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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Southern Edition.

RADIO TIMES

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A Merry Christmas to you!

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

CHRISTMAS TREES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUMBERT WOLFE.

1928

'THE UNPLEASANT ROOM'

By HILAIRE BELLOC

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was the story:—

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

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

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

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

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

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now this sort of sullen taciturnity, though rare, is not unknown. I detest it and resent it, but I have come across it sufficiently in my many travels to accept it when I find it. For there is a kind of man, often soured with long living or by nature surly, who will receive one without speech, and these it is useless to press. So I followed him up the stairs to the room he evidently proposed to show me. As we went I noted the huge shadow, exaggerated, fantastic, which the candle-light threw of him upon the white-wash. From the landing at the head of the stairs was a corridor, also uncarpeted, along which he led until we came to a door on the side overlooking the high road. He opened it and pushed it back, and I went into the room. With that he turned and left me alone, leaving the door wide open.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued at foot of page 785.)

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

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

THE ALMANAC MAN.

By A. E. COPPARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'O no,' retorted Old Moore, cheerfully; 'O no, a mere fleabite.'

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

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

'Sick of life!' cried Dr. Sweetapple.

'Um,' said Old Moore.

'Sick of Christmas!'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'O,' groaned Dr. Sweetapple; 'have you no soul, no courage no patriotism? Suppose Adam, the first man of all, had given us up like this, where'd we all be now? Eh?'

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

'And who might that be?' queried Sweetapple.

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

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

'Midnight,' replied the villain.

'Tonight!' shrieked the poor doctor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'What do you want?' asked Old Moore.
'Sir,' said Dr. Sweetapple, 'is it true—about the world's end?'

'What do you say?' exclaimed the doctor.

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

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

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

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

'Where are you for?' the voices answered.

'World's end,' he replied.

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

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

'Holla, boys,' yelled the clown, 'here we are again,' and he drove the red-hot poker clean through Dr. Sweetapple. That did not harm him, not a bit, but he was alarmed when he smelt his own braces burning. Then Columbine linked her arm in his, drew him into the tap-room and asked for his business. And he told them that he was seeking Father Christmas, quick, for there'd be the devil and all to face in no time. Then Columbine kissed him sweetly, but at that the Harlequin drew his sword and with one swipe of it cut clean through Dr. Sweetapple's neck. That did not harm him, not a bit—but he thought the joke was going rather far, as it might have taken the head right off his shoulders, and he was about to say so, when the clown and his party vanished in the air and he was left alone in the tap-room with three old grizzled shepherds sitting in the ingle nook by a grand fire. On the wall above the fireplace was a painted board.

THE WORLD'S END
BY
TOBY TAPTREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'A Merry Christmas!' cried the three shepherds.

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

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

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

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

A Folk Carol for Christmas, 1928.

THE CUCKOO CAROL.

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

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

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

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

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

THE PANTOMIME TRADITION.

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

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

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

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

'Looking askance at a Manager.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Forty years ago the climax of the entertainment usually took the form of a Transformation Scene, laid in 'Acid Drop Land' or some equally fantastic realm. Miracles of scenic ingenuity were performed, culminating in a Grand Procession of Nations, which enabled the audience to express by the volume of its applause such international affections or prejudices as it chanced at the moment to be entertaining. And then, of course, came the inevitable anti-climax, the Harlequinade, when (as I said before) the older members of the audience reached for their hats, and only the protesting cries of youthful innocents prevented a general stampede.

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

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

(*Continued from page 784.*)

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

'Do you think it was real?'

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

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

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

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

He shook his head, this time quite decidedly.

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

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

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

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

'We know nothing of Time,' he answered, 'least of all those who pretend to define it as relative with the new mathematical formulæ.' Then he added:

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

'Places may have an influence,' I said.

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

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

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

'What was it called?'

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

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

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

'NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION.'

A Story of the Day after Tomorrow.

I.

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

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

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

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

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

The voices were unmistakable. One belonged to the President of the Central Radio Organization. The journalist had interviewed him too often not to know his faint lisp, and the peculiar click with which he ended his crisp sentences. The second voice only the previous night had broadcast a talk on the future of industry. It belonged to the Chairman of the Board of United Metallic Industries—an international organization of immense power and terrific wealth '—and that,' were the first words the journalist heard (it was the chairman speaking), 'makes war inevitable!'

'You think so?' answered the President.

'My dear fellow, 1914 proved it. You cannot mobilize and demobilize again without fighting. Once load the guns—they will go off almost of their own free will. The thing is quite ready. A Government agent is in my pay. His post is at X—I don't think I need specify more closely——'

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

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

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

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

There was a long pause.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

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

'Inform the Government,' murmured a voice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He walked to the door and turned.

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

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

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

'Well?'

'Yes.'

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

III

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Keep quite quiet!' said a calm voice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He glanced away for a moment at the coloured electric bulb under the silent clock. He looked back at the journalist, and his jaw dropped. He was looking into the barrel of a levelled pistol.

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

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

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

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

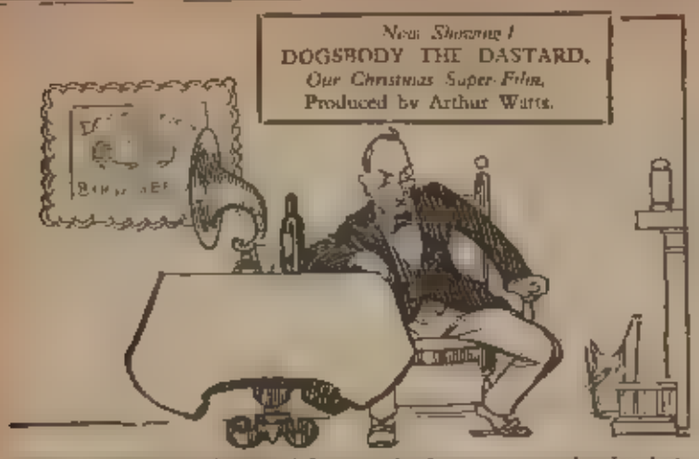
The young announcer hesitated and was lost. 'Oh, well—your funeral!' he gulped, and retired hurriedly into the passage. Behind him, he heard, 'In place of the usual second news bulletin this evening, a special announcement of national importance——'

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

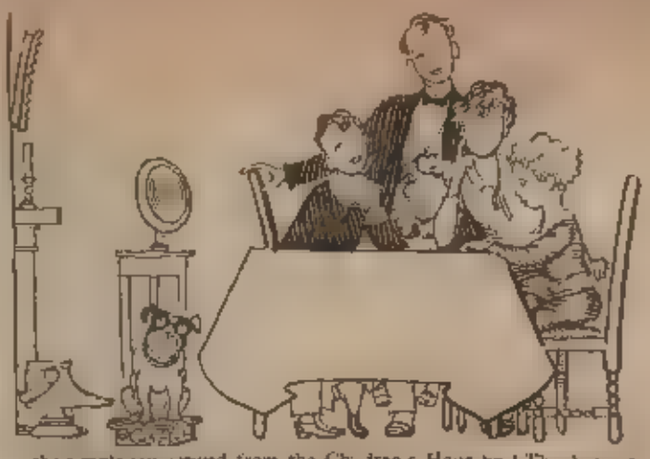
The central control room was the masterpiece of the Radio Building. It lay deep down in the bowels of the earth, padded and armoured like the conning-tower of a battleship (the armour had been an addition since the threats to the building during the famous industrial strike fiasco, three years before).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

(continued at foot of page 817)

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



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



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

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

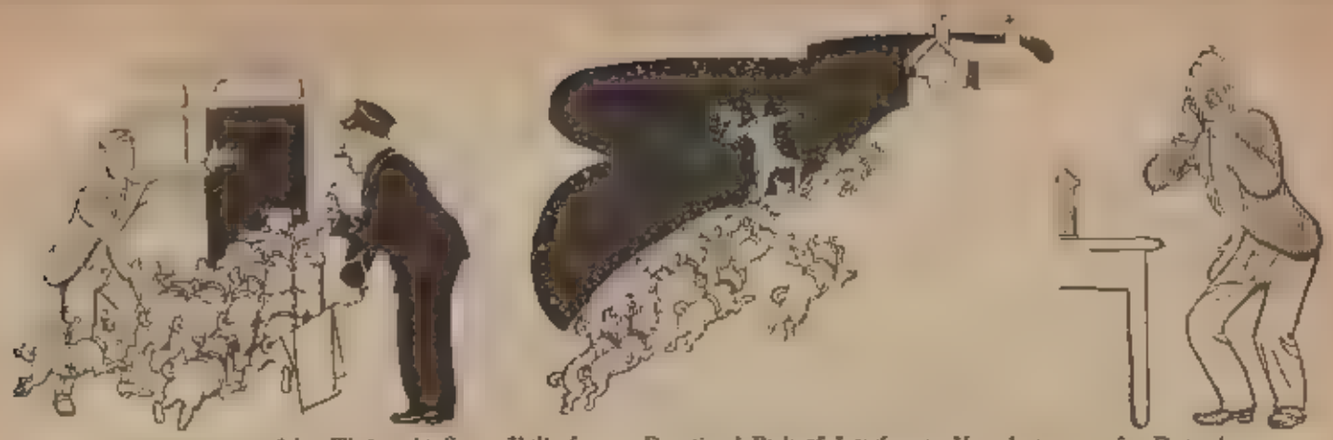
To Let ... in the heart of beautiful Dartmoor, a desirable old-world cottage. No bed. One room. Complete privacy.

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

On Christmas Eve a sinister figure, his wireless set concealed in a Gladstone bag, creeps [illegible] a lonely wayside railway station in Devonshire—

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

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



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

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

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

On! On! On! The unrelenting pursuit.

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

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

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

WHAT MESSAGE HAS CHRISTMAS?

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

to strident voices shouting

Christmas forbids me to reason with my fellow-men. It is part of my rest, and of theirs, to assume for a time that they all agree with me. Anyhow I want to forget my differences with some of them and start afresh.

If all the world could take a rest, and forget, not its

of which they have grown, what a new beginning would lie before us! Orange and Green in Ireland, rich and poor in Liverpool, Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical, Conservative and Socialist, Capital and Labour—what battles each pair is not spending energy about would we get to at once now, but for a vivid memory of what happened years and centuries since "of old when men fought for things and battles long ago." If people would forget the history they know, or think they know, would not the spirit of all the bitter and ugly marks on paper shrivel up in a flame and vanish with the writing of it?

O wonderful! Are then the great secret, as sudden as the angels' song that once broke on a startled world? Nineteen centuries ago we were told that a baby was born in Bethlehem. Happiness! How

the error and make the first perfect world, and fill the earth with beauty, with all the riches of all the ages. They had been waiting, some passively, just waiting, others eagerly expectant, wearying. Of these latter some had made for themselves a clear expectation how God would come, as a great King, conquering and to conquer. Surely they said He must come so. They could not imagine any great change in the world

Upon that all turned. A great surprise, surely. An revelation was that an event of surprise. How could it be otherwise? Can we ever expect to make sense of this world and our part in it, to say nothing of the next, by way of calculation and reasoning of our own? We cannot understand more than the finger of God's hand except when He takes us into His confidence and every time He wakes in us, as in those shepherds, a first surprise

the angel and the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is well pleased.

So the revelation grew, not by way of explanation but by way of picture. Ever since that day men have laboured, consciously to reveal it, to tell it, to

Him with, but in

not on terms of victory. Among men in whom He is well pleased: the word is the same as that which greeted Jesus Himself when just after His baptism, it was given Him to realize God as His Father with a new vividness and intensity. 'My Son in whom I am well pleased.' God is pledged

He loves Christ not as a kind of afterthought as if we were aliens in His nature. We are essentials. He must have us to love. So the Angels' hymn begins and ends with Peace, made but not all on God's part. First God great and generous because He loves. Last God resting among the men He has made because they were so dear to Him and in between the peace He offers them as they learn to regard each other more as He regards them.

Every year Christmas

men grow too weary

kinds of war. some

quietness and confidence

By Ralph de Rohan; 'The Wicked Uncle.'

THE DRAGON OF SPATCHCOCKING WEST.

A Very Nearly True Story.

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

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

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

'I have now received confirmation of the Parliamentary news item which I began to read in the course of the General News. This is the item: "In the House of Commons this afternoon, Colonel Sangmore Jassett, Member for the Spatchcocking Division of Early Rising, asked the Home Secretary what steps were being taken to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants of Spatchcocking West which were being seriously endangered by the presence of a purple dragon. Replying, the Home Secretary stated that the matter had been referred to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. Questioned, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries said that dragons did not appear to come within the province of Agriculture or Fisheries, and he therefore proposed referring the matter to the Minister of Health, who would, no doubt, consult with the local Inspector of Nuisances and, thereafter, take appropriate action. Mr [illegible] was understood to suggest that the matter ought to be dealt with by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, as it was a fact well known to every child—at least, in his constituency—that dragons were aquatic creatures—a statement which was received with loud cheers from the Labour benches. Sir Carr Bonnet, K.C., disputed the statement and asserted that recent research had definitely shown dragons to be—if he might use the phrase—racy of the soil and anti-aquatic. Amidst violent cries of assent and dissent, the Speaker called the House to order and endeavoured to pour oil on troubled waters by suggesting that honourable Members might come to a temporary agreement that dragons may possibly be amphibious or paludal . . . The debate continues. . . . That concludes the second General News Bulletin.'

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

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

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

'What am *I* going to do?' I replied. 'Why, nothing. The Government have—er—got the matter in hand.'

'Oh, what cowards you men are!' she exclaimed, indignantly. 'First, there's the Home Secretary, and then there's the Minister of Farms and Fishes, or whatever it is, and then the Minister of Health—all of them have shirked an obvious duty. And now you—*you!*'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'And, even if you are so unpatriotic as to stay-sat there in your comfortable arm-chair instead of answering the call to arms—your King and Country want you," as it were—if you are deaf to the cry of the children, the weeping and the wailing of the women in general, you might at least display bowels of compassion for your own flesh and blood, your own Aunt Euphemia.'

'Aunt Euphemia? What on earth——?'

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

'By a drag——?' I repeated, feebly.

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

or glory—an honoured name or a smirched escutcheon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'My own true knight!' said Philida as I knelt before her a few minutes later whilst she [illegible] straight and smoothed my hair.

'You must look your best,' she had said 'as [illegible] knights went forth to glorious adventure, their ladies aye took heed that their warrior-lords were apparelled—er—er—well, you know,' she ended rather [illegible]—er—*comme il faut*—I mean, *tout ce qu'il faut*.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Why do you halt?' asked Philida.

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

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

We had recently bought a second-hand [illegible]-seater

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

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

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

I TRIED to recall exactly what had happened when, towards the end of our drive, we had seen a party of extremely merry revellers in a [illegible] driving rapidly and unevenly out of the court-yard of the Purple Dragon which, as you know, is at the corner where Sangmore Lane and Cowcaddens Road meet, just opposite the petrol station. I could remember seeing old Colonel Jassett, who happened to be passing, pull up short and purple in the face with fury, shout some remark about danger to lives and property and threaten to report the occurrence to every member of the Government from the Prime Minister downwards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 853.)

A Story by LYNN BROCK, Creator of Colonel Gore.

SOME LITTLE THINGS

from the case-book of Colonel Gore

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

INSPECTOR CLUTSAM of the Yard [illegible] of the senior partner of Messrs. Gore and Jones on the morning of Thursday, June 21st, 1928. He came because Chief-Inspector Ruddell of the Yard had called to see Colonel Gore at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the preceding Monday and had not been heard of since.

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

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

'Yes.'

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

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

'What time did he leave you?'

'A little before four.'

'Say where he was going next?'

'I gathered somewhere where there was beer. Monday afternoon was also very hot, you remember, and unfortunately I could only offer him whisky. Which reminds me——'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'We didn't.'

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

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

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

'What things?' snarled Clutsam.

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

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

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

Lady Isaacson was the wife of a millionaire and a very showily-handsome young woman. But she had been comparatively unknown to fame until some six weeks previously, she had made a determined attempt to kill one of His Majesty's Ministers. Returning in the small hours of the morning from London to her Surrey [illegible] near Farnham, she had crashed into a car going Londonwards, near Guildford. The Important Personage had escaped without injury, though his car had been badly damaged. But the incident had been given elaborate publicity by a certain section of the Press, owing to the fact that the lady had been driving well over on the wrong side of the road at a furious pace, and, it was alleged, in a condition of intoxication. She had refused to disclose the name of a gentleman [illegible] her husband who had been her passenger at the time of the accident and on whose lap, according to the Important Person's chauffeur, she had been sitting—a detail which had added additional piquancy to the fact that she had been returning from a very notorious night-club. The loss, a few weeks later, of an immensely valuable diamond necklace, which had been stolen from her town residence in Grosvenor Square, had revived the interest of the British public in this sprightly young person. The necklace had been insured for £120,000, but Lady Isaacson had issued a manifesto to the Press disclaiming all intention to hold the insurance company concerned to its liability. She desired, she said, to discover if the police, who spent so much time in attending to other people's business, could attend to their own with any satisfaction to the public.

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

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

Clutsam made a noise of contempt as he spoke.

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

'We didn't.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Not on last Monday afternoon—about four?'

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

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

'I believe so, sir.'

'On Tuesday?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Sure? Of course I'm sure.'

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

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

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

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

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

Clutsam had the boot off and examined it with bristling ruff. Then he fell upon the luckless Blandy with a ferocity which suddenly sobered that unlucky finder of windfalls. He admitted that he had found the boot, close to where he had found the [illegible] a hundred yards away. He had also found the nine pounds odd and the fountain-pen in a pocket wallet. He had thrown away the wallet and his old right boot. He was placed forthwith in Gore's car, which, followed by another containing a posse of uniformed searchers and two plain-clothes men on motor-cycles, made a bee-line for the high escarpments which rise against the sky to south of Westbury, climbed them by a vile cart-track, which ended at the top, and came to a pause with the vast flatly-heaving expanse of Salisbury Plain stretching away miles and miles to blue, daunting horizons.

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

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

'That left boot of yours has been in wet chalk,' he said. 'There's been no rain for a fortnight. How did you manage it?'

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

Gore stopped his engine.

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

They placed Blandy upon the track—little more than a sheep-track—and urged him forward. For nearly two miles he drifted slowly southwards, followed by his escort. But track crossed track; he went down into long, twisting valleys, and toiled up over long, baffling slopes, and became visibly more and more doubtful. At length he halted, completely lost. They left him at that point in charge of a man, and spread out to look for dew-ponds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Hell!' he murmured.

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

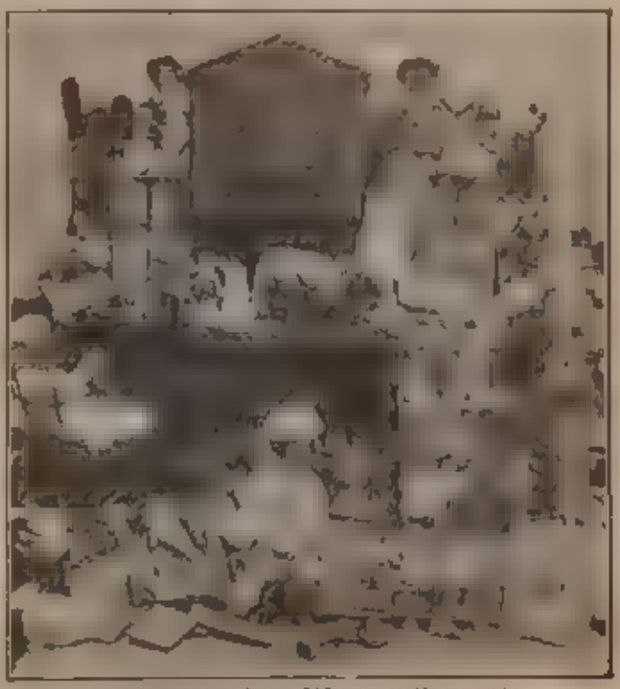
'Well, we'll go on—for a bit,' agreed Clutsam at last.

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

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

'Well, we shan't find Mr. Thornton,'

(Continued on page 817.)



REMEMBER THE OTHER CHILDREN!

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

Sixteen Broadcast Humorists Contribute

THE BEST STORIES OF THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

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

From Sir Harry Lauder.

A LECTURER in Aberdeen told a reporter [illegible] a few more engagements in the city, and did not wish him to publish anything of the lecture, as it might spoil the attendance at the others.

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

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

By Mabel Constanduros.

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

'Grandpa's left his engine running!'

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

By Morris Harvey.

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Sandy Rowan.

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

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

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

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

By Tommy Handley.

