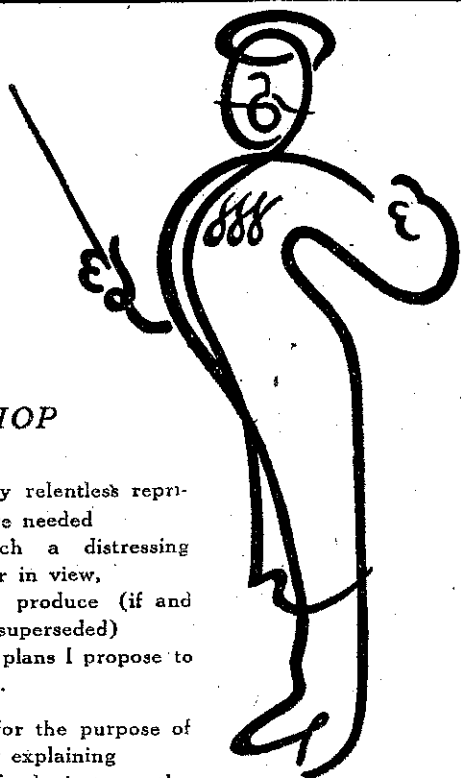


Relentless Reprisals

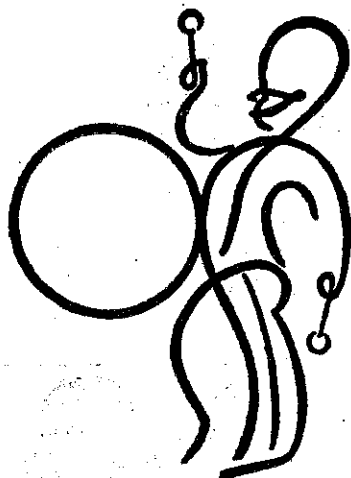
A Retaliatory Rhyme by WILL BISHOP



I am told certain learned and live legislators
Have lately been modestly heard to declare
That to broadcast their prowess as doughty debaters
Would make a most popular hit on the air.

Wherefore with the lilt of loquacious orations
Displaying superlative statesmanship ripe,
They propose to replace our dull disseminations
Of what they term "pure, unadulterate tripe."

For with all these inferior artists appearing
They frankly opine you are fulsomely fed.
And, in consequence, avidly bent upon hearing
Their virtuous views ventilated instead.



They appear to assume you are
patiently yearning,

To tune in their
magical voices
and hear

The maternal M.P.
conscientiously
earning

His paltry four
hundred and
fifty per year.

Thus in future their
keen acrimonious
clashes

May possibly
brighten your
boredom a bit,

*'And thunderous booms on the party
big drum.'*

More especially so when enlivened by flashes
Of dainty and delicate Fraseresque wit.

You may furthermore find it a boon and a blessing
To listen with joy to the nightingale notes
Of a petulant Polson politely professing
Profound admiration he feels for a Coates.

With a gay and grandiloquent grinding of axes
And thunderous booms on the party big drum,
They would treat you to topical talks upon taxes
While dud local turns are for evermore dumb.

So the artist who strives to be mildly amusing
Must mournfully view with the gravest concern
The alarmingly pitiful prospect of losing
Those fabulous fees he pretended to earn.

So, as really relentless reprisals are needed

With such a distressing
disaster in view,
I intend to produce (if and
when superseded)
Political plans I propose to
pursue.

I submit—for the purpose of
clearly explaining
How perfectly just are the
claims of my cause—

That if learned law-makers propose entertaining,
Then I can resort to the making of laws.

Having printed the words of my latest successes
In gold on the backs of nice new five-pound notes,
I shall issue the same as election addresses;
Thus making quite sure of securing your votes.

Having sampled their querulous quips about quotas
And listened in awe to their wisdom profound,
One can easily guess what intelligent voters
Will do when (if ever) elections come round.

And although as a rule I avoid prophesying,
As soon as your very next Parliament meets,
You will probably find Uncle Bill occupying
With dignified mien the two principal seats.

So I smile at the critics who seek to efface me,
For should they succeed and secure me the sack
Then, in spite of the fact that the means may disgrace me
I mean to adopt them and stave a come-back.

With dauntless display of the courage which teaches
The world that we Britishers never despair,
I will even descend to political speeches
And thus once again find a place on the air.



"Pure unadulterate tripe."