

As One Woman To Another

My Dear Elisabeth:

"JAP SHAN BARGS!" This is not a Russian oath nor the wail of a lost soul. 'Tis but a cryptic inscription that lately caught the eye of the wayfarer. Pondering its meaning, after long travail I reached unravelment. No announcement this of warring submarines or midnight marauders; merely a fog to the consciousness of the passing pedestrian that Japanese Shantung silk was going, going cheap. To what base use is put the sweetness of the tongue of Shakespeare's England! Alas, that so many decently educated and worthy people positively prefer words that are ugly, phrases hideously contracted, sometimes with a little American slang thrown in for luck, the whole combining to produce a truly terrible tour de force.

Exceeding English in character, and admirable in skill and sincerity, are the painting of Gyneth Richardson, now on exhibition at the McGregor Wright Gallery, in Lambton Quay, Wellington. Clear and cool are these lovely landscapes, with their gleams of sunshine, and of a colour and draughtsmanship that make one marvel, reflecting that a few years back this young painter, little more than a child herself, sat sketching bouncing babies at Oriental Bay. Among many poems in paint calculated to convert some of us into kleptomaniacs, was a harbour in Cornwall—whither sooner or later wend their way most people who paint—very lovely in gentle colouring of blue and cream and buff; also a Lych Gate at Panhurst, small in size and low of tone, the drawing of a striking fidelity. An Old Market in Gloucestershire holds great appeal, its singular clearness of atmosphere calculated to bring peace on the hottest of hustling days. Two sketches of St. Ives ravish the eye; while a small painting of Henry James' house, at Rye, is correct, precise, and gentle as some of his own lovely sentences. A russet and blue street in beautiful Sussex attracted many lovers of that country we call Home, nostalgia for which has found jerky expression from a modern poet:

If I might see you yet!
See you once more
and for a moment forget—
See you once more and then
(England, England!)
Before I remember again,
Die!

Towards the clamorous present-day pendant for harsh streaks and stridency, so exasperating to the taste of many people, Miss Richardson shows no tendency. This artist will go far, with her concentrated vision, her talent and her youth. Only as yet is the dawning of artistic life in this Dominion: infinite possibility lies in the future. The generation now in the first flush of endeavour and tentative achievement will hew out its own niche in the building of the temple, and it is not difficult to predict that the work of Gyneth Richardson will hold high place.

Appreciation of beauty is a gift of the gods, a bounty from the fairies to the baby in its cradle; a subtle emanation of personality, some wireless of the spirit, vouchsafed to a few, denied to those of denser perception. It may be that this clear outlook, combined with the capacity to work in its light, is the highest form of sanity. In a strange, frank book recently published, "Reluctantly Told," by Jane Hillyer, are some illuminating passages. The writer suffered a mental breakdown, and tells the tale of her unhappy illness with truth and courage. Simply and plainly she sets forth the causes that led to it, chief among them being an unhealthy habit of introspection, that morbid attitude of mind that feeds upon its own disability, limitations of environment, and blows of circumstance. With force and clarity she traces the course of incipient melancholia, which culminates in the darkness of mental disorder, for a time reason apparently being in shreds. Gradually, however, through wise restorative treatment, aided by a love of the "good brown earth," little growing grasses and "flowers in the cranied wall," came health of mind and body, and joy in the life of the normal world of work and nature and

friends was restored. Of the making of books there is no end, but surely this revelation of intimate experience is unique.

Laments of eloquence and sincerity have been said and sung for that great soldier whose spirit passed from our world to the plaudits of his fellow-men and the love of many regiments. "Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the sea," William Penn reassured his generation. And now that the tribute of the trumpets is stilled, the Last Post sounded for Haig of Bemerseyde, it is hoped that his Great Memorial will materialise in Homes for those ex-service men whom he so loyally held in mind. Not in monument, not in tablets, should be the memorial to this modest and noble-hearted soldier: but a Roof, and Food and Shelter for those who are greatly in need:

We owe more tears
To those dead men than time
shall see us pay.

