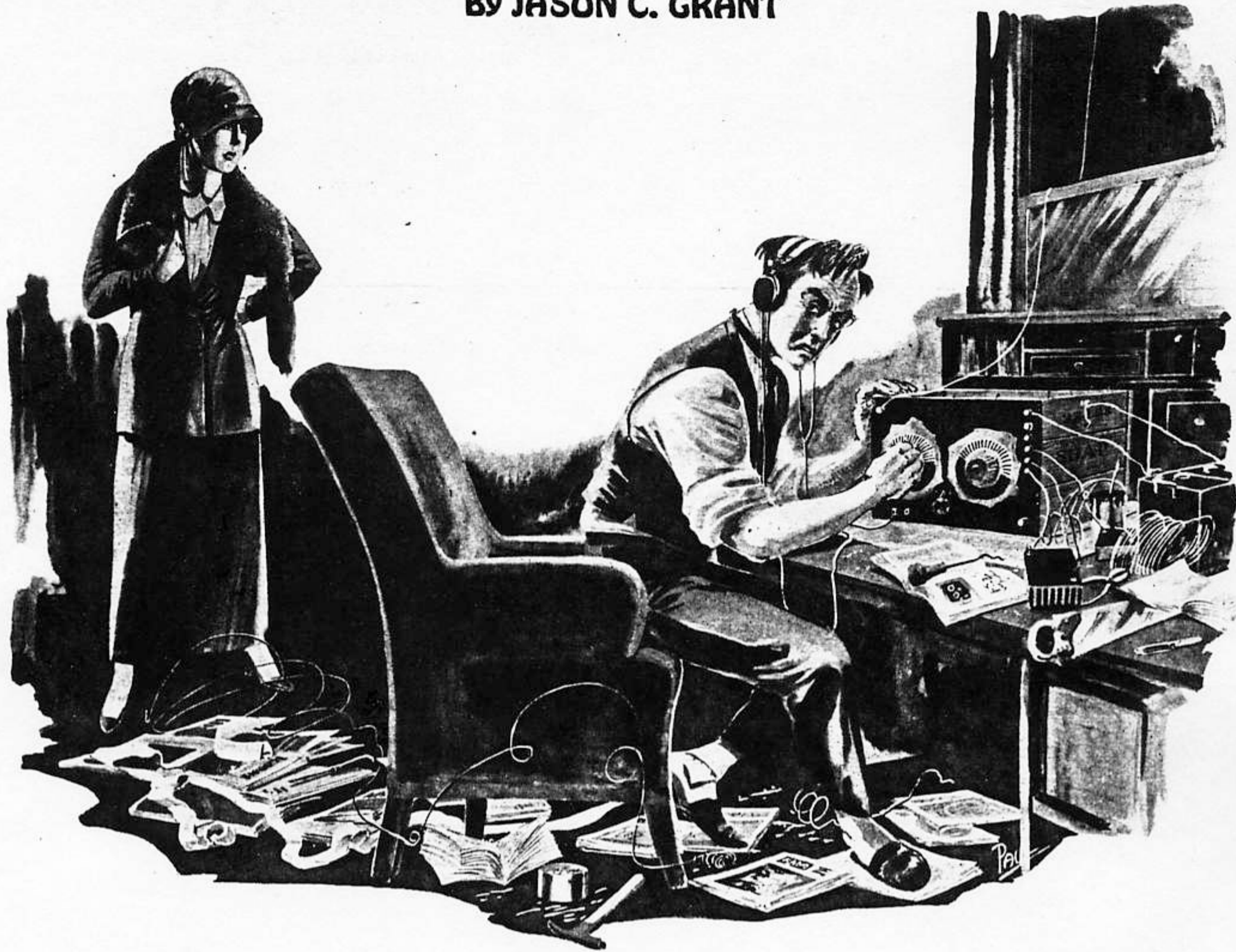


A First Night With a First Set

By JASON C. GRANT



She stepped forward so heavily that the floor actually shook, and began in a high-pitched voice the harangue to which I had resigned myself. "Bill Gaskins! Are you a fool? Do you mean—" She never got a syllable further.