During the [illegible] of one of the recent wars in China one side had a general captured.

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

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

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

By Willie Rouse ("*Wireless Willie*").

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

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

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

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

'Hoops, my dear,' responded the husband.

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

By Arthur Prince.

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

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

By Julian Rose.

A COUPLE were married on the day following the [illegible] of the year.

The [illegible] serenaded the pair. The tumult was at its height when the bride appeared at the window.

'Can you make me [illegible]' she cried, 'to come here again as a [illegible] we had a funeral only yesterday?'

The neighbours serenaded the pair.

By Arthur Clifford ("*Stainless Stephen*").

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

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

Wilkie Bard

writes: '*This should cause a ripple*'—

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

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

A fellow dressed as a lion came along.

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

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

By Rex Evans.

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

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

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

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

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

By Horace Percival.

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

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

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

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

(continued on page 802)

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

A Christmas Story by Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bert glanced hastily at his watch. If she had done somethink right down-redickulous there was time to repair the damage. The shops wouldn't shut for an hour or two anythink, we could—er—change it, while the shops are open, couldn't we?'

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

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

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

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

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

'Well, it's—it's a smoker's companion,' said Ag, her eyes shining with excitement. 'There's a ash tray, and a dror for cigars, and a dror for cigarettes, an' a cigar-cutter, and a patent lighter, and a jar for terbacker, and a pipe rack—and it swivels round with a touch of the 'and,' she finished triumphantly.

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

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

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

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

Ag looked at him piteously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'But, Bert—I can't go!'

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

'I—I mean I—can't do it, Bert.'

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

(Continued on page 839.)

THE BEST STORIES OF THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

(Continued from page 800)

By Charles Chapman

of Chapman and Dyer.

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

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

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

By Billie Dwyer.

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

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

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

By Leonard Henry.

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

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

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

By Gracie Fields.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHEN THE BROADCASTER LISTENED.

A Story thrilling with Genuine Human Interest.

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

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

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

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

The Orchestra gathered round politely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROGRAMMES OF CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Sunday.—Broadcasts from York Minster and Liverpool Cathedral.

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

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

Wednesday.—'Dick Whittington.' A Pantomime.

Thursday.—'Going over to Keston Grange.'

Friday.—'Montezuma.' A History Play.

Saturday.—Vaudeville and 'Virginia.'

'"Good afternoon," he remarked in an original manner, quickly adding a brief summary of the [illegible] and the usual inquiry that the [illegible].

'[illegible] remaining seated, but darting a glance of unfathomable meaning from her auburn eyes. A brief silence ensued, during which Bawler furtively completed his examination of the tea-table without detecting the presence of seed-cake, in anticipation of which he had declined a second apple dumpling at lunch. Perhaps Auntie had run out to buy one perhaps—"Auntie is from home," said the girl, abruptly, as though she could read his innermost hopes and fears. "Our meeting at Savoy Hill was not accidental. I waited for you there in order to lure you here in her absence. You are trapped!"

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

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

'Bawler's ears almost started from his head.

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

'Bawler could not credit his senses and, as the [illegible] burnt like flames to his ears, he [illegible] still the force of the biting vibrations. Flight only was possible, so, forgetting gloves and stick, he spun rapidly on his heel in order to find the exit, leaving Fanny a scornful mistress of the situation.

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

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

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

BY SIR WALFORD DAVIES

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

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

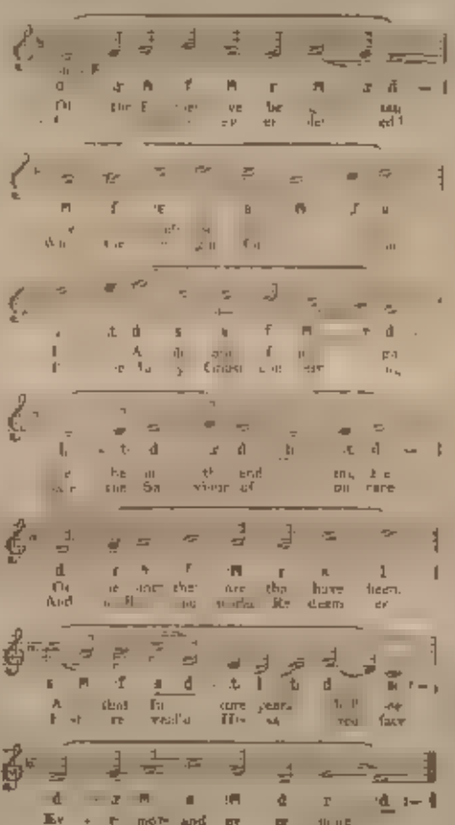
No scholarly musician can fittingly be what is called scholarly in his Christmas music; and no healthily-strung emotional musician can fittingly [illegible] ordinary, and have just that strikingly ordinary touch of heavenly-mindedness which enfranchisingly lights up the common man and boy at important [illegible] And Christmas, an admitted moment of [illegible] throughout Christendom brings [illegible] for a season, as the [illegible] in the street, and also round the fireplace at home.

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

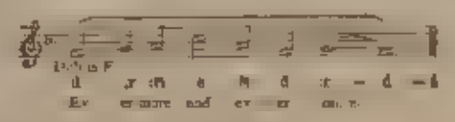
It is to be hoped, too, that all listeners will find, and seize for themselves, an opportunity to hear, every year, at least Parts I and II of the *Christmas Oratorio* of Bach. In this, too, there is a Pastoral Symphony, with an even more rustic suggestion of shepherds (represented by four oboes) [illegible]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

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

Why not? It is rather to be feared that the pressure of Christmas occupations, and a certain culpable inertia present in many of us, combine to crowd out much loveliness and to keep our repertoires severely down. There is a further really dangerous factor in the confirmed choral and keyboard habit of singing and playing hymn-melodies always and only in four-parts. This present-day [illegible] has tended to hamper pure melody, and to bring about the deterioration of harmony itself. Harmony is lovely and lasting, and never to be lightly esteemed. A mere chord of C Major, if well and truly [illegible] seems in itself a small miracle of loveliness, an 'Act of God,' as the insurance companies say. But Christmas music is pre-[illegible] melodious. As birds carol [illegible] very [illegible] And the chords that accompany a light-hearted melody should surely resemble in sparseness the supports that carry a light foot-bridge across a river. Sit at the piano for a moment or two, or in an arm-chair (if you can find a suitable note to start with) and run through the following exquisite hymn-melody very quietly at a good speed without any conscious harmonic thought:—

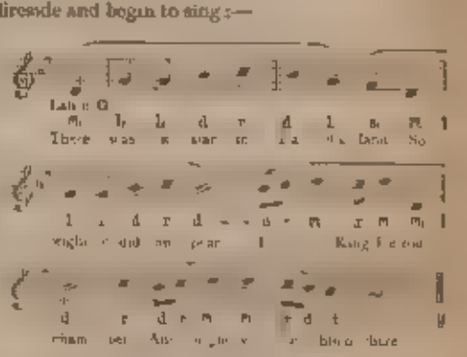


You are likely to find in it a Christmas strain that will tumble back into your mind at quiet moments, to your surprise and delight—especially the final bar:



which seems unforgettably gracious.

To find carolling in its finest and most care-free form, it seems desirable to hark back to old ways and forget for a moment to 'form fours.' If the reader chances, for example, to possess the Oxford Carol Book recently issued, which contains about two hundred delightful carols of many nations (some of them very old and a few which may be called new-old), let him turn to the one called *King Herod and the Cock*, a traditional Worcestershire version of a very old 'crowing cock' legend: let him sit with a friend or two round the Christmas fireside and begin to sing:—



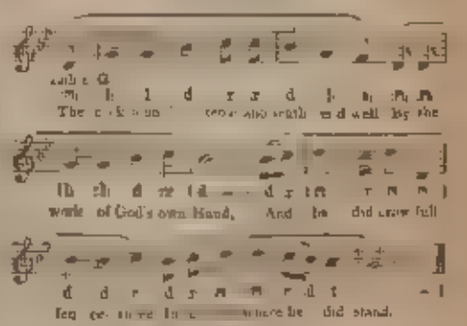
Now let him hand the book to his neighbour, who may sing to the same jolly little tune:—

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

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

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

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



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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)

8.0
Service from Liverpool Cathedral

9.5
Emilio Colombo and his Orchestra

10.30 [illegible] TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEA[illegible]

2.15 **'Messiah'**

Relayed from York Minster
S.B. from Leeds

THE LEEDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Dr. E. C. BAIRSTOW
Chorus consisting of
THE MINSTER CHOIR, THE YORK MADRIGAL [illegible]
and
LEEDS PHILHARMONIC CHOIR
ELSIE SUDDABY (Soprano)
MURIEL BRUNSKILL (Contralto)
WALTER HYDE (Tenor)
ARTHUR CRANMER (Baritone)

As [illegible] to the terms 'High brow' and 'Low-brow,' one critic has sug[illegible] 'Sacred Music' and 'Music of Entertainment' [illegible] would have [illegible] Messiah should be placed.' Just over one hundred years ago, however, it was denounced, as were its creator and the performers of it, by one worthy divine the more that it 'made an entertainment of the sufferings of Our Lord.' There were even sober-minded citizens who regarded the performance of the *Messiah* as the direct cause of the great Fire of Edinburgh—a judgment like that which fell upon Gomorra.

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

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

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

5.15 **A Recital**
by
WILFRED SMALL (Violin)

The Dove (Welsh Air)
arr. Arthur Somervell
By the Fountain [illegible]
Chanson Meditation [illegible]
[illegible]
Maurice de Pauli, arr. Kreisler

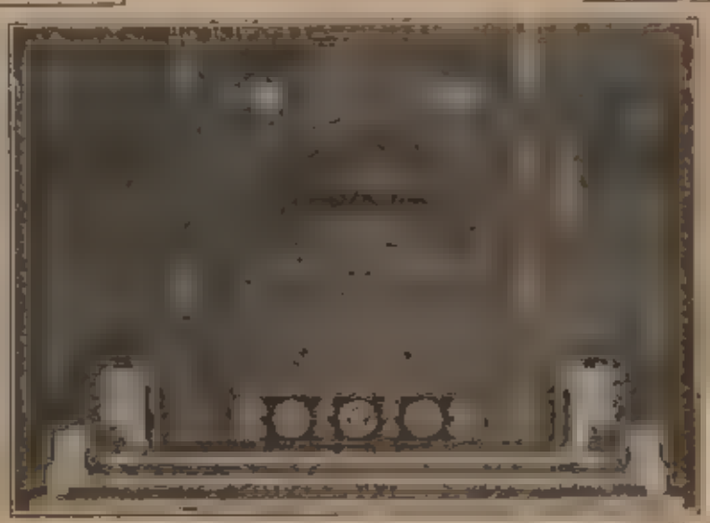
5.30 READING FROM
'The Pilgrim's Progress'
(John Bunyan)
The End of the Journey

(Continued on column 3).

YORK MINSTER—THE CHOIR.

2.15
'MESSIAH'
Conducted by Dr. E. C. BAIRSTOW
Relayed from York Minster
S.B. from Leeds
(For Details see column 1).

8.0
LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL
A Religious Service
With an address by the
Reverend CHARLES E. RAVEN, D.D.,
Canon of Liverpool Cathedral
and Chaplain to the King
S.B. from Liverpool
For Details see column 3.)



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL—THE SANCTUARY.

5.45-6.15 a.m. Church Cantata [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
GERTRUDE FELTON (Contralto)
ARTHUR WILKINS (Tenor)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Conducted by T. H. [illegible]
At the Organ, GEORGE [illegible]
(For the words of the Cantata see page 818)

8.0 **A Religious Service**
from
LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL
S.B. from Liverpool

Hymn, 'While Shepherds Watched' ((Songs of Praise No. 56)
Act of Recollection
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Prayer
Hymn, 'Hark, hear your Little Drum' (Old Burgundian) *Trad.*
Sweet Sleep, do not stir
We will lend a coat of fur (Old Czecho-Slovakian)
Take heart (Old Provençal)
Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head .. *Vaughan Williams*
Address: 'The Message of Peace,' by The Rev. CHARLES E. RAVEN, D.D., Canon of Liverpool Cathedral and Chaplain to the King
The Blessing
Music by the CATHEDRAL CHOIR
directed by H. GOSS-CUSTARD

9.45 THIS WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE:
Appeal on behalf of the Friends of the Poor, by the Hon. Mrs. SYDNEY MARSHAM.
Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

9.50 WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*)
Shipping Forecast

9.5 **Emilio Colombo and his Orchestra**
Relayed from the Hotel Victoria, London

Moment Musical ..... *Schubert*
E. PEREA (Tenor)
Dream from 'Mignon' .. *Massenet*
PERRINA ROSSELLI (Soprano)
Berceuse Tendre ..... *Denderff*
EMILIO COLOMBO (Violin)
Traumerei (Dreaming) (with Accomp. of Strings) .. *Schumann*
[illegible]
E. LACEY (Pianoforte)
Autumn (with Orchestra)
Chaminade, arr. Colombo
[illegible]
1st part of Violin Concerto
[illegible]
Orchestra
[illegible] Fantasy [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Cavalleria Rusticana
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Brüx*
Orchestra
2nd Hungarian Rhapsody (By request) [illegible]

[illegible] Epilogue
THE LOST SHEEP

2.15

HANDEL'S 'MESSIAH'

2.15

YORK MINSTER

WHEN Handel set himself in the autumn of 1741, at the age of fifty-six, to compose *Messiah*, he was under a cloud of misfortune and bitter disappointment which must have overwhelmed any but the stoutest spirit. His last two operas had failed, largely, so we are told, through the plots of his opponents. In these days music was taken seriously, almost as seriously as League football is now, and feeling between rival factions ran high. It is believed that Handel's opponents even engaged hired ruffians to prevent people reaching the theatre where his operas were being given. He was in anything but good health, his eyesight was beginning to fail him and he was almost penniless. He shut himself in his house (he was living at Brook Street), and, seeing no one, hardly stopping even to touch the food which his faithful man brought to his room, he set himself to the composition of *Messiah* with such whole-hearted zeal that the work was completed in little more than three weeks. But he had no prospect of an immediate performance of it and it was simply laid aside for the time being. In November of the same year, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Presidents of three big charitable societies, invited him to Dublin to organize concerts of his own music on behalf of the charities they had at heart. One was the provision of food for prisoners. It was at one of these concerts that *Messiah* had its first performance in April, 1742. The singers also went over from this country, Mrs. Cibber, the actress, being the contralto. The oratorio had a magnificent success, and it was repeated in the following June.

Sunday, December 23

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

5.45 6.45
CHURCH CANTATA (No. 132) BACH
Bereitet die Wege'
'Prepare ye the ways'
From St. Ann's Church, Manchester
S.B. from Manchester
Gwdys Sweeney (Soprano)
Constance Hellyar (Contralto)
Arthur Wilkes (Tenor)
Reginald Whitehead (Bass)
The St. Ann's Church Choir
The Augmented Northern Wireless Orchestra,
Conducted by T. H. Morrison
At the Organ—George Pritchard

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

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

TODAY'S BACH CHURCH CANTATA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I.—*Aria (Soprano).*

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

II.—*Recitative (Tenor).*

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

III.—*Aria (Bass).*

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

IV.—*Recitative (Alto).*

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

V.—*Aria (Alto).*

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

VI.—*Chorale.*

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

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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

... TRANSMISSIONS FROM ... STUDIO ... THE MIDLAND STATION

'Christmas Oratorio'

3.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

... BAND ...

ARNOLD TROWELL (Violoncello)

THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

Overture, 'The Naiads' ..... *Sterndale Bennett*

3.45 ASHMOOR BRASS

The Wanderer ..... *H. H. Nelson*
To Arches ..... *J. L. Hatton*
Hinton and Linton and More ..... *J. C. Holladay*

3.52 BAND

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

4.12 ARNOLD TROWELL

Wayfarer's Song ..... *Trowell*
Mazurka ..... *Paderewski*
Chant sans Paroles (Song without words) ..... *Tschaikowsky*
Hungarian Rhapsody ..... *Popper*

4.28 BAND

Fantasia, La Boutique ... *Arr. Bucalossi*
... *Arr. Bach*
Spanish Cavalier ... *Ketelbey*
The Gipsy Princess ... *Fraser-Simson*
Sea Wave ... *Arr. Rimmer*

4.50 THE ...

... Talk ...

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

5.0-5.30 **A Song Recital**

By MIRIAM LICETTE (Soprano)

Zum ... Im ... } *Mozart*
I am Dreaming ('Il Seraglio'—'The Harem') ...
... ('Songs of the Hebrides')
Land of Heart's Desire ... *Kennedy Fraser*
A Fairy's Love Song ... *Harriet ...*
Dance to your Shadow ... *Cyril Scott*
Boat Song ... *Scho...fer*
Three o' Day ... *...*
The Cuckoo ... *...*
Will o' the Wisp ... *...*

8.0 A Religious Service

From the Birmingham Studio

Order of Service

Hymn, 'In the bleak mid winter' (English Hymnal, No. 25)
Prayer
Hymn, 'It came upon the midnight clear' (English Hymnal, No. 26)
Reading, Luke ii, Verses 1-20
Magnificat
Address by H. ... Ward M.A. ... Birmingham
Hymn, 'Let earth and ... and woo' (English Hymnal, No. 27)
Benediction

8.45 THE WEEK'S ... (From Birmingham)

Appeal on behalf of the *Daily ...* Christmas Tree Fund, by Mr. H. F. HARVEY

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 Excerpts from Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio'

(From Birmingham)

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

BACH'S Christmas Oratorio is the largest of his three works ... performed all at different ... beginning at Christmas Day and ... plete ... of the ... part ... is ... note, it is the music which gives ... impression of unity. As in the 'Passion' ... Tenor soloist relates the incidents ... and the reflections and thoughts which ... Alto ... passages of Chorus. The first portion ... of the coming of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem, the second turns on the announcement of the Birth to the shepherds, and the praises of the Heavenly Hosts. In the third, shepherds find Mary and Joseph and the Babe in the manger, and the fourth part tells of the naming of the Child as the Angel had foretold. The fifth is the Wise Men of the East coming to Jerusalem, and the alarm of King Herod and the High Priests. The sixth and last part tells of the Wise Men being guided by the star and bringing their offerings to the side of the manger.

The great Bach, to whom the deeply sacred nature of these incidents was very real, and very keenly felt, has invested the situations with a wealth of musical interest such as no other of the great personalities of art could have achieved. Although, in a sense, typical of the Teutonic religious sentiment of his ... on all that was best ... that phase, that ... may well stand ... one of the ... and tu...

Listen at 7.25 for five minutes on Christmas Day

10.30 Epilogue

Sunday's Programmes continued (December 23)

5WA CARDIFF 353 M. 850 kc.

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

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

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

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 385.8 M. 777 kc.

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

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kc.

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

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kc.

2.15 *S.B. from Leeds* (*See London*)
5.15 *S.B. from London*
5.45-6.15 app. Church Cantata (No. 132) Bach
'BEREITET DIE WEGE'
('Prepare ye the Ways')
Relayed from St. Ann's Church
GLADYS SWEENEY (Soprano)
CONSTANCE FELPUS (Contralto)
ARTHUR WILKES (Tenor)
REGINALD WHITEHEAD (Bass)
THE ST. ANN'S CHURCH CHOIR
THE AUGMENTED NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON
At the Organ, GEORGE PRITCHARD
8.0 A Religious Service
From Liverpool Cathedral
S.B. from Liverpool
(*For details see London*)
8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
Appeal on behalf of the King's Roll Clerks' Association by Mr. E. W. Tennyson, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.
Donations should be sent to the Manchester Branch of the King's Roll Clerks' Association, Regent House, Cannon Street, Manchester, or to The King's Roll Clerks' Association, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
8.50 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)
10.30 Epilogue

Photopress.

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

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kc.

2.15 —S.B. from Leeds (see London). 5.15 —S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app. —S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0 —S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45 —The Week's Good Cause. Appeal on behalf of The Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. 8.50 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kc.

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

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 kc.

2.15 —S.B. from Leeds (see London). 5.15 —S.B. from London. 5.45-6.15 app. —S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0 —S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45 —S.B. from London. 9.0 —S.B. from Glasgow. 9.5 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

2BE BELFAST. 516 M. 580 kc.