And we owe more than tears to the living who fought for us and many of whom have played so gamely a losing game. I am told that many of our own men are in need, discharged by the Government, with no pension, no work, no nothing, except a remembrance, now turned to bitterness, of the tumult and the fighting that are past, the waving banners, the cheers and the promises of 1914. Words, words!

One who recently traversed the roads of Otago and South Canterbury laments the ugliness and inadequacy of some of the war memorials. By contrast, Oamaru to some of its trees has attached name-plates; part of an admirable scheme to beautify the town and at the same time accord lasting remembrance to those who rest in "silence and eternal sleep."

A Celtic Cross of grey granite, well placed at the corner of a road near Timaru, is arresting and beautiful; and the Bridge of Remembrance in Christchurch a big conception.

Dunedin's tall column commands admiration in its austerity and beauty; while some of the smaller

memorials here and there strike a simple and poignant note. In a large warehouse in Christchurch is to be observed an exquisitely carved tablet, the roll of honour enclosed in imperishable brass of rarely beautiful design: and in the Training College of the Cathedral Town, halfway up the staircase glows and glimmers a Window, the clear and shining colours literally throwing a light upon the path of those who climb, on which is inscribed two lines from Laurence Binyon's great tribute:

At the going down of the sun
and in the morning,
We will remember them.

All of which goes to show how slack, how lamentably apathetic in the erection of a War Memorial, has the Capital City proved itself.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

They Say:—

That Lady Mary Lygon, Lord Beauchamp's youngest daughter, will be one of London's prettiest debutantes this year.

That the little Princess Elizabeth is not in the least bit shy, but looks straight at people when she is being shown to them, and never thinks of hiding her face in her nurse's shoulder, as many baby girls do.

Tiny Feet.

Lady Georgina Shelto Douglas, who recently left London for Hollywood, where she intends taking up film work, claims to have the smallest feet in European society. They are "size ones," and she has insured them for \$20,000. She took with her seventy pairs of shoes, eighty dresses, and thirty hats, and hopes to be the best dressed woman in Hollywood.

Women's Hour at 3.0.

The new morning session at 3.0—"The Women's Hour"—although it has barely commenced, is already arousing widespread interest, especially amongst country women, and seems to be filling a long-felt want. It is an hour that offers tremendous possibilities. Already arrangements have been made to have a series of talks on every conceivable subject dear to the feminine heart, and it is sought to make these addresses as practical as possible, not forgetting, of course, that a little brightness and humour will make the wheels run very smoothly.

The Ugly Duchess.

Another romance, which excites and sustains interest in a hideous heroine—albeit, a romance unfulfilled—comes from the pen of the author of "Jew Seiss." Lion Frachtwanger writes of the unequal contest between beauty and brains, but it is difficult to believe that a duchess with brains and a statesman to boot, however ugly, could become such easy game to mere brainless beauty. Throughout the whole of her embittered life, from her child-marriage, through stormy youth, middle age which brought her inexpressible boredom through the passion of a beautiful golden youth, her final tragic abdication, and lonely old age, when the smell of her dinner is all she lives for, she has the reader's entire sympathy.

Our Splendid Women.

A great tribute to our women M.P.'s at Home is paid by an ex-chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists. He says: "Up in the long row of committee rooms, as well as in other parts of the great Palace of Westminster, the women M.P.'s (there are seven) have done a great deal of unseen, unlimelight work. It was the special care of the women suffragists when fighting for the vote to make it plain that they did not want to come to Parliament merely as women. Their aim was to come in and work on all questions, without being barred because they were women. They did, and they do."

No woman M.P. speaks in the House of Commons without speaking to the point. They are usually equipped with special knowledge of the subject under debate. The women who have got into Parliament already have, by their reticence, their quiet work and their earnest and gentle application to the problems of the people, dispelled all fears as to whether women would be able to do the job and do it well."

Government's Only Woman M.P.

In the House of Commons the Duchess of Atholl looks less like a duchess than any of the other women M.P.'s. She goes quietly about her work in a long, almost dowdy, dark dress, her unshingled hair done up in the old-fashioned style, and carrying a big black silk bag full of dry documents. Down at the Highland castle of her people she is the duchess.