I DIDN'T know much about radio in those days back in the summer of 1922 (I don't know much about it now.) I had never even seen a receiving set except in pictures. What one looked like on the inside was both a puzzle and a mystery. Nevertheless the articles on radio, the reports of people who had successfully built "their own," the pictures in the advertisements, not only aroused in me an interest in the subject but fanned it into a zealous desire to make a set.

"Why not?" I asked myself. Even kids were getting a thousand miles on sets they had built.

I fell hard. I use these terms not because I have any regrets to offer, for I have none, but there is one incident in my career as a fan which came near ending in a manner which would call for regrets. It is this incident that I am about to relate.

As mentioned above, I fell completely for the game. I decided to build a radio set, although I had never used a saw except on cord wood. I had a purely imaginary conception of a breast-drill, a bushing, a binding post and a tension spring. Of course variocoupler, variometer, condenser, grid leak and rheostat meant absolutely nothing to me. And then there were EMF, DPDT, mfd., D.C.C., D.S.C., and a whole host of symbols, abbreviations, and equations which

rendered, with rare exceptions, the technical articles on radio enigmatical to me.

And still I was mystified. But one writer had said, "Anybody with common sense can —." I had common sense, or at least I thought so, and I jumped into the thing without knowing just where I'd come out, or even whether I'd come out or not.

The trouble started when I got my first box from the grocery store. I had selected it with great care,—all of the boards were whole, and so I carried it home with a fine feeling that I had started well. Then came thoughts of the panel and the baseboard I could make out of it after I had knocked it down, dressed the boards with someone's plane, yet to be borrowed, and sawed them into the proper lengths. I was quite in another world. When I arrived home, I hid the box under the back porch, returned to the front door, and entered in the usual manner. Two days later I discovered the box filled with ashes and rubbish of all kinds. There was no use saying anything about it, no use arguing; I could get another. The only thing I regretted was that I had asked my wife where the box was before I found it, for she attached significance to my asking and, by going through an elaborate process of reasoning, reached the conclusion that the box had something to do with radio. In a word, she

sensed just what I was planning.

She didn't mind my being interested in radio, but she did mind my making a radio set out of the salary of a common clerk, and she did mind the mess I had already made about the house and would make. She thought I should be doing the house cleaning, gardening, house patching, and numerous other things she had on her list for me to do during my vacation. All of this I gleaned from her answers to questions relating to radio that I had put at various times when the psychological moment seemed to be at hand.

But I had gone too far to be stopped. I stood the strain as long as I could and then decided one Friday afternoon to buy some of the parts that were listed in a how-to-make-it article. I made my mind up in a moment. I would make a variocoupler. Straightway I went downtown to a hardware store,—I didn't know there were three regular radio stores in the little town. Boldly I went into the store, affected a rather careless, know-all-about-it attitude, and asked with indifference for the article I desired:

"A pound of No. 24 direct current copper wire, please."

"You want what?" inquired the clerk, a little puzzled.

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Not a little irritated, I replied with emphasis, "I said a pound of No. 24 direct current copper wire!"

My irritation was catching, for he replied with equal emphasis, "We ain't got none!" "Ain't?" I inquired in a tone of unbelief, changing attitudes.

"Naw!" he came back flatly.

"That's funny," I ventured, wondering why such a store had none.

A peculiar twinkle lighted the clerk's eyes. He hesitated a moment, and as I started to go, he quietly suggested: "Go down to Mr. Hite's, he's the radio man. Maybe he's got some."

I knew where Mr. Hite's was, and so I departed in that direction, although skeptically.

Now Mr. Hite was a quiet, sensible, capable electrician who kept radio parts as a sideline, and who made sets when his regular business was dull and when he felt like it. He worked in moods and spells. He either had a great deal to say or very little, according to the blow of the wind. In a word, he had silent periods and talkative periods. When he spoke, his stocky body let out so little energy, and his placid face had so little expression that one would doubt the source of the sound of the monotonous voice which characterized him.

Nevertheless I went to his shop; in fact, I'd have gone anywhere. I had to have the D.C.C. wire for the set. The writer said alternating current couldn't operate the phones, or wouldn't; and I knew he was right. So I went to Mr. Hite's.

I hesitated a moment, then entered the shop. The floor was littered with parts of electrical machinery. On the right a battered counter swayed under its load of advertising booklets and unfinished radio sets.

