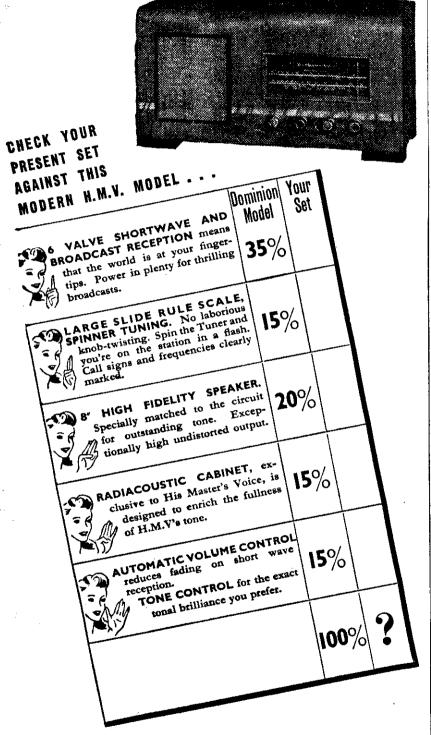
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Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

SPEAKS YOUNG BILL

→ HE BBC treats us to talks under such headings as Speaks, An Airwarden Speaks and (although this is not such a howling novelty) A Housewife Speaks. The other day a commentator in Egypt told the world that all is well with our boys who are stirring up dust screens round the pyramids. But, so far, we haven't heard a broadcast entitled Young Bill Speaks. We rectify the omission by switching on Young Bill, formerly of Waiwaitamo.

" Hullo New Zealand, hullo mum and dad and Clara, hullo all the folks at Waiwaitamo. This is Young Bill speaking from somewhere in Egypt. Can't say where I am in case Mussolooney hears it and hops it before I reach him. This is a great place, dad, but, by golly, it needs rain badly. Before I came here I used to wonder what cows could see in grass. Now I know. I say dad! If you could see these pyramids you wouldn't skite such a lot about your oat stacks. This sphinx is a queer business, too. The padre reckons it's an inscrootable mystery but the sergeant says it's a statue of Egypt's first heavyweight champion. If that's right he got a beautiful poke on the nose in his last fight.

"You'd be surprised at Cairo. It's bigger than Waiwaitamo and there are so many people about that it looks like



. . . A statue of Egypt's first heavyweight champion"

sale day all the time. The Gyppies are so lazy that they never take their nightshirts off. And tell' mum she wouldn't go short of flower pots here. They wear them on their heads but there is no hole in the bottom. That is so they can drink out of them. Siestas are very popular but I am sticking to beer. You can't trust these foreign drinks.

"Some of the fellows growl about the flies. My mate says they are un-Britain Speaks, London lot of flies I ever saw. They are cheeky enough for anything but I don't believe the sergeant who says he shot a couple who were tossing for his spare blanket.

> "By crikey, dad! You wouldn't like these camels. They sneer at you something awful. But no wonder, The Gyp-



The Gyppies must treat them frightfully cruel. The swellings on their backs are terrible"

pies must treat them frightfully cruel, The swellings on their backs are terrible. We don't wear much here during the day. And while I think of it, tell Clara that the balaclava thing she sent was too tight under the arms. Anyway, it didn't keep the heat out.

"There's a terrible lot of sand here. I never saw so much sea shore without any sea. But after a while you get used to the taste and it keeps the butter from skidding. If you think of it you can send me a little tin of mud to remind me of the old place. We haven't seen anything of the macarooneys yet but if they're as wild as we are with chewing sand and shooting flies it will be a good fight when it begins.

"Well, so long everybody. The corporal says he has just seen a mirage. If I can get a pop at it I'll send home the skin. How is Uncle Joe's rheumatism. Tell him this is the place to walk it off. Cheerio Waiwaitamo!"

War Story

A story current in London is about the man who dreamt he had sent the following wire to Mr. Churchill: "Have killed Hitler. Please instruct whether he is to be cremated, buried or embalmed." Mr. Churchill's reply came back: "All three. Take no risks."