



By
BERTRAM POTTS

Illustrated by
the Author

The dentist 'ammers
in 'is drills and never
feels the pain!
Appendicitis patients
laugh when tickled
on the spot,

And married men what
gets the sack just
dance a gay gavotte,

While children cryin'
out for bread just
play at makin' cakes;

And folks knocked
down by motor-cars
ignores their pains
and aches!

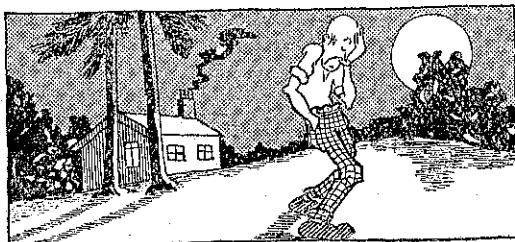
The candidate what comes a thud admits the best man won;
The sleepless boarder countin' fleas will greet them one by one!
The man what wins the thousand quid cheers up and says "I'm glad!"
And College boys when short of dough speaks kindly to their Dad!
And men what likes to thrash their wives don't beat them quite so long;
And wrestlers tied up in a knot smiles when they 'ears the gong!
And writin' blokes what gets no cheques receives fresh 'eart again,
While traffic cops sticks by the boys what speeds with might and
main!
The copper finds the down-and-out some tucker and a job;
So look at all the joy you makes when twiddlin' round a knob!

FATHER CHRISTMAS what once used
to give trumpety squeakers and squeakin'
trumpets now gives radio sets, because of the 'appiness for everybody
—from the baby what likes to suck the wires to grandpa what sticks
'is ear into the warblin's of the soprano and says: "When I was a
boy we 'ad no static!"

Radio is doin' the doctor out of a job! Some folks pays 'undreds
of pounds to 'ave their faces lifted, while radio what costs less can
lift not only sad 'earts and faces, but spirits, too! Folks down in
the mouth stops gnashin' their teeth! Many a broken 'eart caused by
a broken engagement 'as been mended by switchin' on soft music and
a bottle of scent! Never get worried or scotty, for Radio is as good
as chloroform!

Don't worry if yer angel bride's a snarler,
And later grows a set of double chins—
Don't worry if the bailiff's in the parlour
Or if the baby turns out to be twins!
Don't worry if yer garden's chewed by chickens
Or if the evenin' paper's soaked with rain—
Don't worry if the wife nags like the dickens—
Just let the wireless set blare out again!

Radio 'as done more
for mankind than any
pills sold at the fair.
Radio 'as been known to
starve the skeleton in the
cupboard and make the
canker worm of care
turn inside out and show
the silver linin'. Radio
can warm the cockles of
the 'eart of the man
(Concluded on page 10.)



I WISHES to thank
the editor of the
"Radio Record" for giv-
in' me the toast to pro-
pose of "Radio" at this
Christmas function, a
honour which I appre-
ciates. It is a good job
that this toast 'as come
early on the program,
or me sparklin' wit might
fizzle out with the fizzin'
of the sparklin' cham-
pagne!

I ain't forgot the Christ-
mas parties in the days
gone by,

When I was just a chubby chap and worshipped pork and pie,
And munched and crunched the grand old grub, and never said
"I'm done!"

And always found a vacant place for one more sugar bun!
I tucked in turkey and the tart, the fritters and the fruit,
The juicy giblets, cheese and cake—with pockets full of loot!

I wolfed the junket, jelly, the haggis and the hash,
And after duff and ginger beer—I knew there was a clash!
And, oh, the spasms, stings, and stabs, the shootin' pains and aches,
When twitches followed stitches, and when quivers followed quakes!
And how I said "No more! No more!"—but soon was once again
Devourin' sloes and parson's nose with blinkin' might and main!

Radio, folks, is one of the unknown sciences, nobody never 'avin'
seen the ether waves, not even with a telescope, stereoscope, or peri-
scope! All we knows to-day is that if yer presses a button the music
pops out—just as if it was real! Scientists 'ope someday to find out
where the music comes from—and why. Modesty forbids me to men-
tion the names of a scientist, what is investigatin' the theory that a
aeroplane rushing 200 miles a hour through a symphony cuts it up
so that it falls down into yer loudspeaker as jazz—a big improvement.
(Applause and hoots.) Many a night 'e 'as wandered into the big
open spaces wrestlin' with this problem, think-
in', thinkin' what might
'appen if a Radio
Uncle's wheezy song
ricochetted and skidded
on the rings of Saturn!
Would it split the atom?
Could the universe still
go on as if nothin' 'ad
'appened, and 'ow to
save it—a fearful task
and responsibility for one pair of 'ands. (Cries of shame!)

Yer sees, therefore, that the effects of Radio goes farther than yer
knows. People walkin' past yer 'ouse 'ears the music, takes fresh
'eart and courage, and yer never knows the good yer does! The
music goes into countin'ouses, where gloomy clerks studies the figures
in the ledgers; they takes a fresh 'old on life, smiles, and studies the
figures of the office flappers!

Just look at all the joy yer makes when twiddlin' round a knob;
The thug that wants to rob a bank turns 'omewards with a sob;
The widow left with sixteen kids just laughs and laughs again;