Using again the air of the initiated, now accentuated a little, I drawled out:

"The man at the Hardwick Hardware Store was telling me that perhaps you could spare me a pound of No. 24 direct current copper wire; I've got to wind a coupler."

Without looking up, he quietly corrected in his habitual whine, "You mean double cotton covered wire. Yeh, I got some. How many turns y' gonna put on the primary, n' how many on the tickler?"

That got my goat. No sooner did he set me right on one thing than he put me in a hole on another. While I was floundering around trying to find the proper answer, out bobbed another one of his questions:

"Building a single-circuit, double, or triple?"

And there I was again. I didn't know what kind of circuit I was going to build. I was just going to build a radio receiving set that was not going to be a crystal set.

Without waiting any longer for an answer, and it's good he didn't wait, he got the wire, how much I don't know to this day—I didn't have nerve enough to ask. And then he invited me to examine the diagram he had on the show case. I looked, and fidgeted, and gave some knowing grunts as he explained the thing to me, although I knew no more about what he was talking than the proverbial man in the moon. It all might as well have been a philological explanation of *ablaut*, so far as I was concerned.

After that day's experience, I decided not to visit any more radio shops. I would do my business with a radio mail-order house, for then I should be less open to embarrassment and chagrin. And so, it was not long before I put in an order for a few parts. I should have gone deeper, but my pocketbook and that hat wouldn't let me. The tube and batteries and other parts would have to wait; the variable condenser, I would make myself while I was waiting for the articles ordered, for I had seen in a magazine an explanation of the construction of such a condenser.

One day a large aluminum stew pan with all its contents burned beyond recognition. With an angry flourish my wife pitched it into the rubbish box. I remembered that the article on the construction of variable condensers specified that the very best aluminum should be used for the plates. I knew that that pan was made of the "very best aluminum" for it had cost me no less than \$1.50. Headlong I went out of the kitchen to retrieve that pan.

For two days and nights I clawed and cut at it with an ordinary pair of shears, until I had about 15 plates ready and about 17 blisters on my hands. More days were spent in straightening out the plates. Many a midnight stroke found me trying to put them together in such a way that they would not touch when the rotor was turned. With sore hands, a worn body, and a fatigued mind, I gave up in despair. At last I came to the conclusion, once and for all, that a variable condenser simply could not be made by anybody with only two hands, a pair of shears, and pliers.

That condenser-making affair certainly put a damper on my enthusiasm for radio. I was almost ready to quit, and would have, had it not been for an incident which occurred at a party at a friend's home. Over in one corner of the room where we were assembled was a group talking riotously above the victrola strains of a rapid jazz piece. As we came near this group we heard some one cry out: "Bill's got one."

The very next day I waded boldly on in. I had borrowed a battery from a friend who had it on a discarded Ford car, and I had left it at a garage to be charged. I took it home and immediately proceeded downtown. The articles I had ordered had come, but they didn't meet my needs. I found a radio store whose advertisement had recently appeared in the town paper.

When I entered, an alert fat headed, rotund person, smartly dressed, with the smiling, handrubbing habit emerged from a back room. I introduced myself to this owner-manager-clerk, giving my occupation and the name of my employer. In almost a confidential tone I informed him of my immediate needs and indicated to him just how I desired them to be met. He told me to wait a moment, he would have "to see"; and then he disappeared in the recesses of that back room, which was, perhaps, his office.

In the meantime I took the opportunity of gazing at the apparatus neatly arranged in

the long show case which occupied the only counter in the narrow little shop. There they were resting on the boxes in which they came: variable condensers,—they didn't look like the one I had been making—tube sockets, and whatnot. Besides, there were, back of the counter, countless stalls in which were pieces of apparatus that I did not recognize. But most interesting of all was a real radio set, which rested in all its shining beauty on the end of the show case. For the first time in my life I got a peep at the inside of a set.

But my inquisitive eyes were arrested at the approach of the clerk. He came back rubbing his hands and smiling as usual. When he told me, "It's all right," you could have knocked me down with a blown filament.

