

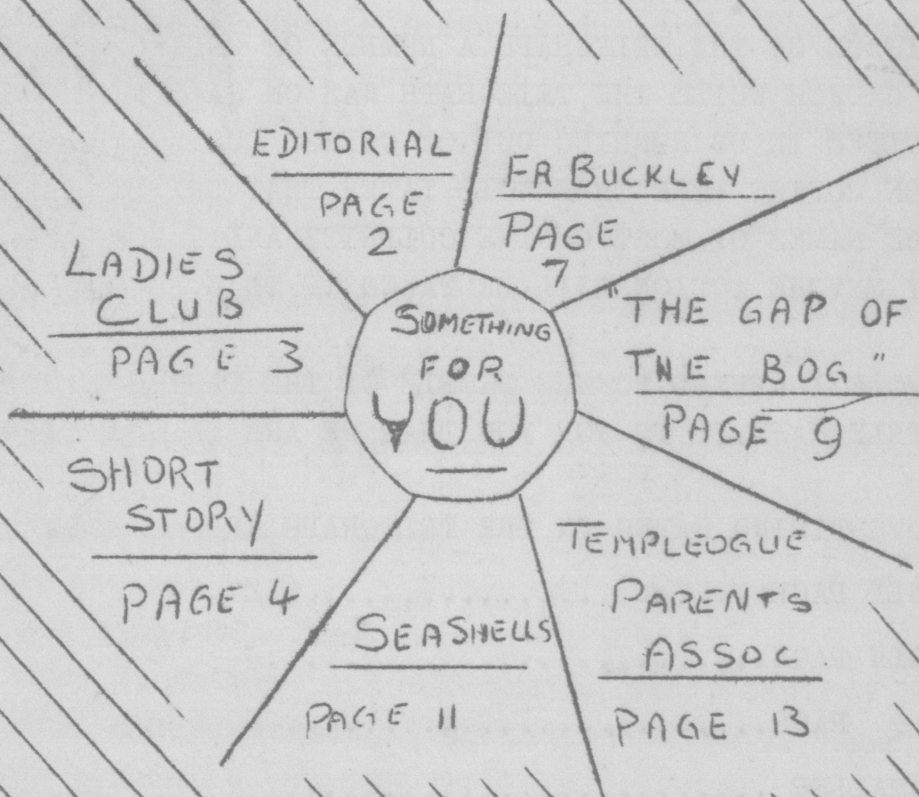
TEMPLEOGUE
Telegraph

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VOL. 2 No. 9

7th MARCH 1971

PUBLISHED EVERY 2 WEEKS FOR THE TEMPLEOGUE AREA



IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE TELEGRAPH I ASKED FOR SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PARISH TO SEND IN SOME ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION. THE RESPONSE TO THIS APPEAL WAS NOT EXACTLY OVERWHELMING BUT WE DID RECEIVE A NICE SHORT STORY FROM FIDEIMA KELLY OF CYPRESS GROVE ROAD WHICH COULD SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE TO SOME OF THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THE AREA WHO ARE NOT AS YOUNG AS FIDEIMA.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR STORY FIDEIMA. YOU SHALL BE HEARING FROM US SOON ABOUT IT.

LAST ISSUE OF THE TELEGRAPH A NUMBER OF COPIES WERE STOLEN FROM THE CHURCH WHILE THE TELEGRAPH WAS ON SALE AT THE DOOR. THIS RESULTED IN US RUNNING OUT OF COPIES DURING THE LAST MASS. THE STOLEN COPIES WERE THEN SOLD LATER THAT DAY BY THE THIEVES. I HAVE THE NAMES OF MOST OF THE CULPRITS AND I NOW WARN THEM THAT VERY SEVERE ACTION WILL BE TAKEN IF THIS RE-OCCURS .

ONCE MORE I APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE PARISH TO WRITE FOR THE TELEGRAPH. IT IS FOR YOU THAT WE ARE IN EXISTENCE.

