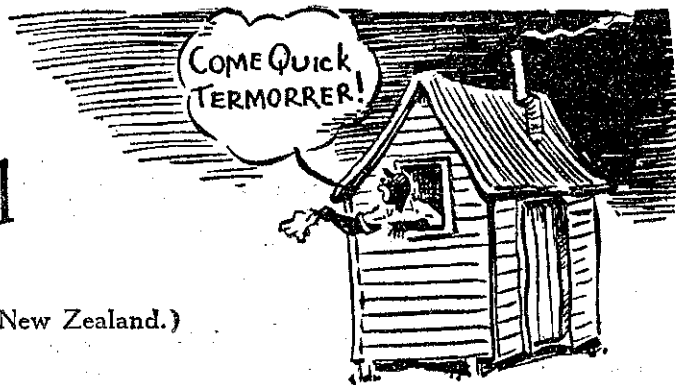


WRITTEN BY FOX

Dead End

(Dedicated to the City Fathers of New Zealand.)

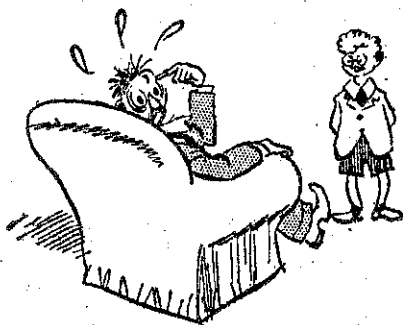


The end has come, my heart is numb;
 "The end of life?" I hear you shriek?
 Ah no, my friend; I cite the end
 That happens to us every week.

For to-morrow will be Sunday;
 Day of darkness, day of horror;
 There is nowt to do till Monday;
 Our Sabbath prayer—"Come quick, ter-
 morrer."

The picture-shows by law must close,
 There is no place to sit and cuddle;
 The rich in cars go off to spas,
 But for the poor it's just a muddle.

No tram may run till after one,
 The only sound is church bells ringing;
 They shut the park when it is dark,
 Next they'll stop my canary singing.



The pubs are closed, we may not drink;
 No cafe may put on a show;
 All we can do is sit and think,
 All I can think is: "Ain't it slow?"

The rain comes
 down, the baby
 cries,
 Father is working
 out his losses,
 There is no sun, we
 can't have fun—
 Unless we play at
 Noughts and
 Crosses.



In our despair we try the air
 To entertain us till our dinners;
 But all we get on the superhet
 Is a gloomy dean on "poor, lost sinners."

No wonder sly-grog shops do well,
 No wonder lads will play fan-tan;
 Why, opium would quickly sell
 On the Sabbath "made for man!"

Oh, how we dread the thought of Sunday,
 Day of darkness, day of horror;
 All we long for then is Monday;
 Our one prayer—"Come quick, termorrer!"

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hensive 72-page Radio, Sports, Tool and
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SOME big surprises may be expected
when Mr. Gladstone Murray dis-
closes the contents of the voluminous
report he is now preparing on his re-
cent mission to Canada.

The B.B.C. publicity chief, it will be
remembered, went over to Canada to
help in organising broadcasting in the
Dominion on B.B.C. lines, but I be-
lieve that before this task could be
proceeded with an immense amount
of spade work was necessary in order
that our cousins in Canada could be
made to orientate their views and lose
sight of American principles in broad-
casting.

AS there is a possibility of a deficit
in the balance-sheet of the Institut
National de Radiodiffusion, the official
organisation controlling the Belgian
broadcasting service, there is every
likelihood that a new law may be
passed empowering the post office au-
thorities to increase the listener's tax.
Hitherto the Belgian has annually
paid sixty francs (10/-), but it is ex-
pected that the rate will be raised to
100 francs (16/8) per annum. This
measure appears to have been contem-
plated following a series of police
raids on radio pirates.

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