I showed him the list of things I needed and both of us went over it carefully. He selected all of the parts, for we should have been there until doomsday had the task devolved upon me. Soon everything on the list was wrapped up in a neat, heavy bundle. I picked it up and was about to depart when I was gently requested to wait—"Just a moment please." I did. Then he began to figure: dials \$1.00, condenser \$2.50, phones \$6.00, and so on. My head began to swim. You remember that radio parts in those days cost about twice as much as they do now. The growing sum, as he called out the prices of the parts, sent a nervous chill through me. He added up the columns with one flourish of his pencil, struck the end of it vigorously on the counter, and announced the grand total: \$22.53. "Uh huh," I replied weakly and proceeded to pick up the precious bundle again. But again I was stopped by that gently restraining hand.

"Now Mr. Gaskins," he began, the smile disappearing from his face, "when you asked for credit I was under the impression that you would want only about five or six dollars' worth of parts. You have in that bundle over \$22 worth of the best apparatus procurable. You see, we are young in the business, in fact, we cannot afford to do any credit business because of the high cost of operation here. But I was willing to extend to you some credit thinking that you would want, as is customary, to pay down at least one third of the total amount of the bill, and that you would not want to get as much as you have here."

He paused a little, probably to see what effect his argument had on me. I felt as if I had lost my last and best friend in all the world.

"Nevertheless," he continued, leaning forward a little on the counter, gesticulating expressively with his hands, and fixing his eyes hypnotically on mine, "I'll be willing to let you have the parts if you'll pay half down or, let us say, ten dollars down."

As soon as he said ten dollars, I remembered in a flash that reposing in my wallet at that moment was a ten dollar bill that my wife had given me four days earlier out of her savings from the house budget. But that ten dollars was for something else. Today was her father's birthday. She had desired that I buy something appropriate with the money for her father, the pleasure of the task of purchasing the gift devolving upon me, since my masculine tastes—so she thought—would prove more fortunate in the matter of selection than hers.

For exactly two days I had lied unequivocally about that gift because I had simply forgotten all about it. "The jeweller had to engrave the cuff links," I had stalled. But I had stalled too much in those four days. Without fail, I was to have them home that day by three o'clock, when we'd depart for the domicile of the honored gentleman to partake of the choice morsels of the customary birthday dinner. Of course

he had my necktie; by this time he was probably wearing it. That was something. Surely he could wait on the gift of his daughter: she had never failed him. All of this rapidly raced through my mind, while that ten dollar bill got hotter and hotter in my pocket.

I had reached such a state that something had to be done. There was enough apparatus in that bundle to make a real radio set. I had passed my hands over the parts,—real condensers, a real tube, real batteries, real head phones, parts that heretofore I had only been able to imagine. I simply had gone too far; there was no turning back. In a word, I just had to have those parts and have them at that very moment. Surely I could think of some alibi. And then it occurred to me that I could say this time "I forgot" or something or anything, so long as I had those parts. And thus the die was cast. I dug out the ten dollars, jammed the receipt he gave me into some pocket, picked up the bundle, and ambled out of the store.

My mind was so full of my predicament as I went homeward that it was effectively paralyzed. As soon as I reached the outer portal of that shop I realized that that tale about "I forgot" would never do, but the more I tried to think, the less I actually thought.

My state of being was only aggravated when I met Herb Stevens and Charlie Thompson. They were standing in front of Herb's Ford sedan inspecting the radiator cap.

"What y' got there, Bill, radio?" Herb inquired nudging Charlie. "How's that back porch set of yours?"

"Oh, fine!" I managed to get out, concealing my irritation at having met them at this particular time. "Come over to see it some time," I invited.

"Sure!" chimed in Charlie. "We'll bring the gang over to-night."

But my invitation was bearing fruit too soon, so I swiftly assured them that while I should be glad to have them come over, the set was not finished. It would be better if they would come another time, and especially so since Mrs. Bill and I would be out that night.

"That's all right; you'll get home early,—before ten, and we'll come around late; so there you are," assured Herb.

"But I tell you I haven't finished it," I tried to explain.

"Doesn't matter. We want to see what it looks like," he insisted.

And the two got into the Ford and drove off before I could say another word.

But I had worries of greater magnitude than Herb Stevens and his gang. That bridge could be crossed later. And so, my mind quickly turned again to my wife's impending reception. The nearer I got to the house, the sicker I felt. What would she say? For two months she had been talking about a new hat, and for two months I had been ardently trying to persuade her to give up the notion with gentle reminders of the fact that we couldn't afford it, or the request to wait a little while.