2.30 —Classical and Orchestral Concert. Eleanor Tate (Violoncello). Pianist: A. A. Strode (Violin). The Station Orchestra. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by E. Godfrey Brown. Overture, Prelude and Wedding Music, Coronation Ode (Walford Davies). Pianoforte Prelude in F Minor, Two Old-time Dances and Sarabande (Bernard Johnson). 5.30 —The Shepherds of the Hebrides. Biographies. A Lecture (with Illustrations) by Ian Colvin. Dinner Music. 6.45-7.15 app. —S.B. from London. 8.0 —S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45 —The Week's Good Cause. Appeal on behalf of the Belfast Hospitals by Ernest A. A. Stanley, Esq. 8.50 —S.B. from London. 9.0 —Symphony Orchestra (Mozart). 9.40 —Shadow Tag. Lord Ronald (arr. Coward). Rondo (Haydn). Three Christmas Songs. Come sing the Christmas carols (Lovelle). In day [illegible] Yule. Sing we merrily. 9.52 —Coronation Pastoral from the Shepherds' Book (Scarlatti). Organ Concerto No. 1 in F (Handel). Symphony in E Flat, No. 10 (Haydn). 10.30 —S.B. from London.

3.45-6.15 app. —S.B. from Manchester (see London). 8.0 —S.B. from Liverpool (see London). 8.45 —The Week's Good Cause. A Christmas Appeal on behalf of the Free Church of Scotland. 8.50 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

5GB Calling!

'Mercian's' Notes on Forthcoming Programmes

An Orchestral Concert.

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

A Ballad Concert.

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

A Plantation Sing-Song.

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

The Lifeboats.

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

(Continued on page 811.)

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

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 m. 830 kc.) (1,562.5 m. 192 kc.)

8.15 E. F. Benson reading a Ghost Story

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 *(2LO only)* Time Signal, Greenwich Mean Time, and Weather Report

11.0 *(2LO only)* Gramophone Records

12.0 A Ballad Concert

Miss [illegible] Contralto

Victor B. Cox, Tenor

12.30 Jack Payne and The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

1.0 2.0 The Piccadilly Hotel Orchestra

Directed by Leonardo Keate

From the Piccadilly Hotel

3.0 Instrumental Ballad Concert

Harold Fairhurst (Violin)

Phillips Sake Wyndham (Pianoforte)

3.50 Carol Service

Relayed from King's College Chapel, Cambridge

(See centre of page)

4.45 Alfredo de Costa and his Orchestra

From the Hotel Ceci

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Our Programme, by Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

6.0 Mr. W. Brasen Johnson: 'Santa Claus Day'

STRICTLY speaking, St. Nicholas has no connection with Christmas time. His own feast, which rivalled Christmas in the revelry with which it was celebrated, and is still, in some countries, one of the most important festivals of the year, is much earlier in the month, and it is only recently that Saint Nicholas has become the Santa Claus of English children, and the whole ceremony of giving presents been moved to Christmas itself. How this came about Mr. Brasen Johnson, an author well versed in folk-lore and popular mythology, will explain in this evening's talk.

6.15 Time Signal, Greenwich Mean Time, and First Edition of Weather and General News Bulletin

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC'

[illegible]

Played by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson

F Major Overture

March in D, Op. 40, No. 1

7.0 Mr. James Agate: Dramatic Criticism

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 Mrs. Fourness: 'Christmas Poetry'

7.45 Wassail à la Carte

A Franco-British Overture

Rex Palmer

[illegible]

The Gershom Parrington Quartet

and

[illegible]

King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

3.30 Christmas Eve Carol Service

From KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Processional Hymn, 'Once in Royal David's City'
Bidding Prayer and Lord's Prayer
Invitatory Carol—'O Little Town of Bethlehem' ..... *Wexford Davies*
First Lesson—Gen. iii, 8-15. Reader—A Chorister
Carol—'In the Bleak Mid-winter' ..... *The Bishop of Oxford*
Second Lesson—Gen. xxii, 15-18. Reader—An Undergraduate
Carol—'I saw Three Ships'
Third Lesson—Isaiah ix. 2, 6, 7. Reader—A Choral Scholar
Carol—[illegible] Merry, Gentlemen'
Fourth Lesson—Micah v. 2, 4. Reader—A Fellow
Carols—'Lullay my Liking' 'The Holly and the Ivy'. *Holst, arr. W. Davies*
Fifth Lesson—St. Luke ii. 26-33 and 38. Reader—The Tutor
Carol—Shepherds in the Fields Arise'
Sixth Lesson—St. Matthew i. 18-21. Reader—A Free Church Minister
Carol—'While Shepherds watched'
Seventh Lesson—St. Luke ii. 1-8. Reader—The Mayor's Chaplain
Carols—'O Night, [illegible] and Bless—' I heard an Infant Weeping'
Eighth Lesson—St. Matthew xi. 2-10. Reader—The Representative of the Sister College at Eton. Carol—'[illegible]'
Ninth Lesson—St. John i. 1-14. Reader—The Provost
Carol—'O come all ye Faithful.' Collect for Christmas Day
The Blessing, Recessional Hymn—'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing'

8.30 Carol Service

By the Wireless Choir

Conducted by Stanford Robinson

FROM ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WHITECHAPEL

Whitechapel Church.

8.30 Carols

From What [illegible]

VERY [illegible] of John Mayo [illegible] the Studio [illegible] the B.B.C. [illegible] to hear them [illegible]

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 'The Confessions of Charles Linkwater': a Ghost Story by E. F. Benson, specially [illegible] for broadcasting, and read by [illegible] Arthur

CONNOISSEURS [illegible] are a fastidious [illegible] only the subtlest [illegible] pass their tests. Mr. E. F. Benson's book, 'The Room in the Tower,' is in all these collections, and one of the most highly prized volumes there. It is now, unhappily, out of print, and there is all the more reason to welcome the author's reading of one of the stories from it, in a special adaptation that he has made for broadcasting, tonight. Those who are not connoisseurs of ghost stories, and who are not too sure of their nerves, had better not listen tonight.

9.30 Local Announcements *(Daventry only)* Shipping Forecast.

9.35 Old Folks Programme

Gladys Palmer [illegible]

Alfredo [illegible] and Bert Streaby (Vibrante Banjo Duets)

The Wireless Military Band

Conducted by B. Walton

[illegible]

Overture, 'Marita' ..... *Gounod*

9.42 Gladys Palmer

An Old Garden ..... *Hope Temple*

Down the Vale ..... *F. L. Moir*

9.50 Band

Selection, 'Lucrezia Borgia' *Donizetti*

10.0 Alfredo Campoli and his Salon Strings

[illegible]

10.20 Band

[illegible]

The Gipsy Rondo ..... *Haydn Wood*

10.35 Gladys Palmer

[illegible]

10.42 Band

Selection, 'Il Trovatore' ..... *Verdi*

11.0-12.0 *(Daventry only)* Dance Music: The Café de Paris Band.

MONDAY, DEC. 24

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

2.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA
(From Birmingham)
Conducted by E. A. Parsons

A Christmas Medley ..... *Katelbey*
BERT ARMORE (Tenor)
I know of two bright eyes..... *Clutsam*
Mairi, my girl ..... *Aitken*
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'H.M.S. Pinafore' ..... *Sullivan*
Intermezzo, 'By the Blue Hawaiian Waters' ..... } *Katelbey*
Descriptive Piece 'Old Folks at Home in Foreign Lands' ..... }
Selection, 'A Dream of Christmas' ..

4.0 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C DANCE ORCHESTRA

5.0 A Ballad Concert

HILDA BRYANT (Soprano)
Fiddler of June ..... *Leslie Elliott*
Cupid ..... *Sanderson*

5.8 NORMAN VENNER (Baritone)
The Monkey's Carol .. .. } *Stanford*
A Broken Song .. .. }
Trottin' to the Fair ..... }

5.15 HILDA BRYANT
Love, the Jester *Phillips*
Columbine's Garden *Beaty*

5.22 NORMAN VENNER
The Harvest of the Night Sea *Boynton-Power*
The Knight of Bethlehem *D. C. Thomson*
A Dorset Carol *Coates*

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
(From Birmingham)
'The Land of Christmas Trees,' by E. B. Healy
Songs by PHYLLIS LOWRY (Mezzo-Soprano) and HAROLD CASEY (Baritone)

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH: WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music
(From Birmingham)
THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

Medley Overture, 'The Lamb's Gambol'..*Sousa*
EVELYN STANLEY (Soprano)
The Shafts of Cupid ..... *Fletcher*
Sing, Joyous Bird ..... *Phillips*

6.45 ORCHESTRA
First Selection of Sullivan's Works arr. *Godfrey*
CORA ASTLE (Pianoforte)
Idyl ..... *Sibelius*
Rhapsody in B Minor, Op. 79..... *Brahms*
ORCHESTRA
Valse, 'The Grenadiers'..... *Waldteufel*

7.15 EVELYN STANLEY
Don't Hurry *Sanderson*
A Birthday .. *Cowan*
The Lazy Question *Erik Meyer*
ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'Sunny' *Kern*

7.40 CORA ASTLE
Impromptu, Op. 90 ..... *Schubert*
Tarantelle, Op. 43..... *Chopin*
ORCHESTRA
Scena, 'The Christmas Tree'.....*Rebikov*

THIS has always been popular: it has a story running through the music somewhat as follows:—

A little girl who is too poor to have any of the good things of Christmas, watches other more fortunate children enjoying their feast. In a dream her dead mother comes to her and shows her a Christmas tree. With a fairy prince in the dream with her she sees the toys come from the tree, dance, and give her presents. At the end angels appear from Heaven, and take her to join her mother there.

The Suite is in six movements, (1) Valse, (2) Procession of Gnomes, (3) Dance of the Mummers; (4) Dance of Chinese Dolls, (5) The Heavenly Ladder, (6) Dark Night.

8.0 THE MIDLAND PIANOFORTE SEXTET
(From Birmingham)

Fantasy Overture, 'Three Days' ..... *Lotter*
Air de Ballet ..... *Ludlie*
Contra Bass Solo, 'The Old Singer' .. ...*Snook*
(Soloist, ARTHUR COCKERILL)

Wortley Allen (left) and Howell Davies play in *The Do-Drop Inn* when it is broadcast from 5GB tonight.

8.15 'The Do-Drop Inn'
A Comedy by GLADYS JOKER

Sponge Bottle, Proprietor of the Do-Drop Inn ..... GEORGE WORSALL
Mrs. Bottle, his Wife ..... MABEL FRANCE
Granfer Cornfield, the Village Ancient ..... HOWELL DAVIES
Elisha Carpenter the Second ..... WORTLEY ALLEN
Alfred Bolton ..... EDWART HAYWARD
Charlie Cornfield, Granfer's Son ..... DAVID HAMILTON
Harriet Cornfield, Charlie's Wife GLADYS JOKER
The Parlour of the 'Do-Drop Inn'

8.45 SEXTET
Pastoral Suite ..... *Ansell*

9.0 Vaudeville
(From Birmingham)
DENIS O'NEIL (The Irish Entertainer)
HARLEY and BARKER (Light Duets)
ALBERT DANIELS presents a Conjuring Entertainment
FRANK O'NEIL and his Xylophone
PHILIP BROWN'S 'ASTORIANS' DANCE BAND

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, directed by AL STARITA, and the PICCADILLY HOTEL DANCE BAND, directed by MAURICE HARFORD, from the Piccadilly Hotel

11.0-11.15 ARTHUR ROSEBERY and his Band, from the Café de Paris

(Monday's Programmes continued on Page 810.)

Listen at 7.25 for five minutes on Christmas Day

Monday's Programmes continued (December 24)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 kC.

1.0-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.45 Major C. J. Evans, T.D., 'Guising,' a Pembrokeshire Christmas Custom.

5.0 John Strain's Carlton Celebrity Orchestra
Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

9.35-11.0 Christmas Crackers
by Pickford Girardot
Let off by Santa Claus

I. The Waits
The tune is hinted

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

III. The Christmas Box

IV. Christmas Past
Colonel Bogey
Jackson, his man
Jester

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

VI. Potted Pantomime
The [illegible] of Puss in Boots'

VII. Surprise Item

VIII. That Christmas Feeling
I'm Most
I'm Worried
The Other Fellow

IX. Hark-a-minute

5SX SWANSEA. 394.1 M. 1,020 kC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

9.35-11.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 kC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
Waiting for Santa Claus: Surprises for Everyone

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kC.

12.0 A Variety Programme of Gramophone Records

1.15-2.0 The Tuesday Midday Society's Concert
Relayed from the Houldsworth Hall
A Special Christmas Carol Concert
by
The Manchester [illegible] Choir
Conducted by Dr. A. W. Wilson

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
March, 'Joyous' ... 4
Selection, 'Christmas Dreams' ... With
J. J. Shepherd, Violin
Christopher Cotterill, A.V., Original Sketch by
T. J. Shepherd
Little Novels ... Dan Hardy
Orchestra
Ballet Music ... Lo
Jessie Morrison, Mezzo-Soprano
Elegy ... Massa
Gentle Shepherd ... Pur
To a Wild Rose ... MacDowe

(Manchester Programme continued on page 511)

Monday's Programmes continued (December 24)

ORCHESTRA

Entr'acte, 'Dream of the Little Feet' .... [illegible]
Waltz, 'Tonight's the Night' .... Rubens

J. J. SHEPHERD

Our School (A Ventriloquial Sketch) .... *J. J. Shepherd*
Nobody Knows what I Know .... *Burchill*

JESSIE M[illegible]

Robin Adair .... *Traditional*
[illegible] .... [illegible]
What Child is This? .... *Traditional*

ORCHESTRA

Suite, 'The Three Bears' .... *Coates*

[illegible] THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

S.B. from Leeds

Christmas Eve Revels

PUNCH and JUDY visit the Children's Hour and perform to a party of invalid children who are having tea in the studio

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

9.35-11.0

'Scrooge'

Adapted by
J. C. BUCKSTONE

From 'A Christmas Carol,'
by CHARLES DICKENS

Cast

Scrooge .. LEO CHANNING
Bob Cratchit ... F. A. NICHOLLS
Mr. Middlemark ... GEORGE BERNARD SMITH
Fred Wayland ... A. G. MITCHESON
The Ghost of Jacob Marley ... [illegible]
Fanny ... LYDIA METCALF
[illegible] ... DONALD BURKE
The Spirit ... EVELYN MAXWELL
Mrs. Cratchit ... BERENICE MELFORD
Belinda ... KATHLEEN KEOGH
Girl ... EILEEN KEOGH
Martha ... EDITH TOMS
Tiny Tim ... ARTHUR LYONS
Mr. Worthington ... MICHAEL VOISEY
The Boy in the Street .... CHARLES [illegible]

Incidental Music by DORA BRIGHT
Played by the
NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Scene: Scrooge's Office, about 5.0 p.m., on [illegible]

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kC.

3.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15:—[illegible] 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—[illegible] 6.35:—[illegible] 9.50-11.0:—S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kC.

3.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.45:—Organ Recital by S. W. Leitch, relayed from the New Savoy Picture House. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 5.58:—Weather Forecast for Farmers. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—[illegible] Smith, Brigade Secretary: 'A Christmas Message to the B.B.' 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—Scottish News Bulletin. 9.35:—S.B. from London. 11.0-11.15:—A Reading of 'The Innkeeper.' A Christmas Story by Colin Milne.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 kC.

3.45:—Studio Concert. George Wiseman (Flute) and [illegible] E. Oliphant [illegible] Burlesque, 'The [illegible]' [illegible] March, 'The [illegible]' (Binge). [illegible] 4.0:—[illegible] Mistress Mine [illegible] [illegible] 4.10:—Octet [illegible] 4.15:—[illegible] Polka de Bravoure (Bamhill). The Comet (Piccolo Solo, [illegible]). La Romanesque (Carroll). 4.25:—Octet: [illegible] at Twilight (J. H. Squire); Bride Song (from 'The Rustic Wedding') (Goldmark). 4.35:—[illegible] 4.45:—Octet: Prelude to Act I, 'Lohengrin' (Wagner). 4.50:—[illegible] 5.0:—[illegible] Romeo and Juliet [illegible] 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—[illegible] Manon.' 6.15:—S.B. from London. 6.30:—Juvenile Organisations' Bulletin. 6.45:—S.B. from London. 9.30:—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-11.0:—S.B. from London.

IN PIANOFORTE DUETS

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

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 kC.

12.0-1.0:—Concert. The Radio Quartet: Radio Music [illegible] Old (Marescot, arr. Alder), Hymn to the Sun (Rimsky-Korsakov); Suite, 'Othello' (Coleridge-Taylor). Kathleen [illegible] (Soprano): Spindrift (E. Fogg); The Lake Isle of Innisfree (M. Harter); Sylvan (Landon Ronald); In the Woods (H. Austen). Quartet: Selection, 'The Arcadians' (Monckton and Talbot); Three 'Nell Gwyn' Dances (German). 2.30:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.45:—Organ Recital by Charles Hewlett, relayed from the Classic Cinema. 5.15:—The Children's Hour. 6.0:—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15:—S.B. from London. 7.45:—Musical Moments. [illegible] Christmas Medley [illegible] Medley of Medleys [illegible] Medley [illegible] Welsh Medley [illegible] Scottish Medley and [illegible] Medley [illegible] Childhood's Memories (Debroy Somers). 8.10:—'Christmas Eve in Ballymulcaghey.' Mat Mulcaghey [illegible] a party. 9.0:—S.B. from London. 9.35:—[illegible] 9.50:—[illegible] The Star (M. Phillips); [illegible] (M. Strickland). [illegible] 10.2:—[illegible] (Balfour Gardiner). 10.10:—[illegible] 10.22:—Orchestra: [illegible] Noel [illegible] and Minuet (from 'Suite Pastorale') (Ancell); Christmas Bells (Blakeberg). 10.40:—'Muddly Moments' [illegible] 11.45:—[illegible] relayed from Daventry. 11.55-12.10 a.m.:—Christmas [illegible] relayed from Holywood Parish Church. [illegible]

Listen at 7.25
for five minutes
on Christmas Day

5GB Calling!

(Continued from page 807.)

A Symphony Concert.

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

A New Year's Party.

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

'Peter, Peggy, and the Piccadilly.'

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

The Children's Hour.

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

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

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

High-Power 'Short Waves.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YOUR CHRISTMAS

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 M. 830 kc.) (1,562.5 M. 192 kc.)

10.30 a.m. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast: Weather Forecast

10.40-11.15 A Studio Service

Preceded by

THE BELLS OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

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

12.0 ALFONSO and his CLOS and his ORCHESTRA

From the Hotel Cecil

3.30 A Christmas Concert

CATHERINE STEWART (Contralto)

WILLIAM PRIMROSE (Violin)

THE WORCESTER MILITARY BAND
Conducted by
WALTER W. JONES

Christmas Overture ... *Coleridge-Taylor*

3.36 CATHERINE STEWART

An old Sacred Lullaby ... *arr. Samuel Liddle*
A Christmas Carol ... *Malcolm Davidson*
New Year's Song ... *Arthur Wakerley*

3.44 BAND

Suite, 'Santa Claus' ... *Theodore Bonnet*
Toyland; Starland; Our Town; Xmas Joy

4.2 WILLIAM PRIMROSE

Five Negro Spirituals
arr. Arthur Benjamin and William Primrose

4.18 BAND

'Casse-Noisette' (Nutcracker) Suite ... *Tschaikowsky*

4.41 CATHERINE STEWART

Night has a thousand eyes ... *Albert Mallinson*
To an Isle in the Water
The Shepherd's Song ... *Elgar*

4.56 BAND

Suite from 'The Miracle' ... *Humperdinck*

5.15 A Pianoforte Recital

by

MAURICE COLE

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

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR
from which a special service, with an address by the Dean, will be relayed by London and Daventry this evening at 6.30.