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TEMPLEOGUE LADIES CLUB

VISIT TO ST. PAPPIN'S LADIES CLUB ON MONDAY, MARCH 15th:

Would ladies who gave their names for this outing at the last meeting, please phone Mrs. O'Regan (900650) or Mrs. Kernan (906323) within the next couple of days.

DRAMA: We feel sure that there must be many of our members who are interested in drama, and perhaps have hidden talents in this direction. Now is their chance to join our talented Drama Group at the start of a new season. All interested please phone Mrs. Ann Kiernan (903193) as soon as possible.

We would like to draw the attention of our members to a series of Spring Lectures under the auspices of the Irish Federation of Womens' Clubs. Venue: Holy Faith Convent, Lr. Dominick St. Commencing each evening at 8p.m.

SUBJECT

SPEAKER

Tues. Mar. 16th.	Early Irish Art	Maire de Paor, Ph.D., M.R.I.A.
Wed. Mar. 24th.	Aspects of Irish Folk Life	John C. O'Sullivan.
Tues. Apr. 13th.	Wild Life in Ireland	Dr. D. Cabot, M.A. Ph.D.
Wed. Apr. 21st.	Literature	Augustine Martin
Thurs. Apr. 29th.	Music	Dr. A.J. Potter, I.R.A.M.

Tickets are available from :
Mrs. S. McCabe , 70 Shanliss Road, Santry, Dublin, 9.
or Mrs. Muriel Cassidy , 13 Cardiffs Castle Road, Finglas,
Dublin 11.

TICKETS 20p.

Mary C. Kernan

Hon. Secretary

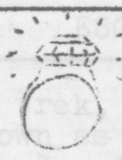
Waiting For The Snow.

By Fidelma Kelly (age 9).

There she sat gazing out the window. The Big Clock in the Dining Room struck half-past eight. It was lovely to watch the sun sinking down behind the mountains. But Maura Wilson thought otherwise. "I wish the snow would come" she grumbled hard-heartedly. "Well really Maura" Isn't this wonderful weather for this time of year? "What do you want it to snow for?" said her mother rolling out the last of her sausage rolls. "I'm sorry Mum, it's just that since Uncle Fred made me that toboggan I can't wait for it to snow so that I can try it out" replied Maura. "Well you are going nowhere but to bed now", said mother crossly. "Right, goodnight mum". When Maura had left the room her mother talked to herself. "Oh, that girl and her snow. I suppose one of her friends told her that it was great fun tobogganing, but it was too bad that Fred gave her one! At half-past eleven the house was silent except for mother locking up the doors, and then plodding up the stairs.

Little did she know that there was somebody outside that they would not have liked to be there. Maura's heart leapt for joy the following morning when she saw the snow covering the hills, paths, roads, bridges and the river was actually covered with ice. "Snow everywhere" she said as she charged down the stairs. Before going into breakfast she dashed down the yard to the shed where her toboggan was kept. But when she got there there was no sign of her lovely blue toboggan. Crying out in dismay she ran into the house. If this was one of Jimmy's practical jokes, she did not like it at all. "Where is my toboggan Jimmy Wilson" She cried out angrily. "Now, now," said her father, "your toboggan is in the shed isn't it?" "No" she said. "Well when I was getting coal last night it was there" said her mother. "Are you sure you looked everywhere?" "Everywhere" said Maura indignantly. "I looked over every inch of it". "My goodness what is Jimmy wailing about" said mother going to the window. "My bike is gone" he said. "We'll go down and tell the police that bikes and toboggans do not run away" said their father. After a while the children came back with a policeman. "He steals bikes scooters and toboggans, paints them and sells them again". He continued "Now we have found his workshop because we followed his footprints up the mountains". "Here are your things back". The policeman departed and the children talked excitedly. "We will go up the hills and have a great game" "It really was worth while waiting for the snow" shouted Maura running running down the hill "And only for it would never have discovered the thief".

THE END.



