

Miss Heafy's awfully nice. I love her smile. She read us 'Once Paumanok,' and 'Du nord est arrivée une petite créole.' And she gave me very good for my paraphrase," but because you were thinking of the two guineas you said abruptly, "School's O.K., Mum. Where's Susie?" And then Don and Susie came in and Don started talking about the freezing works and the foundry and the war news, and everybody seemed to be talking at once, but you sat, not speaking because you were thinking about the two guineas and what you would say to Dad.

"I specially promised Miss Heafy. May I, Dad?" And Dad would say, "You'll have to wait till the end of the month, Dor." And you would say "All right" and then go into your bedroom and Mum would half-open the door, and know you were almost crying and say it wouldn't be long till the end of the month; but she wouldn't understand because you couldn't tell her about Miss Heafy, smiling and saying "Thank you, Doreen." Miss Heafy who was even lovelier than Imogen or Desdemona or Miranda.

BEFORE you realised, it was tea-time, and then it was after-tea with Susie reading in the dining room and Don shaving in the bathroom and you and Mum and Dad sitting alone in the kitchen. You had Once Paumanok in front of you, but you weren't reading it, you were thinking of Mum and Dad and yourself, how each of you seemed unlocked from the other and locked inside yourselves. You wondered why you couldn't tell Mum and Dad about Miss Heafy and why Schubert's music made Dad angry and why Mum said "Yes, turn it off, Dor," although you knew she liked Schubert, and then you wondered again about being frightened. "It's for matric"—the words went over and over inside your brain, but you didn't say them, you couldn't, because you remembered the shilling you once stole and the time you had asked to go to the pictures with the class—that was years ago now, but you remembered—how Dad had laughed and said, "Gadding about" and told you to stay home. "It's for matric." You wanted to tell him you would go to University and get your degree and earn money for the family, so they wouldn't have to take a ticket in every art union and be so disappointed when they didn't win; but you couldn't say anything; and then, it seemed like a strange voice, but it was your own voice saying:

"Dad!"
He looked up. "Well?"
"Can I take two guineas to-morrow? For my matric fee . . . please?"

Mum tapped her fingers nervously on the edge of the table. Dad looked across at her and said, "I think we can manage it, Dor. I'll leave your mother the money for you to-morrow morning." And you murmured "Thank you, Dad," and you kissed them good-night and said, "I'm going to bed now." And you went into the bedroom.

YOU lay in bed remembering how Dad had caught butterfish and crabs for you when you were small, and taken you for picnics in the car, and sung you to sleep at nights

Come for a trip in my airship,
Come for a sail midst the stars.

And you knew you weren't unlocked and lonely any more. You remembered

how Dad had taken you to Dunedin once and how, when he went outside the gate, you thought he was going away for ever and ever; and how he used to sing

Don't go down in the mine, Dad,
Dreams very often come true,

and you would hide under the table and cry; and you remembered his face when Joan was killed, that awful day three years ago.

You lay thinking of him and of Once Paumanok and the little creole girl, and then, because you were fifteen and sentimental you took your diary from under your mattress and wrote, "I love Miss Heafy very much and I am going to work hard for matric."

FOR ALL TASTES

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COLUMBUS International MODEL 90

Discriminatory Tone Control

— a highlight of fidelity reproduction



EVERYONE is familiar with the tone control incorporated in most radios, to vary tone from treble to bass. This result is achieved by a variable resistance, which as it is turned towards the "bass" position progressively cuts down the treble notes.

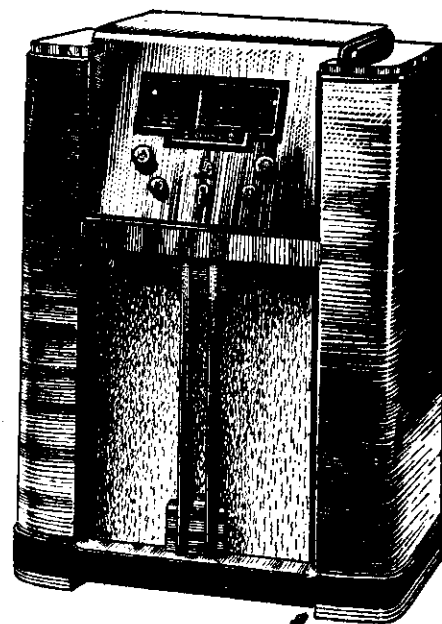
As far as it goes, such a method of tone "control" (in reality it is curtailment of the higher tonal register), produces a reasonably pleasing result. But when it comes to a critical analysis of tone, it cannot be said that elimination of high notes is a highly desirable way of achieving "mellow" tone—else, why include violins and flutes in orchestral arrangements.

In Model 90, Columbus has tackled tonal reproduction in a radically different way. By incorporating a variety of alternative circuits in the radio an opportunity to select blend of tone is offered to the listener. The tone control may be switched through a variety of positions where emphasis of treble, of bass or of both, may be selected to the particular blend which suits the listener.

The advantage of this discriminatory type of tone control is strikingly illustrated in comparison with an orthodox radio operating at low volume. Everyone has noticed that when the conventional radio is turned down for quiet listening, the music reproduced sounds thin and lacking in body. That effect arises from a notable deficiency in the operation of the human ear. At low volume levels, the human ear is less sensitive to notes of low and high pitch than it is to notes of medium pitch. Consequently when an ordinary radio is turned to low volume the treble and bass notes tend to become inaudible and only the middle register comes through. Hence the lack of body in tonal reproduction.

Model 90 corrects this deficiency by "boosting" the treble and bass when the radio is operating at low volume, thus restoring full body to the quality of tone without affecting the volume.

Next Week: LOUDSPEAKER DESIGN—A new Columbus development of unsurpassed tonal excellence.



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