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

'A Christmas Carol'

A Play adapted from Charles Dickens, by C. F. [illegible]

With Incidental Music by THE OLDE SEXTET

6.30 A Christmas Service

PLAYED FROM ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

Processional Hymn: 'O come, all ye faithful'
Short Service by Tallis
Psalm LXXXV
Lesson
Magnificat (*Marbeck*) (*adapted*)
For the Anthem: Three Carols
(a) Christ was born on Christmas Day
(b) A Babe lies in the Cradle
(c) The Holly and the Ivy
Short Address by the DEAN
Final Carol, 'In dulci jubilo'

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

7.25 AN APPEAL

7.30 Local Announcements; (*Daventry only*, Shipping Forecast

7.35 An Instrumental Concert

THE VICTOR OLDE SEXTET

Fantasia, 'Hänsel and Gretel' ... *Humperdinck*

7.45 KATE WINTER (Soprano)

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

7.53 SEXTET

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

8.2 JOHN THORNE Baritone

Jester Songs ... *Granville Bantock*
The Jester
Under the Rose

8.10 KATE WINTER

The Carol of the little King ... *Quilter*
Orpheus with his lute ... *Irish*
St. Nicholas Day ... *Warlock*

8.18 SEXTET

[illegible]

8.28 JOHN THORNE

[illegible]

Drink to me only ... *arr. Quilter*
Witches' Dance ... *Mac Dowell*
Noël ... *Balfour Gardiner*

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

(*Next programme on Oppos[illegible]*)

9.15 A Popular British Programme

THE WORCESTER ORCHESTRA
Conducted by PERCY PITT

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

9.35 FRANCIS RUSSELL (Tenor)

Songs of Araby ... *Clay*
I'll sing thy praises
I heard you singing ... *Eric Coates*

9.42 ORCHESTRA

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

10.0 FRANCIS RUSSELL

Bye ... *Herman Löhr*
The Band Flourishes ... *Chaminade*
Because ... *Guy d'Hardelot*

10.8 ORCHESTRA

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

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

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

DAY PROGRAMMES

11.0–12.15 Christmas Morning Service

Relayed from [illegible] Hall, Piccadilly

Organ Selection

Carol, 'O come, all ye faithful' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 124)

Introduction and Lord's Prayer

Motet for Soprano and Chorus, 'Child of the Stable' *Wolstenholme*

Reading, St. Luke ii, verses 1–20)

Hymn, 'Christians, awake, salute the happy morn' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 124)

Organ Voluntary

Carol, 'Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming' (Fifteenth Century Book of Carols, No. 92) *By permission of O.U.P.*

Hymn, 'Hark! the herald angels sing' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 122)

Address by the Rev. F. Lenwood Pattenden, Superintendent of the Birmingham Central Mission and Wesleyan Methodist Church

Hymn, 'Jesus, the very thought of Thee' (Methodist Hymnal, No. 132)

Organ Postlude

(At the Organ, Mr. GEORGE PLANT)

3.30 A Symphony Concert

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

(Leader, FRANK CANTELL)

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'The Marriage of Figaro' *Mozart*

MIRANDA SUDDEN (Soprano) and Orchestra

Ave Maria ..... *Max Bruch*

3.42 MARY ARNOTT (Pianoforte) and Orchestra

Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16 ..... *Grieg*

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

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

The strings begin the slow movement with a simple melody of folk-tune character, and this, with a brilliant commentary by the soloist, flourishes the whole of the brief movement; it leads without a break into the energetic last movement in [illegible] Brief preparation, the [illegible] The very theme [illegible] which [illegible] of Grieg

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

[illegible]

This evening at 7.15

'DICK WHITTINGTON'

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

MIRANDA SUDDEN

My heart ever faithful ..... *Bach*

If there were dreams to sell ..... *John Ireland*

To one who passed, whistling ..... *Goehr*

CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL.

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

4.30 ORCHESTRA

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

Adagio—Andante, Variations
Minuetto—Allegro di Molto

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(From Birmingham)

'A Punch and Judy Show,' presented by J. Bredin. Songs by MARJORIE HOWARD (Soprano), and CUTHBERT FORD (Baritone)

5.45 A BAND CONCERT

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLICE BAND

(From Birmingham)

Conducted by RICHARD WASSELL

Selection, 'Merrie England' *German, arr. Godfrey*

CHARLES DEAN (Baritone)

King Charles ..... *M. V. White*

Victorious! Victorious ..... *Carissimi*

6.6 BAND

Fantasia, 'Komarinskaja' (A Picture of a Sun-Worshipping Festival) *Glinka*

Euphonium Solo, 'Nazareth' *Gounod, arr. Godfrey*

PERCY OWENS (Entertainer)

Pipes ..... *Owens*

CHARLES DEAN

The Ballad Monger } *Easthope Martin*
Fearless ..... }

The Open Road .... *Duncombe*

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

PERCY OWENS

The Postman ..... *Owen*

Jingo ..... *Hargreaves*

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

7.15 'Pantomime Season —1928'

'Dick Whittington and His Cat'

Written, Composed and Directed by

ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

For further details see page 818.

8.45 Dancing Time

(From Birmingham)

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

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST
GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15–10.30 Dancing Time

(Continued)

Tuesday's Programmes continued (December 25)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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

7.35 Upon the Midnight Clear

A Christmas Evening in a Welsh Village
By VAUGHAN THOMAS

John Williams, the precentor
Mrs. Williams, his mother
David, [illegible]
The [illegible] Davies
Mary, his wife
Hugh, their son, a [illegible]
Billy Bach, a simple village 'character'
Villagers, Carollers

Scene 1. The dining room at the precentor's house
Scene 2. On the road
Scene 3. The study at the Manse

S.B. from Swansea

9.15-12.0 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 394. M. 1,020 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.45 *S.B. from Cardiff*

S.B. from London

Musical Interlude relayed from London

7.35 *S.B. from Cardiff*

8.30 The Gwauncaegurwen Silver Prize Band

Directed by TAL MORRIS

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

BEN DAVIES (Tenor)
Three Welsh Melodies:
Gogoneddau ..... *arr. B. Richards*
Y [illegible] *arr. John Thomas*
Y [illegible] *arr. R. Bryan*

BAND
Fantasia, 'Poesie Fantica' .. *Laurent*

BEN DAVIES
Serenade .. *Schubert*
The Bells of Christmas *Martin Shaw*
The Star of Bethlehem *Stephen Adams*

BAND
Hymn Tune, 'Maesteg' .. *Ord Hume*

9.15-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 325.1 M. 923 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (7.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

London Programme relayed from Daventry

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
The Crackers

What a pull! What a story for boys, only to 'The Christmas Spirit.' *Major J. T. Gorman*

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

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

10.40-11.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

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

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Christmas Day

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

A Story told by JEAN NIX

Songs sung by HARRY HORNWELL. 'Twelve Days of Christmas' (*Traditional*)

J. MASSEY (Xylophone Solos)

ENID FOOD will play 'Noël' by Balfour Gardiner

Carols

6.35 *S.B. from London* (7.30 Local Announcements)

7.35 A Christmas Programme

From Manchester

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by T. H. MORRISON

The 'Dickensian' Suite ..... *Edith Hopcraft*
Bygone Land; Barkis is Willin; Dolly Varden; Buffs and Blues

7.55 *From Newcastle*

THE NORTH [illegible] STRING QUARTET
G. NORTH (1st Violin), [illegible]
Tenor), B. MORRIS (Violoncello)

Waltz, 'The Herald Angels Sing' .. *Mendelssohn*
Jesu, Holy and Holy ..... *Henry Ward*
Hail, Smiling Morn ..... *Spilman*

From Liverpool

STEPHEN WILLIAMS (Violoncello)

Aufschwung (Soaring) ..... *Schumann*
Humoresque ..... *Rachmaninoff*
Tarantella ..... *Popper*

8.30 *From Manchester*

ORCHESTRA
A Christmas Symphony ..... *Adam*

From Sheffield

CHORUS
How beautiful upon the mountains ..... *Stainer*
Sweet and [illegible] ..... *Barnby*
On Ilkla Moor Baht 'at ..... *Traditional*

8.50 *From London*

STEPHEN WILLIAMS
Song ..... [illegible]
Scherzo from Sonata in B Minor ..... *Chopin*
Nocturne ..... [illegible]

From Manchester

ORCHESTRA
Bethlehem ..... [illegible]

9.15-12.0 *S.B. from London*

Other Stations:

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.8 M. 959 KC.

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

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

10.40 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30 — An [illegible] The Children's Hour. 6.30 — Dance Music relayed from the Plaza. 8.0 Duet [illegible] My true love hath my heart, and My heart is like a singing [illegible] James Gibson (Reciter) The Street [illegible] C. J. Winter, Astronomy made easy [illegible] Dorothy Pegh Thy hand in mine (M. Healy) A Blackbird's Song (C. Scott) Love's Philosophy (H. Quilter), James Dixon The Lion of Kilbride Jock's Homecoming (W. D. Cocker) The Whistle (Tom Murray), Dorothy Pegh [illegible] Columbine and The New Umbrella (M. Geary). 9.12 [illegible] 5.45 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] 7.35 [illegible] 9.15 — [illegible] 10.30-12.0 —S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 330 M. 909 KC.

10.40-11.15 —London Programme relayed from Daventry. 3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.15 — [illegible] Syncopated Songs. Bobby Stephenson (Xylophone). A. Stephenson (Syncopated Pianiste). 6.45 —The Children's Hour. A Christmas Concert. Old and New Carols sung by the Rubislaw Interpolate School Choir conducted by Mr J. [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] from London. 7.35 —S.B. from Glasgow. 9.0 —S.B. from Edinburgh. 9.15 —Scottish Programme [illegible] Father Wendt's Christmas at the Manse [illegible] Taking part in the Musical Programme are [illegible] and Strathspey Society directed by Alex Bain. 10.30-12.0 — S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 KC.

10.40-11.15 —London Programme [illegible] 3.30 London Programme [illegible] 6.30-12.0 —S.B. from London.

'O-OH! THANKS AWFULLY UNCLE JACK'

THE GIFT OF GIFTS!

The Cossor Melody Maker

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

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

SIEMENS BROTHERS & CO., LTD., WOOLWICH.

THE NATIVITY IN ART

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY R. H. WILENSKI

[illegible] THE [illegible] [illegible]

Now [illegible] with more and more varied [illegible] the *Annunciation*, the *Nativity*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds* and *The Adoration of the Magi*. For the first thousand years of Christianity the treatment of all religious subjects was restricted to generalities by the Church. It was the [illegible] that [illegible] figures should be treated in a more elaborate and realistic way, and the scenes in the figures [illegible] were repeated with minor variations in [illegible] and illustrated manuscripts.

Next to [illegible] the great churches and cathedrals of the West, and the Birth and Life of Jesus were related in stone carvings in the Romanesque and Gothic styles which translated the mosaics and manuscripts into stone, and between 1100 and 1400 thousands of figures and reliefs were embodied in the structure of the cathedrals.

The golden age of stained glass accompanied this golden age of sculpture; and the sacred subjects appeared coloured in sky and flame in "rose" lights and huge Gothic windows. Tempera painting [illegible] was [illegible] on wooden panels with a background representing the [illegible] stage of Christian [illegible] art. [illegible] marked the [illegible] and [illegible] of the fourteenth century, [illegible] in the early Italian Renaissance the old art of fresco painting in tempera and the new art of the easel picture in oil colours were [illegible] side by side.

The later Italian Renaissance, produced from 1450-1550, the [illegible] famous religious paintings which express the Renaissance sense of [illegible] and this style was followed [illegible] by the Baroque style which depicted sacred history as an imposing drama.

Pl. 2. Sculpture on Chartres Cathedral. THE NATIVITY Photo, E. Howlett

Pl. 3. Sculpture on Chartres Cathedral. THE NATIVITY Photo, E. Howlett

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

Pl. 4. Jerom. Bosch ADORATION OF THE MAGI Anderson

Pl. 5. Petrus Cristus. Photo. Anderson.
THE ANNUNCIATION

Pl. 6. Petrus Cristus. Photo. Anderson.
THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

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

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

Next are further examples of the Netherlandish school. "The Nativity" (Pl. 71 in the Prado Gallery, Madrid, is by Hans Memling (1430-94), whose name is generally associated with the city of Bruges where he worked for many years and where many of his pictures are preserved. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Pl. 6, by Hugo van der Goes (1435-1482) is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. The reproduction of this remarkable picture should also be examined with a magnifying glass. Every detail from the trees and clamorous rooks in the foreground to the pigeons in the window sills and the shepherds in the wood can be distinguished. It is carried out with relentless precision. Most Netherland painters of this century attain mystic effects in the figures by elongated proportions and by contrasts of light and shade. The wings of the altar-piece of which it was originally the centre-piece are also exquisitely drawn. "The Nativity" shown here is by Geertgen tot Sint Jans (1465-1493), a recent acquisition by the National Gallery, is remarkable in another way. The scene is here imagined not in the light of day as in the van der Goes picture but as a night scene illumined by the radiance from the Child, and outside we see the angel, a figure of starry light against the dark sky appearing to the Shepherds who are clustered round a fire. This, at the time, was a most original conception and Correggio's invention was developed later in Italian Baroque art (*cf.* Pl. 20) and in the German-Dutch school culminating in Rembrandt.

THE ANNUNCIATION

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

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

Pl. 2 Luca della Robbia. Photo Mansell
ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

Pl. 3 Perugino Photo Alinari.
THE NATIVITY

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

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

Pl. 6 Piero dei Franceschi Photo National Gallery
THE NATIVITY

Pl. 7 Melozzo da Forlì Photo Brogi
THE VIRGIN

The great humanist movement of the Italian Renaissance at its most perfect moment which we associate with the city of Florence at the end of the fifteenth century is represented in the National Gallery by a number of pictures. The Annunciation (No. 1139) by Simone Martini may be regarded as a precursor. The Nativity (No. 1034) by Lorenzo di Credi (1456–1537) is in the National Gallery. Here we have a somewhat dry version of the Nativity as it was painted by a pupil of Verrocchio and Leonardo da Vinci. The Nativity (No. 1299) by Filippo Lippi (1406–1469) and the Adoration of the Kings by Angelo and Virgin reproduced (Pls. 15 and 7) are companion wings from an altarpiece by Melozzo da Forlì (1438–1494) in the Pinacoteca at Forlì. The figures are graceful. The Nativity (Pls. 12 and 13) are the work of Luca della Robbia (1400–1482) the founder of a school of ceramic workers in that material whose products have many of the qualities of sculpture. Figures in white glazed terra cotta relieved against backgrounds of blue glaze and garlands of fruit and flowers. The example reproduced here is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Luca's nephew Andrea della Robbia (1435–1525) is represented in the National Gallery by a Virgin and Child (No. 1139). The Adoration of the Kings (No. 1140) by Gentile da Fabriano (1360–1427) is a beautiful example of the International Gothic style. The Nativity (No. 1093) by Mantegna in the National Gallery shows how closely the youthful Raphael modelled his art on Perugino's great contemporary.

Photo. Anderson

THE NATIVITY

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

"LA SANTA NOTTE"

Photo. Anderson.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

The pictures reproduced on this page represent the treatment of the subjects by Baroque artists. "La Santa Notte" (Pl. 20) by Correggio (1494-1534) transforms Correggio's simple night scene (Pl. 8) into an impressive drama. Like all Baroque art it is rather theatrical in the Baroque sense aiming at exciting the emotions of the spectator and their heartiness was a means to that end. Correggio was really the forerunner of the Baroque style. The picture is in the Dresden Gallery. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Pl. 21) by the Spanish painter Ribera (1588-1652) is in the Louvre in Paris. Ribera's method of exciting the spectator's emotions was to make the figures so much larger than life that the spectator felt he was just one of them and could touch them and he therefore projects himself into the scene between him and particularly the "The Adoration of the Magi" (Pl. 19) by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) in the Antwerp Museum is a transformation of the pageant art of the Flemish gothic style of the early fifteenth century (*cf.* Pl. 11) into terms of the more gorgeous and flamboyant pageantry of the seventeenth century when the Spanish Viceroys made triumphant progresses through Antwerp and Brussels. This masterpiece of Flemish art is one of the Flemish masters very finest works. "The Nativity" (Pl. 18) is by Rubens' famous pupil, Sir Anthony van Dyck, the greatest of all portrait painters, who occasionally painted religious and other subject pictures. *This work is in the Corsini Gallery in Rome.*

THE [illegible]

The two pictures on the left by Botticelli are readily referred to one another with Pl. 16 as a pair of the N[illegible] Nativity in the world suggesting more research as to the meaning of the spheres and as a typical interpretation of the subject it has never been surpassed. This picture is reproduced on this page because Botticelli was a source of inspiration to D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882) painter of "The Annunciation" (Pl. 23) in the National Gallery, Millbank and also to Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898) painter of "The Adoration of the Magi" (Pl. 24) in the Birmingham Gallery which is reproduced below.

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

[illegible]

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

Photo Mansell

both artists in these works stand closer to the formal styles of the early periods and even to the sculpture on Chartres Cathedral than to the rather rhetorical productions of the later masters represented by Pls. 28 (p. 30) and 29. This same reversion to the formality of the early masters is seen in the two modern engravings on the facing page which have been reproduced. The Nativity on the left is a design for an engraved Christmas card by Miss Jean Ellis. That on the right is by Mr. Leo Underwood. Both artists are not only influenced by Gothic sculpture but have clearly studied the light effects of later periods as well.

'NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION.'

Continued from page 701.

occupied by a friend,

[illegible]

The th[illegible]
teleph[illegible]
last the pro[illegible]
various sta[illegible]
this Chris[illegible]

[illegible] thing off!' cried the [illegible]

[illegible] for the switchboard

Three pistols flared out. In the confined [illegible]n the noise was thunderous. Through the smoke the leaguers saw the engineer spin slowly round and go down in a [illegible]. All three bullets had found their target. The other two men sat still as if glued to their chairs, their eyes fascinated by the smoking muzzles. And above their heads the loud-speaker gave the journalist's message to a listening country.

In his private office the president lay crumpled in his chair, a terror-stricken mass [illegible] whilst the message came to him, [illegible] all the others who heard it that night, the message that told of the plot to bring back war and death into the lists of Europe. His telephone wires had been cut, his door locked on the outside. He had been forced to sit there listening to the recital of his iniquity, imagining the consequences.

The Chairman of United Metallic Industries was standing by the fireplace in his sitting-room. At his feet lay the fragments of his loud-speaker, into which, in a spasm of ungovernable fury, he had hurled the poker. On the corner of the mantelpiece was a glass of water. Into the water the chairman was emptying a small phial, with a hand still steady though his lips were grey and twisted in a bitter, ruthless grin.

'... and now that the people have heard the truth of this damnable plot against their lives and their happiness,' concluded the journalist into the microphone, 'the task of my League is done. Peace has been preserved. Nation has spoken peace unto nation—peace not war! For us it is enough. It is to the peoples and governments concerned that we leave the consequences of our action, and the punishment of the guilty. Good night. Peace on earth! Goodwill towards men!'

He turned away from the microphone and walked out into the corridor. The reaction was stupendous, so that for some moments he leaned against the wall, fighting to maintain his composure to achieve sufficient of reality to believe in his success. Then he went down to the control room.

His Leaguers had gone, the engineer's dead body lay sprawled on the floor. Only the pale-faced secretary was there, gibbering with reaction from panic.

'Murderer,' he snarled, with all the ferocity of the essentially weak nature. 'But you're trapped! I've telephoned for the police! They'll get you!'

The journalist shrugged his [illegible]. The tramp of heavy boots sounded behind him in the corridor.

'How could you do it, you maniac! Why, in God's name?' went on the secretary.

The journalist turned to face the policemen in the doorway.

'It is expedient that two men should die for two peoples,' he said. 'A small casualty list for a war, don't you think?'

And with a superbly simple gesture of self-negation he held out his hands for the [illegible]

(*Continued from page 709.*)

[illegible]mented Gore. 'Perhaps not. R[illegible] All the same, I should like to see if there's anything in that clump of beeches.'

They pushed on for a last mile, and [illegible]d into the gloomy shadow of the trees. In there was an abandoned farm silent and desolate. But in its living-room they found the remains of a recent picnic meal for four people. And in a padlocked cellar of extremely disagreeable dampness and darkness they found Chief-Inspector Ruddell, handcuffed and flat on his back on the slimy floor to which he was securely pegged down. Above his head a water-butt stood on trestles, and from its spigot at intervals of thirty seconds or so, a drop fell upon his forehead. For the greater part of three days and two nights that drop had fallen in precisely the same spot between the victim's eyes. Ruddell was a man of iron nerve, but he was rambling a bit already.

Day was breaking when Gore deposited Inspector Clutsam outside his house at Balham. He waited until the big, burly man came hastening down the narrow little strip of garden.

'Good news, Colonel,' he said. 'The kid's got through the night. They say he'll pull through now. I won't forget this to *you*. It'll be a big thing for me.'

'Good,' smiled Gore. 'But don't forget the little things. You never know....'

Whatever it proved for Inspector Clutsam, the Yard maintained a modest silence concerning the affair. But Lady Isaacson was quite frank about it in a little chat which she had with Gore next day. In their anxiety to identify her male companion on the night of the smash (they suspected that he had been the driver of the car) Ruddell and Clutsam had undoubtedly overdone their repeated examinations of the lady, who had determined to 'get some of her own back.' Thornton, a well-known flying man and, as Gore suspected, the hero of the 'smash up,' arranged the plan [illegible] necessary *aides*: three [illegible]. The imitation necklace [illegible]d and a vacant office opposite [illegible] taken; a bogus robbery of the real necklace was actually carried out, leaving careful clues as bait for the police. The next step was to enlist Messrs. Gore and Tolley as stool pigeons, and get Ruddell to their offices at a known hour. At three o'clock on the Monday afternoon the lift had been put out of action, Ruddell was in Gore's office, and everything was ready.

