

"THIS is it," said my friend, jabbing a forefinger in the direction of an impressive affair which might well have been an escritoire with hand-warmers.

For years Leo had dabbled about anodynes (I think that's the word) and whistling valves, though why one should go to the expense of paying pounds to hear a valve which could whistle was beyond me. It still is, for that matter.

Leo Power was the most aggressive set owner I ever met. I mean, he wouldn't tune in stations g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y; he liked them to blow in upon him as suddenly as they blew out. The doctors afterwards discovered the poor fellow suffered from chronic dialitis, but that seems like burying a chap before he was born. . . .

"It's an impressive gadget, isn't it?" he asked. Long and spindle-shaped legs, inlaid panels and a profusion of dials gave one a hazy recollection of having seen something like it at the pictures, until suddenly I remembered. At the same time as recollection dawned I noticed Power's neat little all-electric farther along the same wall.

"But what's the idea of introducing the Wurlitzer into the home, Leo? You're not thinking of taking one of those Yankee correspondence courses in the thing, are you? Why not the electric?"

"Well, you see, the man in the flat downstairs can't get this battery six-valver to function, and when he heard I owned a similar one in Christchurch he asked me to—"

"Yes, but where are the pedals?" I replied.

"Pedals?"

"Yes, that's a yellitzer. Now, isn't it, Leo?"

FOR years he and I had waged argument long and wordy around the respective virtues of radio and gramophone, so it was not with surprise that he grunted something inaudible as he shot his cuffs and commenced five-finger exercises with the tuning knobs.

# SPARES!

## A Story of Yore

Just then another friend came along the beach (Power's flat almost flanked the water's edge), so I called him in to hear, or as it turned out, see and hear things. Nor was he disappointed. Sitting back comfortably in our chairs, our eardrums were nearly split in two by a most agonising "Ow-oo-ow-ow . . ." which seemed to leap from the inlaid thingummy which trembled and yowled beneath the fingers of its operator.

"What ever's that?" inquired the man in the other armchair.

"That? Oh, that's nothing, m'boy. I'm just warning her up. Sydney'll roar in very soon. Why, the one I had in Christchurch. . . ."

The subsequent reminiscence devoured nearly fifteen minutes, punctuated by unearthly grunts and noises. Undoubtedly (we surmised) 2YA was taking the squeal out of the pig, since nothing short of a "mike" in the middle of a bacon factory would (or could) capture such aural agony.

Suddenly: "Love, here is my heart . . ." At least, that I feel sure, was the singer's intention. Instead, we two listeners heard, "Love, here is my glog-glog, glog, whoo-ee, whoo-ee, ooo-ooo," rising to a shrill scream. Leo was plunging wildly at the dials of the infernal machine in front of him—twiddling, coaxing, but to no purpose. In fact, the demons in the box doubled and redoubled the volume of their outcries.

"Try the pedals, Leo," I ventured. "What pedals?" he snarled above the shrieks of a myriad djins who sounded

as though they were tearing the set to pieces.

"On the yellitzer," I shouted bank. "And what about the stops, too?"

But the jeer was lost in the whirl of valve anguish, and our laughter at Power's frantic searching for the stations which were there—and yet were not.

WE two watchers were in a state of semi-collapse when at length the operator left the set, to hurl himself at us. We were helpless with after-effects of sustained mirth—too weak to flinch even at the jabs which found their marks.

Next day he handed, or rather lifted, the set to the man-in-the-flat-downstairs—inlaid panels, dials, wires, connections, plugs, valves, howls and all. In the evening we went across to hear

## Tynwald Day

### Manx Items at 2YA

THE sacred day of the people of the Isle of Man, Tynwald Day, which falls on July 5, will be commemorated by a special programme at 2YA. Manx songs will be sung and a talk will be given by Mr. T. E. Corkhill, President of the Manx Society.

his all-electric. Whether he was more familiar with his own set, or whether the owner of the battery six had overhauled HIS, then found he had some parts to spare after reassembling, I am not prepared to swear, but there is no question that we DID hear something we could recognise as a tune.