As to the present, I realized that if I said "I forgot to go for the cuff links," she'd just send me back after them. When she asked for them, I decided that I'd smilingly put my hand in my pocket, affect to show surprise in not finding them there, excitedly go through my other pockets, and then pathetically conclude that "I must have lost them." I knew what that would mean all right, but I also knew that the "fuss" that would ensue would be a better "fuss" than that which would follow if she found out what I had really done with the money.

By the time I reached the front steps I wasn't exactly sure as to whether I should go directly in or wait a while to compose myself.

The door was locked. "Gone!" I gasped

unbelievably in relief. "Gone where?" A note on the dining room table gave the news. She had decided to go over early to help her mother with the cooking. I was to come over later and bring father's gift along with me (this underscored).

This was some relief, but I was well aware of the fact that something had yet to be done, and done quickly. If I went over to her parents' home I'd have to "spill" the alibi there; that wouldn't be pleasant at all. My only chance lay in another direction. I knew my wife would forgive any sin of commission or omission if I made a set that would really work. Very few people in town had them, and none in her circle of friends. Besides, she hadn't forgotten about the joke we had been the butt of at that little social gathering. She would give anything to make the parties to it the dunces and me the hero after all. She was that kind of woman. My last and only hope, then, was to build a set that would work, and to build it and have it working before she returned. But I would have to concoct some reasonable excuse for not appearing at the birthday dinner.

Realizing this I began immediately to assemble the story. In 20 minutes I had it finished. I went straight to the telephone to tell my wife. I got her on the wire easily. The tale went pretty straight until I got to the point where I said a doctor had given me attention. And then, woman-like, she asked me the name of the doctor who attended me. You see, I had told her that while I was down town in the morning an automobile had "bowled" me over. It was all my fault, I had assured her, for I knew she'd suggest a suit. When she asked the name of the doctor I was caught off balance; but I managed quickly to get through the name of a doctor she didn't know before she was aware of my confusion, and moreover, I was successful in convincing her that although I had to be brought home in a car the only injury I suffered was a badly sprained ankle which would not permit me to walk or even move about much; so painful was it. And then of course came the big question: "Did you get the cuff links?" If I had them, she said, she would come over for them immediately for she did not want to disappoint her dear old dad. And maybe I wasn't ready for her. In a tone of deepest regret I told her that I had got them, but they were lost in the crash, that I had looked for them in all of my pockets and could not find them. She hesitated a moment, and I knew she was biting her lip in disappointment, and then she reluctantly gave in to the inevitable.

And so the yarn took all right, or at least appeared to do so. Nevertheless, I was not willing to trust the changeable disposition of any woman and certainly not hers. Hence I straightway dug out all of the gauze bandaging strips I could find in the house and made a pretty fair job of my left ankle.

This done, I was ready to start on the set. I had forgotten all about Mr. Hite's suggestion, had even lost his diagram, so that it was necessary for me to search among my old magazines for a handy hook-up. My wife had neatly stacked all of them in three piles in a corner. At first I went at the task in an orderly manner; but soon impatience overcame me, so that it wasn't long before the living room was one mass of newspapers and old magazines. I finally came across the real thing: "How to Build a Simple Single-Circuit Regenerative Set,"—whatever that meant.

Loaded down with my junk and the magazine containing the article, I went into the general workshop, the kitchen. The first task was to make a variocoupler. Pasteboard tubes had to be found. After hauling out everything in the kitchen cabinet I decided to empty the oatmeal box and the

Dutch Cleanser box. In an hour and a half, occupied by numerous attempts to wind the coils straight and tight, and to dress down the tickler so that it would rotate within the stator of the coupler, a perfectly good coupler covered with three coats of pretty oak stain, in lieu of the recommended shellac, rewarded my patience. All of the parts, thus, were ready for assembly.

The box from the grocery store was emptied of its rubbish, knocked to pieces with the famous family hatchet, and considered as to the suitability of its trade-marked pine strips for panel and baseboard. Two boards which happened to be of the same length (a great item which disposed of the necessity of my using a saw) and which had only about a half dozen knots each, were selected and nailed together at right angles. The icepick was commandeered into service and heated red hot. By the time I had punched a sufficient number of holes in the "panel" to make a piece of Swiss cheese envious, I was ready to mount the parts—and the icepick was ready for instant service as a corkscrew.