As he went down the stairs, Ruddell had been met on the third floor by a young man who, under the pretence of having some information to give him, had persuaded him to enter 'Welder's' offices. There, in an inner room, the fake necklace had been produced and had completely deceived the Chief Inspector. W[illegible] Thornton and his fellow [illegible] outer [illegible]

As Ruddell came out, they had garotted him neatly with a noosed rope, gagged him, and handcuffed him—not without a severe struggle, despite the odds—and, when the building was quiet, had lowered him in a sack to the yard, and quite simply carted him off to Bath. There he had been transferred to a big passenger plane, and carried off a little before midnight to the lonely old farm on the Plain which had been rented for the 'stunt.'

The mysterious windfalls were simply accounted for. Above the edge of the Plain Thornton had had the pleasant idea of swinging the unfortunate Chief Inspector over the side of the plane by his waist and legs. In due course Ruddell's pockets had [illegible]d themselves of their heavier contents; the rope holding one leg had slipped and had pulled off one of his boots.

It had not been intended to carry the torture of the dripping drop to any serious point. The prisoner had been visited twice a day, and was to have been released on the [illegible]. Lady Isaacson, who had made [illegible]d inspection of her victim, was quite satisfied that she had got more than her own back in return for her ruffled self-respect.

'I'll say this for the brute,' she laughed, 'he never squealed from start to finish. Look here, what put *you* on to us.'

Gore rose, smiling, to finish the interview. 'Oh, one or two little things,' he said.

BOXING DAY PROGRAMMES

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 *(Country only)* THE SIGNAL GREENWICH WEATHER FORECAST

11.0-12.0 *(Country only)* Gramophone Records

1.0-2.0 PRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA Directed by GEORGES HARCK From the Restaurant Frascati

3.30 A Popular Concert

DOROTHY BENNETT (Soprano)
STUART ROBERTSON (Bass-baritone)
THE J. H. SQUIRE CELESTE OCTET

A Vision of Christmastide
J. H. Squire

Five Minutes More on the Line or Popular Fallacies About America, with Illustrations
Herbert Ormerod

3.42 DOROTHY BENNETT
Two Irish Songs
Down by the Salley Gardens *W. B. Yeats*
The Lake Isle of Innisfree *Herbert Hughes*
A Lover Sings *Herbert Hughes*
Speeding the News *Herbert Ormerod*

3.50 OCTET
Prelude *Stanford*
Reminiscences of Scotland *arr. Godfrey*

4.7 STUART ROBERTSON
The Vagabond *Vaughan Williams*
In Summertime on Bredon *Arthur Somervell*
Old Clothes and Old Clothes *Martin Shaw*

4.15 OCTET
The Chorister's Dream (First Performance) *Theo. Ward*
Waltz Brillante *Nicholas Gatty*

4.30 DOROTHY BENNETT
Oh, never sing to me again *Rachmaninoff*
L'Oiseau bleu (The Blue Bird) *Camille Decreus*

4.38 OCTET
Liebestraume (Love's Dream) No. 3 *Liszt*
Memories of Schubert

4.52 STUART ROBERTSON
When dull care *arr. Lane Wilson*
Shenandoah (by request) *arr. E. E. Terry*
Hullabaloo Belay *E. T. Harris*

5.0 OCTET
Songs of the Eighties

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—a Pantomimic Play, not adapted for broadcasting, produced, with tears, by O. H. PEDDIDDLE

At the moment of going to Press, the characters are as follows:

The Merchant Mr. Hedgehog
Ermyntrude Bumblegum and Beauty—Miss Evangeline Jessop
Trusty Hen Mrs. Hedgehog and A Perfect Beast

6.0 A Recital of Gramophone Records

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

6.30 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

PIANOFORTE DUETS—
Schubert
Played by EVE BARTLETT and STUART ROBERTSON
Variations in A Flat Op. 35

7.0 Mr. H. W. LAWSON 'A New Discovery'

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.30 'Dick Whittington'
(See centre of page)

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 A Talk by Mr H. V. MORTON

9.30 Local Announcements *(Country only)* Shipping Forecast

9.35 Chamber Music

THE ESPINETE STRING QUARTET
CECIL BOWMAN (Violin)
DOROTHY CHEATLE (Violin)
JANE LOVELL (Viola)
FLETA CHEATLE (Cello)

String Quartet in D Minor No. 2 *Mozart*

9.55 DOROTHY HELMRICH (Contralto)
Three Indian Love Lyrics *Woodforde-Finden*
From Nadia's Garden *Bruch*
From Nadia's Garden *Wolff*
En Prière *Faure*
'Midst the Rushes *Palmgren*
Serenade *Strauss*

10.5 String Quartet
Germaine Tailleferre
Modéré Intermede Finale

10.20 DOROTHY HELMRICH
Minstrel's Christmas Carol *Woodgate*
The Holy Babe *Dunhill*
Stars all dotted over the Sky *Sharpe*
Spring *Peter Warlock*
New Year Song *Matheson*

10.30 String Quartet in G Minor, Op. 27 *Grieg*

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

(Boxing Day Programmes continued on page 829.)

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY
(361.4 m. 830 kc.) (1,562.5 m. 192 kc.)

'Dick Whittington and his Cat'

Written Composed and Directed by FRYNEST LONGSTAFFE

Alderman Fitzwarren of Fitzwarren's Emporium, on the corner of Cheapside ..... JOHN ROUSE
Alice (his pretty daughter) ..... ALMA VANE
Sally (the cook, plain but good) ..... JEAN ALLISTONE
Idle Jack ..... TOMMY HANDLEY
Dick Whittington (a young adventurer) HAROLD KIDDERMINSTER
His Cat (black, with white shirt-front and one white paw) ..... MIRIAM FERRIS
His Imperial Majesty (The Emperor of Morocco) FOSTER RICHARDSON
Chorus of Apprentices, Customers, Sailors, Rodents and other Riff-Raff

THE REVUE CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
Conducted by ERNEST LONGSTAFFE

Scene I. Ye Old Shoppe. Scene II. Inside the Shop. Scene III. Highgate Hill. N.20. Scene IV. The Port of London. Scene V. The Rats' Stronghold. Scene VI. The Emperor's Palace

Seats

Armchairs, 10s. 6d. Benches, 10s. 6d. Campstools, 10s. 6d. Children, Same Price.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.0 Requests from Listeners

3.30 A MILITARY BAND PROGRAMME

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND
Conducted by W. A. CLARE

March, 'BOB' ..... *Dillaway*

EMILIE WALDRON (Soprano) and PHILIP TAYLOR (Flute)

The Voyagers ..... *Sanderson*
Come to Arcadie ..... *German*
Maying ..... *Smith*

BAND

Overture, 'Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna' *Suppé*

3.50 MARJORIE EDWARDS (Songs at the Piano)

'Tis Open Arms ... *Kitchen*
To ... *Russell*

BAND

Czardas (Hungarian Dance), 'Zsan beki' ..... *Gung'l*
Xylophone Solo, 'Cirque Rouge' ..... *Pote*
Soloist: F. W. PARALLEL

EMILIE WALDRON and PHILIP TAYLOR

A Night in Venice *Lacombe*
The Second Minuet ... *Besly*
Beyond the Meadow Gate *Phillips*

4.15 MARJORIE EDWARDS

Good little boy, and bad ... *Long*
My Funny Daddy *Bernard Neumann*

BAND

Invitation to the Waltz *Weber*

4.38 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

LILY BURNS and NORMAN PAINE
(Light American Numbers)

JACK NORMAN
(The King of All Animal Mimics)

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
(From Birmingham)

'Mrs. Smitherkin's Party,' by Norman Timms

Songs by DAPHNE HICKMAN (Soprano). 'Producing a Pantomime,' by John Anderson

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

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRANK CANTELL

Overture, 'The Wonderful International' ... *Suppé*

MARY POLLOCK (Soprano)

Now sleeps the crimson petal } *Quilter*
Love's Philosophy ... }

6.48 ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Sap Toy' ... *Jones*

HAROLD MILLS (Violin)

Andantino ..... *Martini, arr. Kreisler*
Liebesfreud (Love's Joy) ..... *Kreisler*
Czardas (Hungarian Dance) ..... *Monti*

7.13 MARY POLLOCK

The Spell of True Love ..... *Easthope Martin*
Drift down, drift down ..... *London Ronald*
Saint Nicholas Day in the Morning *Easthope Martin*

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Like Time' ... *Schubert arr. Clutsam*

7.35 HAROLD MILLS

Humming Bird ..... *Dalla*
Meditation ..... *Massenet*
First Gipsy Dance ..... *Nachez*

ORCHESTRA

Dance Suite, 'The Shoe' ..... *Ansell*
The Sabot; The Ballet Shoe; The Court Shoe; The Sandal; The Brogue

8.0 A Request Programme

(From Birmingham)

This Programme will consist of items frequently asked for by our Listeners

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS
HARRY SENNETT (Tenor)

9.15 The English Harp Ensemble

(From Birmingham)

(Orchestra ... Two Harps, ... Violin and Violoncello)
Directed by
MARIUS B. WINTER

Two Harps, 'Selection of Welsh Airs' ... *arr. Thomas*
Song 'A Little Coon's ... *...*
Violin Serenade ... *...*
Song 'Waltz Song' ... *Gounod*
Two Harps, 'Melody of Harps' ... *Thomas*
Song 'Serenade' ... *Toselli*
Violin Canzonetta *d'Ambrosio*
Songs { 'Il Bacio' (The Kiss) ... ; 'My Blue Heaven' ... *Donaldson*
Harps and Violin, 'Berceuse' ... *Godard*

MARIUS B. WINTER, whose dance band will be relayed from the Hotel Cecil again tonight.

Harps, 'Hungarian March' ..... *Berlioz*

THE modern concert harp, with whose tone in the orchestra listeners are familiar, is a very elaborate instrument as compared with its ancestors. In its primitive form, of course, it is one of the most ancient of all musical instruments, but, as far as we can guess from old pictures and sculptures, the early harp must have had quite a slight and rather deep tone. There is no appearance in the oldest known forms of it, of any device which could have withstood the strain of strings stretched at all tightly. In a small and fairly simple form the harp was adopted somewhere in the middle ages by the Celtic races, and Welsh, Irish, and Scottish Celtic harps are still found, usually by a singer who accompanies himself or herself, much as the old minstrels must have done.

For many years inventors were busy trying to evolve devices which would enable the harp to play in more than one key without retuning, and the form now in use was devised mainly by Erard, of the famous pianoforte firm. Thanks to his inventive brain, it is now possible, by means of pedals which the player's foot moves, to effect quite simply, almost any desired change of key, so that the range of the instrument is practically as complete as that of the pianoforte.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC. MARIUS B. WINTER'S BAND, from the Hotel Cecil

11.0-11.15 JACK PAYNE and the B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Programmes for Wednesday.

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

10.20 [illegible]

3.30 London Programme [illegible]

5.15 [illegible]

6.0 London Programme relayed from [illegible]

6.15 [illegible] 9.30 Local Announcements

9.35 'Hänsel and Gretel'

A Fairy Opera in Three Acts by Adelheid Wette

Translated [illegible] by [illegible]

Music composed by Engelbert Humperdinck [illegible]

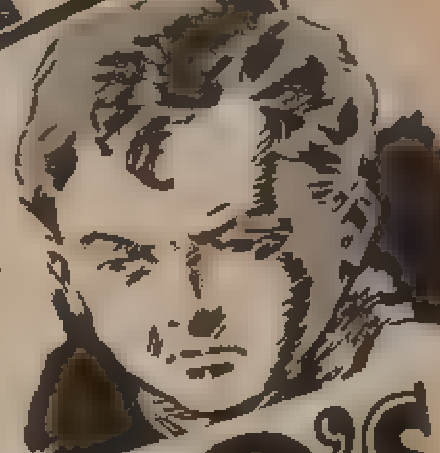
[illegible]

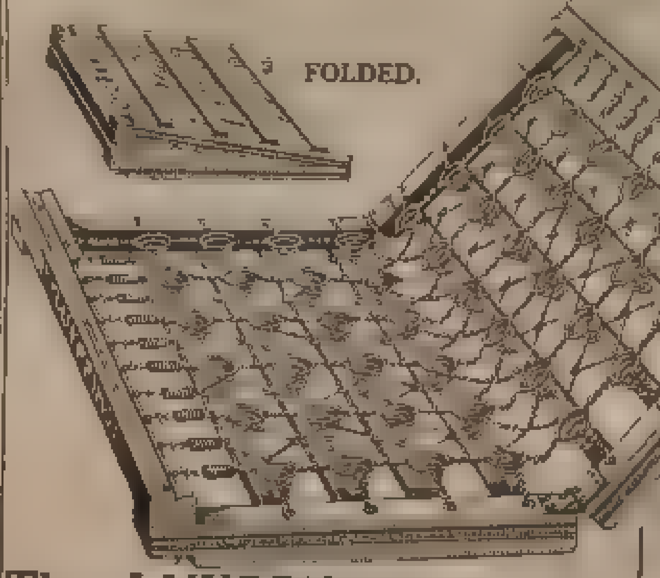
Act I

[illegible]

Act II

[illegible]





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ABSENT——Ill-will and hatred; stinginess and "Scrooge"; melancholy and depression.

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Working off the electric light supply, from wall-plug or lamp socket, just like any other electric domestic appliance the 'Met-Vick' Mains Set starts at the touch of a switch, and a further touch shuts it completely off.

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AC/R Red Spot } 17/6 (For Power Amplification)

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MET-VICK

Metro-Vick Supplies Ltd., 155 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

Wednesday's Programmes continued (December 26)

(Cardiff Programme continued from page 821.)

presents her with his basket of strawberries they both begin to eat. The Cuckoo is heard and the children sing an old song about [illegible]

A friendly [illegible] basket and [illegible] strawberries [illegible] home [illegible] back.

[illegible]

The [illegible] they sing their evening [illegible]

[illegible] III

[illegible]

As the mist finally clears, they find themselves [illegible] the haunts of the Witch (Mezzo-Soprano) who [illegible] shuts Hänsel in her [illegible] him for eating) and transfixes Gretel, but is eventually pushed into her own oven by the children. The oven flares up, then crashes to the ground. Spells are broken and a lot of children whom the witch has entranced come to life again. There is a general dance and song of all the children.

11.0-12.0 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1020 kC.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

9.35-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 kC.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local An[illegible])

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kC.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Christmas Pantomime

'LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD'

Arranged for broadcasting by ZENA ZELANDER

Little Red Riding Hood .... PAULINE CARR

Her Mother .... [illegible]

Will Woodman (First Wood-cutter) [illegible]

Harry Harefoot (Second Wood-Cutter) HARRY GROSE

The Wolf .... PETER [illegible]

Scene I. Little Red Riding Hood's [illegible]

Scene II. The Way through the Forest

Scene III. Granny's Cottage

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local An[illegible])

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kC.

3.0 [illegible] NORTHERN WIRELESS [illegible]

[illegible] Baritone

FLORENCE POWER (Soprano)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

S.B. from Leeds

[illegible] Opera,

[illegible] everybody [illegible], including

D. NICHOLS,

[illegible]

[illegible] ROSE-PRICE

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

[illegible] *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 Old Time Dances

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Mazurka, 'The Czarina'	Ganne
[illegible]	[illegible]
Gavotte, [illegible]	[illegible]
Polka, '[illegible] as you please'	Fahrbach
[illegible], 'My Lady Fayre'	arr. Ka[illegible]
Barn Dance, [illegible]	arr. Ka[illegible]

10.15 ALBERT WHELAN

The Australian Entertainer

10.30 Old Time Dances

[illegible]

ORCHESTRA

Waltz, 'Over the Waves'	Rosas
Cake Walk, 'Down South'	Myddleton
Schottische, '[illegible]'	Bos.
Lancers, '[illegible] and Ja[illegible]'	[illegible]
Sir Roger de Coverley	Traditional

11.0-12.0 *S.B. from London*

MURIEL NIXON

sings the part of Hänsel in Cardiff's production of *Hansel and Gretel* tonight at 9.35

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kC.

3.30 London. 5.15 Children's Hour. 6.0 London. 6.15 London. 6.30 [illegible]. 9.35 London. 9.45-12.0 London.

5SC GLASGOW 405.4 M. 740 kC.

3.30 [illegible] 4.0 [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 5.58 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.15 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 6.45 [illegible] 9.30 [illegible] 9.35 [illegible] 11.0-12.0 London.

2BD ABERDEEN 500 M. 600 kC.

3.30 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 6.45 London. 9.30 [illegible] 9.35-11.0 [illegible]

2BE BELFAST 306.1 M. 980 kC.

12.0-1.0 [illegible] 4.0 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.15-12.0 London.

7.45 Light Orchestral Concert

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 kC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 kC.)

9.35 Can Voices [illegible] Visualized?

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 (*Daventry only*) Time Signal, Greenwich. Weather Forecast

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Records

12.0 A Studio Concert
Rosemary Waldron (Soprano)
The Alick Ellison Trio

1.0–2.0 A Recital of Gramophone Records by Mr. Christopher Stone

3.0 Evensong
From Westminster Abbey

3.45 Miss Jan Macdonald: A New Experiment in Welfare Work

FOR the past few years, an industrial revolution as striking as any of the last century, has been going on in the new coalfields of Kent. Luckily however precautions are being taken to ensure that the result is not another Black Country such as mars the North of England. One of the most interesting movements for keeping the coalfields from the worst evils of industrialism is the settlement which has been founded almost as soon as the coalfield, and which it is hoped will grow as the coal-field grows and provide the people living on it with a centre for recreation and education from the first, instead of coming into the midst of a highly industrialized area, as such settlements as Toynbee Hall and Mansfield House have had to do. Miss Jan Macdonald will describe this interesting experiment in her talk this afternoon.

4.0 A Brass Band Concert
Franklyn Kelsey (Baritone)
The Luton Red Cross Band

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
'Erbert and his Family Prepare for their Christmas Party

Lottie ..... Constance Gallavan
Alfie ..... E. le Breton Martin
Granddad ..... Ralph de Roban
'Erbert ..... O. E. Hodons

6.0 [illegible]

6.15 Time Signal, Greenwich. Weather Forecast. First General News Bulletin

6.30 Market Prices for Farmers

6.35 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
Pianoforte Duets—Schubert
Played by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson
Lebenssturme ('Life's Tempests')

SCHUBERT calls this piece "a characteristic Allegro," and with that, and its name in mind, little more explanation can be needed. Both players set forth the rather stern theme with which it begins, but that mood gives way very soon to a more tender one. Like all Schubert's music, this is rich in melodies, some of which suggest that life's tempests are not of a very violent order. The mood of the music is at times quite gentle, and at other times almost playful, though it has, of course, its stormy movements.

7.0 Mrs. M. A. Hamilton: 'New Novels

THE LONELY AERIALS OF KESTON GRANGE,
the quarters of the Keston engineers, from which an experimental transmission will be relayed by London and Daventry tonight.

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 A Vaudeville Turn

7.45 A Light Orchestral Concert
Vivien Lambelet (Soprano)
Howard Fry (Baritone)
The Gerrish Parkington Saxophone Orchestra

Orchestra
Military March } Schubert
Serenade }

7.55 Howard Fry
Thou art risen, my Beloved ... *Coleridge Taylor*
Trottin' to the Fair ..... *Stanford*

8.2 Orchestra
Overture, 'Orpheus in the Underworld' *Offenbach*

8.12 Vivien Lambelet
Death of Robin Hood ..... *Eva Fohs*
Twenty Maids ('Songs from a Cherry Orchard') ..... *Hawley*

8.18 Orchestra
[illegible] ..... *Gounod*
Hungarian Dance ..... *Brahms*

8.28 Howard Fry
A Banjo Song ... *Sydney Homer*
Oneway, awake, beloved *Owen*

8.34 Orchestra
Selection from Verdi's Operas

8.44 Vivien Lambelet
You ..... *V. Lambelet*
Rushes ..... *Shenton*

8.50 Orchestra
Chanson Triste ..... *Tchaikovsky*
Polonaise in A ..... *Chopin*

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 Mr. Vernon Bartlett: 'The Way of the World'

9.30 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.35 Can Voices be Visualized?

Relayed from Keston

THIS is an experimental transmission of great human as well as technical interest, under the direction of K. B. Indne, in the course of which some, at least, of the voices heard will be familiar to listeners.

Among those who have been invited to participate in the experiment is A. J. Alan.

