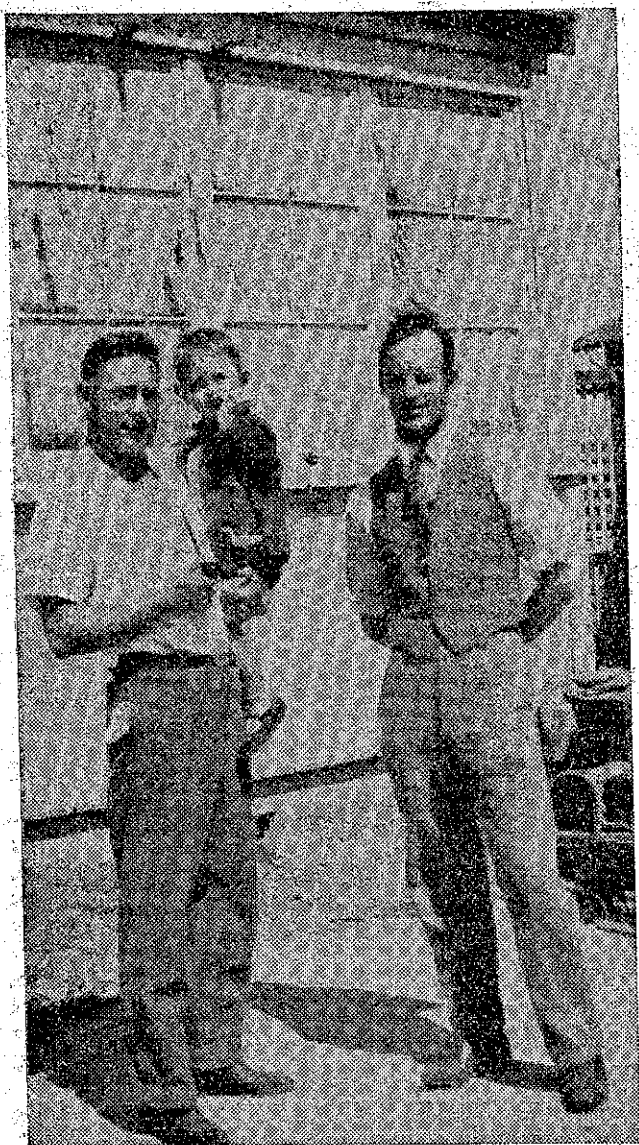


With Towns Ruin

Amateur Transmitters are air and make con- outside

By
Our Special



Outside his shack Mr. Tyler with a Government telegraphist, Mr. J. Dowling. He is holding his young son whom he asserts will one day be a "—".

IN one terrible moment the most dreadful calamity this Dominion has known fell upon Hawke's Bay. In a few seconds the work of three generations was destroyed and the veil of silence drawn hastily over its wreckage.

What the plight of the inhabitants would have been had radio not remained as an avenue of communication, no one can imagine. But it was there, and among those who rose nobly above circum-

stance and carried on when all was desolation and confusion, was the radio amateur, the "ham." He went quickly and quietly to his post and remained there, steadily "pounding his brass" and calling for help that nobly responded. No one bade him do this or do that; he had foreseen no such emergency and relied on no other organisation than his great world-wide brotherhood. He proved his ability, for his station was wrecked, as was everything else, his power was cut off—yet he got through. And yet he thinks no more of this epic performance than he does of an ordinary "sked."

After the first wrecking blow had fallen, the H.M.S. Veronica, fortunately in Napier harbour at the time, radioed and was picked up in Auckland. Then the Northumberland's transmitter began to click and sent brief messages that told New Zealand of the terrible tragedy. These messages were received before noon, at a time when there was no means of broadcasting the news. Such help as was available was speedily despatched.

In Napier there is one active "ham," Mr. G. E. Tyler, of Vigor

The 'phone transmitter of 2BE, Hastings, which maintained constant contact with 2LW, Wellington.

Brown Street. A keen amateur, he has done a great deal for amateur radio in his home town. In the rear of his home is his radio shack, a pleasant, glassed-in porch, in which are three sets: a big transmitter, a portable one, and a receiver. The transmitters derive their power from the electric light mains, but, in common with the vast majority of receivers, the other set uses all battery power.

WHEN the first shock came, Mr. Tyler was at his business in the city, and, like so many others, found himself struggling amid falling brick and masonry.

"I cannot tell you how I escaped," Mr. Tyler told me; "everything was tumbling about my ears, a huge wall missed me by inches and I had to scramble out the best I could. My escape, like that of others, cannot be explained. People around were crushed under falling debris; others just disappeared in a cloud of dust and brick. Many who stopped in the buildings were unharmed; others who rushed into the street were engulfed by the collapsing walls. I knew telegraphic communication was impossible, and I weighed for a moment the use of my services in rescue work or here. I decided it was here, and dashed home."

Finding his wife and family safe and his home only slightly damaged, Mr. Tyler looked to his transmitter. It was in a sorry mess. All instruments and gear were strewn hopelessly about the floor. The electric power was off and his sets, to anyone but such a man as himself, so much useless junk.

The first need was batteries, and they were down town in the

