting up, dizzy with
Publicity,
Hustled thought and clattering keys—
trident-voiced
Publicity

Whirl and asphalt, strain and din—
Berlin!

Over my cigarette tonight I cannot dream.
A book? Yes! No—to hell with it,
and that one too! I cannot sit,
but pace unresting,
And to my levered self I seem
to be far ever breasting
the City's stream.

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

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

Sixteen hundred—Daventry,
A 'cello sings in Daventry,
A 'cello—
Daventry! England!

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

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

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

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

A 'cello sings
From out beyond the sea. . . .
O Radio's mystery! . . .
A 'cello sings
And calls a greeting from a land afar to me, to
me

Robert Seitz

THE BLIND SET FREE

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

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

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

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

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

Morwenna R. Lyne

WIRELESS IN A SICK ROOM

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

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

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

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

Nancy Pollok

GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY!

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

Eleanor Farjeon.

The Romance of our Christmas Hymns.

The Men Who Wrote Them and How They were Written.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Algernon Blackwood.

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

THREE CONTRIBUTORS TO OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Denis Mackail.

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

P. C. Wren.

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

The Land of Green Ginger.

By Algernon Blackwood.

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

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

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

He remembered the shock, his own case, the queer experience it produced, and the first hint of his imaginative gift. But then, I was romantic! His pencil, meanwhile, scribbled a few words on the blank part of the letter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

brought back the idea of emigrating. He thought of a cousin who had just gone to some job or other in China. . . . One notion chased another, his mind was a swelling mass of wild ideas, with bitter, turbulent emotion behind them.

Then, glancing up, his eye caught suddenly five little words, whose faded black letters shone in a patch of sunshine on the dull brick wall above his head. They were rather romantic little words, and they snatched at something in his mind. He stood and stared. It was merely the name of the alley, of course, yet thought took a new turn. A kind of enchantment stole over him, for the words, as the poet puts it, walked up and down in his heart. . . . There rose before him a picture of forgotten days when the old port traded with southern isles, when dark-bearded sailors gabbling foreign tongues thronged these narrow alleyways, and the high romance of gallant sailing ships was in the air. The five little words were almost a line of poetry.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



So, the old man had held good, came his whisper down the long, dim room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And before that—he in turn

'It works that way. It has been an awful grin.

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

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

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

In a second he shrieked the shopman, clashing with incredible rapidity. 'If

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 552)

2LH Calling!

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

HAVE you ever considered what an odd rather important person towards the B.B.C. took in hand that invention made a difference to a

worn a judge's robe and
Mr Shaw's beard and to
have like a cat burglar
with the chimney. That
may have been--but the
most advanced children
I am told, brought up on
Nietzsche and the Use of
the Valves, pooh-pooh the

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

At the same time, the importance of the post-
war reconstruction season is emphasized by the
fact that the reconstruction itself does seem
to be a very rich and successful part
with the post-war reconstruction, as
a whole, the East.

... of the original I wonder of it.

Christmas is utterly foolish. And Broadasting
the *raison d'être* of some of its most essential
birth the season celebrates: Fellowship.

The Christmas chimes, that quintessential

for ever, but they
have not yet
W. M. People got to
be very close to
is the message of the great
orthodox Christmas is
but today, by turning a
button, the latest revolu-
tion in Mexico is so much
a matter of intimate and
auditory acquaintance to
the farmer in Worcester
as to make the brother-
hood of man, and the
well-known pugilistic pre-
pensions of relatives
among themselves, a
platitude no longer need-
ing any special emphasis

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

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

by their own testimony and because of the conditions then existing in the great Roman Empire. I fought with per-
fectly honest and good men, who adopted that cause and I am for it and in a constant struggle.

[illegible]

A FLAGRANT CASE OF RADIO PETTY LARCENY

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

penetration of the inward side and
methods of the technique. It was
trudged the new to break down the strong
point of the Lucha Libre community be
cause they were not much in the gender get
togetherness to be a very an, rest, and not
but I may find it a very New York
day, and a relaxed, from the possible

(Continued from page 650.)

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

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

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

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

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

'A fine piece,' the old man wheezed. His eyes pierced like gunlets. And cheap, too. It come from China, forty year

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

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

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

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

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

Next morning the elderly Mr. Adam dictated to his secretary a few commonplace paragraphs about 'How I started to write.' They began: 'At the age of twenty I entered an insurance office as a clerk . . . They were extremely dull. Send it to the editor,' he told his secretary, 'with a line to say I hope it is what he wants. He need not use it otherwise, of course.' And as he dictated the paragraphs, his eyes wandered from a long, old, binding some twenty adventure books, to a mirror on a high three-legged pedestal which, oddly, had no glass, and which, the elderly Mr. Adam knew, had never had one, nor ever would.



2LH CALLING!

(Continued from previous page)

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

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

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

It replies British modesty. 'We were all, I think, a little sceptical of the future of broadcasting—until the General Strike took place.

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

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

Contributions from
PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY
RAYMOND GRAM SWING
and
LION FEUCHTWANGER

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

Why not take out an Annual Subscription now?

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

Wireless loud speakers ought to be erected

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

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

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

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

Mad Murphy's Miracle

A Tale of 'The Legion'

By P. C. WREN

Author of 'Beau Geste,' etc.

Illustrated by Maltona

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

LORD MONTAGLE, like King Bruce of Castile, sat down in a hazy mood to think the hour lonely because he was in the crowded bedroom of the world famous Mastic Hotel in the hub of the metropolis which is the hub of the universe.

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

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

Hallo, here was a good Pop, more widely known as Sir Popham Roneeval, Lady Australia's friend and her father too, eh?

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

He . . . he observed 'What are you doing here, Monty?' . . .

'So, is you, Pop—going away home?' . . .

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

Lord Montague suppressed a yawn.

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

'What about him?' asked Lord Montague, his rubicund and cheer countenance unresponsive as yet, to the other's

'Died this morning. . . Did he?' . . .

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

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

'When he wasn't!' objected his friend. But he was. . . Born mad, lived mad, died mad—like his father before him—and his grandfather, too, and his great-grandfather by all account.

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

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

Poor old Tommy,' repeated the baronet. What did he die of?' asked Montague. Killed himself,' was the short reply. Just that.'

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

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

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

'Long John, eh? . . . The wild Irishman. . . Aren't we a pair of scoundrels going old devils?' . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

What became of him?' inquired Lord Montague.

'Wish I could tell you . . . He was going up to Oxford for his first term, and never got there. Simply vanished into thin air. Tommy Vane

didn't give a damn. But I was frightfully worried. . . I wish to God I knew what happened to him . . . I would . . .'

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

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



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

well ironed white trousers and highly-polished boots he was as smart a figure of a soldier as any in his regiment, famous in the 10th Army Corps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By and by Mad Murphy sat up and stared at him.

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

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

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

'Wonder why hatters are mad,' continued Digby.

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

'Why, of course,' agreed Digby. 'What's the matter with you at the moment, of course.

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

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

'Are you being funny?' growled Mad Murphy.

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

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

'Any madness in your family?' he asked. 'No,' replied Digby. 'None apparent, I believe. I'm the first. 'Hare apparent,' so to speak.'

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

'Obviously a criminal lunatic,' agreed Digby.

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

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

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

'Nobody's dead,' said Digby.

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

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

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

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

'And if you'd like a little more family history, his father after a quiet sojourn in Newgate Gaol was hanged on Tyburn tree—and for a very dirty crime. Not even a decent highwayman job. How's that for a family record? And you want to know what drove me mad, do you? Notung! I was born mad. . . . mad for generations. . . . 'Unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me'. . . . Haven't I some cause to hate Him?'

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

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

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

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

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

MURPHY sat down again, a very puzzled man.

'Talk sense,' he requested. 'I can't,' replied Digby. 'I'm mad.'

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

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

'And will you then tell me, you damned fool,' shouted Murphy, 'why I'm the sixth in direct line of homicidal maniacs, beastly, bloodthirsty madmen, evil, mad, murderous lunatics? Heredity! I've six generations enough for you? It may be sixty, for all I know.'

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

(Continued on page 650)

If History could but repeat itself!



AN ANTICYCLONE IS COMING UP
FROM THE SW. WEATHER WILL
BE MAINLY FAIR WITH
SHOWERY PERIODS
SHIPPING FORECAST
WILL FOLLOW

NOAH WOULD BE AN ANNOUNCER —



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

UNCLE HENRY



AUNTIE ANNE —



AUNTIE CATHERINE —



— AND AUNTIE JANE



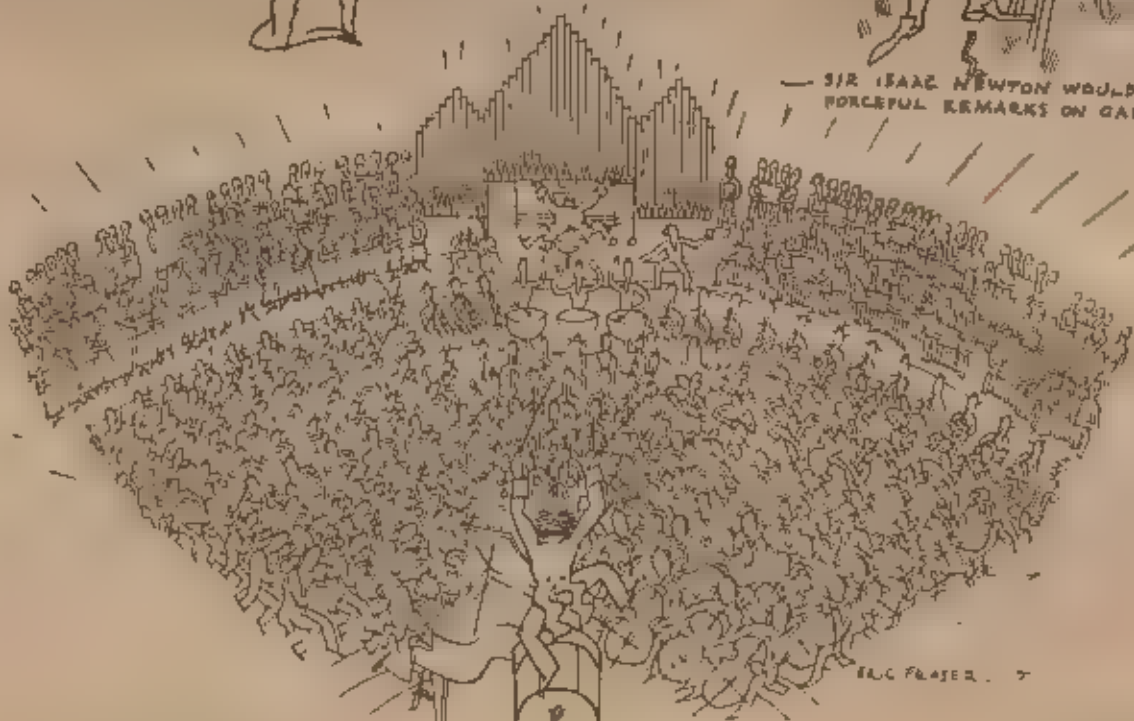
— HORATIUS WOULD BROADCAST
"NOW I'VE CROSSED FATHER TIGER"
(REPLAYED FROM ROME)

— WOULD CONDUCT
THE CHILDREN'S
HOUR

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



— SIR ISAAC NEWTON WOULD GIVE SOME
FORCEFUL REMARKS ON GARDENING



ALC. FRASER. 7

WHILE BEETHOVEN WOULD BROADCAST ONE OF HIS LATEST SYMPHONIES



The Battling Saxon William the Dook

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



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

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

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

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

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

LADY ANGELA Heaven's grace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hullo!