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PIONEER TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION

The President of the PTAA has conveyed to the Editor of the Templeogue Telegraph his thanks for the excellent coverage being given to Pioneer affairs, which he feels is in no small measure responsible for the very good results being obtained in its recruiting drive. The February receptions constituted somewhat of a record: 6 applications were dealt with, forming a "cross-section" of grades of membership. One Pioneer and three Probationers were admitted, and there were applications also for the Temporary Pledge and Juvenile membership. Certainly, a red-letter day.

The Centre appeals for a few more members for its Local Council. The Council meets for about half-an-hour on the First Friday of each month (after the Evening Mass), and the only other duties for members are attendance occasionally at the receptions (see below). A bigger Council would mean, naturally, a greater sharing of work. Interested members should make enquiries at the next Reception.

RECEPTIONS: THE NEXT OCCASION ON WHICH APPLICATIONS FOR ALL GRADES OF MEMBERSHIP CAN BE MADE IS: SUNDAY 14 MARCH BETWEEN 1015 and 1115 A M IN THE CHURCH PORCH, ST PIUS X.

WAINSFORT PARTY (contd.)

Dick Blake's Jerusalem brought the evening to a traditional close. A vote of thanks to Fr. Diffney was proposed by Edgar McConnell.

WATCH OUT FOR THE TEMPLEVILLE PARTY, NEXT FRIDAY, FOLLOWED BY FORTFIELD & COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD, TEMPLEOGUE, AND CYPRESS.

ALL THINGS MUST PASS

The THEME a local beat group have, after 2½ years broken up with each of the five members going their separate ways. During their time together as a group the lads had quite considerable success. They had success also in the cabaret field acquiring a six-month residency in a Dun Laoghaire hotel. They released a record last summer which was extremely well received being picked as "record of the week" by an RTE disc jockey. The group was offered a tour of the U.S. last summer but had to turn it down due to work commitments at home. They appeared on RTE's top pop show LIKE NOW! . After some discussions the group decided last week to break up. THE GROUP IS PLAYING A FINAL FAREWELL APPEARANCE WITH THE PRESENT LINE-UP IN TEMPLEOGUE L.T.C. TONIGHT 7/3/71. THIS PROMISES TO BE A GREAT NIGHT AND THE GROUP ALTHOUGH BREAKING UP AFTERWARDS ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DANCE. IT WAS GOOD WHILE IT LASTED BUT NOW THE THEME IS A THING OF THE PAST. THEY ENJOYED THEMSELVES WHILE HELPING OTHERS ENJOY THEMSELVES. THE BEST OF LUCK TO ALL THE MEMBERS IN THEIR NEW VENTURES. RORY MOORE.

SNAKES

ESCAPE NO. 1. By Fr. Buckley .

On trek, the missionary stayed in a poor hut each night. It was known as the "Father's Rest House". Like Duffy's Circus we spent only one day in the town.

I was staying in a very bad Rest House this night. The walls were made of mud; the roof was supported by fresh trees cut a few days previously; the leaves were still on the tree, and the roof was covered with dry grass. The little African boy put up my camp-bed for the night. I got under the mosquito net at 10.30 hoping for a good night's rest. I was amused to see the front page of the Irish Independent serving as a mat beside the bed. I left a Bush-lamp lighting in the corner for the night. At about 11.00 p.m. I heard a noise directly over my camp-bed, and I saw a snake peering down on me from the green leaves overhead. I was afraid to move, afraid to even breathe. I glanced up now and then to find my friend the snake continuing to peer downwards. I knew that if I moved he would cut an eye out of me with a spit. A few weeks before I had seen a snake cut the eye out of my dog with a spit, while I stood a few yards away with four altar boys. I was very frightened, and after about an hour the strain of watching the snake became intolerable. It was impossible to get out of a camp-bed without making noise. The slightest sound would give the snake the impression that he was under attack. He was certainly in an excellent position for a spit or tackle. My heart began to beat faster -- I could not stand the strain of keeping in the same position all the night.