After a long day's work in the Education Department or in the House of Commons, or both, she thinks nothing of going home after 11 o'clock o' nights a-jostle in the theatre crowds on the Underground, hanging on a strap. If you told the smartly-dressed shop-girls and typists in the train that this was a duchess, an M.P., and a Minister of the Crown, they would not believe you.

Construction Continued

CHOOSING SUITABLE VALVES. (Continued)

seem a matter of indifference whether with a valve of low resistance or a transformer of low ratio with a valve of high resistance. In order to construct a transformer of high ratio is used sider this question, two facts must be borne in mind; first, that, in the case of any given construction of valve in which only the density of the grid mesh is varied, the ratio of the magnification factor to the internal resistance is approximately constant; secondly, that, in the case of transformers of a given type, but having varying numbers of turns on the primary winding, and consequently different step-up ratios, the appropriate valve internal resistance varies inversely as the square of the ratio. Thus, if we have a 3:1 transformer, which is recommended for use in conjunction with a valve of internal resistance of 24,000 ohms, a 6:1 transformer of the same type will operate in conjunction with a valve having an internal resistance of a quarter of this value, namely, 6000 ohms. But the former valve, if constructed in the same manner as the latter, would have a magnification factor four times as great; hence, since the total magnification is equal to "magnification factor" multiplied by "step-up ratio," we shall obtain twice as much magnification from the valve of high internal resistance with the low ratio transformer as we obtain from the other combination. There is, further, the advantage of a lower H.T. consumption, which is by no means a negligible factor.

Valves for use in the earlier stages of a set should be built to have as high a resistance as is consistent with an adequate range of working characteristic, and with as high a magnification factor as the particular form of construction will allow.

RESISTANCE AND CHOKE L.F. COUPLINGS.

For the purposes of low-frequency amplification, where either a choke or a resistance is employed, there is an opportunity for using valves of exceptionally high magnification, and this class of valve has recently come into prominence to a considerable extent. If we can succeed in building an impedance, either in the form of a choke or a resistance, which is large in comparison with the internal resistance of such a valve, we get, practically speaking, the whole of this amplification at each stage, though there are complications, of a character by no means negligible, introduced as a result of the inter-electrode capacities of the amplifier. However, it may be said that the results

obtained on these lines have led to a very great advance in the design of resistance-capacity amplifiers, and have established these valves of high-magnification factor firmly in the popular favour. The advantages offered by such valves, apart from their actual efficiency in operation, is their extremely low H.T. consumption.

MEASURING ELECTRICAL ENERGY

Current supply from the mains is measured in kilowatt-hours, or legal units. A watt is one ampere flowing at one volt for one hour. A thousand watt-hours make one unit or kilowatt-hour. Now this thousand watt-hours may be used up in many different ways, the whole thousand being consumed in one hour, or ten watts may be used per hour, and the unit (costing an average of 6d.) will then last for 100 hours. An ordinary 50-candle power lamp uses 60 watts or watt-hours, so that to consume one unit it will give light for nearly 17 hours. The watt is the product of the amperes flowing and the volts applied irrespective of time. Thus if 4 volts are driving half an ampere through a valve filament, the power being used is 2 watts.

Many electrical meters have two additional small dials showing tenths and hundredths of a unit, each division on the latter representing ten watts or watt-hours. Meters register kilowatt-hours and fractions thereof.

TIPS AND JOTTINGS

Many new listeners will be interested to hear that during the currency of the Dunedin Exhibition of 1925-6, the broadcast station, VLON, at the exhibition employed fairly high power. Transmission was six nights a week, chiefly of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders' Band, which, unfortunately, seldom came through as it should have done from the outside bandstand. Items from the concert hall came in at Wellington with good volume and quality, "Megohm" employing a five-valve T.A.T. circuit. The closing ceremony of the exhibition took place in the afternoon, which was sunny and bright in Wellington, and with the circuit mentioned, the writer, seated some

distance from the loudspeaker, heard quite distinctly every word of the valedictory speeches.

