

## Treasure Island

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quarters to the old stockade where there was plenty of water and shelter. The cannon fired by the mutineers who were aboard caused the loss of food and ammunition, but no one was injured.

The stockade was attacked, but the attackers lost more than the defenders, and the odds were now about two to one.

Under the cover of night two persons left the stockade—the doctor, to visit Gunn, and the boy Hawkins on a wild adventure to the ship. This almost cost him his life at the hands of Flint's old gunner, who, though badly wounded in a brawl, was still capable of doing considerable damage. Hawkins cut the ship from its moorings and it drifted out to sea. The wind carried it round the island and by the combined efforts of its two occupants it was brought into another inlet. Once the ship was safe the mutineer tried to do away with the boy, but failed and lost his own life in the attempt.

**R**ETURNING to the stockade, Hawkins stumbled over something which yielded and a shrill voice cut the still night air: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" It was Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint. A mighty oath, followed by "Who goes?" told Jim that he was in the enemy's camp.

"So, here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! Dropped in like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

And then Hawkins learned what he feared to be for the worse. The stockade had been surrendered and with it the map of the treasure. The party had shifted up among the rocks away from the treacherous marsh.

"They're dead against you, Jim, and unless you start a third company you'll have to join with Captain Silver."

"Let the worst come to the worst. I've seen too many die, it's little I care; kill another and you'll do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness who might help to save you from the gallows."

Among the buccaneers not a one stirred, for they were moved by this utterance of the mere boy.

"It was this same boy that stole the chart from Billy Bones. First and last we've split upon Jim Hawkins," broke in Flint's former quartermaster.

"Then here goes," and one of the ruffianly mob sprang forward drawing his knife, but Silver intervened. The action nearly cost him his command. He was blamed for furthering his own ends and betraying his companions. A council was held, but Silver, as usual, swayed the pirates and was again returned to favour.

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## Behind the Scenes at 1YA

## In the Announcer's Room

(By "CALL UP.")

**A**LTHOUGH the majority of listeners have a superficial knowledge of the work carried out at a radio broadcasting station, not many have ever actually been "behind the scenes," and many of their ideas in regard to the station's working are incorrect. In this little article "Call Up" invites listeners to accompany him into the announcer's room at 1YA.

Opening off the smaller of the two studios at 1YA is a door bearing the sign, "Announcer Only—Strictly No Admission," but we are privileged to enter this sanctum and to introduce ourselves to Mr. Culford Bell, the 1YA station announcer.

After greeting us, he resumes his seat before the microphone at one end of the small, narrow room and then, as an item in the large studio concludes, he announces a gramophone recording and puts the record on. Owing to the special apparatus used, we hear only a muffled noise from the record, although it is playing in the same room, and as listeners cannot hear us, we are free to converse. On either side of the announcer is a glass window looking into the two studios, before him is a desk above which is suspended a loudspeaker, and by his side is the gramophone apparatus. Facing him on the desk is a large switch-board controlling the wires between the studios, announcer's room, and transmission room.

Most of one wall of the little room is taken up with a large rack holding the varied collection of gramophone records necessary for the daily programmes, and opposite this stands the grandfather clock whose chimes are so familiar to listeners to the station. On one wall hangs a big board covered with a most amusing collection of radio jokes and illustrations cut from

different papers. Many a good laugh is stored in the thirty or forty humorous cuttings.

**The Announcer's Job.**

"**H**OW monotonous!" says the listener in referring to the announcer's job, but according to Mr. Culford Bell, such an opinion is quite wrong. "I cannot afford to even think my job is monotonous," he says, "for if I did my work would betray me. I am always subconsciously aware of the big audience listening to me, and that seems to keep one keyed up. As soon as any monotony was felt carelessness would creep in, and that, of course, would never do."

And so Mr. Bell sounds equally interested whether he is talking about the price of fat pigs, a Beethoven Sonata, a cyclonic depression, or the day's racing results, just to mention a few of the hundred and one subjects with which he has to deal daily.

He has no opportunity to scan much of his material before reading, so he has no idea what dangerous words or sentences may lurk within. If he does strike an outlandish word, such as the names of some of the delegates to the Indian Round Table Conference, he must not hesitate but go boldly at it. In any event, in such a case as this particular one there are few who could contradict him even if his pronunciation were at fault!

The announcer's work is by no means confined to speaking at the "mike." There is a great deal of detail work to be done of which the listener hears nothing—forms and reports to be filled in, copy prepared, records arranged, readings chosen, and many other things. The announcer's job is thus a busy one, and it is certainly not monotonous.

thought so; it's a pointer. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars."

But the spirits of the party had been damped, and when suddenly out of the deep forest came an air sung in Flint's voice,

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!" the party was petrified and showed the signs of utmost fear.

"Fetch aft the rum, Darby!" broke out the voice again.

"That fixes it," gasped someone. "That was Flint's last words. Let's go."

"I'm here to get the stuff, devil or no devil!" cried Silver, and he led the straggling party onward.

"'Twas liker somebody else's voice now," ventured someone, "like—it was liker—"

"Ben Gunn!" roared Silver, "and no one here's frightened of the ghost of Ben Gunn, for I'll warrant he's not alive here more'n Flint."

And away they went in better spirits.

The men rushed ahead, shouted, then were silent, suspiciously so. "Jim, take this," whispered Silver, pressing a double-barrel pistol into the hand of his young follower.

"So, you've changed sides again," someone said as all surveyed the empty boxes that indicated that the treasure had been lifted, but Silver urged them to dig deeper for the pig-nuts. The tide had, however, turned against him. The buccaneers scrambled out of the hole to be faced boldly by man and boy.

"Mates," said the leader who had displaced Silver, "I mean to have the heart of that cup. The other's a cripple. Now, mates,—"

Those were his last words. Three muskets aimed from the undergrowth rang out; and out stepped Gunn and two of the doctor's party. The mutineers were broken.

**O**NLY explanations and the simple matter of getting under way remained.

When the doctor left the stockade he went to Gunn, who, he learned, had lifted the treasure and stored it in his cave. The now useless chart was handed over to Silver, who allowed the party to shift to the better position in the cave. When the doctor had reported that Hawkins was with the mutineers Gunn and two companions hastened to the place where the treasure had been buried. Gunn outstripped his companions and had delayed the buccaneers by playing upon their superstitious fears, while his two companions had caught up. They had awaited the critical moment to fire upon the party.

**O**N the homeward journey, Silver, who had naturally not been treated too kindly, escaped to the Mexican Islands, taking with him a small portion of the treasure. Gunn had aided his escape.

"We were not safe with that man with one leg aboard," he explained.

And no one had any complaints to make, for after all the party was cheaply quit of such a dangerous man.

**Useful Hints**

**N**EVER drop telephones on to the floor or throw them on to a chair, as apart from the permanent magnets in them being weakened by sudden shocks the diaphragms are easily bent.

**V**ERY often a slight roughness in reproduction can be cured by the simple expedient of connecting a grid leak across the secondary terminal of the audio transformer.

**A. J. PARK & SON**

Patent Attorneys

Routh's Buildings,

Featherston Street,

WELLINGTON