Is that the Central?

(In God's truth, it is.)

Will you kindly impart information to me on a matter on which I am most anxious to receive intelligence?

In certain truth I will as soon as it is something of which this office hath any cognizance.

You will certainly put me under a deep sleep.

(Speak on then.)

I will.

Do.

That will I.

(What is it?)

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCER Good morning, folks. (Cries) You're lucky to be on the air this morning.

LADY ANGELA I'm a little more, I don't get him.

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

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

LADY ANGELA To hold with him.

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

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

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

(The radio stops a minute.)



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

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

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

(The radio starts.)

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

(Continued on page 685.)

The Strange Story of The Howler.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

entrance in Giffillan Street. And, between the two, a red bottle counter with a glass door like the entrance to a pawnbroker's, on the very corner of the two streets. It was the opening of the red bottle counter which first introduced movement into the picture. A young man, wing round with a scowling expression, Tweed Coat turned his eyes a fraction to the left. The saloon boy by the door jerked up his head with a scared movement.



The grinning Tweed Coat. 'Oo were you expecting?'

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

The Jew took the jug and turned away to the street. When he had gone the barman looked at him reflectively. 'Rubbish,' he said. 'He's not a Jew.'

'Christmas Eve, eh?' 'Yeh.' The Jew took the jug and turned away to the street.

When he had gone the barman looked at him reflectively. 'Rubbish,' he said. 'He's not a Jew.'

'Hm?' said Tweed Coat. 'What's the matter?' 'It's easy to see you and I've seen you before—not for a long time.'

'Not for a long time!' echoed Tweed Coat. The barman smiled with the air of one who has a tale to tell. 'You need another 'arf pint,' he said generously. 'Well, it bein' Christmas Eve—'

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

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

'Often come in 'ere?' 'No. Not once in a month o' Sunday. Don't often treat 'imself. Not but what 'e couldn't afford to.' 'The dibs?'

So they say. It ain't easy to tell not with a business like rags and bottles. But Ginger Martin, what's one of the regulars 'ere used to live in the same house with 'im at number 10. 'E says 'e seen 'im through the basement window counting 'is money, hiding it away in a sock. Poor man's bunk.

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

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

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

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

What's wrong with 'im? Tweed Coat asked, hoarsely.

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

The boy had disappeared out into the rain.

'E didn't ought ter be left on 'is own,' said Tweed Coat hurriedly. 'You know what young lads are—'

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

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

A dozen swift steps brought him to the other's side. He laid a hand on his shoulder. The boy started round, stuffing an exclamation.

'Ullo!' grinned Tweed Coat. 'Oo were you expecting?' 'You let me alone.'

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

'What's the trouble, chum?' he asked—and as the other piteously hesitated, added—'You don't 'ave to be afraid to tell me. I

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

perfect. Besides, I've 'ad my own

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

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

My Gawd, yes.'

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

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

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

The boy wavered, then nodded.

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

Old Ike Ferney turned away from the table and, going to the narrow rusty grate, turned the coals. Those who knew him only

the peering, ambling rag-and-bottle merchant would have been surprised and mystified by the expression of his eyes. It was the music. He couldn't help it. Music did that to him. Yeth, turned him upside down. Reminded him of the opera at Warsaw when he used to go in the top tier with his great le. And all for half a shily. It was in his blood, the love of music, the heritage of the Jew. The crazy wireless set he had bought second-hand did not reproduce the music well. But it was music. Sometimes the set made howling noises. It was a bad set.

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

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

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

Tweed Coat looked at him silently and then started, as the voice of the boy came from inside the room. Sport. At Twickenham to-day the boys will

I know it. I heard them. 'Oo? you got in then?

It's only the wire. And the boy I know it. I heard them.

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

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

Tweed Coat closed the door behind them with his foot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Y-yes.'

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

The rag-and-bottle merchant marched up to Tweed Coat with tremulous defiance.

You got to go, he said. 'I tell you I ain't got no money. I know your thort—idle pack of schemes—no good to anyone, so you become beggars and want der money from der people who have worked hard to save it.'

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

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

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

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



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

They rummaged in every corner of the room, even in the crate of empty and dirty bottles. They began to despair of their failure.

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

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

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

'Fire!' he said to the boy. 'Chuck yer fidgeting. Watch the old feller. He'll pull up the boards by the time we're back.'

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

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

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

'Gawd!' said the boy.

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

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

You done 'im in,' said the boy.

'I ain't breathin'—cripes, 'e ain't!'

'What of it?' Tweed Coat was unmoved.

A woman's voice began to sing

'In summertime on Brod'n

The bells they ring so clear

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

'The bells they ring so clear

Stop singing!' the boy moaned.

Stop! Stop!

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

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

The boy scuttled across to the wireless, lurched against the table, staring at the dials on the cheap varnished cabinet. He did not know what to do, which to turn. He jerked at one of the ebonite discs. The singing

ceased. A piercing scream like a soul in pain died trembled, and came back again filling the room with its unearthly cry.

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

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

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

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

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

'Stop it! Tweed Coat snapped above the howling. You stop that, then. Help me pull 'im over to 'is chair. I can't! Don't make me do that! D'yer want to swing, then?'

'It wasn't me did it.

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

The set still howled like a thing tortured

by the thrashing arms of a struggle

on top of which hung a thing like a spider's web of wire.

The relentless intensity of the

put an end to speech, and they stared dumbly at each other.

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

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

It's open. We left it open on purpose. No one should think anything of it.

Again the knocking.

The perance! the boy stammered, white and nerveless.

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

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

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

He heard the sound of descending foot steps above him and a woman's voice call.

What's there?

Post Office, someone answered.

What d'yer want?

Anyone in this house got a wireless set?

Yes, Cove downstairs. Why?

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

'Come on down, then.'

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

Blind with terror, the boy dashed after him. He stumbled on the stairs, bumped into something, staggered and fell against the wall, half stunning himself. Dazed he became aware of shouts and the thrashing arms of a struggle, while from the room below the howling still beat piercingly on his brain. The struggling ceased and he dimly saw three men holding his companion and against the lamplight of the street door and through the curtain of rain beyond the silhouette of a motor-van on top of which hung a thing like a spider's web of wire.

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

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

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



The thrashing arms of a struggle on top of which hung a thing like a spider's web of wire.



NOW FOR A STORY



From Ralph Lynn.

THE treatment of prisoners in certain prisons is remarkably humane. A regular visitor inquired recently regarding an old offender.

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

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

From Mabel Constanduros.

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

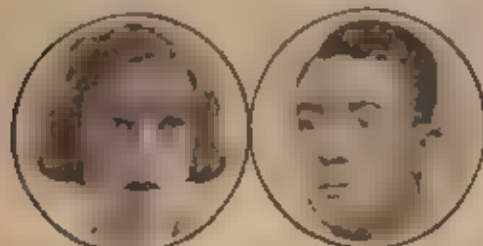
"Do you know what this is?" he asked. It was a rusty, old-fashioned, rusty, plaidy.

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

After a moment's thought the rustic, pointing to a scythe, which he carried over his shoulder, asked, "Do you know what this is, my friend?"

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

Not on your life," replied the rustic. "We call it an ought-to-mow-grass-but-the-law-says-it-burns-sharp-enough."



PHYLLIS MONKMAN and LADDIE CLIFF

From George Robey.

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

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

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

From Phyllis Monkman.

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

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

The young officer coughed delicately.

"Well, not quite," he said. "You see, his wife is coming with us this trip."

From Jack Buchanan.

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

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

At length a pause to take breath allowed him to say, "We had boiled mutton and turnips for lunch."

What a strange observation!" she exclaimed.

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

Each year produces its quota of 'good stories.'

For the amusement of listeners this Christmas we have persuaded a number of 'stars' of the stage

and the other to retell the best story they themselves have heard

during

1937

From Carl Brisson.

AFTER its run in Copenhagen, I toured a show and eventually came to the borders of a town where I was to play in a little town.

The show was a very good one. I played the part which I played. Unfortunately, the case concerning the wooden leg was mislaid, with the result that the whole town was ransacked for an artificial

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

That night the sketch was going on nicely and the lads were revelling in its dramatic intensity, when a freaked little urchin came running on to the stage and piped out, "I want my father's wooden

leg. It's nine o'clock and he's not here."

From Marie Dainton.

A MAN was complaining to a friend how busy he and his wife got on. The friend said, "If you do anything to make things better. Do ever take her to the theatre?"

"Oh, no," said the husband. "We always go out every day."

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

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

"Well, do you ever buy her sweets?"

"Oh, no."

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

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

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

The wife sank into a chair and burst into tears.

What on earth's the matter now?" cried the husband.

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



JACK BUCHANAN and GEORGE ROBEY

From Laddie Cliff.

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

"What's for breakfast, darling?"

"Rats," came back the tart reply.

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

From Ronald Courley.

A MAN who had bought a valuable building site was in a mood of reverie, when a stranger in a similar mood, accosted him.

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

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

The stranger was obviously hurt.

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



MARIE DAINTON and CARL BRISSON

From Talbot O'Farrell.

SHE was very near-sighted and couldn't recognize the man who had been her lover. The lower didn't know of it yet, and she was going to make sure he didn't find out. Before he called one evening she placed a pin in a tree about fifty feet from a seat on which she was certain they would

meet.

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

"Look at the pin in that tree over there," she exclaimed.

You couldn't possibly see a pin in that tree. It's over fifty feet away."

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

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

On the way she stumbled over a cow.

From Basil Foster.

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

"And I," suggested the guide.

The visitor did not seem impressed.

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

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

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

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

"Runs all right, too, I suppose?" he remarked.

(Continued on page 708.)

A Word In Season. From 'The Announcer.'

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

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

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



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

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

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

which are quite its own and possible in other medium. It has its own (half-way between that of the stage (in that it is 'spoken') and that of the cinema because it is unconfined in the matter of time and space—and is not shackled by the (unities)—but not in the least a second best form of either! It has its own form of Music—which comes into the home of the listener as a 'purer' music than any heard in a concert room where the attention is distracted by environment and the physical personality of the artist. It has—in a sense—its own 'painting'; for broadcasts such as those from Ypres and from Putney 'paint' a scene, by sound and atmosphere as vividly as any canvas or photographic plate.

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

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

Quite all right in Wolverhampton!



The B.B.C. gives a Christmas message to its listeners through Bach's Christmas Oration. This great work which is to be broadcast on all stations on the first of Christmas Day, will help to recall to every listener the story which lies behind our Christmas festivities. Some notes on this great work are designed to help those who are following its progress, are set out below.

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

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

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

PART I

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

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

Now the Solo Alto and Soprano prepare herself to receive our Lord and Redeemer. Follows a Chorus, the tune of which is well known in English churches. The hymn to which it is often sung is 'To sacred band, now wounded.' The Tenor in Recitative tells of the birth of the Saviour and His lying in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.

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

Part I ends with a beautiful solo by the Tenor, who tells of the Holy Child to make His home within the hearts of believers.

