



**S**omewhere in the North Atlantic a British Destroyer is fighting her way through a heavy sea. It is 2 o'clock of a winter's morning. There's a first-class thunderstorm in progress with fine and frequent lightning effects. The wind is blowing half a gale. "Nice night to sit down quiet in front of the fire and listen to the wireless," says Able Seaman Thompson, wiping a wave out of his left eye.

"*Listen to the wireless.*" That's exactly what Sparks is doing at this moment. Listening to an urgent message from base — 2,756 miles away. Listening on a radio set that must be able to get the station he wants anywhere, anytime, in any conditions.

Whom would you choose to make your set for that sort of job?  
You're right.

***murphy***

(Suppliers of radio equipment to the Admiralty)

CRC 3H