10.15 SURPRISE ITEM

10.30–12.0 DANCE MUSIC: Fred Elizalde and his Savoy Hotel Music, from the Savoy Hotel

THURSDAY, DEC. 27

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

THROUGHOUT THE DAY SPECIAL EFFORTS WILL BE MADE TO RECEIVE PROGRAMMES FROM STATIONS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND SOUTH AFRICA

10.15 Chamber Music

3.0 A Symphony Concert

No. XII of the Thirty-second Winter Season of Selected Items from the Winter Gardens, Blackpool

THE [illegible] MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

ORCHESTRA

Overture, The Ma[illegible] ..... Lindsay
Symphony in B Minor ('Unfinished') ..... Schubert
Allegro moderato; Andante con moto

TENORS AND ORCHESTRA

Pianoforte Concerto (No. 5), in E Flat ('The Emperor') ..... Beethoven
Allegro; Adagio un poco mosso; Rondo

ORCHESTRA

A Somerset Rhapsody ..... Holst

4.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN

From Birmingham

FRANK NEWMAN (Organ)

Overture, 'Oberon' ..... Weber
Serenade Song ..... Schumann
[illegible] Nocturne ..... Chopin
The Dancing Doll ..... Poldini
FRANK NEWMAN
Selection, 'Faust' ..... Gounod
Fantasia ..... Liszt
[illegible] ..... Rubinstein
[illegible] ..... Wagner
FRANK NEWMAN
Selection, 'Rose Marie' ..... Stothart
[illegible] ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Agnes Macdonald ..... Buzzi-Peccia
FRANK NEWMAN
Grasshoppers Dance ..... Bornschein
Movie Scenes ..... Tootell

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(From Birmingham)

On the Fairy Train. By Winifred Peck
CONSTANCE MEI[illegible] and the Children
Wish [illegible] Song

6.15 TIME SIGNAL [illegible] WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

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

8.0 'Montezuma'

LAST OF THE AZTECS

A History Play

by

CECIL LEWIS

The Music specially composed by ROBERT CHIGNELL

(For full details of the production see page 830.)

9.25 A Pianoforte Recital

By ARTHUR BENJAMIN

Prelude
From English Suite, in A Minor No. 6, Book II ..... *Bach*
In B Major, Op. 45, C Sharp Minor ..... *Chopin*
In G Sharp Minor ..... *Prokofieff*
Op. 12 .....
Le vent dans la plaine (The wind on the plain) ..... *Debussy*
Les Fées sont d'exquises danseuses (The fairies are exquisite dancers)
La Danse de Puck (Puck's Dance)
From Six Pieces for Piano ..... *Benjamin*
G Sharp Minor
G Major
E Major

10 B[illegible] ..... Close
[illegible] ..... Station
News Bulletin

10.15-11.15 Chamber Music

[illegible] (Violin), [illegible] (Violoncello), [illegible] (Pianoforte)

Duo for Pianoforte and Violoncello ..... *Beethoven*

By [illegible] BERNARD SHORE and EDWARD ROBINSON

Serenade in D for String Trio, Op. 8 ..... *Beethoven*
(1) Adagio—Scherzo. Allegro molto. (2) Adagio—Andante. (3) Adagio. Allegretto alla Polacca. (4) Adagio—Scherzo. Allegro quasi Allegretto—Menuetto. Allegro

By [illegible] and [illegible]
Andante Duets at the Piano

DOROTHY R[illegible]

Twilight Fancies ..... *Delius*
Sweet Venevil ..... *Delius*
The Piper ..... *Barr*
Song of the Water Maidens ..... *Norman Peterkin*
O Sleep ..... *Peter Warlock*
Spring ..... *Peter Warlock*

KENNETH SKE[illegible], BERNARD SHORE and EDWARD R[illegible]

Serenade in C for String Trio, Op. 10 ..... *Dohnanyi*

Thursday's Programmes continued on page 828.

THE RADIO TIMES.

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Editorial address: Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

Thursday's Programmes continued (December 27)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 kC.

12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.45 A. K. LITTLE: 'Christmas in Greenwich Village'

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

7.45 'All the Fun of the Fair'

A Christmas Evening at the Pump Room, Bath
Relayed from the Pump Room, Bath

THE SNOWMAN
Walk up! Walk up!

THE PUMP ROOM ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JAN HURST

Country Dance, 'Fun of the Fair' arr. *Jan Hurst*
Cyprian Pierrot
Come to the Fair ..... *Easthope Martin*

SIDE SHOWS

The Clock is Playing ..... *Blaauw*
Dance of the Marionettes .. *Baron*
Dance of the Tumblers ('The Snow Maiden') *Rimsky-Korsakow*

CLIFFORD BAKER (Baritone)

Here's to the Maiden of (by request)
All the Fun of the Fair *Easthope Martin*

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Merrie England' *German*

A PROLOGUE

Outside the South Theatre will be heard a Dramatic Prologue. The Players will then appear in 'The Country of Bath,' which is about to be performed

LEONARD CORNSTAKE (Xylophone) and Orchestra

The Juggler ..... *Dutsch*

ORCHESTRA

Spanish Fantasia, 'A Fête in Aranjuez' ..... *Demersemann*
Arrival of the Guests—Bolero: The Chase: National Song
(Violin Solo, JOHN ROBERTS)

GEORGE BAKER

The Floral Dance ..... *Katie Moss*

THE SNOWMAN
beats the big drum

CLEM KOFF and his RIVOLI DANCE BAND

Fox trots

ORCHESTRA

The Tame Bear ('The Wand of Youth') .. *Elgar*
All the Fun o' the Fair ('Rustic Revels' Suite) *Fletcher*

9.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

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

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Musical Interlude, relayed from London

9.35-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 373.1 M. 920 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.45 M. GOULD: 'Christmas Customs'

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.45 Mr. J. W. F. CARDELL: 'Under the Southern Sea: The Coast of Surf and Sand'

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH

A Christmas evening programme, called 'All the Fun of the Fair,' will be relayed by Cardiff Station from the Pump Room this evening, starting at 7.45

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
THE GRUESOME FAMILY gather at the microphone and relate how they kept Christmas Day

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kC.

12.0-1.0 A BALLAD CONCERT
S.B. from Liverpool

SYDNEY GRAHAM (Pianoforte)

Impromptu, Op. 29 ..... *Chopin*
Waltz, 'Ambition' *Rose Newton*

HAROLD ENNION (Baritone)

Believed, it is Morn .. *Aylward*
Vulcan's Song *Gounod*

KATHLEEN DALY (Violin)

Melody *Gluck, arr. Kreisler*
Prelude *Bach, arr. Kreisler*

IRENE WILDE (Contralto)

When the Swallows homeward fly ..... } *M. Valerie White*
Ring bells, ring

SYDNEY GRAHAM

Study in C Flat, Op. 25 ..... *Chopin*
Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 ..... *Mendelssohn*

HAROLD ENNION

The Wanderer ..... *Schubert*
Youth ... *Allitsen*

KATHLEEN DALY

Andante ('Spanish Symphony') ..... *Lalo*
Molly on the Shore ..... *Grainger, arr. Kreisler*

IRENE WILDE

Untrodden of the Roses ..... *Coleridge-Taylor*
Here in the quiet hills ..... *Gerald Carne*

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.45 Mrs. JANE HILDITCH: 'Gods of the Kitchen'

4.0 THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'Mirella' ..... *Gounod*
Song: Sul ..... *Aria*

Gramophone Records

ORCHESTRA

Gipsy Suite .. .. *Grieg*

Gramophone Records

ORCHESTRA

A Rumanian Rhapsody ..... *Bucalossi*
Music [illegible] England ..... *Farbach*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
Animal Antics

Songs sung by BARRY WHEATLEY

Mr. Frog .. } *Maikel Hardy*
The Squirrel }
The Mare ..... } *Alec Rowley*
The Elephant ..... }

Songs sung by HARRY HEPWELL

The Animals went in two by two ..... } *Folk Songs*
The Derby Ram .....
Poor Old Horse ..

Piano Solos played by EDIE FOGG

The Homesick Crocodile } *Helen Pyke*
The Frenzied Kangaroo }

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.30 Market Prices for North of England Farmers

6.45 *S.B. from London*

7.45 A Light Orchestral Programme

THE NORTHERN WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Overture, 'The Naiads' ..... *Standish Hinton*
Waltz Suite, 'These Days' ..... *Coleridge-Taylor*

ANNIE PLUNKETT (Contralto)

Love the Pedlar ..... *German*
Laughter Fine ..... } *Easthope Martin*
Hungary ..... }

ORCHESTRA

Suite 'Cotswold Castle' .. *Lorraine*

ANNIE PLUNKETT

Hills of Donegal ..... *Sanderson*
A Blackbird Singing .. .. *Wood*
Dainty Feet ..... *Brahe*
When Song is Sweet ..... *Sims Sonch*

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'Merrie England' ..... *German*

9.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

(Thursday's Programme continued on page 839.)

Sensational Case

THE TRIUMPH OF RADIUM OVER RHEUMATISM

The Well-known Authoress, Lilly Porthan, Relates Her Experiences

A SMALL grey piece of flannel that looked like worn-out home spun. Thus begins the Authoress in her account of her experiences of [illegible]

So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radium pack Radicura. But it contains radium, which [illegible] for the human body means health and strength. And therefore the pack is worth more than gold and jewels.

[illegible] myself been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints [illegible], I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and [illegible] the qualities which the Radiecura packs possess.

[illegible] which began in both knees and quickly [illegible] The doctor declared that it was a most [illegible] and very hard to cure. Medicines, [illegible] I tried every expert. The pains were horrible. The joints had become [illegible] I could not in the slightest [illegible] arm and the right leg. New ointments, new compresses. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me the presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist.

I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost [illegible] I found the plain, Spartan piece of flannel which was [illegible] would for certain restore me to health.

[illegible] was standing a considerable collection of proud [illegible] ments, bottles of strong-smelling and richly-[illegible] potent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had n[illegible] I now the small radium pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. About half an hour after I fell asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the little pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And thanks to these two packs I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks, I had no more pains whatever and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the radium, that wonderful substance which soothed and cured.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

So much for the authoress. But it is not only against Rheumatism or its numerous forms that Radiecura has proved its unique healing effect, but also against Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and other diseases which have their origin in defective metabolism. Our imposing collection of testimonials from persons in all ranks of society and in different countries bears witness to this.

Every Radiecura bears a sealed certificate, signed by an eminent Government Geologist, attesting its Radio-activity.

It can be kept in the home for years and used again and still retain its activity. The Radiecura material may be purchased for a few shillings upwards according to size.

Read our interesting brochure; it may be obtained post free, together with testimonials, by posting the attached coupon.

Cut out the coupon now, before this RADIO TIMES leaves your hands, or mention this paper when writing for literature to Radiecura-Radiwoll, Ltd., 53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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Kindly send me a copy of your free book on Radiecura.

Name ..

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[illegible] envelope only to Please [illegible]

CHRISTMAS

IN OLDEN TIMES—

THE MUSIC OF THE WAITS

IN the brave days of old, the waits played their music without the castle walls. To-day, in castle and in cottage, the carols of old still are heard—through the Brown Loud Speaker. And, because the reproduction of the Brown is so completely faithful, it is quite easy to believe that it is the voices of the carollers themselves upon the yuletide air.

If you would bring the true spirit of Christmas into your home this year—buy a Brown Loud Speaker, and its sweet music will gladden the festive time. If, too, there is one whom you would honour—give a Brown Loud Speaker, and the beauty of its voice will express, throughout the coming years, your message of goodwill.

The Loud Speaker on the right is the stately Brown Cabinet. It costs 6 guineas and is but one of the comprehensive Brown range which includes models from 30/- to 15 guineas—each one a perfect gift. Read about some of them below.

TODAY—

THE MUSIC OF A Brown LOUD SPEAKER

A FEW XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

For young Jack

[illegible] 16/-

For brother George

[illegible] 28/-

For Uncle Fred

[illegible] £6

For Father

[illegible] 15gns.

For the Family

[illegible] £12. 10s.

Adv. S. G. Brown Ltd. Western Avenue, N. A. 100 London

Thursday's Programmes continued (December 27)

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE.

5SC GLASGOW.

2BD ABERDEEN

2BE BELFAST

THE COAST OF SURF AND SAND

A view of the sea front of Rabat, in Morocco, about which Mr. Cardell will talk in his travel series from Plymouth this afternoon.

Rates of Subscription to "The Radio Times" (including postage). Twelve months (Foreign), 15s. 8d.; twelve months (British), 14s. 6d. Subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher of "The Radio Times," 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,562.5 M. 192 KC.)

7.45 A Light Symphony Concert

10.15 The Daily Service

10.30 (*Daventry only*) Time Signal, Weather Forecast

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Concert

12.0 A Sonata Recital

Leon Owen (Violin)

Vera Lawrence (Pianoforte)

Sonatine in D, Op. 137 .. *Schubert*
Sonata in F Minor, Op. 120, No. 1

ORGAN RECITAL

by Leonard H. Warner

from

St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate

Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor *Bach*
Concerto No. 2 in B Flat .. *Handel*
arr. *G. S. Holmes*
Introduction; Allegro; Adagio, Allegro ma non presto
Basso Ostinato in 5-4 time
Arensky, arr. C. W. Pearce
Concert Toccata in B Flat *Hollins*

1.0-2.0 Lyons Tube Music

Moschetto and the Orchestra

From the May Fair Hotel

3.0 An Orchestral Concert

Relayed from Birmingham

The Birmingham Studio Orchestra

Conducted by Joseph Lewis

Overture, 'Raymond' *Thomas*

First Norwegian Rhapsody *Svendsen*

Percy Phillips (Baritone) and Orchestra

Air, 'My heart now is merry' ('Phœbus and Pan') *Bach*

3.25 Orchestra

Suite, 'From the Countryside' *Bantock*

Beatrice Eveline (Violoncello)

Symphonic Variations .. *Boellmann*

Orchestra

Pizzicato for Strings, 'Thistledown' *Barrs Partridge*

3.55 Frank Phillips

When I heard the learn'd Astronomer (*Whitman*) *Bantock*
Captain Stratton's Fancy .. *Warlock*
La Belle Dame Sans Merci *Stanford*

Beatrice Eveline

Waldesruhe (Forest Quiet) *Dvorak*
Spanish Serenade .. *Glazounov*

4.14 Orchestra

First Suite, 'The Maid of Arles' *Bizet*

4.30 Frank Westfield's Orchestra

From the Prince of Wales Playhouse, Lewisham

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Imitations, Improvisations and Songs at the Piano, by Ronald Gourley

'Kimiri, Keeper of Goats' (*Music Ensemble*) with African Bird Calls and Native Songs by Lawrence Haydon

'The Care of Birds in the Winter' (*Reynolds Gow*)

From a Costume-Drawing by Charles Ricketts.

9.35 'MONTEZUMA'

Last of the Aztecs

A History Play, by CECIL LEWIS

The Music specially composed by Robert Chignell

The Wireless Orchestra, Conducted by the Composer

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

Tonight the above (and below) mentioned author presents to you his first play. It was begun five years ago. It will never be finished. The story—which I must remind you, is historically accurate—is so vast and so moving in all its beauty and tragedy, that I very much doubt if it will ever be compressible into the narrow limits of dramatic dialogue.

The Aztec Empire at the height of its power had probably the most splendid barbarian civilization the world had ever seen. Certainly, its costume and ritual were unequalled for magnificence and brutality.

Cortez, the Spaniard, at the age of 33, undertook this Crusade which was distinguished by his audacity, cunning, perseverance, and personal bravery.

It all belongs to the heroic age, and that is why I have tried to make the language heroic. Much of it is in verse, but don't let that dismay you! If people do not really talk as I make them, let me beg you to accept the convention as fitting the story—accept it as part of the whole convention to which you are a party when you settle down to listen to any play—making each your own scenery, your own costumes, and allowing the author, actors, and musicians to do what they can to summon up a pageant on the threshold of your minds.

Cecil Lewis

Cecil Lewis presents 'Montezuma'

6.0 Miss Arnot Robertson: 'Trials of a Young Novelist'

6.15 Time Signal, Greenwich Weather Forecast, First General News Bulletin

6.30 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

Pianoforte Duets—Schubert

Played by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson

Rondo in A (*Landler*)

7.0 Mr C. A. Atkinson: 'Seen on the Screen'

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.26 Historical Reading from Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall'

Chapter 18. The Character of Constantine the Great

Chapter 40. Description of the Nika Riot at Constantinople

7.45 A Light Symphony Concert

The Wireless Symphony Orchestra

Leader: S. Kneale Kelley

Conducted by Julius Harrison

Gagliarda .. } ('Ancient Airs and
Villanella .. } Dances for the Lute')
Passo mezzo e Mascherada (*Transcribed by O. Respighi*)

8.0 Bella Baillie (Soprano) and Orchestra

Dove sono (Where am I?, 'Figaro') *Mozart*

8.6 Orchestra

Symphony No. 5, in E Minor ('From the New World') ..... *Dvorak*
Adagio—Allegro molto; Largo, Scherzo—Molto vivace, Allegro con fuoco

8.48 Bella Baillie

O Lovely Night! } Recorded
Down in the Forest } *Ronald*

8.58 Orchestra

Slav Dance, No. 8, in G Minor *Dvorak*

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 Captain Malcolm Campbell: 'My Adventures in the Sahara'

9.30 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.35 'Montezuma'

(*See Centre of Page*)

11.0-12.0 (*Daventry only*) DANCE MUSIC: Ciro's Club Band, directed by Ramon Newton, from Ciro's Club

FRIDAY, DEC. 28

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE STUDIO OF THE BIRMINGHAM BROADCASTING PLAYERS

9.0 Orchestral Concert

3.0 ORGAN RECITAL

from

St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate

ORGAN

Overture, Water Music ..... *Handel*

PIANOFORTE SOLOS

Cuckoo, just so ('Phœbus and Pan') ..... *Bach*
Be thou contented .....
In Bethlehem City (Northamptonshire Carol, arr. *Fuller Maitland*

ORGAN

Air and Variations ..... *Haydn Wood*
Pastorale in E ..... *Guilmant*

PIANOFORTE SOLOS

Comic song and dance ..... *Hamilton Harty*
Scherzo No. 2 ..... *Arensky*
Mattinata ..... *Tosti-Kreisler*

ORGAN

Two Christmas Preludes ..... *P. C. Buck*
(1) In dulci jubilo, (2) The Holly and the Ivy
Finale (Sonata No. 1) ..... *Guilmant*

4.0 JACK PAYNTER and his COMEDY CLUB BAND
LILY BURNS and NORMAN PARRY
(Light American Numbers)

JACK NORMAN
(The King of Animal Mimics)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
from [illegible]

'A Wonderful Pudding,' by Mildred Forster
'Weights and Waits,' by Nicolina Twigg
Christmas Carols by THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR of THE 'FORELANDS' CONVALESCENT SCHOOL

5.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.30 Light Music

(From Birmingham)

PALACE SALON ORCHESTRA
Directed by NORRIS STANLEY
Relayed from the Café Restaurant, Corporation Street

Ballet Suite, 'William Tell' ..... *Rossini*
Sinfonetta ..... *Von Blon*

ALFRED BUTLER (Baritone)
Friend o' Mine ..... *Sanderson*

6.50 ORCHESTRA
Selection, [illegible] Days ..... *Jerome Kern*
Chant Russe (arranged for Violoncello and Organ) *Lutz*

(HARRY MILLER, Violoncello)
(G. PHILLIPS, Organ)

ALFRED BUTLER
Eight Bells ..... *Butler and Dalloway*

7.15 ORCHESTRA
Three Dances ('Henry VIII') ..... *German*

NORRIS STANLEY (Violin)
Zigeunerweisen (Gipsy Airs) ..... *Sarasate*

ALFRED BUTLER
[illegible] ..... *Butler and Dalloway*

7.40 ORCHESTRA
[illegible] ..... *Coleridge-Taylor*
[illegible]
Love Waltz ..... *Moszkowski*
[illegible]
Valse, 'Dreams on the Ocean' ..... *Gung'l*

8.0 'Out of the Hat'

From the [illegible]

A Cheerful Variety Party
Presented by
MARJORIE PALMER and ETHEL WILLIAMS
HARRY SEXTON
JESSIE and MAX COVEN
MABEL FRANCE
KENNETH RANDALL and his BAND
And THE STAGE DOOR KEEPER

8.45 ALBERT WHELAN
The American Entertainer

9.0 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

from the Birmingham Studio

THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA
Leader: FRANK CANTELL
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture to a Comedy ..... *Balfour Gardiner*

SEVERAL diverse influences went to the making of [illegible] and Sonderhausen [illegible] here, and for a time he was Music Master to the Court. His music is all [illegible] with the orchestra he is thoroughly at home. This Overture is not inspired by any actual comedy, nor has it any fixed programme; the title is the best possible clue to its intention.