PART II

THE second Part, written for the second day of the Festival of Christmas, treats of the shepherds. It starts with the solo of the shepherds 'abiding in the fields.' Flutes and Strings alternate with two Oboes d'Amore and two Oboes da Caccia (the latter practically Oboes Anglaises or Alto Oboes).

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

PART III

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

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



PART IV

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

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

PART V

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

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

PART VI

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

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

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

CHRISTMAS DAY PROGRAMMES

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(49.5 M C.K.)

From 10.15 to 11.15 AM

3.30 A POPULAR

Concert

By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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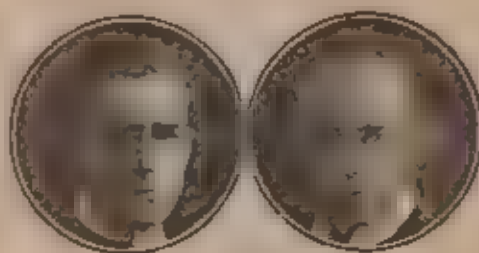
By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

Concert

By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL



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

5.30 60 MINUTE

Concert

By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

Concert

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8.50 WEATHER FORECAST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

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5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

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Concert

By the

9.0 ALBERT SANDLER

GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE, ORCHESTRA

Concert

By the

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

Concert

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10.30 P. H. G. O'NEILL

Concert

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5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

TO ALL WHO STUDY THEIR HEALTH—



You should make **HOVIS** the basis of every meal

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

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

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

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

HOVIS, LTD. (Dept. R.T.), Flour Mills, Macclesfield.



The **ACADEMY OF MUSIC** and **MILITARY BAND**, conducted by **LEUT. R. WATSON O'DONNELL**, will broadcast a concert from London tonight starting at 9.15.

CHRISTMAS DAY PROGRAMMES

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 351 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.40-11.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 364.6 M. 780 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London
7.55 S.B. from London
8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

HULL. 294.1 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London
7.55 S.B. from London
8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 282.1 M. 1,000 KC. & 1,190 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London
7.55 THE WAKE'S GOOD LUCK Appeal by the Wake's Good Luck Committee on behalf of the Wake's Good Luck Committee
8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 307 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London
7.55 S.B. from London
8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 273.7 M. 1,100 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London
7.55 S.B. from London
8.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294 M. 1,020 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0-10.30 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)

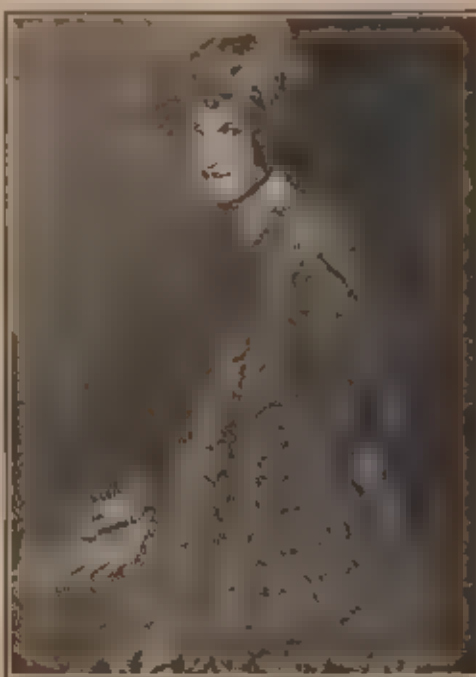
5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,000 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.40-11.0 S.B. from London

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 275.2 M. 980 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.40-11.0 S.B. from London



MISS MAVIS BENNETT

An exceptionally charming portrait of this popular broadcast artist, who takes part in the programme that 2GB will relay from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne tonight.

5SC GLASGOW. 295.5 M. 740 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.40-11.0 S.B. from London

5BD ABERDEEN. 507 M. 750 KC.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
7.0 S.B. from London (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.40-11.0 S.B. from London

5BE BELFAST. 406.4 M. 750 KC.

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

IN A STRANGE PORT!



Christmas a thousand miles from Home -

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

At every one even in the most distant land we are giving REAL BRITISH HOSPITALITY—a British Christmas Dinner and

in appreciation of our magnificent seamen make a collection round your cosy Christmas fire and so take an active share in the Happy Home Campaign. Help a friend.



The Oldest Sailors' Society. Established 1818.



FATHER TIME IS EVER PRESENT

WESLEYAN & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY
ONE OFFICE, BRISTOL



The graphic is a promotional poster for Boxing Day. It features a large, dark, multi-pointed star centered on the page. Inside the star's center is a circle containing the text "BOXING DAY" in a bold, stylized font. Surrounding the star are eight circular portraits of boxers, each with a nameplate below it. At the bottom center, there is a rectangular inset showing a boxing match in progress. The overall design is classic and celebratory.

BOXING DAY

PRENTIS

Wacalis v London

Tex McLeod

Maxo Scott

Alma Vane

Cyn. N. 4

Joe. N. 4

Wacalis v London

Wacalis v London



PROGRAMMES for TUESDAY, December 27

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(0.0043 M, 187 Hz)

7.45 THE ANDREW
BROWN OCTET

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JANETBY OF MURDER AND
ARRESTED THOMASSON 13-11-11

12620 THE HENRY DE GUIN

30 . 12
1974 H. S. MARRAS

40 FIVE FIFTY

14. 1. 2003. 14. 1. 2003. 14. 1. 2003.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

50 5

In all countries and all ages, you are required to bring your passport with you when you travel abroad. It is the only document that you need to prove your identity and your right to enter a foreign country. It is also the only document that you need to prove your right to return to your own country. Without a passport, you cannot travel abroad. It is the only document that you need to prove your identity and your right to enter a foreign country. It is also the only document that you need to prove your right to return to your own country. Without a passport, you cannot travel abroad.

was not a modern woman's brooch. Mrs. de la Roche gave it as a birthday present. Nor did she ever carried a good deal about the little-known inhabitants, but her town told her about many other parts of the

S 15 Tax CHILDREN'S HOUR, Down South
 Illustration South by the West
 Love S. Rogers. The South Far from
 Lady from. The South Far from
 South by the West

6.5 THE LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND *revised*
by **SILVET FORMAN**

6 10 THE S. GREENWICH WEATHER FORE-
CAST FIRST NATIONAL NEWS BULLET

645 THE DAYCENTRY

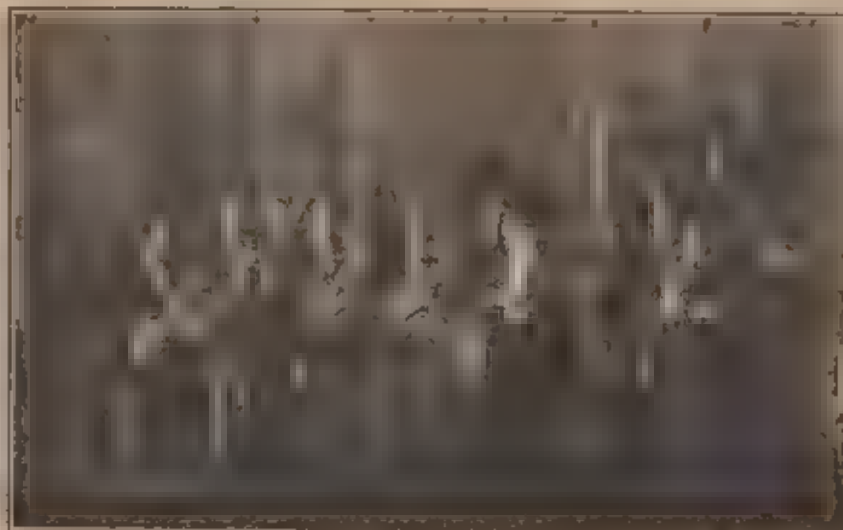
70 Mr. H. A. COWEN, Hon.

In hard as well as in
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 as the soil rose
 to a level in

Further from East to than
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South America through
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Mr. Madford Ross, who will tell it, is a well-travelled man who has

By Devious Ways, and
has long been known as
an acute observer of
manners and customs of
foreign peoples.



James H. H. Co.

LAW WHIDDEN'S DANCE BAND

whose music will provide a fitting wind-up to the London programme today.

7 15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
MONTGOMERY'S PLAINFORK WORKS
J. L. MONTGOMERY
Characteristic Pieces, No. 13

725

		Songs from			
		Nov	W	Th	Sa
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11	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1


1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.

2.45 EDNA THOMAS
The Lady from Louisiana
Negro Spirituals
and
Creole Northern Songs

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GERMAN
NEWS BULLETIN

9 15 Sir William Bagehot. How Paradox Man

Every is continuous, and Friday's work is one of its regular links. Sir Wm. Ross, a 30-year-old man, is not only a



9 30 Local (and super) *Expenditure only* Supply Forecast

935 VARIETY

I am a ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 Yours ...
 REG ANLERS and ...
 ...

10-30-12.0 DANC
MUSIC JAY W
Bands from the Carlton
Hotel



AT THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL

This interesting old picture shows the scene at the formal inauguration of the Suez Canal, in November, 1869, with the Emperor of Austria sitting in the centre. This evening Mr. Harford Ross will talk about the history of the Canal.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 28)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 Mc.
570 KC.

12.0-10 Gramophone Records

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 ON THE WINGS OF SONG

ALL R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

JOHN LILLIAN

JOHN LILLIAN

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Mystical Songs by George Herbert

(M.H. Pianoforte and Strings Accompaniment)

JOHN LILLIAN

JOHN LILLIAN

JOHN LILLIAN

When Lights go Rolling

8.15-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

5WA 353 M.
850 KC.

12.0-10 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.30 A CHILDREN'S CAROL SERVICE

Relayed from

FOR A LITTLE LONGER

Hymn 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' (A & M. 60)

Prayers

Psalm VIII

The Lesson

A Hymn by THE DUKES OF BRISTOL

Hymn 'O Come in Royal David's City' (A & M. 234)

The Blessing

What was born on Christmas Day

Who is the Christ who came to set

Us free from sin and sorrow

The Body and the Ivy

Christmas People, Christmas time is here

It comes upon the M. in the clear

Hymn 'A Hymn of Praise' (A & M. 341)

Carol 'Come Sing with Holy Gladness'

The Blessing

3.45 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.6 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 DANCE MUSIC

by

ALBERT C. MORRISON and his DANCE BAND

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

9.35-11.0 POPULAR EXCERPTS FROM OPERA

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by
WILLIAM LILLIAN THWAITE

Overture to 'Rienzi'..... Wagner

MARCEL BRUNSKEL (Cimbriale) and Orchestra

Far Spring is returning (from 'Samson and Delilah')..... Strakosky

Habanera (from 'Carmen')..... Bizet

THE LYRIAN SINGERS and Orchestra

Hush in silence (from 'Rigoletto')..... Verdi

Soldiers Chorus (from 'Faust')..... Gounod

Chorus.....

Dance of the Bacchantes (from 'Philemon and Baucis').....

Introduction to Act III of 'Lohengrin'..... Wagner

HERBERT HEYNER (Baritone) and Orchestra

O Star of Eve (from 'Tannhäuser')..... Wagner

Tannhäuser's Song (from 'Carmen').....