A unit that will interest experimenters and others is known as the "Abox" Filter, now on the American market. This permits those who have a good two-ampere or five-ampere charger to convert it into an A eliminator. The Abox filter smooths out the current from the charger, and thus perfect A elimination is obtained, sufficient to run six valves of the 201A type, provided that the charger will supply not less than two amps. The filaments remain wired in parallel in the usual way.

The life of valves and lamps is often quoted as being 1000 hours. This represents twelve months' service at the rate of nearly 2½ hours every night.

The object of the fixed condenser across the primary of the first audio transformer is to shunt to earth the radio frequency currents necessary to supply reaction, after they have passed through the detector plate circuit. These R.F. currents are earthed to prevent them entering the audio side, from which all R.F. must be excluded. A capacity of .001 has no effect upon audio frequencies of as high as 5000 cycles, and larger valves may often be used without distortion occurring, but only if necessary to control tone. But in a resistance capacity coupled amplifier the by-pass condenser has quite a different effect, and must be kept very small in capacity, say .0001 in a circuit with moving tickler.

If howling occurs in a two-stage crystal amplifier, reversing the connections to the primary of the second transformer will often effect a cure. An American radio journal expresses the opinion that manufacturers have of late devoted more attention to decorating the loudspeaker than to improving its reproducing qualities.

When working several valves off a B accumulator, to prevent unequal drain upon groups of cells supplying R.F. detector, and audio, the full battery voltage may be taken and resistances inserted in the common plate circuit of valves requiring less than the maximum voltage. This means dealing with the accumulator output in the same way as is done with B eliminator voltage.

In the explanation last week of how to check up B eliminator consumption on the meter, the "hundreds" dial was mentioned, but this should have read "hundredths."

(END OF CONSTRUCTION.)

The New York "Times" says: "Two places named Brooklyn, on opposite sides of the globe, were linked recently by short-wave amateur radio, when station 2APD, of Brooklyn, N.Y., succeeded in operating with the station owned by J. Johnson, in Fortuna Street, Brooklyn, Wellington, New Zealand, according to Nathan Pomerantz, of 1324 Forty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, operator of 2APD."

S.O.S. GAMBLE

PROGRAMME INSURANCE.

In the United States each broadcast station employs a listener, whose duty is to be on the alert for an SOS call from any ship which may be in distress. Every station in proximity to the coast must close down when an SOS call is heard.

Lloyds, of London, were willing to give SOS insurance as protection for the Victory Hour broadcast scheduled recently, when Al Jolson at Ned Orleans, Will Rogers at Hollywood, Fred and Dorothy Stone at Chicago, and Paul Whiteman's Orchestra at New York, faced the microphone of WEAF, New York, and forty-six other stations. The programme cost the sponsors of the event 67,000 dollars (£13,400).

"Lloyds are willing to insure the programme on a 5 per cent. basis," said Edward L. Bernays, representative of the sponsors, "but we could not find an American underwriter to do it. Lloyds, for a payment of a premium of 3000 dollars (£600) will pay 60,000 dollars (£12,000) should an SOS stop the programme. Or for a payment of 1300 dollars (£260) they will pay 1000 dollars (£200) a minute if the SOS interruption is for more than five minutes. In other words, Lloyds will bet 60,000 dollars against £3000 that a distress call will not stop the concert."

"We have not accepted the Lloyds' offer as yet, but expect to decide to accept or reject it on Tuesday afternoon. At that time we may use the transatlantic radiophone to communicate with Lloyds and accept the offer," said Mr. Bernays. "If we do, I believe that it will be the first time that a nation-wide broadcast programme has been insured against an SOS."

The Australian stations have been in tip-top form lately, after 11 p.m. Our old friend, 3LO, Melbourne, has bucked up, and at times rivals 2FC, Sydney, after 1 a.m. 4QG, Brisbane, is still suffering from asthma, and only occasionally is worth listening to for a few minutes at a time. This station gives plenty of volume, and one can only deplore the horrible blurring which appears to be chronic now.

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