There is a short introduction with hints of the first principal tune, it appears at once on the first violins when we reach the main part of the piece—a very merry, bustling tune. The second main tune is more suave and flowing, but not less [illegible] of the introduction, the Overture is built up on rondeau lines. There is a short coda in the same bright spirits as the rest of the piece.

JOAN ELWES (Soprano) and Orchestra
Salome's Air ('Hérodiade') ..... *Massenet*

9.17 ORCHESTRA
Tone Poem, 'With the Wild Geese' *Hamilton Harty*

ACCORDING to an old legend the spirits of the men of the Irish Brigade who were killed on the field of Fontenoy, took the form of wild geese, when darkness fell, and flew home to Ireland. That is the theme which Sir Hamilton Harty has set forth in this picturesque orchestral piece, making use of Irish idioms, if not actual Irish tunes.

There is a slow and rather plaintive introduction, and then two brisk Irish tunes played by flutes. A quiet tune on the oboe comes next, with a hint of martial music in the accompaniment, and the music sinks to the stillness of night, although the mutters of coming battle can still be heard.

A call on trumpets brings in the Irish tunes once more, now in a more stirring vein, and the tone poem comes to an end with a theme which depicts the flight of the wild geese after the battle.

9.37 JOAN ELWES
To the Queen of Heaven ..... *Dunhill*
Cradle Song ..... *Boyd*
Christmas Eve [illegible] ..... *Darewski*

ORCHESTRA
Suite, Neapolitan Scenes ..... *Massenet*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SPECIAL AGRICULTURAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: HERMAN DAREWSKI and his BAND, from the Royal Opera House Dances, Covent Garden

11.0-11.15 CICO'S CLUB BAND, directed by RAMON NEWTON, from Cico's Club

(*Friday's Programmes continued on page 832*)

Friday's Programmes continued (December 28)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

10-2.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 [illegible] Carlton Café Band Orchestra

Relayed from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 [illegible] "Through the Welsh Countryside!"

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.30 Mr. A. Watkin Jones: 'England and the Dutch'

6.45 *S.B. from London*

7.45 'Happy Christmas!'

A Mince-Pie

With Incidental Songs and Music

Prepared by F. Morton Howard

Characters in the Sequence:

Old Squire Wilmerston ..... of Wilmerston Hall

Richard Barrow

Derek, his grandson ..... [illegible]

Pamela, his granddaughter ..... Dorothy M. Jones

Cattle, his butler ..... Thomas Jones

An Announcer

Mr. [illegible] Gattle, ... The [illegible]

[illegible] Mark

The Announcer ..... Mr. [illegible] Davies

Assistant Officer in Charge ..... Captain Peter Davies

Jack Palmer ..... Joseph Trigg

James Harrison

Grace Dobbs, a cook ..... Sydney Evans

Dr. Jones, of Wales ..... J. Emrys Parry

Gorge Purton, of Berkeley Vale ..... Daniel Roberts

Mrs. Hezekiah Gattle ..... Mary MacDonald-Taylor

The Conductor of the Village Band ..... Rudolph Frinton

Mr. Alf Higgins ..... D. Haydn Davies

The Village Band

Scene: At Wilmerston Hall. Afterwards at "The Blue Barge Inn," somewhere on the Berkeley Ship Canal

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

MR. F. MORTON HOWARD.

A summer snapshot of the creator of tonights' "Mince-Pie," of which Cardiff listeners will be invited to partake at 7.45.

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

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Musical Interlude relayed from London

9.35-11.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH 270. M. 970 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

Almost Normal

[illegible] entitled "A Falling Out," from "The Golden Age" (*Kenneth Grahame*), and some Dance Music

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Forthcoming Events, Local Announcements)

2ZY [illegible] M. 780 KC.

[illegible]

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

S.B. from Leeds

A Jumble Tale by Aunt Mabel

Clock

10.0 a.m. The King's Breakfast

11.0 a.m. Feeding my Cow *Frances Sawyer*

11.30 a.m. Jogg[illegible] ..... *Song*

12.0 noon Boys and Girls come out to play ..... *Tune played*

1.0 p.m. [illegible] Day *Frances Sawyer*

2.0 p.m. Rest Hour A Story

3.0 p.m. Puppy and I

4.0 p.m. Before Tea *Frances Sawyer*

5.0 p.m. The King who wanted Jam for Tea ..... *Charles*

6.0 p.m. The Children's Hour

6.0 Mr. W. Redfern Scott Famous Boys

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

Other Stations:

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.8 M. 960 KC.

3.0.—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.30.—Music relayed from Daventry. 5.15.—The Children's Hour. 6.0. Col. D. B. Boyle, Chief Commissioner North-[illegible]. 6.15.—[illegible] London. 6.30.—[illegible] Weather. [illegible] 9.45-11.0.—[illegible] London.

5SC GLASGOW 422.4 M. 710 KC.

3.30.—A Light Concert. The [illegible] Orchestra. Overture "[illegible]" (Ansell). Humorous [illegible] Sloane. "[illegible] to Poland in the War" [illegible] Mme. Marie [illegible] Aitken (nee Prison Welfare [illegible]). The High [illegible] Song [illegible]. [illegible] Orchestra. [illegible] Darkwood (Piano). [illegible] Mme. [illegible] Aitken. [illegible] Marches. [illegible] Tunes and songs [illegible] Band. [illegible] Scots [illegible] Mme. [illegible] Aitken. [illegible] Orchestra. [illegible] 6.45.—Organ Recital by S. W. Leitch.

Continued at foot of page 835.

Notes From Northern Stations.

Manchester's Gateway to the Sea.

JANUARY the first will be the 35th birthday of the Manchester Ship Canal. As a [illegible] Manchester is today [illegible] trade of [illegible] The story of the inception of this mighty scheme, full of its beginnings, makes dramatic reading. [illegible] is drawn up for A [illegible] Mayor of Manchester, on [illegible] January 1 [illegible] Wednesday, January 3, at 7.30. Unfortunately Mr Percival Brocklehurst will be unable to be present, but his talk on the Canal in general, to all stations of the Northern grouping, will be relayed. Earlier in the day, Mr. K. R. Brady, a member of the Canal Company's staff, will broadcast locally some amusing tales of the lighter side of the Canal's birth-story; and in the evening there will be a specially designed variety programme. The Manchester Canal Band will include numbers by the Canal Male Voice Choir. I shall have much more to say about this next week.

Wireless for the Blind.

THE Lord Mayor of Manchester (Councillor W. Watson Hill) presided on Sunday afternoon last over a meeting held in the Manchester Northern Wireless Club for the blind. The Manchester Northern Wireless Club is one of the most active [illegible] up to the number of [illegible] and [illegible] among its members, [illegible] of the blind of Manchester and [illegible] 25 miles of Manchester [illegible] Blind School. There is [illegible] of wireless [illegible] the Manchester and Salford Blind Aid Society, and other [illegible] the world's sake [illegible] the blind are [illegible] The Lord Mayor's appeal for the blind is obviously not to [illegible] the hope that the excellent work of this fund will, by the Lord Mayor's appeal, be quickly enabled to continue its service. Please [illegible] of the date.

A Contemporary Composer's Concert.

A CONCERT of orchestral music and songs by [illegible] composers will be relayed from the Manchester studio on Wednesday evening, January 2. Manchester and Liverpool, in this [illegible] concert, are the [illegible] the Northern Wireless region, and Professor Foyle from Liverpool. One of Mr [illegible] two groups of songs [illegible] settings of two poems of the modern Irish poet, Padraic Colum.

The Browns of Owdham Again

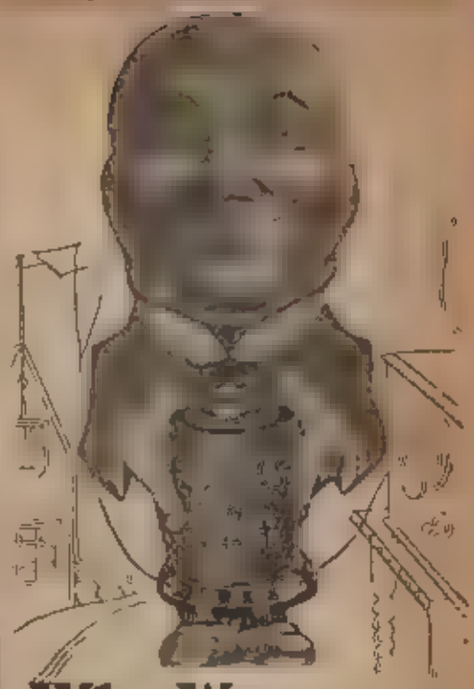
THE Browns of Owdham continue their [illegible] gallivantings before the [illegible] appearing in a humorous play at the [illegible] of the year. [illegible] The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Brown [illegible] ing that the New Year Party will coincide with [illegible] Saturday, January 5, [illegible] evening, January 3, is the date of the broadcast from Manchester only.)

A Christmas Song Recital.

TUESDAY is Monday—so far as this year's New Year's Eve programme of the Tuesday Midday Society's Concerts is concerned. The programme will consist of a recital of Christmas and New Year Songs, to be sung by Miss Muriel Robinson, who has made a feature of such concerts during recent years in Manchester. Indeed, both for their individual choice of [illegible] and for the fine artistry Miss Robinson [illegible] to [illegible] Her selection this year will [illegible] several [illegible] the New Year from Bach [illegible] Three [illegible] French carols, Douglas [illegible] *Ring out, wild bells* and [illegible] songs by Eaton Rodwell, Parker [illegible] Song. The recital Monday December 29 [illegible] be relayed to [illegible] Manchester grouping.

The Theatre in the Provinces

THE Liverpool Playhouse has, and rightly, won a place [illegible] largely due to the efforts of Mr William Armstrong, who, since 1923, has been producer and director there. Among the plays which he has [illegible] are Shaw's *Pygmalion* and [illegible] *Fohnson* and [illegible] Shaw. In addition he has been [illegible] wrote a special part [illegible] *The Wasp* [illegible] and has been [illegible] with Brett Young, [illegible] *The Forest* and [illegible] A. P. Herbert in *Knight of the Castle* [illegible] Mr Armstrong [illegible] necessary to [illegible] the repertory [illegible] in general and the Liverpool Repertory Theatre in particular. On Saturday evening, January 5, he is giving a talk to Northern listeners on 'The Provincial Theatre.'



Programmes for Friday.

(Continued from page 822)

GLASGOW [illegible]

[illegible] from the [illegible] Pictures. 1 [illegible] 5.15 The [illegible] Hour. [illegible] Day [illegible] 5.58 Weather [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.15 [illegible] London. 6.30 [illegible] Dance music. 6.45 [illegible] 7.45 [illegible] 8.0 [illegible] 9.30 [illegible] 9.35-11.0 —London.

2BD ABERDEEN 500 M. 600 kc/s

3.45 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.15 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 6.45 [illegible] 7.45 [illegible] 9.0 [illegible] 9.35-11.0 —London.

2BE BELFAST. 306 M. 980 kc/s

12.0 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] Queenie" and "The Answer" Will Glover. New [illegible] Comedy. The Radio Quartet. The Desert Song (Novelty) Princess Chirseley (Cheriot). 6.0 Piano Music. Larry [illegible] 6.15 [illegible] 7.45 [illegible] 9.0 [illegible] 9.35-11.0 —Dance Music. Larry Brennan and his Piccadilly Revisers relayed from the Plaza.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

2LO LONDON & 5XX DAVENTRY

(261.4 M. 320 kc.) (1,562.5 M. 192 kc.)

7.45 A Turn from The London Palladium

'Virginia' from the Palace Theatre

The Second Act of *Virginia* will be relayed from the Palace Theatre tonight at 9.55. Here are some of its stars—George Gee and Emma Haig (above), Marjorie Gordon (left), and John Kirby (right).

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 [illegible]

12.15-2.0 The Carlton Hotel Dinner Hour Band Directed by Rene Tabary From the Carlton Hotel

3.30 A Ballad Concert

Lily Fairney (Mezzo-Soprano)

[illegible] (Tenor)

Hardy Williamson

My Lovely Celia } *Carl Engelhardt*

I [illegible] such charm as [illegible] }

3.38 Lily Fairney

The Lake of Innisfree *Angus Morrison*

The song of the Palanquin Bearers *Martin Shaw*

3.45 Hardy Williamson

Beloved, I shall wait *Guy d'Hardelot*

The Young Rose *Liza Lehmann*

3.52 Lily Fairney

Two Real Lovely Days *Easthope Martin*

St. Valentine, St. Nicholas day in the Morning

4.0 Jack Payne and The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

5.0 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Vox Angelica and Liebluh Gedacht'

From The Glassmender and Other Stories, (*Maurice Baring*)

Arranged as a Dialogue Story

With Incidental Music by The Gershom Parkington Quintet

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 Time Signal Greenwich Weather Forecast, First General News Bulletin: Announcements and Sports Bulletin

6.40 Musical Interlude

6.45 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

Pianoforte Duets—Schubert

Played by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson

Characteristic March II

Three Military Marches

7.0 Mr Ernest Newman: 'Next Week's Broadcast Music'

7.15 Musical Interlude

7.25 Sports Talk Col. Philip Trevor, 'The Test Matches'

7.45 Vaudeville

Albert Whelan (The Australian Entertainer)

Muriel George and Ernest Butcher (Folk Songs and Duets)

Arthur Prince and Jim (The First Ventriloquial Figure with a Personality)

Mabel Mayes (Syncopated Songs at the Piano)

Jack Payne and The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

and

A Variety Turn

From the

LONDON PALLADIUM

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 Topical Talk

9.30 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.35 A VIOLONCELLO RECITAL

By Gershom Parkington

9.55 'Virginia'

Excerpts from the Musical Comedy

Relayed from 'The Palace Theatre'

Book and Lyrics by Herbert Clayton, Douglas Furber, R. P. Weston and Bert Lee

Music by Jack Waller and J. A. Tenbridge

The Play produced by William Mollison

Dances and Ensembles invented and arranged by Ralph Reader

Cast in order of Entrance

Bournet (Manager of the Hotel Grand) Robert Nainby

Jules (a Porter) Ernest Graham

A Local Jeweller Lancelot Quinn

A Local Florist Edna Brough

Nicholas Ninnyjohn (Secretary to Silas B. Hook) George Gee

Marie Gladys Flack

Lord Brancmere A Rich Elderly Gentleman Leon Cortez

Lord Campton Harold French

Howson (Lord Campton's valet) H. A. Locke

Lady Campton Marjorie Gordon

Virginia Rock Emma Haig

Silas B. Hook (a multi-millionaire) John Kirby

Connor (Hook's chauffeur) J. Monie Fergusson

Gendarme John Gorden

Sambo (a Negro butler) Ernest Tarrington

Edinburgh William Taylor

Lizzie (a maid) Cora La Redd

Uncle Ned Walter Richardson

(*Excerpt*)

Act II

Opening Chorus Jack Waller's Chorus

I love you More than you Love me Emma Haig and George Gee

(Music by Harry Weston)

Virginia Bride ... John Kirby and Chorus

Rodaway Clouds Walter Richardson and Full Chorus

Orchestra under the direction of J. A. Tenbridge

THE play opens with a scene outside the Hotel somewhere on the Riviera, where Lord Campton (Harold French) is spending his honeymoon. His visitors among the local tradespeople are many and noisy, which causes all the more bliss, for when Lord Brancmere arrives to tell him that he has been so successful in spending his money that none is left, Lady Campton (Marjorie Gordon) refuses to be frightened by the prospect of love in an impoverished cottage, but pretends to change her mind after a conversation with Lord Brancmere. The wily nobleman reminds her that her husband's family is so infuriated by his marriage to an actress that it has cut him off with the proverbial shilling and suggests that she should perform an act of noble renunciation and divorce her husband. Lord Campton's prospects would then be rosy, for Silas B. Hook (John Kirby) the American multi-millionaire has just arrived at the hotel with his daughter Virginia (Emma Haig), who is doomed to marry an English nobleman if her father's scheming can possibly achieve that end. He is willing to pay all Lord Campton's debts if he marries Virginia. Virginia has other ideas on the subject, and has, in fact, already married her father's secretary, Nicholas Ninnyjohn (George Gee), but does not confess the fact. At the end of this act Silas B. Hook has lived up to his appearance of a human steam-roller and flattened out the objections of the four unfortunate pawns in his matrimonial game.

10.43-12.0 DANCE MUSIC Fred Elizalde and his Savoy Hotel Music, from the Savoy Hotel

(*Saturday's Programmes continued on page* 836.)

B.B.C. SCHOOL BROADCASTING PAMPHLETS

Easter Term, 1929.

The undermentioned pamphlets are published in connection with the afternoon broadcasts to Schools. They will also be found of assistance to listeners generally

Now Ready. — Schools Broadcast Syllabus Free. By post 1d

[illegible] January 1, 1929.

The following pamphlets, 1d. Post free 2d.)

Secondary School Syllabus

Scholars' Music Manual, No. II. Sir Walford Davies.

Elementary French Manual, No. II. E. M. Stephan.

Foundations of Poetry, Course 2. J. C. Stobart and Mary Somerville.

What the Onlooker Saw, Course 2 Rhoda Power

Nature Study, Course 2. Miss Von Wyss.

The Why and Wherefore of Farming Course 2. A. B. Keen.

Round the World, Course 2. Clifford Young, Ernest Young, and Other Travellers

Great Discoverers Mrs. Annabel Williams Ellis.

Speech and Language for [illegible] (Teachers only). A. Lloyd James.

Schools supplied in bulk at 1d. per copy, plus postage.

Subscription for one year 4s.

Supplies may be obtained from the B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE LONDON STUDIO EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

8.0 Popular Celebrity Concert

3.30 A BAND PROGRAMME

(From Birmingham)

THE METROPOLITAN WORKS BAND
Conducted by GEORGE WILSON

Triumphal March ..... *Ord Hume*
Overture, 'Prometheus' ..... *Beethoven*

THERESA AMBROSE (Soprano)

Widmung (Dedication) ..... *Schumann*
Gesang Weylas (Weyla's Song) } *Wolf*
Verborgenheit (Secrecy) .....

2.50 BAND

Intermezzo ..... *Tchaikovsky*
Comic Duet, Rippling Ripples ..... *Howlett*
(Soloists, W. STEPHENS and T. ROBINSON)

MIDDLETON WOODS (Entertainer)

Fabliaux ..... *Ewing*
Winds in the Trees ..... *Goring Thomas*
All the Silent Night ..... *Rachmaninoff*

4.15 BAND

Overture, 'Mount ..... *Beethoven*
Euphonium Solo, 'Mary of ..... *Howarth*

MIDDLETON WOODS

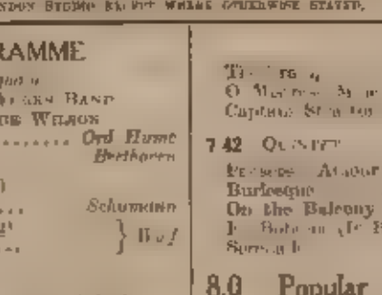
Arias Caprices ..... *Herbert*
Novelty ..... *Lumbye*
Jazz selection, 'Lady be Good' ..... *Gershwin, arr. Ord Hume*

4.45 A Sonata Recital

(From Birmingham)

ARTHUR KENNEDY (Violin)
(Pianoforte)

Sonata ..... *Ilo York*



JOHN ROBERT
plays 'The Juvenile' in the 'House the B.B.C. Built,' to be broadcast from Birmingham tonight

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(From Birmingham)

'Kitty the Clockwork Mouse,' by Barbara Slough. AUNTIE RUBY, UNCLE LAURIE, and HOMACE will Entertain. JACKO and a Piano. NORRIS STANLEY (Violin)

6.15 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SPORTS BULLETIN

6.40 Sports Bulletin *(From Birmingham)*

6.45 Light Music

LEYLAND WHITE (Baritone)

THE BERNARD ROSSELL HARP QUINTET

Minuet and Rondeau ..... *Mozart*
Musette ..... *Daneau, arr. L. Russell*
Air and Jig (Georgian Suite) ..... *Bentley*
Air à Danser ..... *Borowski*

7.5 LEYLAND WHITE

The Brisk Young Widow } *Folk Songs*
O no, John } *arr. Lyell Johnston*
Dashing away with the smoothing iron } *Folk Songs*
Lovely Joan } *arr. Lyell Johnston*

7.14 QUINTET

Fairy Tale Suite ..... *Adlington*
Characters, The Pied Piper, The Tailor and Bear

The New Spirit ..... *Foulds*
Indian Dance ..... *Allen*
Serenade ..... *Pierne*
Jig ..... *Dawson*

7.34 LEYLAND WHITE

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love ..... *H. Stanley*
The Spring ..... *Taylor*
O Mistress Mine ..... *Quilter*
Captain Stratton's Fancy ..... *Peter Warlock*

7.42 QUINTET

Reverie: A Lover Thoughts of Love ..... *Boughton*
Burlesque ..... *Sir H. Brewer*
On the Balcony ..... *St. Denis*
La Bohème (Le Bohemian) ..... *Scotson*
Serenade ..... *Leoncavallo*

8.0 Popular Celebrity Concert

Relayed from the Central Hall, Birmingham

CLARA SERENA (Contralto)
HARRY BURNETT (Baritone)
ARNAT OSBORNE (Pianoforte)

9.0 'The House the B.B.C. Built'

(From Birmingham)

A Pantomime (Re)Visit into the Future

Book, Sketches, and Incidental Lyrics by CHARLES INGRAM

Music by NORMAN HAY-SMITH

This is the House (the B.B.C.)