THE Third Act of Wagner's Opera is laid in the

Valley of the Wartburg, at evening, Wolfram,

Tannhäuser's friend, approaches. He loves

Eisengrad, but has refused himself on seeing how

wealthy she and Tannhäuser love each other. H

has seen her praying by a wayside shrine for the absent knight, whose return from his pilgrimage of penance is now expected, and after this he goes, Wolfram takes his harp and sings of her to whom he must soon bid farewell, never more to see her.

HERBERT HEYNER, THE LYRIAN SINGERS and

Orchestra

African Song.....

Rosini (Cavalleria).....

LEONARD D. SHERIDAN (Violoncello) and Orchestra

Meditation (Pavane).....

Meditation..... HERBERT HEYNER, and

Orchestra

Duet, Act II..... and Eisengrad.....

Robert Mace.....

22Y MANCHESTER. 344 G M.
780 KC.

12.0-10 Gramophone Records

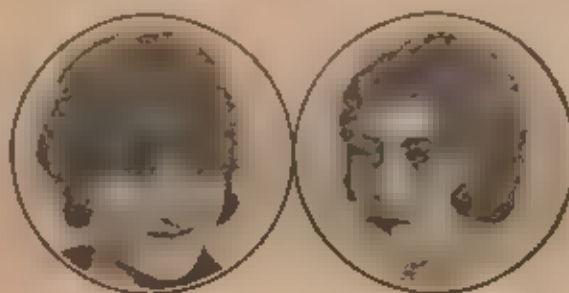
3.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC from the French by THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by STANLEY C. MILLER

3.45 LILIAN E. WENTON (Recitations)
Our Sarah's Chap.....

4.0 An Auto-Piano Recital by J. MEADOWS

4.15 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Continued)

5.0 Roy P. E. MANSFIELD. By the Waters of Babylon



The two Rumanians who will conduct the Children's Hour from Manchester today: D'Shoara Sah Lohzen (left) and Roma Label

5.15 A RUMANIAN CHILDREN'S HOUR

Organized and delivered by Rumanian and D'Shoara Sah Lohzen, of Rumania

Rumanian Folk Songs

Recitation, 'The Wind,' by E. B. Patterson

Short Descriptive Talk, 'School Life and Work'

Recitation, 'The Soldier's Tent,' by Helen

Vacancesco

Rumanian Folk Melodies for the Piano by Hea

Barbik

Dances of Rumania—A Chat by Roma Label

Song 'The Rumanian Mountains' (Loh)

Story, 'Ginger Pipes for the Wood Sprites'

Gipsy Songs

Recitation, 'The Late Player's House,' by H.

Vacancesco

Some Rumanian Games and Customs a

Chat by Roma Label

Rumanian Folk Melodies for the Violin by Bela

Barbik

5.0 Gramophone Records

6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

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

9.35 A WAGNER CONCERT

THE ALBERT STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by T. H. MORRISON

Introduction to Act I of 'Lohengrin'

LOHENGRIIN a Knight of the Grail who comes to the help of an earthly kingdom, and, more particularly, of a royal maiden, Wagner regarded this legend as symbolical of universal spiritual truths

The first of the Opera is intended as a preparation for what follows, suggesting the idea of the Grail

It opens with snatches of ethereal choruses. Strauss and Fiedler. Then the chief motif of the Opera, that of the Grail, is played very softly, at a very high pitch, by Violins. This Prelude is chiefly founded on this Grail motif

LILIAN STILES ALLEN (Soprano) and Orchestra

First's Dream (Lohengrin)

GOTTFRIED, the young Duke of Brabant, has disappeared. His father, Elzevir, is the cause of his death

He appeals to heaven for help, and, at a dramatic moment, a Knight of glorious mystery comes to defend him

Overture and Venusberg Music from 'Tannhäuser'

Seignior's march to the Rhine and The Death March (from 'The Valkyrie')

THE theme of Tannhäuser is the contrast between the purely sensual life and the higher, spiritual life. The Overture and Bacchante epilogue the two contrasting elements in Tannhäuser's soul. First is heard the solemn statement of a Pilgrim's Hymn, and later on, the revels at the Court of Venus are vividly depicted

IN the last music-drama of The Ring entitled The Dark of the Gods, Siegfried has won his bride, Brünnhilde, and sets out to seek his father

the curtain is down, pictures for us his joyous leaping stride, and then the broad, steady-flowing river

accompany the bearing away of the body of Siegfried, who has been treacherously killed by an enemy

In this funeral music themes from the earlier part of The Dark of the Gods are recalled, as well as motifs from the other dramas of The Ring cycle. The whole of the great universal tragedy seems to be summed up in this sombre, powerful music

LILIAN STILES ALLEN and Orchestra

Closing Scene from 'The Dark of the Gods'

RUN has fallen. Siegfried is dead. So is his rival, Gunther. Brünnhilde, daughter of the gods, stands in the centre of the stage absorbed in the contemplation of the body of Siegfried. She orders that mighty legs be piled upon the Rhine's banks and that her horse be brought—Grimm, the Valkyrie stood upon which she has been wont to carry to Valhalla the bodies of heroes killed in battle

The pyre is raised; women decorate it with coverings and flowers. Brünnhilde declares her love for him, and deplors his spinning of his life when he had been betrayed by the guile of his enemies. She sings of the eternal love that shall be hers

She draws from Siegfried's finger the Ring, made from the Rhine Gold, which has brought upon them all the curse. She puts it upon her own finger, and turns to the pyre upon which Siegfried's body now lies. She takes a torch from one of the men-at-arms and casts it upon the pyre, which flares up. Then she mounts her steed, and, with the cry, 'Siegfried, Siegfried, Brünnhilde grows then in his arms into the fire.

The flame is burnt forth, the outcrops shrink back in terror. The hall is aghast. All is destroyed. The Rhine overflows. The Rhine-giants appear in the waves. They regain the Ring. The Rhine seeks back into its bed. In the glowing day is Valhalla, the abode of the gods—also in flames. The gods themselves perish. And the

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John and Joan



"John—I am glad we got our Met-Vick 5 before Xmas, I've never heard anything so lovely, have you?"

"No, I'm sure I haven't and then it's so wonderfully selective, no batteries to let you down, always at full strength, and so cheap to operate."

"Yes that's a tremendous advantage, but I do wish it didn't keep you up quite so late John, because although I'm awfully sleepy I like to hear about all the Foreign Stations you get, and —"

But Joan's "ands" must come to an end and she and John must say good-bye, hoping they have contributed to your amusement and profit.

They have certainly been successful in introducing Met-Vick Sets, Met-Vick Valves, and Met-Vick Eliminators, into a great many hundred homes, which means that these little people have done something for the Purchaser, the Dealer, and the Manufacturer just as was expected.

The price of the Met-Vick 5 Mains operated Set, complete with A.C. Valves and Eliminators and two sets of coils is only £48., but send for Brochure 7117 9 which will give you full particulars.



MET-VICK

VALVES · COMPONENTS · & SETS



METRO-VICK RADIO CO. LTD., 10, DUNDEE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4



Thursday's Programmes continued (December 24)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 325.1 M. 870 KC.

1.45 2.30 L. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

9.35 A REVIVAL OF 'WHITE WINGS—SOME CHANNEL YESTERDAYS'

A series of four photographs showing the Channel in 1927

Episode 1. The Building of the Ship

Episode 2. A Dog Watch Division

Episode 3. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

Episode 4. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

Episode 5. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

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Episode 62. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

Episode 63. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

Episode 64. The Sloop in on board the Sixty-four

9.35 CHRISTMAS COMEDY

PERFORMED BY THE STATION RADIO PLAYERS

OLLY (Pianoforte)

9.40 THE FATAL MISTAKE

PERFORMED BY THE STATION RADIO PLAYERS

James Anderson, the owner of the House

Mr. Anderson's Son

Reginald Denton

John Webster

Scene: A dining-room. Time: Christmas Eve

Mr. Anderson (Masked Ball)

William Hesling (Bird Vocalist and Entertainer) in Song and Story

10.7 THE FATAL MISTAKE

PERFORMED BY THE STATION RADIO PLAYERS

James Anderson, the owner of the House

Mr. Anderson's Son

Reginald Denton

John Webster

Scene: A dining-room. Time: Christmas Eve

Mr. Anderson (Masked Ball)

William Hesling (Bird Vocalist and Entertainer) in Song and Story

Time: Midnight

Tato

All on a Christmas Morning

Savoy Christmas Melody

10.35-12.0 S.B. from London

2ZY MANCHESTER. 284.8 M. 780 KC.

12.0 1.0 L. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

4.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Request Song by Robert Roberts

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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

9.35 RUSSIAN MUSIC AND SONGS

MARIA MAROVA (Soprano)

ELISE ANDRIKOVITCH (Soprano)

GREGORY THERIAK (Baritone)

1.0 L. from London (9.30 Local Announcements)

4.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Request Song by Robert Roberts

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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

10.35-12.0 S.B. from London

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10.35-12.0 S.B. from London



WHITE WINGS IN FULL FLIGHT

Tonight at 9.35 Bournemouth 3 again will give a special performance of the 'White Wings' programme that was broadcast last May. This picture (reproduced from Mr. I. Spence's painting of the ship Lightning by the artist Peter Paulding Co. Ltd., owners of the copyright) gives a vivid impression of the vanished glories of sail.

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 177.8 M. 2521 M. 1,080 KC. & 1,180 KC.

2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

6.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

7.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

7.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

7.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

7.50 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

8.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

8.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

8.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

8.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

8.50 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

9.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

9.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

9.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Thursday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 29)

1. Liverpool Programme continued from Wednesday

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 A POPULAR CONCERT

Kellogg from Wallasey Town Hall
MARGARET BALFOUR (Contralto)
WILLIAM PRIMOSE (Violin)
MABEL CONSTANTINOS (Humorous Sketches)
RONALD GOBLEY (Entertainer)
THE STATION ORCHESTRA, directed by FRANK

In the story remarks by the Mayor of Wallasey
(As read by J. McMillan, J.P.)