Within the following week my conscience (it may have been sheer stubborn bias) toyed and argued with the prospect of a radio set in the house. No, I said to myself, you're not "sold" on the subject—better leave it alone, for a while, anyway.

On Friday afternoon I bought a new gramophone record, partly to stifle my conviction, perhaps in defiance of true judgment. I was walking through the city when I met Power, who immediately acquainted me with the news of a new all-electric, etcetera. You probably recollect the aged story concerning the last straw and a camel? Well, I bought one (I mean a radio set) that night, and I must confess that with both radio and gramophone my conscience is now placidly scanning the musical situation.

One thing more. If at any time you feel jaded, and want to see "the greatest show on earth," drop me a line. I'll have Leo Power delivered with that battery six, right to your door. Perhaps, though, it's owner has found in the meantime where those spare parts belong.—R.B.S.

## The Silenced Speaker

### A Radio Tragedy

(By A.E.R.)

IT all arose out of the family's weakness for home-shifting. I've never discovered the real reason for this—whether our ancestors were gipsies—or rent-dodgers. Still, the fact remains, along with the horrifying tragedy of my beloved red and blue loudspeaker cord.

I always suspected a soft spot in my heart for that cord. Now—to my undying sorrow—I know it. Never in the history of radio has there been such a wonderful cord. I always feel that it was someone's supreme effort—someone who left his life's work to gladden the heart of someone as unworthy as myself.

Well, to return to the fatal shift, I was boarding in town at the time, and the first inkling I had of the family's sinister intention was when the pater rang me up—"Yes, we're shifting to-morrow. Could you possibly come home to dismantle the wireless?" No, it was impossible—they had to manage the best they could.

The next I heard from the family was another 'phone ring, requesting that I should visit our new home to re-install the radio. Well—this time I thought I'd better go. It appeared as though they'd managed to dismantle the set well enough without me, and it was possible that they would somehow be able to fix it up again. That would never do—as the acknowledged expert of the family I was sensitive of my accomplishments with valves and plugs and things.

I arrived home one afternoon, whistling cheerily at the thought of spending a few hours with my beloved wireless. Little did I know of the dark shadow of tragedy that was hovering over me.

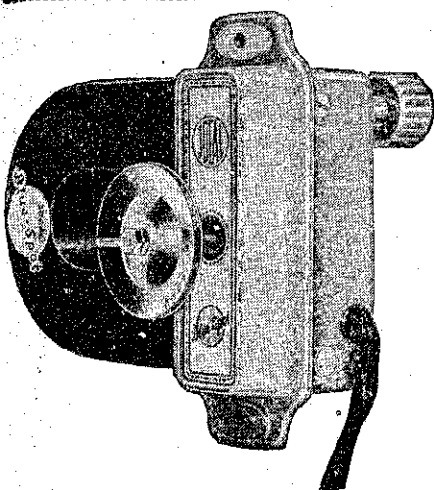
The aerial and earth were soon installed, and I approached the set to make the necessary connections to the batteries. "I say, son," remarked the dad, "I didn't like to open the cabinet and interfere with the set when I was packing up, so I just cut the battery cables free. I hope it will be all right," he concluded anxiously.

This was unexpected, but after all no appreciable harm had been done, and I was inwardly pleased to know that dad was so scared of a simple det. 2 audio that he wouldn't touch a terminal of it. "Yes, dad, that'll be all right. I'm glad you didn't touch the set. You might have blown the valves out." He was properly impressed, and very pleased he'd done the right thing.

WHISTLING gaily, I proceeded to work. After removing the cabinet lid, I propped the set on its panel, the better to disconnect the severed ends of the battery cables.

Suddenly the room seemed to grow cold and dark. My whistle died away on a dirge-like note, strongly reminiscent of a Scottish lament. The room was whirling about me, and my horrified eyes were fixed with a dazed stare on the terminal strip on the baseboard.

There, gazing reproachfully at me from amongst the severed ends of a mass of battery cables was a suspiciously familiar red and blue cord ending in two shining tips. My suspicions rapidly grew to a certainty; and like King Henry I, I haven't smiled since.



An extract of tests on Cone Units carried out by "Wireless World," England's leading technical Radio Journal.

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