

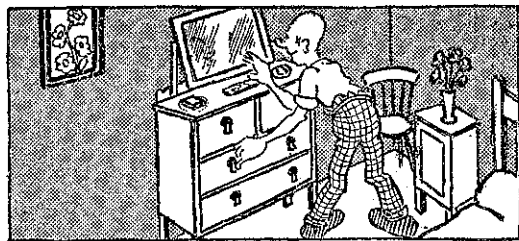
RADIO 'as grown a lot since pre-'ysteric days, when broadcastin' was done by 'and, and there was no aerials for footsore sparrows to relax on. Now, it's a very por garden what ain't got its wireless pole risin' proudly above the weeds and beer bottles.

*Beneath the shadow of the calm cucumber,
Where artichokes get choked and turnips nipped,
Two yards south-east of garbage bin and lumber,
Where bottles, bones, and sardine tins are tipped,
Where cauliflowers 'ave the collywobblers,
Where dickery docks and thick-set thistles thrive,
Where slimy slug at midnight gaily gobbles,
Where oyster shells and fishy smells survive,
Where curses spring from broken backs and bunions,
Where weeds grow wild and never know they're dead,
Where lettuces and radish know their onions—
That's where the wireless pole lifts up its 'ead!*

There's so many masts stickin' up nowadays wherever yer looks that old sea captains don't mind livin' inland, because wherever they looks it still reminds them of the crowded waterfront, the effluvia of the East, and the 'appy times they 'ad in 'Amburg!

After thinkin' it over, I 'ave come to the conclusion that radio will grow more yet, and the number of broadcastin' stations increase. Whereas to-day some towns 'as only two stations, in a little while there'll

be 'undreds in every town—in fact, the day ain't far away when there'll be 'ardly a 'ome without its own broadcastin' station. This means that the demand for good pronouncers will increase—so I makes up me mind to practise announcin'.



GRAMMAR is a fair bug-bear, ain't it?

At school I did quite good, for the teacher said nobody could parse and paralyse a sentence like me! Unfortunately, I forgot more than I ever knew. I couldn't tell yer now 'ow many punctures make a punctuation—or is it a exclamation?

*I 'ave met them rules of grammar, what the teacher used to 'ammer,
And to-day I couldn't stammer what a preposition means;
I've a 'azy recollection that a blinkin' interjection*

*Sometimes modifies inflection like a piece of pork in beans!
If yer splits a participle, cuts it up until it's triple,
Then the blinkin' thing's a cripple, and its active voice is weak;
At a phrase's termination, place a mark of exclamation,
It's a kind of inflammation of the Latin root or Greek!
You will come a blinkin' cropper if yer use nouns near a copper
Which are not considered proper by officials of the Crown;
What I knows of moods is slender, and I wouldn't care to tender
What I knows of female gender and the gossip round the town!*

By

BERTRAM POTTS,

with Illustrations by

THE AUTHOR

It would be nice to know if King George knows King's English back to front, or if 'e gets on like most of us without it. If so, why not cut grammar out of the schools—and make it easy for every child to become a radio announcer, which would solve the problem what to do with

our noise and curles whey they gets kicked out of college.

Well, I starts to swot grammar again till me 'ead 'ums with 'yphens and 'yperbole. The missus says it's bats in the belfry or bees in me bonnet, which is ridiculous, there bein' no belfry near us, and I ain't got a bonnet. I reckons I 'ave appendix in the convolutions of the brain, through a inverted comma goin' the wrong way and gettin' 'ooked up in the works of the mind.

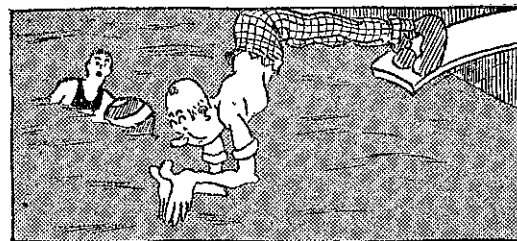
I GOES next door into me bedroom and stands in front of the mirror and speaks slow and clear, that bein' the best way to practise conjurin' tricks and patter. I says "—er—er—" a lot of times, the words not comin' very fast. I decidès that lookin' at me face in the glass is turnin' me off me announcement, but it makes no difference. I clears me throat, but the thoughts must be stuck in me Adam's apple.

*I'll tell yer this in confidence—I don't know 'ow to jaw,
I've got no flow of eloquence—but only 'um and 'aw;
I envies much me blinkin' Dutch, who would not stand and cough,
For she can squawk, and yell, and talk a donkey's 'ind leg off!*

Not 'avin' too much success, as it were, I thinks I'll try and describe a real event just like a dinkum announcer. So I goes to the baths where the folks is swimmin' and sits in a corner where nobody can 'ear me and starts:

"This 'ere place is the swimmin' bath, where I sees folks swimmin'! Most of them is in the water—er—er—swimmin' to and fro—er—er—round and round—er—er—up and down. Some's swimmin', and some's not. A man's divin'—another man's divin'—another man's,—No!—Yes!—No!—'E fell in! The baths is full of water, in which the swimmers is swimmin'! They're not all swimmin'—some's shiverin'!" I reckons that's good describin' for a start!

However, as announcers 'as to 'ang on to awkward situations sometimes to describe fires, I decides to take a risk too, and crawls along a divin' plank—only somebody not understandin' the gravity of the situation, shook the board, and I fell in. But I puts me 'ands together like a real diver and manages to get right inside the water. I gets out too, even though I couldn't swim, with the 'elp of two men.



I sees that radio announcin' 'as its dangers—which makes me wonder 'ow Mr. Drummond what announces at 2YA first learnt 'ow to perch on a parapet. Another thing, when (Concluded on page 28.)