ORCHESTRA
MABEL CONSTANTINOS
WILLIAM PRIMOSE
Slow Movement and Finale from Violin Concerto
RONALD GOBLEY and a Piano
MARGARET BALFOUR with Orchestra
Concerto in (Shame over done)
Where could be
MABEL CONSTANTINOS
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
ORCHESTRA
MABEL CONSTANTINOS
WILLIAM PRIMOSE, Ballet Air, Oopsy Doo

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST NEWS (Local Announcements)

POPULAR CONCERT

ORCHESTRA
MABEL CONSTANTINOS
WILLIAM PRIMOSE
Mayer in Dances, to G.M. not Dances, all Kismet
Embroidered Love's Sorrows
RONALD GOBLEY
MARGARET BALFOUR
In the quiet hills
MABEL CONSTANTINOS
An Incident in the Life of the Bugle
ORCHESTRA
Concert W. H. in A
Mayer, Four and Circumstances No. 1 Elmer

10.30 12.0 S.B. from London

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.7 M. 1,000 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.0 NORAH HENKLEY (Soprano)
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 19.30 Local
Announcements

SPY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR Old Favourites in
Three Verses, and Song
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 S.B. from London 19.30 Local Announcements

9.35 VARIETY

THE STATION ORCHESTRA
The Station Orchestra
The Three Irresponsibles
What do I care what somebody says?
C'est Vous (It's You) ... Silver and Hickman
Lips ... Coates
Turning my toes back ... David
South Wind ... Rennie
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'A Day in Naples' ... Linn
THREE IRRESPONSIBLES
Earth of the Blues ... Linn
Positively, Absolutely ... Coates and Herbert
In Sweet September ... David
Where, oh! where, do I live? ... Campbell Connolly
ORCHESTRA
Gracful Junco, 'Old Drury' ... Rennie

10.30 12.0 S.B. from London

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M. 1,000 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR A Something to
Make Competition, 'The Advance' ...
Scottish Song ... Coates
F. ... Coates
Scottish Song ... Coates
L. ... Coates
F. ... Coates

9.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 S.B. from London

7.45 AN EASTERN NIGHT

STATION ORCHESTRA
Egyptian Suite
Selection from 'The Garden of Allah'
London, Rennie

8.6 THE SEVENTH HEAVEN

A Chinese Fantasy with Music by
W. H. ... Linn
Music by ARTHUR WOOD
Characters (in order of speaking)
Mao Woo (a young Chinese fisherman) ... ELWYN LEWIS
Li-Lo (Chinese servant to Mao-Tu) ... FRANK BARNER
Lai Mao (wife of Mao-Woo) ... MARY DALL
Wan-Tu (a Chinese letter writer) ... FRANK BARNER
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Selection, the house of Mao-Tu, the letter

8.40 ORCHESTRA
ORCHESTRA
ORCHESTRA
ORCHESTRA

9.0 12.0 S.B. from London 19.30 Local
Announcements

6ST STOKE. 283.1 M. 1,000 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 12.0 S.B. from London 19.30 Local
Announcements

5SX SWANSEA. 284.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR Songs by Ar-

ADICO 64V POWER
LASTS 4 TIMES AS LONG
AS ORDINARY 60V
64 ADICO 176
VOLTS

YOUR new Power Valve needs a larger and stronger capacity battery than your discarded Dull Emitter. Adico 64v. Power fulfils your need and more economically, too, than any other battery. Positively the finest value in the world.

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2, Aldersbury Avenue, London, E.C.2

The Battling Saxon

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

William the Dook.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

(continued from page 437)

front line. Many knights unhorsed and
out of the game. Several men hurt
both sides. Count Guesshard de Discard

LARRY MORANET: Oh, mama, papa got one
of 'em. Kadi.

LADY ANGELA (laughing) He certainly did
By Mary! I can just see your papa's face
when someone landed him.

LADY MARGARET: What happens to you
mama, if papa gets knocked out?

LADY ANGELA - I believe that Cousin William has promised to give me to one of his knights. I don't think it's settled yet who gets me. They generally raffle, you know. But stop, we're missing the battle! *(The radio continues)*

ANNOUNCER - Second half of the game. Both sides rested up during half time. Duke William attacks the centre. Mahurt. Battle stops, substitute required. Battle continues. William's entire cavalry rides at the hill. Harold's boys moving rocks. Swa told the referee that the win by the Saxons. Umpires whistle. General melee. Battle degenerating into a fight. William's men ride off apparently in full flight. Norman boys retreating everywhere. Harold's men rushing down hill at them. Battle all in Saxons' favour. The noble Harold driving the foul Normans off the field. Listen, folks, and

(At this moment something goes wrong with the radio. It sinks to a mere murmuring of sounds.)

LADY ANGELA • The ungodly radio is off!

(Lady Margaret tries in vain to fix the radio. It won't work. While she works at it a long time passes. It is not till she has sent for a Norman carpenter with a sledge-hammer and a crowbar that the radio works again. When it does it is late in the afternoon. Then at last it speaks . . .)

ANNOUNCER: Battle all over The foul Saxon Harold, lies dead across the fifty-yard line with his whole centre scrummage dead round him. Spectators leaving in all directions in great haste. The noble William is everywhere victorious. Nor man crowd invading the club house. Number of injured and dead knights being piled up at the side of the field. Among the dead are Count Roger the Sardine, Count Felix Marie de Pate de Foie Gras, the Seneschal Piliffe de Volaille and Count Guesshard de Discard . . .

LADY MARGARET: Ah, do you hear that, mama? Odd's life, papa's killed That must have been that smack on the bean. I had a notion that papa would get it, hadn't you?

LADY ANGELA (*Picking up a little steel mirror and adjusting her cap*): Oh, I was sure of it. A juggler prophesied it to me last Whitsuntide. I wonder which of the knights Cousin William will give me to...

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New Process **RECORDS**

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RECORDING**

**WITHOUT
SCRATCH**

YOUR XMAS RECORDS

LAST CHRISTMAS the Public demanded and bought over **TWO MILLION RECORDS**—the entire production of the Columbia factory during December. You are urged, therefore, to make your choice of Xmas Columbia records early to avoid disappointment.

The Choir of
St George's Chapel,
Winchester

4578 { In dairy stable (10 11 12 13)
When Christ was Born of Mary Free Child
11 12 13

4579 { The Manger Throne (10 11 12)
The First Bowed told (10 11)

London Church Choir in
St. Mary-Le-Bow Church
2612 Good King Wenceslas
The First Noel
2613 God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen
Good Christian Men, Rejoice
2614 Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
While Shepherds Watched
2615 Christians, Awake!
The First Noel

Sheffield Orpheus
Male Voice Choir
Edith {Auld Lang Syne
Home, Sweet Home
Carolina Song
Sue {O Come, All Ye Faithful (Adante Fiddler)
Shake With Me (Munn)

Comedy Sketch Co.
Crossing the Line. A Descriptive Picture
of this Historic Naval Function. 12
Two Parts

The World's Funniest Records
4441 TWO BLACK CROWS—Comedy Sketch
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HERMAN FINCK and
His Orchestra

2240 BACCHANALIA--Dr. King's Sweet Feet
1898. in Two Parts. Introducing the
World-famous Drinking Song 'Draw
from the Well'

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"THE MESSIAH"

Conducted by
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
with the B.B.C. Choir

Sir Thomas Beecham's performance of "The Messiah" departs from all tradition. It has a new thrill, a new glory, a brilliancy that makes it again newly joyous. With famous soloists and the B.B.C. Choir Sir Thomas Beecham has recorded "The Messiah" Complete for Columbia in 15 Records—4s. 6d. each, or Complete in Two Albums, 55s. 6d. Ask for Full Lists of this wonderful Recording at your nearest dealer.

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[illegible]

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5GB-BIRMINGHAM-Lambda Pict. House
5NO-NEWCASTLE-Havlock Pict. House

WURLITZER ORGANS

"The Organ with the Golden Throat"

Office: 23, King St., Covent Garden, W.C. Printed 2231

Friday's Programmes cont'd (December 30)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(40° N.M. 810 KCL)

PROGRAMMES LISTED IN THE ORDER THEY WILL BE HEARD. LISTENERS ARE REQUESTED TO LISTEN TO THE PROGRAMMES IN THE ORDER LISTED.

- 20 AN ORGAN RECITAL**
By STANLEY BLIKAR
Organist and Director of the Union
St. Mary de Flow Church
St. Mary de Flow Church
- 3.10 NORA HARGREAVE**
Selected Song
- 3.25 STANLEY BLIKAR**
The International String Quartet
The International String Quartet
- 3.35 NORA HARGREAVE**
Selected Song
- 3.45 NORA HARGREAVE**
Selected Song
- 4.0 DANCE MUSIC**
The Dance Band
The Dance Band
- 5.45 THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**
The Catholic Church
The Catholic Church
- 6.30 TIME SIGNAL**
Weather Forecast
Weather Forecast
- 7.00 NIGHT MUSIC**
From Birmingham
From Birmingham
- THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA, conducted**
The Birmingham Studio Orchestra, conducted
- Overture**
Overture
- 8.00 NIGHT MUSIC**
From Birmingham
From Birmingham

- 7.10 CHRISTIAN DEARDEN (V)**
My first love's heart
My first love's heart
- Second Hand**
Second Hand
- 7.35 CHRISTIAN DEARDEN (V)**
My first love's heart
My first love's heart
- 8.0 CHAMBER MUSIC**
The International String Quartet
The International String Quartet
- 8.25 HUBERT PARSONS**
Selected Song
- 8.40 AN R. M. S. BAND**
Selected Song
- 8.50 HUBERT PARSONS**
Selected Song
- 9.30 VARIETY**
MARGARET O'CALLAGHAN (Light Irish Ballads)
MARGARET O'CALLAGHAN (Light Irish Ballads)
- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS**
Weather Forecast, Second General News
- 10.15 DANCE MUSIC**
The Orchestra, from
The Orchestra, from
- 11.0-11.15 ALFREDO'S ORIGINAL BAND and**
HAL SWAIN and his NEW PRINCE'S ORCHESTRA,
from the New Prince's Restaurant



THE INTERNATIONAL STRING QUARTET
It broadcast from 5GB as the Chamber Music Concert tonight

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CHRISTMAS GIFT
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WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
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The Broadcast
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Friday's Programmes continued (December 31.)

BOURNEMOUTH.

820 K.C.

8.40 W. H. H. H.

120 10 Gramophone Record

1.0 DANCE MUSIC by the KING & HALL BAND, relayed from the King & Hall Hotel, directed by ARTHUR.

5.0 MYLDRIFE HUMPHREY-SMITH: "The Old Year"

5.15 ... relayed from Daventry

6.30

7.45 A FAREWELL CONCERT

... the ...

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Overture to "Ruslan and Ludmila"

(TCHAIKOVSKY bases his Opera, *Ruslan and Ludmila*, on one of the many delusions of the Russian fairy tales about dwarfs, knaves, giants, dwarfs, fairies, and a gorgeous hero who slays and creates storms. The Overture is long, energetic and direct)

7.50 W. VICKERS COLE: "Waltz No. 1" Scene: "Fin dunque vero?" (Was it true?) (With Orchestral Accompaniment)

At "O mio Fernando" (O my Fernando)

8.0 ... relayed from Daventry

8.5 THE STATION CHORUS and Orchestra Lullaby and Finale (From the Bavarian Highlanders)

THE pleasant mountain region of Bavaria, its people and its peasant life are pictured in the melodious Suite of choral pieces by Sir Edward Elgar, of which two are now to be performed. The words are by the late Lady Elgar in imitation of Bavarian folk-songs.

The Lullaby begins—

Sleep, my son, oh slumber soft
While thy mother waits for thee
Nothing can fright or harm thee,
Oh, sleep, my son

The last piece is entitled *Aspiration* and

Over the heights the snow lies deep,
Soft as the land in peaceful sleep
Here by the house of God we pray
Lord, our souls today

8.15 ... relayed from Daventry

8.30 EDA KEESBY (Violin) ... relayed from Daventry

WIENIAWSKI (1835-1880) must have been one of the youngest pupils ever accepted at the Paris Conservatoire, for he was scarcely three at the age of eight.

For a time, after he had made his name, he lived at St. Petersburg as Solo Violinist to the Emperor of Russia, but he liked wandering and travelled all over Europe and America, playing the Violin and seeing the world.

He is universally known for his small compositions. He also wrote two Violin Concertos and a few other large-scale works.

The *Romance* from his D Minor Concerto is aptly described by its title.

The *Fragor* has melodies in the style of waltz music. The first is vivacious, the second passionate, and the third dance-like, with skips in it. The extreme beauty of the Movement is accounted for by the fact that the work was written for the Spanish virtuoso, Sarasate.

