



WHEN I read the "Radio Record" a few weeks back, I said to meself: "I'll blinkin' well 'ave a go at makin' this 'ere crystalized set!" I didn't understand some of the lines in the diagraph what yer drew, and think yer made a mistake somewhere. Anyways, I followed yer instructions as best I knew 'ow.

It was a pity I started to build the set on a Sunday, the shops bein' shut, so I 'ad to take the clothes line down to get some wire, which the missus was scotty about, she not bein' interested in science, as it were.



Another thing what was awkward at first—I didn't 'ave any of the rodeo globes yer mentioned, so I 'ad to use the 'all light, as well as the wash'ouse and bathroom globes. Bein' fatter than the rodeo globes, it was a bit awkward fittin' them into the set, so I 'ad to alter the shape of the set a bit to get the globes in, and as I did not 'ave a soldierin' iron, I 'ad to tie the extra wire together with me fingers, which made the set look ugly, but it's results what count.

And I didn't 'ave no proper condenser, either, so I 'ad to use an old condensed milk tin, with a bit of wire inside like what you 'ad in the picture. It 'as a small bulge in it, but if it causes distortion, I'll 'ave to straighten it.

When it come to the gridleak, that was a bit of a problem, 'because the griddle what me missus uses for cookin' don't leak at all. However, when she wasn't lookin' I tried to bore a small 'ole in it and accidentally chipped out a fair sized bit. I figured it out that it would be better that way, as the leak would be bigger, only it would be no good again as a griddle.

I was nearly stuck for batteries till I remembered I 'ad a couple of flashlight torches and some old batteries, which I rescued just in time from the dust-tin.

I got on fairly well with bits of an old set that a neighbour chucked out about eight year ago. The 'ardest thing was to decide what would make a good tickler as yer don't mention. I got a feather in the end and tickled the missus gently under the second double chin. She laughed good-oh and said I was an old fool, but what does she know about rodeo anyways?

The findin' of a choke was a puzzler, as the only choke I could think on was what yer eat—and I thought it would look funny 'avin' a wire stuck in a artichoke, only I didn't 'ave one. In the end I stuck a potato inside and it didn't look bad, bein' one of them red spuds, and matched the red label on the condensed milk tin. What with a feather and a potato, the set began to look like a fowl-run alongside a garden.

Now I come to think of it, I 'ad a bit of trouble at first with what yer call a "coupler," but as yer don't say a coupler what, I looked at the diaphram what yer 'ad drawn and saw a coupler arrows in the corner. When the kid wasn't lookin' I pinched two of 'is in the name of science. Anyways, I've told 'im over and over again how dangerous arrows is, so they come in useful.

I noticed, too, that yer said the currant went to the plate from the battery. We 'ad no currants, so I 'ad to use a raisin. I got the

for five minutes to get properly charged with electricity.

I was puzzled for a while about the word "anode," which yer used 'alf-a-dozen times or so, till it suddenly dawned on me that the printer must 'ave run short of spaces and made it one word. I couldn't think of any ode except a limerick what ain't proper, so I wrote one, as follows:

AN ODE TO RODEO!

I've built a set of odds and ends
With patience and with grit;
Marconi in 'is wildest dreams
Could never think of it!
There's bits of wood, and screws, and string,
That I put in for luck;
And last of all I wired them to
A wishbone from a duck!
I'll ask the neighbours to come in—
But I won't put them wise;
And when they 'ear the music come,
They'll 'ave a great surprise!



BERTRAM POTTS.

I COULDN'T find on the picture, what yer drew, where to put the ode, so I stuck it on the end of one of the arrows, so that anybody lookin' at the set would see it first pop. It was gettin' dark by the time I was finished, so I went down the garden, dug 'oles for the aerial sticks, and tied on the rest of the clothes line.

I danced down the road in great glee to get some friends along. Everything was ready for the great demonstration, but we got no result! Then 'Erbert noticed that yer 'ad marked the batteries A, B, and C, so I 'ad to borrow a pencil. I marked the batteries, like what yer marked—but it made no difference.

Then I realised that the station must 'ave stopped broadcastin' or broken down or somethin'—but I 'ave been waiting for a fortnight now for 2YA to come on the air again, and would be pleased to know when it is startin', as I am gettin' backache listenin' in. Yours 'opefully, ARCHIBALD.

P.S. The potato 'as got shrivelled up. Does that matter?

[In answer to a telephoned inquiry, we learn that 2YA has been on the air quite often during the last fortnight, so we think some small adjustment to your set will be necessary. We think your choke is doing its work far too well—slacken it off a little. You see, in using your own discretion you have substituted a vital part and introduced undesirable effects. If the set doesn't go after you unchoke it a bit you should see a reputable dealer.—Tech. Ed.]

