

CHILDREN'S HOURS for the WEEK

SUNDAY.

1YA: Children's song service.

2YA: Uncle Brian and the children's choir from the Miramar Methodist Sunday school.

3YA: Rev. M. A. Rugby Pratt and children from the Cambridge Terrace Sunday school.

4YA: Big Brother Bill.

MONDAY.

1YA: Conducted by Uncle Rex.

2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.

3YA: Cousins Clay and Jack.

4YA: Conducted by Aunt Sheila.

TUESDAY.

1YA: Uncle Dave with a special feature, "Once Upon a Time."

2YA: Conducted by Jumbo and Jumuna.

3YA: Conducted by Aunt Pat.

4YA: Conducted by Aunt Leonore.

WEDNESDAY.

1YA: Conducted by Peter.

2YA: Conducted by Uncle Campbell.

3YA: Conducted by Uncle Joe.

4YA: Conducted by Mr. Travel Man.

4ZB, 6.30 p.m.: Smile Family in music, song and verse.

THURSDAY.

1YA: Conducted by Aunt Dorothea.

2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.

3YA: Conducted by Mother Hubbard.

4YA: Big Brother Bill.

FRIDAY.

1YA: Conducted by Aunt Jean and Nod.

2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.

3YA: Conducted by Uncle Robin.

4YA: Big Brother Bill and Mr. Aero Man.

SATURDAY.

1YA: Conducted by Cinderella.

2YA: Conducted by Uncle Jasper.

3YA: Conducted by Stalky and Co.

4YA: Conducted by Aunt Anita and Cousin Molly.

A PAGE FOR RADIOBEAMS

TATTERS

NORMAN and his mother were staying at a farm by the sea. And though Norman liked to watch the cows and chickens and ducks, he wanted an animal friend to play with and pet, and he liked best of all a big white cat named Tatters.

She had a lovely soft coat and green eyes. But Tatters was not at all friendly, and whenever she saw Norman leaped away into a hedge or disappeared round the corner. Even when the farmer caught the cat and put her into Norman's arms Tatters would struggle to get away, and soon jumped to the ground and stalked off with her tail waving in an offended manner.

"I wish Tatters would like me, Mummy," said Norman; "why doesn't he?"

"Perhaps some little boy may have teased her once," said his mother, "and she hasn't forgotten it."

"But I wouldn't," objected Norman.

When they were coming up from the sea one day, they heard a great commotion in the lane. Snap, the butcher's Irish terrier, was barking and snarling furiously and there was an angry spitting sound coming from the hedge.

When Norman and his mother came into sight of the spot they saw Tatters on the top of a post, with Snap leaping up excitedly at her, and she was trying to hit the dog with her claws. Poor Tatters was stuck and could get neither up nor down. As soon as Norman saw her he raced after Snap with his spade.

"Stop it, Snap! Naughty dog!" he shouted.

And while he drove Snap a little way off Tatters seized the opportunity to spring to the ground and disappear.

The dog went on barking a little and sniffed disappointedly round the bushes, which made Norman laugh.

But after tea the same day when they were in their sitting-room the door was slowly pushed open and Tatters appeared. She walked up to Norman and rubbed herself in a friendly way against his legs. The little boy could hardly speak with delight. "Look, Mummy," he gasped, "what Tatters is doing!"

Then the cat gave a leap and landed herself on his lap, where she curled round in a contented heap.

Norman chuckled with pleasure as he stroked her. "I think she likes me now," he said.

"Yes," laughed Mummy, "she's come to thank you for driving Snap away this morning."

PUZZLE

IN a certain building in Wellington a business man used to arrive at exactly 8.50 a.m. and leave exactly at 5 o'clock to catch the 5.10 bus to his home. Now, on a certain morning, when he arrived at the office, the nightwatchman stopped him and said:

"Mr. Jones, I had rather a peculiar dream last night; I dreamt that the bus you generally go home in was smashed in an accident and you were killed. I don't believe in dreams, and I am not superstitious, but there may be some kind of warning in it."

"Thank you, my man," said Jones, "for warning me thus, but I don't think it necessary."

But Mr. Jones worried about it during the day and decided at last that he would not take the bus home as usual, but would walk instead. Strange to say, next morning he discovered by the paper that the accident actually had happened and many people were killed.

If it had not been for the nightwatchman's timely warning he might now be a corpse.

Later on, when he arrived at his office, he went to the nightwatchman and thanked him warmly for his warning and also gave him a reward of £10. Immediately after this, though, he sacked him.

WHY?

Answer in next week's "Radio Record."

Let's Laugh



Q.: When is a boat not a boat?

A.: When it turns turtle.

MRS. DE SMYTHE was instructing her new maid. "And, by the way, Ethel," she said, "you had better not wear any jewellery when you are serving my guests to-night?"

"I have nothing of value, madam," replied the maid, "but thank you for the warning."

COTTAGER: I planted some potatoes in my garden and what do you think came up?

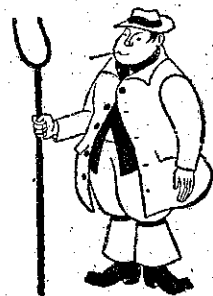
Neighbour: Potatoes?

Cottager: No; a herd of pigs, and ate them all.

HIS lordship was showing his friend Mr. Newrich round the baronial hall when a youth was seen in the distance.

"That's my son," said his lordship. "He's playing Wagner in the village to-night."

"Good," said Mr. Newrich; "let's go along and see 'im beat 'im."



A TOWN-DWELLER walking in the country had a conversation with a farm labourer, who, after a few minutes volunteered the information that he was sixty-four.

"You are remarkably fit for a man of sixty-four," said the town-dweller. "How old was your father when he died?"

"Father's not dead," replied the labourer; "there he is in the garden reading the paper to grandfather."

THEY were having a walking tour through the mountains.

"What rock is this?" asked Smith.

"Oh, I just take it for granite," replied Jones.