8.45 ... relayed from Daventry

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9.0 ... relayed from Daventry

7.45 THE OLD AND THE NEW

The old folks shake their heads mournfully. We shall not see his like again," they murmur and they gather their grandchildren round them and tell of the songs of the late monarch. To our virtues they are kind and to our faults a little hard, but he is dead. Speak not all of the dead. We are not he.

There is rejoicing in the streets, the old order passes, new things are beginning. Did you see and their devotees, it is fresh so many.

Let us begin a new story - and quickly. 929 KING IS THE NEW

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Overture to "Maritana" Vincent Hild

... relayed from Daventry

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Helena Milles and Reginald Arledge take part in Bournemouth Concert at 7.45 tonight

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Friday's Programmes continued (December 30)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 780 KC.

- 3.0 Music by the STATION QUARTET
to "Mignon" Ambrose Thomas
Selection from "Lied Time" Schubert, arr. ...
Informations Schumann
- 3.30 An Auto-Piano Recital by Maudie ROTH
- 3.45 Quartet
"The Flower" ... from the Ballet
... .. Debussy, arr. ...
Country Songs (1926)
- 4.30 Rita OWEN R. ...
- 4.45 Quartet
Selection from Russian Folk Songs Polina
- 5.0 Miss Dorothy MATHES, "That Burning Question"
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: London and
... .. sung by Betty Whistley
... .. sung by Harry
... .. "The Little Sailor," "A Pleasant
Hour of a Sadness," Two Original Compositions
played by
- 6.0 THE MAJESTIC "CELEBRITY" ORCHESTRA
from the Hotel Majestic, St. Anne-on-Sea. Musical
Director, GERALD W. BRIGHT
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 6.45 THE MAJESTIC "CELEBRITY" ORCHESTRA
continued
- 7.0 S.B. from London
- 7.45 **PLAY NIGHT**
THE STATION ORCHESTRA
Babylonian Nights (an Ancient Story); Zamecznik
FANTASY
A New Lancashire Comedy by J. C. BRADY
Matt Haworth (an unemployed Lancashire
Weaver) E. H. BRIDGEMAN
Eden (his Wife) BYRON MITCHELL
Maggie (their Daughter) ELLA FORSYTH
Nobby (from next door but one)
Mr. Why Grew
HAROLD CLIFT
To find the correct solution in a newspaper
competition and to share the prize money with
many other successful competitors does not at
first sight present a very novel situation. In
this play, however, the consequences are dis-
tinctly novel.

Baritone from "Philon and Barmy" (continued)
"THIRTY ONE"
A New Play by H. W. TWYMAN
The Doctor M. D. A. ...
His Wife LUCIA HOCKER
The Patient
A Policeman W. E. P. ...
Ambulance Man CHARLES ARDITT
... .. LEO CHANNING
This is a one-act play written specially for
broadcasting and described by the author as "a
recondite, fragment." Indeed, he goes far
there, and admits that the long arm of radio
censorship may be almost dislocated by the strain
which it has to bear.

On the
Dance of the Tumblers Rinsky,
8.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

6KH HULL. 394.1 M.
1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.15 Football Talk
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.2 M. 1,020 KC. & 1,100 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Station Two
The Fairy Garden, "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley)
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)
- 6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.
1,010 KC.
- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 3.45 ELSA HOWARD (Pianoforte)
Old English Harpsichord Dances
... ..
... ..
The Countess of Westmorland
... ..
... ..
(Edited and arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT)
Des Adieux (at Evening
Aufschwung (Singing)
4.0 THE STATION PIANOFORTE QUARTET
Duets by DORIS GARNELL (Soprano) and PHILIP
WINE (Tenor)
- 5.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 5.50
Songs by
The Two Roses
Yang-Yang
Robin Redbreast
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

5NC NOTTINGHAM. 276.2 M. 1,020 KC.

- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.15 A READER, "New Books"
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 780 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: History Talks—
"The Lady of the Lamp"
- 6.0 ETHEL HALLSTAD (Soprano)
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 277.2 M. 1,100 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: "Maudie's Mad
ness" (Mabel Marlowe), "John Peel" and
"A-Hunting we will go," sung by Leonard
Robert. "Hungarian Dances" (Bach) by
Mada Francis. Songs with Choruses by Wil-
lams
- 6.0 Musical Interludes
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

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

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from
Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Station Two
The Fairy Garden, "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley)
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)
- 55X SWANSEA. 394.1 M.
1,020 KC.
- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 "My Piano and I"—A Short Story
By T. D. J. ...
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from Cardiff
- 9.0-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 394.1 M. 1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records: 3.0 London Programme
relay from Darenty. 5.0—Station Garden, E.L.R., The
Fairy Garden. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—Station Octet.
The Little Shepherd (Wells), "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley). 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.45—
S.B. from Cardiff. 9.0-11.0—S.B. from London (9.30 Local
Announcements).

5SC GLASGOW. 405.5 M. 1,020 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records: 3.30—Dance Music from
... .. 4.0—London Programme relay from
Darenty. 5.0—Station Garden, E.L.R., The
Fairy Garden. 5.15—Children's Hour. 6.0—Station Octet.
The Little Shepherd (Wells), "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley). 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.45—
S.B. from Cardiff. 9.0-11.0—S.B. from London (9.30 Local
Announcements).

2RD ABERDEEN. 599 M. 780 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Station Two
The Fairy Garden, "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley)
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

2BE BELFAST. 506 M. 840 KC.

- 12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 3.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Station Two
The Fairy Garden, "Porky," "Sweet Lavender"
... .. (Parley)
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Darenty
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (9.30 Local Announce-
ments)

PROGRAMMES for SATURDAY, December 31

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KD.)

(1,604.2 M. 157 KD.)

10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)

At 10.30 a.m. (Daventry only)
The following programme will be broadcast from the Daventry station.

10.24 THE LONDON RADIO DANCE

Directed by S.D. BY FIRMEN

2.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

THE WHOLESALE MILITARY BAND,
conducted by
B. WALTON (C.D.)
HILDA SEARLE (Solo)
ROBERT EASTON (Solo)

Overture, 'Land of the Mountain
and the Flood' (M. J. M.)

3.38 HILDA SEARLE

Rose softly blooming (Solo)
I am Tibullus (Mignon)
Ambrosio Thoma

3.46

Mar. Song without Words, 'I
love my Love' Song of the Black
smith, Fantasia on the Dargason

4.18 ROBERT EASTON

Myself when young (from 'The
Penguin') (Solo)
Till, Poet Song (from 'The
Hugoborn')

4.48 HILDA SEARLE

By Night and Day ('Tom Jones')
L'Ete (In English)

4.58 1.45

Selection from 'Samson and Delilah'

4.54 ROBERT EASTON

Time to go (African Ballad) ...
Tally Ho! ...

4.42 BARN

Prelude to 'Nadeshda' ...
Mazurka ...
Valse Caprice ...
Four Dances from 'Morris England'

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Little
by Little, or Month by Month'

5.50 INSTRUMENTAL SOLO

THE BUCHANAN TRIO

and evening, Good
People ...
German Rosebud, Horatia Nicholas
Sacrifice ...
Lark of the Road ...
Troll Hands ...

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

THE BUCHANAN TRIO

Solo ...
Solo ...
Solo ...

7.0 A New Year Ghost Story.



SKATING IN SUNSHINE.

In the second talk of his series on 'Winter Sports as a Psychologist Sees Them,' Professor T. H. PEAR will deal with skating. Here is a pleasant scene in the skaters' paradise—Switzerland—made up of equal parts of sun, ice and snow.

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE WRES

Played by MAURICE COLX

Albumblatt

Rondo Capriccioso

7.25 Prof. T. H. PEAR 'Winter Sports as a
Psychologist sees them. Skating.' S.B. from
Daventry

There seems to be little connection between
the strenuous delights of winter sports and
winter sunlight, when the latter is needed for
blood tingling in one's veins and the 'vital
source', but, as Manchester has now known,



THE GREAT NAVE OF YORK MINSTER

with the inter-laced arches of the choir vanishing into the distance beyond. The Watch-Night Service—one of the most impressive services of the year—will be relayed from the Minster tonight.

Professor Pear is particularly expert at relating to the...

is himself a very good skater and his reputation for his reputation there is no doubt enlarged upon...

7.46 REMINISCENCES OF

1927

of the year out
I we are at all
apt to be sentimental—turn
to the experience of the Old
Year than to anticipations of the
New. So, even while Savoy Hall
brims with plans for making 1928
a record year for broadcasting, it is
not out of place to recall the past
triumphs of 1927. The English
dance history is notoriously short
and even such outstanding events as
say the Boat Race broadcast may
not be very vivid in it by now. But
I thought a programme will bring back
all their memories the known
conditions that the faithful listener
experienced during the year.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SEVERAL
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 WRITERS OF TODAY

Mrs. NINETEEN KAVE-SMITH reading
from her own works

9.30 Local Announcements. (Daventry only,
Shipping Forecast9.35 CLAPHAM AND DWYER'S CONCERT
PARTY

with

ASHMOOR BLAIR (Harmonica)

MENAP THOMAS (Soprano)

WILL GARDNER (Character Comedian)

GLADYS MERRIMAN (Character Sketches)

EDMIE JOYCE (at the Piano)

and

CHARLES CLAPHAM and BILLY DWYER

10.30 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS
and the SAVOY HAYANA BAND, from the Savoy
Hotel

11.30 WATCH-NIGHT

Special service of Thanksgiving
at 11.30 a.m. at the University of York
Minster

Relayed from York Minster

S.B. from Leeds

Order of Service:

Hymn: 'All people that on earth do
dwell'

Prayer

Te Deum (Sung in B Flat)

Hymn: 'Christ is made the sure
Foundation' (4 vs.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will
then lay the stone of Remem-
brance, kneeling thereon 15 times
Anthem

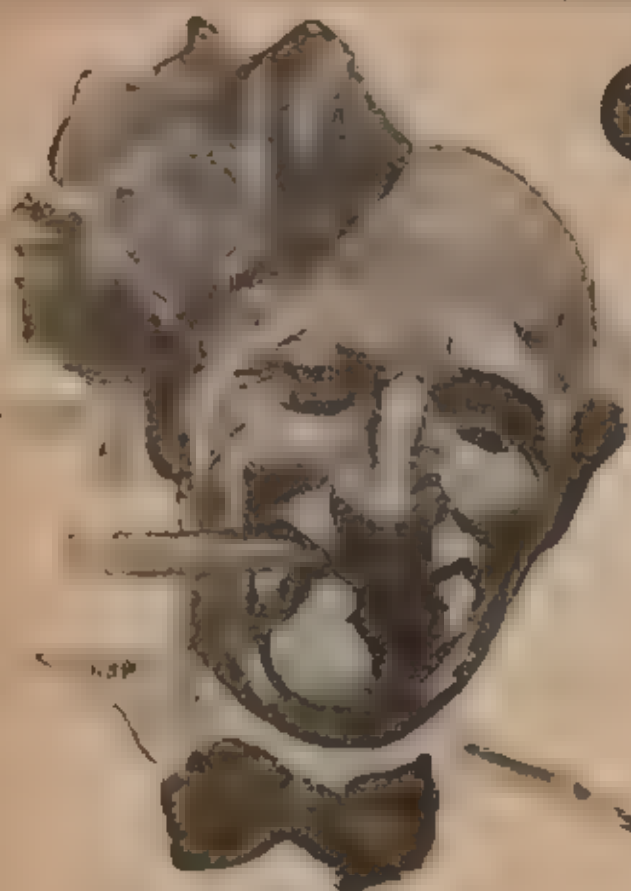
Mass: 'The Lord is risen' by 'Big
1' followed by a fanfare of
trumpets

THE ARCHBISHOP will bless the
people

Prayer: 'O God, our help in ages
past'

Benediction

12.10 (approx.) GRAND
GOOD-NIGHT



GREETINGS.

to all our
thousands of
customers and
to all the
thousands more
who, in 1928, will
build the new
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V. 75

Saturday's Programmes cont'd (Dec. 31)

(Continued from page 891)

BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 930 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 8.0 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mrs. F. RAMSEY Rag to be New
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 660 KC.

