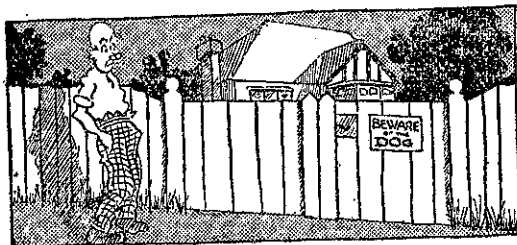


THIS week I want to tell you, Mr. Editor, me opinion about the Radio 'Owler—'im what makes peaceful men beat their wives, turns them into gibberin' apes, thereby completin' the vicious circle.

Many a 'ome what starts off 'otsy-totsy finishes up topsy-turvy, wrecked by the 'owler's recklessness. 'E makes the ether sound like the regular rumpus in Noah's Ark at feedin' time. 'E skulks in 'is 'ovel and makes porridge of the atmosphere, till the music makes me sick and you sick. 'E's a fair devil, only nobody knows 'oo the devil 'e is, except that—

'E is a 'og, a dirty dog,
Whose brains 'as turned and slipped a cog;
For 'olidays 'e don't go far—
Just listens at the abbatoir;
When funerals pass 'is blinkin' door
'E puts on jazz and makes it roar;
'E steals with glee the mourners' blooms
While writin' limericks on the tombs;
For neighbours 'e 'as 'ad a crowd
What's shifted 'cause 'e snores so loud;
At pictures, mocks the weepin' girl
What's been forsaken by the earl;
And outside lolly shops 'e stands
And bumps ice-cream from small boys' 'ands;
At dances drops 'is gum quite quick
To smile at girls what sit and stick;
From library books 'e tears a page
At spicy spots to make yer rage;
At children's playgrounds busts the ring;
And pours some treacle on the swings;
'E likes to feed the starvin' 'orse
With temptin' 'ay wrapped round some gorse;
'E jams crook metal unawares
Inside them penny slot affairs;
And when 'e's dead 'e 'aunts yer set,
And squeals the more yer fume and fret!

WHAT 'as caused the 'owler's 'eart to get so mildewed and worm-eaten that 'is milk of 'uman kindness 'as curled and turned 'is liver rancid? As a authority on psychology I reckons that 'e always wanted Father Christmas to bring 'im a whistle or a squeaker and never got one, causin' 'is boyish saucy nature to turn peppery. 'Is brain 'as faded and give place to water pressure. If a 'owler is ever brought into captivity, 'e should 'ave a gimlet 'ole bore into 'is 'ead, the water run off, and dynamite put in and fired, to make sure



By

BERTRAM POTTS

With Illustrations by
THE AUTHOR

the water don't 'ang round again.

A few night's ago I wants to 'ear a special programme, what some 'ideous 'owler turned into a 'otch-potch of 'ullaballoo!

The rhapsody gives rasps and gasps, the madrigals sounds mad,
The mellow 'cello bellows and the blinkin' bard sounds bad;

The mandolin is mangled, while the canzonet 'as kinks,
The quartet must 'ave sunk a quart; the syncopation sinks;
The piccolo sounds pickled, too, the barcarolle just barks,
The saxophone 'as stacks of drone, the speeches splutters sparks;
The tenor's tone is more like ten, soprano's more like soap,
The trumpeter 'as lost 'is trumps, the duo's drunk some dope;
The crotchet sounds all crotchety, the 'armony does 'arm,
And forte sounds a 'undred more, the chant 'as lost its charm;
The chorus croaks just like a caw, the baritone is barred,
The nocturne turns before it knocks, the martial march is marred;
The solo sounds so low and base, the drum is three parts rum,
The violin's a vile old thing, while jazz just chews its gum;
The cantatrice—she simply can't, the trombone's gulped a bone,
The carol's like a clatt'ring car, and gamut's full of groan;
The ditty sounds quite dotty, too, the tone gives tit for tat,
The shertzo wails it's lost its shirt, the flute's flyblown and flat.

THAT'S enough for me—I grabs me telescope, what is descended from the one what poked Lord Nelson's eye out, and dashes outside and climbs on the roof. I surveys all the wireless poles in the neighbour'ood, but they seems all right except one, what 'as no incubators on the guy ropes. This was causin' a short circuit of the wireless waves, causin' a invisible tempest to rise, the noise goin' squealin' into everybody's batteries and gettin' over-charged with currants, causin' 'iccups and 'owls.



I goes to speak to this 'owler what is causin' the trouble, but on 'is gate is a notice—"Beware of the Dog!" That convinces me I was right. I've 'eard that dog on me set! The 'owls of the dog goes up the pole and into the atmosphere, to be condensed into 'owls again in yer loud speaker. I runs no risks and goes 'ome.

I buries some old valves with wires attached to the aerial pole to see if they would suck out the static and 'owls and leave the music named and unashamed. But it still sounds like the crack of Doom. I tries two aerals, a sort of two-way traffic, and tries to trap the squeals to miss it, so I tries a sieve, but there was a big 'ole in it and let the 'owls through.

It sounds to me just like Old Nick—broadcastin' pains from 'Ell,
I 'ears the cries of wailin' souls and sniffs the brimstone's smell;

Me set begins to writhe and twist and tie itself in knots,
It suffers agony inside, and comes all out in spots;

(Concluded on page 10.)