

# ARCHIBALD'S RADIO RESOLUTIONS

By

BERTRAM POTTS

With Illustrations by

THE AUTHOR



*That Archibald will live in 'istory books!*

I feels that this is a big responsibility and I seeks a quiet place for meditation and goes down to the wharf and sits on the steps listenin' to the waves lappin' and thinkin' 'ow lucky I wasn't born a mussel! 'Ow difficult it would be to express me

thoughts surgin' within me breast—if a mussel 'as one. If I opened me shell and spoke, would the world understand that a mussel 'ad a message, or would I be exhibited in a side-show in fear and tremblin' that the fat lady or the livin' skeleton could not curb their pangs of 'unger!

But some drunken sailors come past, lifts me into a empty barrel and pushes me on to the ocean wave before I could broadcast "Robinson Crusoe." Me opinion of sailors goes down! Every time I winked the tub tipped! I keeps wonderin' 'ow Diogenes kept 'is end up, and if anybody 'olds the record for playin' a tuba in a tub! I thinks about "Rub a Dub Dub," too!

*I used to think Diogenes a simple sort of guy  
Until I'd been inside that tub and 'ad a silent cry;  
I wondered 'ow 'e cooked 'is grub and 'ow 'e 'ad a bath  
And 'ow 'e coped with frisky whales what played across 'is path;  
And 'ow 'e oust the octopus and cut the cuttle fish  
And 'ow 'e parried swordfish off and slew them for 'is dish;  
But 'e don't 'old the record for joy-ridin' in a cask,  
The golden cup is 'eld by three what 'ad a 'arder task:  
A candlestick concocter, and a doctor, baker, too,  
Composed a club inside a tub—a risky rendezvous!*

I wonders, too, if I'll ever 'ave me Saturday tub again! At last some sailors rows out in a boat and rescues me. Me admiration of sailors goes up. Next day the missus and our 'Erbert goes with the neighbours for a picnic, and I spends a quiet day meditatin' in the garbage tin where I sits stuck after steppin' backward and trippin' over some wood! I resolves to forgive 'owlers, sopranos, the speeches, and the "Shippin' at the Port of Wellington!"

Yours with a 'opeful 'eart.  
ARCHIBALD.

P.S.—I wants to wish everybody the Compliments of the Seasonin' and to thank them what 'as written about me from all parts of New Zealand.

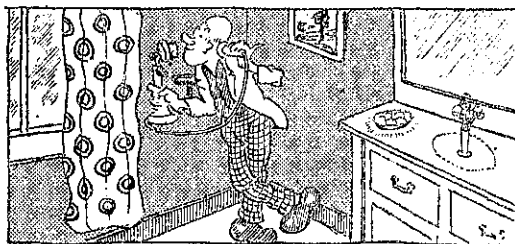
NOBODY knows what 'is loudspeaker (radio) 'as in store for 1932, what laughs it will split yer sides with, what tears it will sob into yer 'anky, what new 'owls it will poke into yer ear! Lots of 'owlin' valves will croak their death-song and be a 'appy release to the neighbours! Many a loudspeaker born before the days of the movin' coil will shuffle off this mortal coil. Many a aerial stick will come a thud because the guy ropes 'as rust and bust.

Radio is full of surprises!

*At times a song will turn up wrong, and strong men feel like war.  
While meek, mild men will there and then start askin' for a axe,  
And folks in tears will turn to beers, and bridegrooms to their brides,  
And though abed with splittin' 'ead, yer'll laugh and split yer sides;  
When valves conk out without a shout when thrills are comin' through  
Cut out the sweats, get out yer spares, and yer won't miss "The Clue!"  
When lotteries is bein' draawn yer 'ears yer've won first prize,  
And learns that Catts 'as lost 'is spats before they advertise;  
Yer all agog with mouth agape as wrestler bites the ref.,  
And grandmas coveys with toothless jaws which shows she ain't so deaf!*

Yes, radio 'as more surprises than a sausage, which opens up the old question: "Should a butcher tell?"

Next year, I resolves to 'elp radio! I rings up the broadcastin' place and offers to take control of radio in New Zealand, to captain the radio-ship along the ether waves, to lug the lugger through the storm of static, to put pillows among the billows, and to keep radio off the rocks. They says that they 'ears I'm to be appointed adviser to the new Radio Board! The secret's out!



*I 'as resolved to take the job when proffered  
To keep the Board from bein' bored with bores,  
To take three thousand quid a year when offered  
And 'elp to silence all the listeners' roars  
By makin' programmes perfect and give prizes  
To them what never utters one complaint  
To answer all the folks what criticises  
And show their problems are not what they ain't!  
I'll pass a law to see that all the 'ouse-tops  
'As wireless sticks with nests stuck on for birds;  
When I starts out, I bets that all the grouse stops  
For Archibald's a man of deeds—and words.  
I'll please the retail trade by recommendin'  
That folks should buy a new set every year,  
And please the purists just by superintendin'  
All grammar when it don't seem none too clear!  
When I'm in charge, well, nothin' will be rotten,  
And prayers for me will rise from church and crooks;  
I'm sure me name will never be forgotten—*