And oh, what a job! It appeared that I had miscalculated the mounting holes of every piece of apparatus I had. The holes for the condenser were off, way off. I worked, and I sweated, and, I fear, I "cussed" until I succeeded in hanging the parts on that panel. To all this add the misery of making three-eighths inch binding posts fits in a half-inch panel.

But that was only half the job. Everything had to be fastened to something else on the panel, or something somewhere. Back to the instructions I hastened to find out where those leads went. To "switch-points arranged in a semi-circle on the panel," it said. Switch-points? What switch-points? To my dismay, I discovered that I had forgotten all about switch-points, although I had been careful enough to buy the switch-arm. But necessity, they say, is the mother of invention, and so plain wire nails became the happy or unhappy offspring of necessity. I easily found the 15 nails necessary, drove them into the panel in a quasi semicircle without splitting it more than six or eight times and tied the tap leads on to them.

As I "figured" it I was just about two-thirds through. The madam was not due home until 11 o'clock that evening—she had said about 11—and it was only 10 o'clock then. Everything was encouraging, since all the puzzles had been solved. There remained for me only to make the final connections, which merely meant following those heavy black lines in the diagram. The article called for No. 14 wire for connections. I had none. That was all. Number 24 would have to do. But the actual process of the wiring after it was begun tied me up so that I thought several times I should lose my mental balance trying to keep an eye on the picture-diagram, on the explanations in the article, and on what I was trying to do. And then unexpectedly, when I thought I never would untangle myself, I rather suddenly became conscious of the welcome fact that I had completed the task. That was done. And gee, what a relief!

The whole thing was done. I had made a set! Think of it! With proud hands I lifted the set from the rubbish which surrounded it on the table, and wading through more rubbish strewn all over the kitchen floor, carried it into the living room, and deposited it on the new \$90 dining table. I had hardly put it down before I felt an unpleasant pull as I moved it across the surface of the table. Why hadn't I thought of putting a newspaper under it? Three beautifully curved gashes lay symmetrically engraved on the shining boards. "If I don't die tonight by murder or heart failure," I murmured desperately to myself, "I'll live forever!"

But it was too late to worry about scars on table tops, even if this top did happen to be mahogany. I drew forth the article again, spread it out on the table, and proceeded to re-read it in order to checkup the wiring. I knew I couldn't be too careful. Besides, my set looked as much like the illustration accompanying the article as a freshly made excelsior hen's nest does. Nevertheless, everything checked up all right until I got to the very end of the article where I found this sentence appended: "By all means shield the panel of the set with a good grade of sheet zinc or sheet copper, being certain that the shielding touches nothing but the ground binding post."

There's no use in my attempting to express my feelings here. You can imagine just how I felt much better than I can tell you. I had carried home that morning a large storage battery which seemed to weigh no less than 200 pounds. I had brought home on a second trip a load of radio apparatus. I had spent my good wife's money—had committed theft. I had unblushingly lied to her to break an engagement with her dear old daddy on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. I had agonized, working on this blooming thing from 12 o'clock noon to late at night. I had scratched the dining table that she never used except when we had company to dinner. I was probably facing a divorce suit.

There was no use arguing, however, that was losing time, precious time. The author said shield; he didn't say why, it is true, but he said shield just the same. And if he said shield, shielding was probably necessary or the set wouldn't work. And so I got busy in the solution of the 999,999th puzzle encountered during that day. It didn't take me long to find the piece of zinc under the kitchen stove.—Never mind what the wife would say and do; she couldn't say and do much more than she was going to say and do.—In less than a minute I had a generous strip hacked off. It was evident that I couldn't take the set down to shield the panel, so I just compromised by decorating each knob and dial with pieces of the zinc, which were connected by a lead wire to the ground post. They weren't symmetrically cut pieces of zinc at all, and not symmetrically placed, but they were pieces of zinc, although not of the "best grade procurable," and they shielded the panel, as was required. When I got through, that panel looked like the proud bemedalled breast of a Russian general who had gone through 50 campaigns with great distinction.

