

THERE 'as been a lot of talk about the quality of radio programmes—too much Bach and not enough bash, too much Stradivarius and not enough fiddle, too much oboe and not enough "Oh, beau!" Well, I decides to give me best brains to radio and solve the matter once and for keeps:

I starts to probe the problem of the programme, Elucidate just what the folks requires,

*I finds that them what's nutty on the banjo
Can't tolerate the garglin' of the choirs!
Some favours jazz, Jew's 'arps, and jiggin' jangles,
And them what 'ates a chanty loves a chant;
Some likes the flute, the fife, and the falsetto,
And 'ates the chaplain's chat on "Charley's Aunt";
Some scoffs at Scripture, or at Scotch comedians,
Staccato, static, or the saxophone,
At lectures on "The Life in the Limburger,"
"Do Oysters osculate or Groppers groan?"
Paul Whiteman was standoffish with Tschaiakowsky,
Godowsky got the pip with Johann Strauss,
"More gramophone," "less overtone and echo,"
The air was full of grievances and grouse!*

WELL, that's the position as I finds it, and no wonder the broadcastin' folks is bald with scratchin' their 'eads so much. The first thing I does is to get rid of all bias and 'ave an open mind, so I throws away some old valves what ain't no good, and a consumptive condenser, and tears up a letter what I was goin' to send to the newspapers on "The Archibald Theory of the Push-Pull Pentode," or "Negatively to Place Things on a Factual Basis!" Now I was ready.

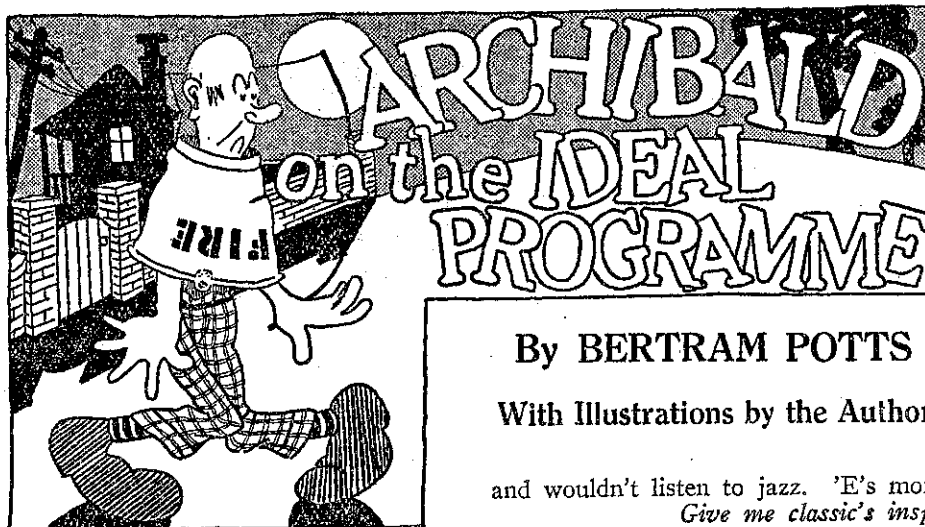
I packs a lot of records what I borrows in a box with me gramophone, and rows in a little boat to the middle of the 'arbour for the sake of peace at 'ome! The day was 'ot and me 'eart was light, and I couldn't 'elp but sing:

*Oh, Radio! Oh, Radio! Your problem now is solved
Because this knock-out knotty point on Archibald devolved!*

*'E'll ask and delve,
and sift and seek,
'e'll 'unt and probe and grope,
'E'll study, scrutinise and peer, explore and sound
—and hope!*

Alas, 'ow true the sayin': 'Ope for the best and prepare for the worst!" I 'ears all the records and draws up a balanced programme. Then I rows to a friend's 'ouse across the bay. 'E likes jazz and light music, and laughs in me face when I suggests that 'e 'ear a symphony for a change! 'E wants to know what me notebook is for, and when I tells 'im it's to note 'is impressions in, 'e laughs again and says: "If I tells yer what I thinks of 'ighbrow music, yer'd need abestos papers!" 'Is idea is:

*Give me ragtime syncopation,
That does me for recreation,*

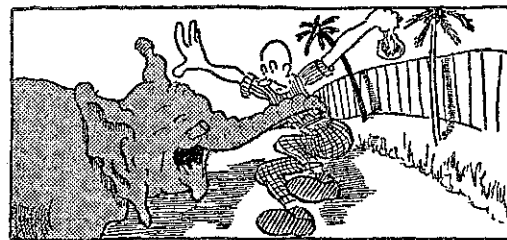


By BERTRAM POTTS

With Illustrations by the Author

and wouldn't listen to jazz. 'E's more like this:

*Give me classic's inspiration,
Chantin' of the congregation,
That to me is adoration,
Music of the spheres!
Listen! Cut out conversation,
And enjoy the orchestration;
Jazz is merely cackination—
Thunder in the ears!*



intoxicate everybody—even the cow bein' milked to the strum of the mandolin or the rift within the lute—a programme to appeal to the 'ighbrow, the lowbrow, the cow, sow, and bow-wow—to all kinds of temperaments, tempers, and distempers.

Some folks likes to sip their soup to the plug of the plectrum, while others prefers the noise of the bagpipes to disguise the noise of the soup. Some prefers guitars to go with their giblets, and tenors with their tripe, while others wants Grieg with their grog and sopranos with their bananas. I finds I'm fishin' in troubled waters with music as the apple of discord.

FOR them what prefers animal noises, I goes to the Zoo to practise a few roars and cackles. I takes me coat off and rolls up me sleeves free and easy, gets a bag of peanuts for the monkeys, and comes face to face with the elephant. I tries to get 'im to roar, so I trumpets in 'is ear. When 'e spots the bag of nuts, 'e tries to get them off me, and playfully picks me up round the waist till I drops the nuts on the ground. 'E eats but don't roar, the lion only yawns, the monkeys sits and scratches—perfect silence, except for small boys whoopin' in me ear! I nearly gets discouraged.

I slips out of the 'ouse that evening and runs down the road to a friend what's musical. He says 'e is as broadminded as other musicians and considers there is two points of view—the right and the wrong, and 'e is always right! 'E says that I am a man of keen intellect—otherwise I wouldn't 'ave gone to 'im for advice. First, 'e says there must be organ music on Mondays, operas on Tuesdays, oratorios on Wednesdays, cantatas on Thursdays, symphonic poems on Fridays, modern motifs on Saturdays, and choirs on Sundays!

"Then yer don't care much for the mouth-organ!" I says. 'E looks at me suspicious-like and says: "Educate the public! Don't give 'em what they want, but what they should 'ave!" When I says 'is programme would make the depression (Concluded on page 28.)

*All the rest's abomination—
Make the welkin ring!
Jazz is joyful jubilation,
Furthermore, exhilaration,
And expresses exultation—
Makes yer shoulders swing!*

So I packs up and goes to another friend's place. 'E's just the opposite—'ot stuff on organs and dirges

I rows 'ome thoughtful—'ow to get 'armony in their 'eart-beats, 'appiness from 'ub-bub, and make them see ear to ear with each other. The ideal programme would 'ave to be a musical cocktail what would