- 2.30 A. A. London Programme on the Right of Match
- 4.0
- 5.15
- 6.0
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mr. J. H. FRANCIS Rag to be New
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 Mr. L. F. Rag to be New
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.0 M. 780 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 8.0 S.B. from London
- 7.0 Mrs. F. RAMSEY Rag to be New
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 Mr. L. F. Rag to be New
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London



NEW YEAR resolutions are a standing joke, but regardless of the order, nevertheless every December the simpler souls amongst us endeavour to make a new and different list, purged of their old resolutions.

It is even of Manchester to be with a little good advice on how to make a year in this frame of mind, from a story-writer and dramatist whose work is well known to them.

- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London

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

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. 6 282.1 M.

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.10
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin

11.30 A WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

Solemn Service of Thanksgiving for 11th Anniversary of York Minister

ORISON OF B. H. C. E.

Hyman, 'All people that on earth do dwell'

The Archbishop of York will then lay the Stone of Remembrance, knocking thereon 11 times

Antiphon

Midnight peal sounded by Big Peter, followed by a fanfare of trumpets

The Archbishop will bless the people

Hyman, 'O God, our help in ages past'

12.10 GRAND GOOD NIGHT S.B. from London

6LV 297 M. 1,010 KC.

- 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
- 6.30 S.B. from London
- 7.0 KATE LOVELL, 'New Year's Eve'
- 7.15 S.B. from London
- 7.25 S.B. from London
- 7.45 S.B. from London 9.30 Local Announcements Sports Bulletin
- 11.30 S.B. from London
- 12.10 S.B. from London

Saturday's Programmes continued on page 894

S-O-S CAPTAIN Sir Beathcroft TOWSE, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E.,

Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind
Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.
Sends the following personal Christmas message to all with Eyesight

Twenty Seven years without sight have weakened my waiting, but strengthened my knowledge. And I know that if only these few words of mine can reach your hearts the Blind will yet be helped they so unjustly need this Christmas. I beg you to send me a Donation

S. B. Towse
Address: Capt Sir Beathcroft Towse, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

You must—

know how Xmas is spent in foreign lands.

The programmes in the current issue will give you this information.

World Radio

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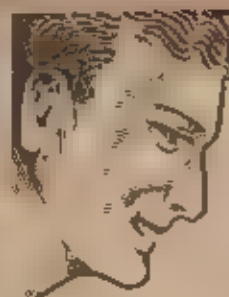
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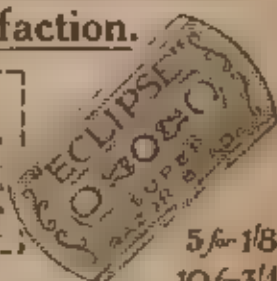
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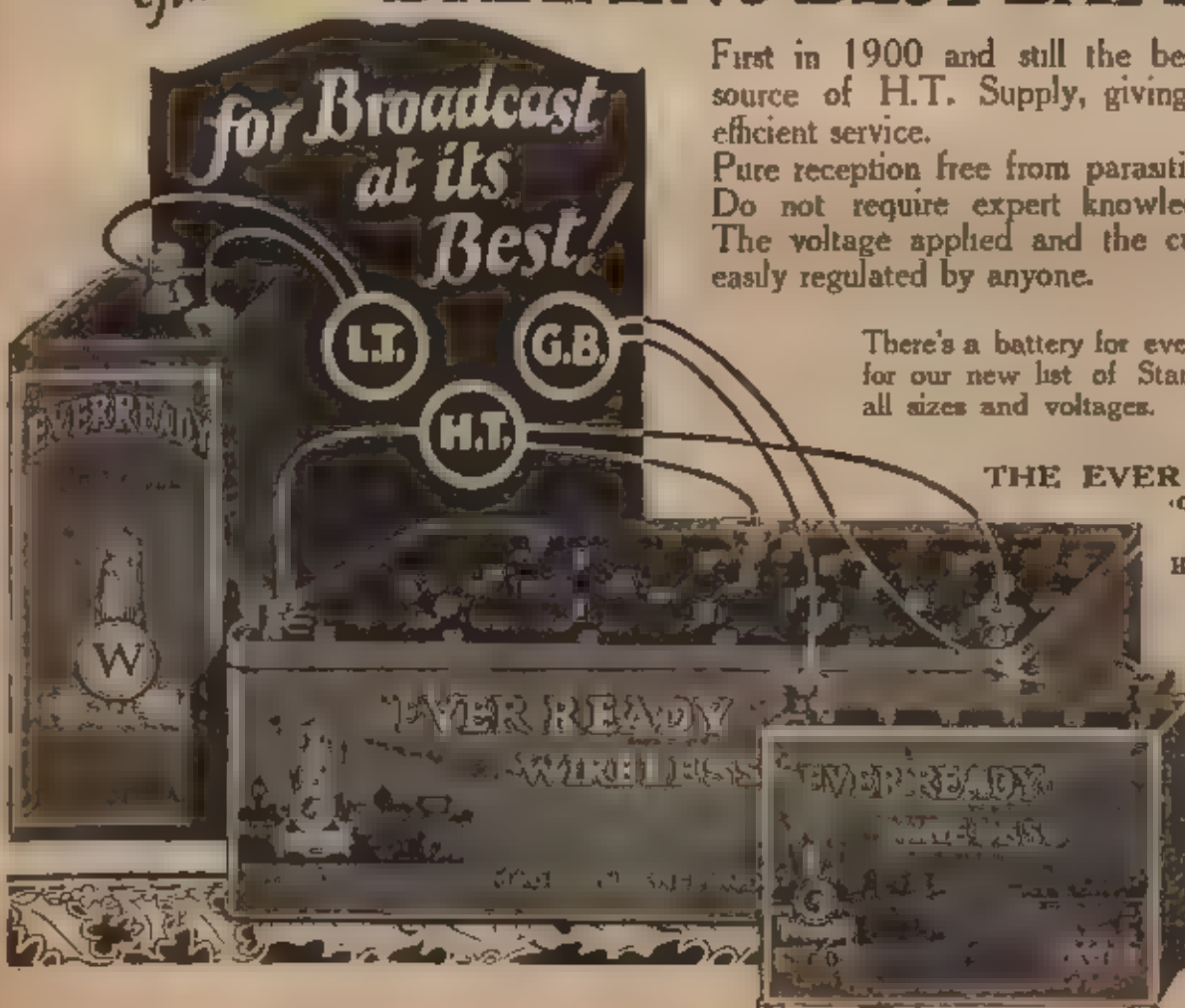
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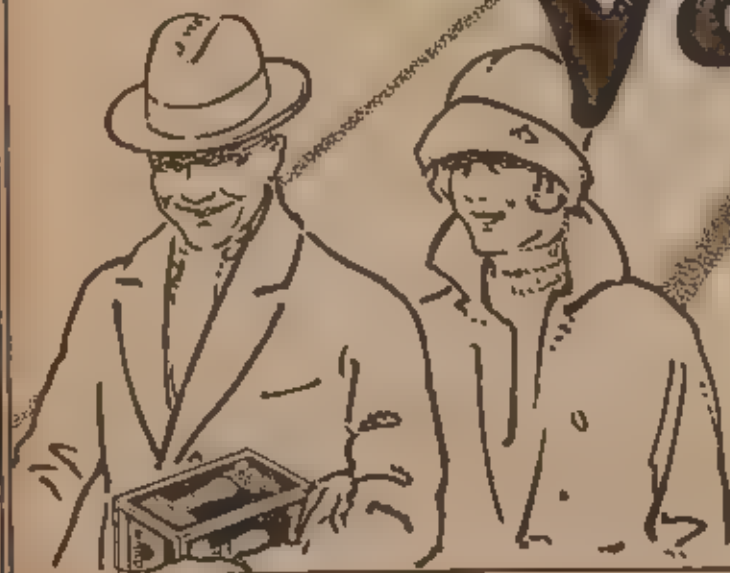
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Junior Models from 37/6

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IF you would dance the clock round this Christmas—if you want more music than even broadcasting can give you—if you want music in the hours when there is no broadcasting... then here is quite the best news that you could possibly wish to hear. There is a little instrument which makes all this possible. It is the BROWN Electrical Pick-up and when it is fitted to your gramophone and connected to your wireless set and loud speaker, your gramophone will give you purer and louder music than it has ever given before. Music that you can dance to till the day breaks. Music you can listen to hour after hour and never tire.



Who who give a the Brown Electrical Pick-up this Christmas, gives Joy. Costs but £1, or with the Adapter Plug, which enables you to use the Pick-up without alteration to the wiring of your Set, £1. 7s. 6d.

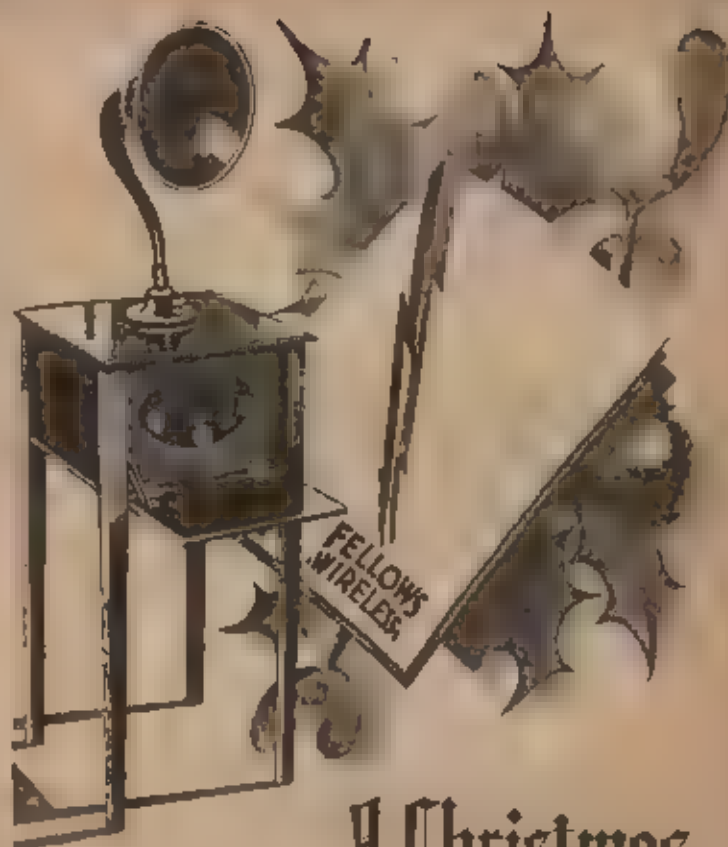


The Adapter

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These lovely and famous sets—lovely in appearance and lovely in performance—no sets in the whole world rival them. Their quality is without flaw. Their price many pounds lower than anything comparable. Thousands upon thousands of homes at this moment are filled with happiness by these very sets. Make another happy home this Christmas by giving a Fellow's Little Giant as your gift. Call at any branch or write to us to-day.