Yet, the aerial had to be strung up. Time was literally flying. It was then 10 minutes to 11. In a few bounds I was upstairs and in the clothes closet where I had seen a trunk rope. That was immediately confiscated. With the skill of a veteran fireman, I gained the top of the roof, ran through the darkness from gable to gable, and firmly fixed with pieces of the rope the hundred feet of wire between two chimneys that apparently had been set on that house just for my benefit. I twisted on the lead-in wire and threw it over the side of the house. The clock was just striking 11 when I scrambled through the attic window. Down stairs I rushed to secure the lead-in to the window. Somebody had told me about the dangers of lightning; but lightning or no lightning I was going to run that set that night with neither lightning switch nor lightning arrester.

I immediately moved the set over to the "escritoire" in order that the aerial and ground connections might be facilitated.

In went the tube. The aerial, batteries, phones and ground connections were made just as my hands happened to fall upon them. I was all ready to go! Great guns! What a sensation! It was worth anything. Of course it would work. It had to work.

Hadn't I followed that radio writer's instruction? I pulled up the easy chair, settled myself, and with great care and dignity adjusted the head phones. Apprehensive, expectant, I turned on the rheostat. The tube lighted up brilliantly and then suddenly went out. "Great Caesar!" I groaned, "She can't be busted!" I turned and turned again, but the tube very politely and quietly refused to respond to my frantic attentions.

In perfect agony, I heard a car drive up and I knew that in it was my wife, who, evidently, had been brought home by a friend. First I thought I'd hide the whole "darned" mess quickly. That would be better than being found with it and displaying it to Herb's gang when they came in later. But that was impossible. I just had to try it once more. And so, once more I wrenched the rheostat, but to no avail. In utter disgust, I tore off the phones. And the most surprising thing. The tube lighted of its own accord!!

Quickly I returned the phones to my head. I turned the dials until they fairly whirled, but all I heard was a bedlam of whistles, scratches, and howls,—enough to wake the dead. I turned and adjusted, redoubling my efforts desperately when I heard the front door open and slam, and a sweet, clear voice call "Where are you, dear?" I gave the condenser one last, mad wrench and the set settled into the quiet silence of the tomb of an Egyptian mummy!

A rather creepy sensation was coming over me. Somebody was watching me. I just knew Alice was in the room; I could feel her eyes upon me; I could imagine how her little mouth was just twitching to find the appropriate word with which to begin as she looked first at me and then at that damning mass of boards, and zinc, and tangled wire. I turned ever so little with lowered eyes, with the trepidation of a child caught in a forbidden act. And there, sure enough, she stood, arms akimbo, eyes a picture of amazement, mouth quivering, face suffused with angry blushes. Her eyes traveled down to my ankles and centered there so long that I was constrained to look there myself. What I saw was a pair of perfectly healthy ankles, undamaged by any bruise. Evidently I had lost the bandage in the "shuffle." A groan escaped me. That must have been the signal for action. She stepped forward so heavily that the floor actually shook and began in a high-pitched voice the harangue to which I had resigned myself.

"Bill Gaskins! Are you a fool? Do you mean—"

She never got a syllable further. I came near jumping out of the window. Perhaps I should have, but I, now, was paralyzed with astonishment and thrilled into a state of coma. I simply could not believe my ears. Without one whistle, or one scratch, or one howl, came clearly and distinctly a voice announcing.—

"This is KDKA, the station of the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. . . ."

Dumfounded, I could only gasp, "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania! And me in Marshall, Texas!"

Until two o'clock in the morning I had to stay up for my wife, for she became so fascinated that she wouldn't let me have the head phones for more than a minute at a time. Cuba, Schenectady, Detroit, Denver, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Davenport, Minneapolis,—the call of the North, Kansas City, and at least five other stations came in, all in one night; that is, as long as I could manage to jar the floor enough to keep the leads in connection.

There she sits now, homely old thing, inscribed with scores of station call-letters, covered with the dust of many a month, looking down with disdain upon the Super-dyne, the Super-Regenerative set, the Radre-

genadyne. Out of use now, but a veteran of the past, the joy of many an evening around the fireside, my savior when I was in distress, my deliverer who spoke more eloquently than I could ever have pleaded, whose simple, unpretentious performance let me get away with "murder."