'Up West'

This is the Girl who sang in the House, etc. ..... CHARLES CLIFFORD

This is the Dude who was after the Girl, etc. ..... ANTHONY HAMILTON

This is the Juvenile who married the Girl, etc. ..... JOHN ROBERT

This is the Comedienne who was after the Juvenile, also the Dude, and anything else in petticoats that frequented the House (the B.B.C. Staff) ..... PEGGY JAMES

This is the Staff (HAROLD CLEMENTS and GEORGE BURT), that booked the Comedienne and all the Cast, and did all the work with a business like air, and pleased the Public and (That's quite enough—Ed.)

NOEL DALLAWAY
WALTER RANTALL } Pianofortes

Household Decorations by THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO CHORUS and ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 Sports Bulletin *(From Birmingham)*

10.20-11.15 A Ballad Concert

MAVIS BENNETT (Soprano)
SYDNEY COLTRAM (Tenor)
EDITH LAKE (Violoncello)

(Saturday's Programmes continued on page 841.)

Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Fenderson

Nov. 29. My wife mighty glum this morning, which troubled me what she may have agayust me, in particular some late foolish, though innocent passages with the wench at the dairy. But remembering, on a sudden of today's being our wedding-day did, with great thankfulness perceive that mine offence is having forgot our wedding-day, and not the wench at the dairy. So make haste to prevent my wife's reproach, by first reproaching her (with forgetfulness) before she could reproach me; and whereby the poor wretch is brought to say she is sorry she have mis-judged me, and I forgave her and we kist on it, to my very good content.

Nov. 30. This night meets our Listening-in Circle at Widow Fripp's to hear Col. Buchan on John Bunyan, and I am promist afterwards to address the Circle heron. Wherefore, in the hope of usefull riscles for more address, did first, at home, listen-in to Mr. Lloyd George on the same topick at the City Temple. A thing that pleased me was his speaking of Bunyan as the broadest-minded of all the Puritans, speaking, by the instance, how allbeit himself a Baptist, he hath nothing in his book about dipping Christian nor any other, but is sayd, when challenged hereon, to have answered that, had he dipped his pilgrims, he had sayd their progress. Which, methought well sayd.

So to Widow Fripp's, where, having heard Col. Buchan, did turn off the wireless and proceed to mine address. The most play I made was in dwelong on the real Pilgrim's Way, to Canterbury, along the North Downs, from the which Bunyan got his first notrouns, and of Vanity Fair that was old Gilford fair; which did set me thinking inwardly of brother Tom and to thank God for there being no Gilford fair nowadays for brother to goe a-playing the giddy goat therein.

But which be the true Delectable Hills is a pretty questioun, whether those about Newlands Corner, or Burford or Reigate, or the Titsey ridge, which be the highest of them all and so, in a manner of speaking, the nearest [illegible].

Moreover, 'twas here, in Titsey Woods, that I did first ask my wife to marry me, having refresht copiously, in the way thither, at the Whyte Lyon in Warlingham, or I doubt I had ever brought myself to do it.

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

(Continued from page 801.)

explained to the Lady Administrator that while you cannot be considered eggsackly what you might call a genius, yet your intelligence over cookery is of an 'eighth that would surprise 'er.'

'It isn't that, Bert. I—I can't go.'

'Nonsense! You got her go. Don't I tell you I've paid fer it!'

Ag looked up at him in despair.

'Mondays, Wednesdays an' Fridays are the days I promised to work late at the hostel, so—so's to pay fer your smoker's companion, Bert,' she said.

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Saturday's Programmes continued (December 29)

5WA CARDIFF 353 M. 850 KC.

12 0 2 0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6 0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Miss Enyle Newbery: Chinese Drama

7.15 *S.B. from London*

7.25 Lt.-Col. W. Wilkinson: Rugger Internationals

7.35 Leigh Woods: 'West of England Sport'

7.45 12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1020 KC.

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.40 *S.B. from Cardiff*

7.0 *S.B. from London*

7.10 *S.B. from Cardiff*

7.25 *S.B. from Cardiff*

7.45 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Sports Bulletin S.B. from Cardiff

9.35-12.0 *S.B. from London*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 226.1 M. 920 KC.

12 0 1.0 Gramophone Recital

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements, Sports Bulletin)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

12 0-1 0 A Lunch-time Recital

Marche 'Hommage' ..... *Wagner*
Three Dances ..... *Frank Bridge*
Two Negro Spirituals:
Selection, 'La Boutique Fantasque' ..... *Rossini*
The Two Imps ..... *Heard*

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
The Toys Orchestral Party
Roll Call at 5.15 p.m.
'The Last Peak,' 6.0 p.m.

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.40 Sports Bulletin

6.45 12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Points of Naval Information; Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

12.0-1.0 Musical Comedy

The Northern Wireless Orchestra
Selection, 'The Circus Girl' ..... *Rodgers*
Selection, 'Tell Me More' ..... *Gershwin*
Vera Foy (Soprano)
Vocal (The Merry Widow) ..... *Lehar*
Vocal (La Boutique) ..... *Offenbach*

9.35 Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan Operas

The Northern Wireless Orchestra
Conducted by T. H. Morrison

'The Mikado' ..... *arr. Winterbottom*
'The Gondoliers'
'H.M.S. Pinafore'
'Patience' ..... *arr. Lee*

10.45 12.0 *S.B. from London*

A CHINESE PLAY IN PROGRESS.

The two actors in this scene are wearing flags on their backs, each one of which represents a division of the Imperial Army. This is one of the ways in which the Chinese theatre dispenses with costly effects. Miss Enyle Newbery will discuss the Chinese drama in her talk from Cardiff this evening at 7.0.

The Little Maiden ..... } ('Gipsy Love') *Lehar*
The Looking Glass ..... }
Orchestra
Selection, 'Her Soldier Boy' ..... *Rosebery*
Vera Foy
The Pipes of Pan ('The Arcadians') *Monckton and Talbot*
The Piccolo ..... } ('The Waltz Dream') *Strauss*
The Waltz Dream ..... }
Orchestra
Selection, 'The Desert Song' ..... *Romberg*

3.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour:
Musical Conversations

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15 *S.B. from London*

6.40 Regional Sports Bulletin

6.45 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mr. J. Murray Watters: 'Diaries'

7.15 *S.B. from London*

9.30 Regional Sports Bulletin and Local Announcements

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE.

12.0-1.0 Music relayed from Newcastle Evening Theatre

3.30 ... 4.15
... 5.15
The Children's Hour 5.0 ... 5.15
Daventry 5.15 ... 6.40 Sports Bulletin
6.45 ... 10.30 ... Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin
Orchestra ... 11.15-12.0 ...

5SC GLASGOW

11.0-12.0 ... 2.15 ...
... 4.0 ...
5.15 ... 5.50 ...
... 6.40 ... 6.45
7.0 ... 7.15 ...
7.30 ... 8.45 ...
9.0 ... 9.55 ...
... Isaac Lowinsky ...
... Douglas Wright, Isaac Lowinsky ...
... 10.45-12.0 ... London.

2BD ABERDEEN

3.30 ... 4.40 ...
5.15 ... 6.0 ... programme ...
from Daventry 6.15 ... 6.40 ...
from Glasgow 6.45 ... Local Concert. 7.0 ... Glasgow. 7.15 Musical Interlude. Three ... played by Marie ... Pianoforte ... 7.30 ... 8.45 ... Interlude. 9.0 ... from London. 9.30 ... and Sports Bulletins, relayed from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0 ... from London.

5BE BELFAST

3.30 ... 4.0 ... 4.45 ... 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.40 ... 6.45 ... 7.0 ... 7.35 ... 8.40 ... 9.55 ... 10.10 ... 10.45-12.0 ...
Dances (M. P. Phillips). 9.45 This Week's Story: Swing Low, and Home, Sweet Home (all Dunbelle). Miss Williams: A Maid (Alison Travers), April is a Lady (Phillips). ... 10.25 ... 10.45-12.0 ... London.

B.B.C. PUBLICATIONS.

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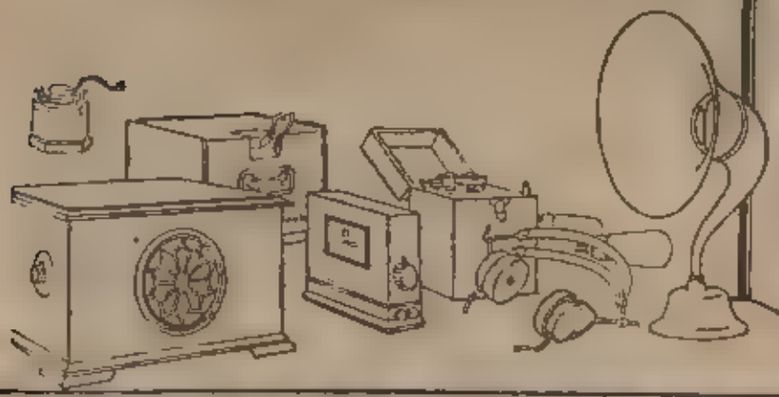

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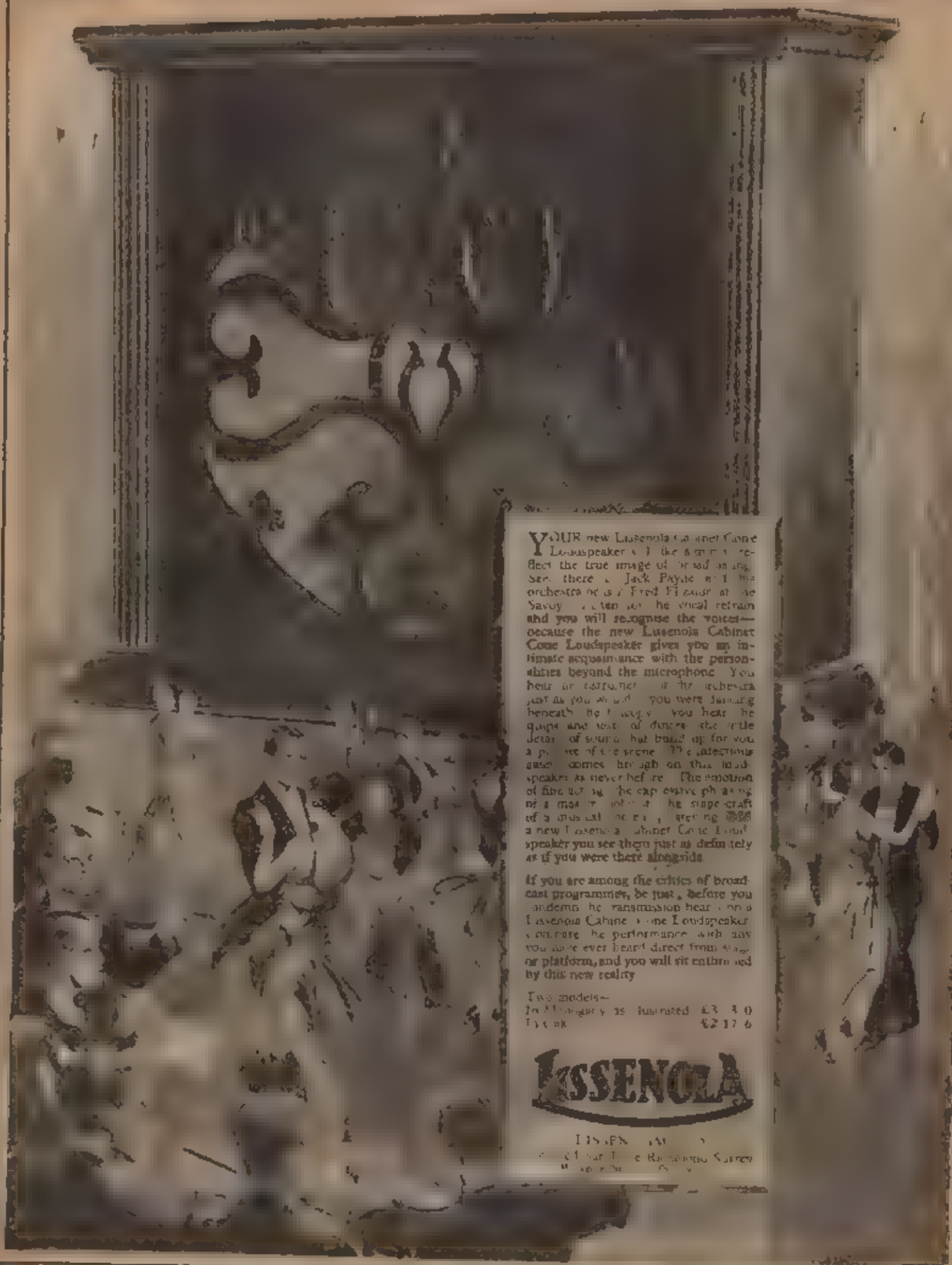

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M.C. 251

THE DRAGON OF SPATCHCOCKING WEST

(Continued from page 796.)

'Driving to the common danger,' said a voice. 'Name and address, please, and your licence!'

A helmeted head appeared, followed by the rest of the speaker—a policeman, complete with notebook and pencil.

'Licence?' I said. 'I'm afraid I can't get at it—not in this rig-out. I've come about the dragon.'

'Oh, that's different!' he replied. 'My Aunt Euphemia——'

'Oh, she's your aunt, is she?' He was obviously impressed. 'In that case, you'd better hurry on—and good luck to you, sir!'

In went the clutch and the car bounded forward once more. In and out, up hill and down, till at last we came to the end of the lake where, at the foot of the hill, was a wide level space of grass. It looked very restful, very peaceful and inviting, spread there in the sunshine below Spatchcocking West. Rather the style of an old-world village green, I thought. No doubt this was where the inhabitants had their May Day revels, or, perchance, set up the lists for the tourneys.

'The lists!' cried Phillida, her face aglow with enthusiasm as, staying our chariot in its wild course, she gazed around. 'The lists—and see, yonder, the pavilion, bedecked with banners!'

'Yes,' I murmured, 'and the Spatchcockers seem to have had news of our coming, too.'

'It must be so,' replied Phillida. 'I will be your page, your 'squire, your charioteer, your herald. Hark! I will sound the parley!'

Loudly she sounded three blasts which echoed amongst the hills, and a mighty cheer went up from the assembled throats of Spatchcocking West.

Then came a pause, a silence, followed by a roaring and a rumbling which grew louder and louder. The ground trembled.

'It is the dragon!' cried Phillida. 'See where it comes!'

I followed the direction of her gaze and saw, in a gap between the hills, *something*—something moving!

Slowly, ponderously, it approached. I could now see its great eyes flashing in the sun which lit up its body as with a thousand points of light.

On it came—on, on, on towards us. It reached the green sward, soon perchance to be incarnadined with gore. Whose gore would it be—the dragon's or mine? Time would tell.

Meanwhile, there was need for action.

'Phillida,' I said, 'get you to the pavilion and safety.'

'Never!' she answered; 'for I will ride by your dear side. . . .'

'You won't!' I shouted, and, seizing her in my arms, I staggered across to the pavilion, where the willing hands of Spatchcocking West received and placed her in the seat of honour.

'Stay there and aid me with your smiles,' I yelled, as, ignoring her protests, I turned and dashed away.

None too soon, I reached open space, where movement would be unconfined. The mighty monster, swaying with ungainly motion, came on towards me. A grin was on his mouth, and his great tongue, hanging out at one side, flopped and flopped at every movement. Smoke issued from his nostrils, and I wondered whether, should I manage to escape his terrible teeth and claws, I should avoid scorching by his fiery breath.

A movement at the pavilion caught my eye, and I saw Phillida throw something into the arena. It was her glove—her favour.

I sprang towards it, snatched it up hurriedly, and, kissing it, stuck it in my hat.

Then back again and stood awaiting the onslaught. The dragon stopped, not six feet away from me. Suddenly I realized that I was clutching my umbrella and that that umbrella was my sole weapon. However, there was nothing for it but to go ahead.

'Saint George for Merrie England! Up, Guards, and at 'em!' I yelled as, with gamp upraised, I leapt at the dragon and smote him with all my might. Alas! my puny weapon but glanced off, turned aside by those steely scales.

I sprang back. But with worse result: I missed my footing and fell.

The dragon crouched down before me and, putting forth a paw, pushed me a little aside and then back again. And again; and so backwards and forwards, not hurting me—for he had sheathed his claws—but refusing to let me rise. He put his paw upon me and commenced to lick my armour. It was horrible—and his rough tongue set my teeth on edge.

At last I managed to regain my feet. The dragon followed suit and began springing and dancing round me—for all the world like some monstrous nightmare cat playing with a mouse.

Again and again I attacked without effect other than, seemingly, to *please* the creature. It began to purr—a dull, sickening, rumbling purr, as, from time to time, it pushed me this way and that.

Suddenly I realized the truth—I understood—the dragon was *playing* with me! I even felt that it was quite fond of me! And, apart from the possibility that it might want to carry me off to its lair and keep me as a companion—as a *pet*, even—the whole thing was degrading. I had come out, a knight in armour clad, to do battle with a fiery dragon, and the brute flung insult into my teeth by offering me his friendship!

Blind fury seized me. Again I hurled myself to the attack—again and yet again. But no impression could I make upon that scaly hide on which, at last, my weapon broke, leaving me defenceless.

But not beaten! Gathering all my strength, I smote the monster full sore upon the nose with my mailed fist—*W O K!*

The dragon recoiled with a cry of distress—almost human it sounded; I dealt blow after blow whilst the brute turned this way and that, and I dodged round in a manner that, I fancy, would have done credit to the Ring.

If only my strength held out, victory would be mine and the terror of Spatchcocking West would be no more. Alas! in turning, the dragon dealt me a blow with its tail, sending me spinning towards the pavilion. I grew dizzy and felt myself falling—falling—falling.

I lay upon the ground, half stunned, and again the monster was licking me—fondly, it seemed; and, I remember, I wondered whether *he* were not *she*—a she full of maternal, protective instinct.

A figure in black was waddling from the pavilion towards us. Horror! it was Aunt Euphemia—and she was deliberately dashing into danger, apparently unafraid and unconcerned. I could hear her voice—the voice I knew so well.

'Oh, the *darling!*' she said, stroking the dragon, apparently in an endeavour to soothe its wrath and so save my life.

Then I must have lost consciousness; for the next thing I can recall is finding myself in my own two-seater Phibbus car, speeding along a road, with Phillida at the wheel. I was feeling very tired.

'What—what happened?' I asked, weakly.

'Oh, when we came away,' replied Phillida, 'the children were playing with it.'

'Playing with——?' I exclaimed.

'With the Dragon of Spatchcocking West,' she answered, as she put her foot on the accelerator.

* * * * *

It was the evening of St. George's Day, I remember. Phillida had switched on the wireless and, from the loud-speaker, came the voice of the Announcer:—

'In the House of Commons this evening, the President of the Local Government Board, replying to a question by the Member for the Spatchcocking Division of Early Rising, stated that he had authorized the granting of a loan to the Corporation of Spatchcocking West for the establishment of a public park, with an enclosure for the recently acquired dragon. He added that interest on and repayment of the loan would be met from funds raised by exhibiting the dragon and by receipts derived from payments, by adults and children, for rides on the creature's back. He hoped that further dragons might be found elsewhere, as it was anticipated that such acquisitions would lead eventually to reductions in the rates and so materially increase the prosperity of the people. (Loud cheers.) The debate ended with a vote of confidence in the drag—— I beg your pardon, I mean in the Government.'

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