	Cash Price	or 12 monthly payments of:
Cabinet Little Giant 2-Valve	£8: 2: 6	15: 6
" " " 3-Valve	£9: 4: 6	17: 6
" " " 4-Valve	£11: 8: 0	£1: 1: 3
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" " " 3-Valve	£7: 12: 0	14: 6
" " " 4-Valve	£9: 16: 0	18: 6

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MEC 63

FELLOWS WIRELESS

PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W. 10

For full list of branches see page 71

The REGENERATOR



A Christmas Present that lasts for Months

Why is it that a perfectly healthy H.T. Battery suddenly goes dead?

It is because in one or more of the cells Internal Resistance has got its strangle-hold. Most of the cells may still be bursting to give up their energy, but outwardly the battery is dead—*choked*!

Buy the Regenerator—the long life battery—in which Internal Resistance is fought down in every cell throughout the whole life of the battery.

54	Volts with lead for grid bias.	(Post 6d.)	6/-
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9	Folt grid bias.	(Post 3d.)	1/3

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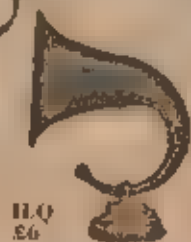
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PARK ROYAL, LONDON, NW 10

For full list of branches, see page 705

M 52

Meet the Glad Christmas Tidings



H.Q.
£6



Sphinx: £12. 10s.



Mascot: £1. 10s.



We are glad to know, at this Season of Goodwill, that thousands of homes throughout the land will resound again this year with the sound of glad Christmas tidings sweetly told by loud speakers which bear the name Brown. We are glad, too, to be able to say to readers of these words that we hope their Christmas will be the happiest they have ever spent, and we are proud to feel that instruments which we have produced will help to make it so.

Are there a much Brown Loud Speakers. Ask to see, and hear, then buy.

on a BROWN

LOUD SPEAKER

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Bright Emitters, 5.50. **3/6**

Dull Emitters, 2, 4, 60. **6/6**

Dull Emitter Power 4 and 60. **8/-**

Bright and dull emitters made specially for H.F. amplification, grid leak or anode bend detection, L.F. transformer or resistance capacity amplification. Power valves for transformers or resistance capacity amplification. Our beautiful fully illustrated catalogue containing full particulars will be sent free on request. Postage and Packing: 1 valve 4d., 2 or 3 valves 6d., 4, 5, or 6 valves, 9d.

FELLOWS WIRELESS

PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W.10

S.C.12

APPRECIATION



Exide

THE LONG LIFE



BATTERY

It is a privilege and a pleasure for us to broadcast, at this season of the year, an expression of our sincere appreciation of their support to the millions of people all over the world who use EXIDE and CHLORIDE BATTERIES.

These millions, representing an actual majority of motorists and owners of wireless apparatus, besides Electric vehicle, Crane and Locomotive owners, Power Station engineers, Submarine crews, and countless others, regularly buy or use EXIDE, CHLORIDE and EXIDE-IRONCLAD BATTERIES with, perhaps, little knowledge or thought of those who make them, other than the conviction that the battery is good.

To the best of our ability we try to make this volume of business deserved—believing that the surest way to win a great public preference is to provide a product whose sheer goodness is its recommendation.

The size of our world market does indicate that our efforts have not been unsuccessful and we are appreciative and grateful to our great public whom it shall remain our endeavour to serve.

To all users and distributors of our batteries, all over the world,

THE EXIDE GREETING
 A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
 A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
 A LONG LIFE.

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED

CLIFTON JUNCTION,
 NEAR MANCHESTER.
 Telephone: Pendleton 481.

137, VICTORIA STREET,
 LONDON, S.W.1.
 Telephone: Victoria 6308.



Do you remember last Christmas what fun you had when the dance music came through?

Perhaps it was a bit "tinny" and the announcer's voice *did* sound a little harsh.

But this Christmas with the
 Fellows New Cabinet Loudspeaker
 --my word, you should hear it;
 no distortion; no drumming on
 the high notes; every note, every
 syllable as clear as a bell.

With one of these beautiful little instruments you can give a whole lifetime of pleasure to the family and yourself.



Fine Leatherette Finish . . . 35/-

Polished Oak or Mahogany - 42/-

Packing free, postage \$ 3

FELLOWS WIRELESS

PARK ROYAL LONDON, N.W. 10.

For full list of branches see page 705

The famous horn-type loudspeaker, 19 ins. high, powerful and sweet in tone.

13/6

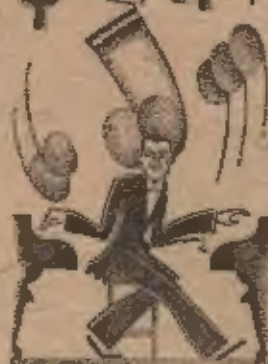
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All independent on
7 days approval
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M.C. 62

LEARN LINE MUSIC



Billy Mayerl—the World's greatest synopsated pianist—can make any pianist a brilliant dance musician—BY POST. His course is simple, rapid, and fascinating. Thousands successfully taught. A sure way to popularity. Send 25¢ stamp for free booklet and details.

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THOUSANDS WHO HAVE
LIVED OTHER HEARING
AIDS WITHOUT SUCCESS
PREDICT THAT THE
SHELLACON
will, before long, completely
eliminate the handicap of deaf-
ness, and take its place among
the master discoveries of
medical and surgical science.

[illegible][illegible]

Now for a Story.

(Continued from page 661.)

From Neil Kenyon.

THE proprietor of a small shop in Scotland was paying a visit to the manager of one of the big London stores.

'If it's a fair question,' said the Scotsman, 'what is your average profit on any specific article you sell?'

'Well,' replied the manager, 'that's rather a personal question. I don't mind telling you in confidence that we're content with ten per cent.'

'Ten per cent.!' echoed the appalled Scot, 'and I only take one per cent.'

'Oh, come now,' laughed the other, 'you make more than one per cent., I'll wager.'

'I do not,' replied the Scot. 'If I buy an article for a shilling, I never sell it for more than two!'

From John Henry.

A MAN from Lancashire was walking down the street with his trouser legs dangling round his feet and getting trodden under foot into the mud.

On being asked why, he answered: 'You see, th' wife bought me some new breeches this morning, and they're too long.'

From Donald Calthrop.

AT a private school, in one of the lower forms, the small boys were told to construct a sentence to include the word 'notwithstanding.'

A hand went up. 'Well, James,' said the master.

'Sir,' replied James, 'I've got one.'

'Well, what is it?'

'The seat of my trousers is worn out, but notwithstanding.'

From Julian Rose.

SALESMAN in stone works, to Widow Levy, after selling her a tombstone:—

'Is there anything you would like to have me carve on your husband's stone symbolical of his death?'

'What is dot symbolical?'

'Whenever a man dies—say, for example, a military man—we always carve something symbolical to show how he died. For instance, a gun or a cannon. Now if you would like—'

'Well, if it wouldn't cost any more, you can carve two pickled cucumbers on it.'

From Clapham and Dwyer.

AS he stepped from the rope ladder on to the tight-rope stretched across the circus arena, the acrobat noticed that the wire showed signs of wear.

So he clambered down to the ring and sought out the manager. The latter was in his office.

'Here,' cried the acrobat, 'that confounded rope's not very strong. I'm afraid it might break.'

'Don't you worry about that,' returned the manager; 'we've more of 'em in stock.'

From Henry Lytton.

A COUPLE apparently from Manchester, staying at a Bournemouth hotel, were visited one evening by three friends. As a result of the usual hospitable question, an order was given for 'One stout, one lemon squash, and three aigs.'

The waiter returned with two drinks and three eggs.

'Ere, what's this?' demanded the giver of the order. 'It ain't breakfast time.'

'You said three eggs, sir,' replied the waiter.

'No, Ah didn't,' was the indignant retort. 'Ah said "three Aigs"—Ah's whisky, as plain as Ah could speak!'

From Norman Long.

A FORMER First Lord of the Admiralty was leaving the Admiralty building when he recollected a note he should have despatched. Turning back, he entered the first room from the hall.

'I want to write a note,' he said, abruptly. The only occupant of the room was leaning against the mantelpiece wearing overcoat and hat, smoking and reading an evening paper. He looked up, motioned to the writing table, and continued his reading.

The First Lord wrote his note, but with rising shder said, 'I suppose you are ready for closing time?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

Getting still more angry, the First Lord said: 'Do you know who I am?'

'I haven't the slightest,' was the unmoved reply.

'Well, I am the First Lord.'

'Indeed?' was the answer. 'Glad to have seen you. But you have not asked who I am.'

'Who are you?' inquired the First Lord.

'Oh, I represent Messrs. So-and-so, and I'm waiting till after closing time to wind the clocks.'

From Tommy Handley.

HAVE you heard the story of the Scotsman who went insane?'

'A Scotsman went insane? Why on earth—?'

'He'd been to a football match and bought a score-card—and neither team scored!'

TO HELP OUR READERS.

Every copy of 'The Radio Times' is subjected to hard wear. In many households our programme pages are being referred to through every hour of the day.

Before Saturday comes the current week's issue often, through much use, has become a dog-eared veteran.

Therefore to save your copies of 'The Radio Times' from damage, the publishers have prepared a reading case in red cloth with cord down the back to hold each week's number, and a pencil in a convenient slot at the side.

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THE NEW RADIO OPERA SEASON.

'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,' by Nicolai, the fourth in the series of this season's Operas, is being broadcast from 5CB on January 2, and from 2LO on January 4. Listeners who wish to obtain a copy of the book of words should use the form given below, which is arranged so that applicants may obtain either (1) single copies of the Libretto of 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,' at 2d. each, (2) the complete series of twelve for 2s. (including the back numbers which have already been broadcast but which will be of value in future broadcasts) or (3) the remaining nine of the series (this includes 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR') for 1s. 6d.

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Please send me _____ copy (copies) of the Libretto of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' I enclose penny stamps in payment at the rate of 2d. per copy, post free.

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Please send me _____ copy (copies) of each of the Opera Librettos as published. I enclose P.O. No. _____ or cheque, value _____ in payment at the rate of 2s. for the whole series, post free.

3. Application for the remaining nine of the Series (including 'The Merry Wives of Windsor').

Please send me _____ copy (copies) of each of the remaining nine Librettos. I enclose P.O. No. _____ or cheque value _____ in payment at the rate of 1s. 6d. each nine Librettos, post free.

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Applications must be marked 'Libretto' on the envelope and sent, together with the remittance, to Opera Libretto, B.B.C., Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

Additional names and addresses may be written on a separate sheet of paper, but payment for the additional subscriptions must be sent with the Order. The Libretto will be mailed singly as published to reach each subscriber a few days before each Opera is broadcast.