

I 'AVE no intention of quotin' statistics on static, for everybody knows it's nasty gymnastics of the atmospheric conditions prevailin'. 'Ere's me impression with aid of a dictionary book:

When yer wireless sounds asthmatic and the music's all rheumatic,

Yer can rest assured there's static in the air;

When yer neighbor 'as 'ysterics, yer can blame the atmospherics,

But it ain't no good indulgin' in a swear!

And in moments most dramatic, when the play all sounds sciatic,

And yer misses all the thrills by Victor Lloyd;

Do not work yerself up frantic, or perform some silly antic,

For by jumpin' on yer set yer makes it void!

Now, some men gets sarcastic, when the tunes gets quite gymnastic

And are apt to sock their wives upon the nose;

When the ether gets ecstatic and the voices sound chromatic

Smile benignly for there's joy in calm repose!

Though yer feels so melancholic, do not use words vitriolic

When yer visitors all smiles and says it's nice;

In a voice apologetic, yer can say "the air's magnetic—

It's Aurora bumpin' round upon the ice!"

When the static's acrobatic, be phlegmatic, not erratic,

It's the plastic or elastic atmosphere;

When harmonics needs a tonic and the historionics chronic

Be a stoic and heroic—ave a beer!

I 'ave me own theory on the static situation and been studyin' the problem in me own impulsive way. First, we must be sure that static is really static and not somethin' else, and if so, what? There is enough evidence to prove that static lives, thrives, moves and 'as its bein' in radio sets. But what I wants to know is 'ow did static exist before it 'ad radio to feed on, for it eats up symphony and jazz with the same noisy appreciation as a gormandiser with 'is gorgonzola.

The problem facin' science to-day is: "Should Static Exist or Exit—and How?" If it should be allowed to exist on the principle of "live and let live," then it must be determined just what music static prefers, so that special stations can broadcast a fare of fugues if that is where its appetite lies, on condition that it leaves other programmes strictly alone.

Does static thrive on symphonies

Or syncopated strain,

On marches, waltzes, lullabys,

Or bagpipes in a pain?

On canticles or canzonets,

On sailors' round-lays,

On imitatin' nightin' gales

Or blinkin' donkeys' brays?

On barcarolles or pastorals

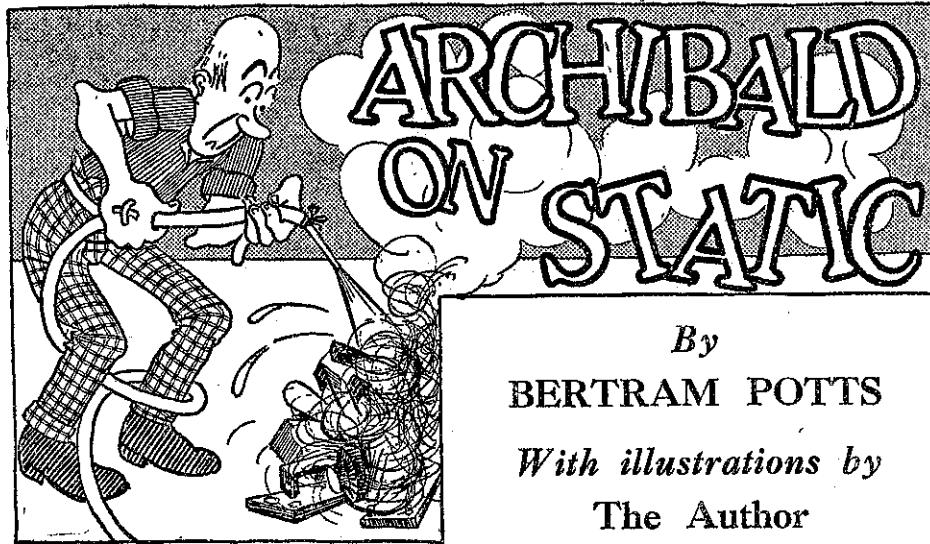
Or tunes crooned by a coon,

The trombone or the saxophone,

The tom-tom or bassoon?

The oboe, tuba, kettledrum,

The Esperanto talks,



By

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With illustrations by

The Author

*The thrilling murder mystery,
With screams, and
squeaks and squawks?*

So yer sees that the elimination of static would be easy if yer knows its favourite tone-tucker. On the other 'and, some folks would rather take the bullock by the 'ornpipe, and murder static in its sleep, only they don't know when it's sleepin' or wakin', for the noise is always the same.

Anways, I decides to approach the problem in me own way, and I proves by mathematics that workin' out sums by algebra gives yer static of the brain or noises in yer 'ead, but "nothin' sucks seeds like Black Bess," as Dick Turpins said, givin' 'is 'oss canary seed because it 'ad a whistle in its throttle.

I PAINTS a diagram on a big sheet of paper and got as far as 3x or XXX equals a bottle of beer or the Maiden's Prayer, when our 'Erbert comes 'ome from school and wants to play with 'is easel, so I 'ad to leave the design unfinished. Nothin' dauntless, I starts to build the static eliminator, and I achieves an altogether unexpected result—the set completely cut out all music and let the static come in in undiluted detonation.

I learns that static in its true and undiluted form

Resembles more a caw than coo benighted in a storm,

And yet it might 'ave been a croak, or gobble, I admit,

More like a gurgle, than a choke, a nightmare in a fit!

A cluck, or clack caccophonous, a crash or rat-a-tat,

A toot of pibroch sonorous, more mewlin' far than that!

A tintinnabulary crash, a snufflin', snortin' sneeze,

Reverberatin', jarrin' splash or p'raps a dodo's wheeze!

Sepulchral, stridulous, and harsh, more yelpin' than a cur,

More resonant and raucous than an Aberdonian burr!

Well, 'avin' made this unique discovery, the problem was fairly easy. Why? Because, I 'ad invented a machine which would catch all the static and leave the music alone! Ever since radio started to radiate it 'as been the dream of inventors to find a way of 'avin the music left alone, and 'ere I 'ad done it!

But I comes now to the fly in the annointment! I can't give me

great discovery to science. Me name won't go down in 'istory as the successor to Edison, because of that there guy named Fawkes, what lit the first jumpin' jack under Big Ben, the London Bobby, and got run in in 1066. Our 'Erbert 'ad 'idden some crackers in a tin what I used to

prop the static machine up with, and a spark from the battery some'ow must 'ave lit the oily waste I was usin' and come in contact with 'Erbert's double-bankers!

Yer never 'eard such a bang—it was the end of the static and nearly of me, too. As I 'osed the remnants of the diagram and the machine, I couldn't but wipe away a silent tear. The world is poorer for its loss.

Yours in sadness,
ARCHIBALD.