I prayed --- I made a sudden get-away from the bed. Feeling twenty years younger when I reached the yard, I called the towns people with a wooden bell. The cry went up - "A snake in Father's Rest House". In a few minutes twenty African boys had surrounded the house armed with huge knives and in ten minutes the snake met with a cruel death. The African boys are experts at killing snakes. It was now late at night and the women ran up shouting "Thank God Our Father Is Alive" . I thanked them all sincerely for their help .

Yes- God protects His missionaries .

WAINSFORT PARTY

Once again the WAINSFORT RESIDENTS disappointed woefully. In spite of the efforts of a willing and active group who made sure that invitations reached all 360 houses, only about 60 houses were represented. Far too many wives arrived without their husbands and far too many arrived so late that everything had to be rushed.

Those who did attend were rewarded by a most enjoyable nights fun. First class artists John McNally, Nick Lewis, Mary Golding, Ben Cole and Reggie Cant held the audience spellbound.
(continued overleaf)

ST. PIUS X PARENTS ASSOCIATION

331413

We have compiled a booklet containing the information received with regard to entry to the available Secondary and Vocational Schools in the area. This Booklet may be obtained for 2½p from Mrs. Ryan 88 Templeville Drive 900301 (Chairman) Mrs. Doyle 20 College Park 909703 (Secretary) Mr. E. Lucas 54 Cypress Gr. Rd. 906017 (Treasurer) or on request from any of the committee members.

The Parents Committee have approached the authorities regarding the safety measures of the Templeogue approach to the school and a survey of the area will be made in the next few weeks and information regarding this will be in the next T.T.

We are inviting the teachers of St. Pius X National School to a social evening in the near future. We also intend having a meeting for the Parents of the children in St. Pius X within the next couple of weeks.

For the benefit of those who did not read the list of Committee Members in the Jan T.T. Members names are listed below and also the re-election of two officers due to the many commitments of our previous Officers Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Farrell whom we kindly thank.

- Mrs. Ryan 88 Templeville Dr. (900301) CHAIRMAN
- Mrs. Doyle 20 College Pk. (909703) SECRETARY
- Mr. E. Lucas 54 Cypress Gr. Rd. TREASURER
- Mr. D. Fitzpatrick Wainsfort Crescent
- Mr. R. Farrell 106 Templeville Road
- Mr. J. Cullen 142 Wainsfort road
- Mrs. Gilmore 39 College Pk.
- Mrs. H. Halligan 76 Templeville Dr.
- Mr. E. J. MALONE 100 Templeville Rd.
- Mrs. Murray 21 Wainsfort Road.
- Mrs. Breen 49 Parkmore Drive.
- Mr. P. J. White 12 Cypress Grove South.
- Mr. N O'reilly, 2, Springfield Dr.
- Mr. Griffin Cypress Park.
- Mrs. A. Rynne 30 College Drive
- Mrs. Durcan Templeville.

MRS. A. DOYLE
SECRETARY.

"/

YOUTH REPORT

A DANCE WAS HELD IN THE CLUB ON FRIDAY NIGHT (5th.) FROM 9.00 till 1.00 WITH DISCO/NEQUE MUSIC PROVIDED BY "FIDO" A DUBLIN CLUB D.J.

THERE WAS ALMOST 200 PEOPLE AT THE DANCE AND A VERY GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL.

OUR SINCEREST APPRECIATION TO ALL WHO HELPED MAKE THE DANCE SUCH A SUCCESS.

D. MOONEY

T.Y.C. PRESS OFFICER.

(Continuing the recollections of a rural childhood, submitted by a reader from the South of Ireland)

"The Gap of the Bog".....by Michael K. (No.2)

Listrone is situated on the banks of the River Faulia and when the spring tides began to run the young boys swarmed down to the river in the evenings after school. Their mothers pleaded with them as mothers will to eat their dinners first - but in vain. Once the fishing fever coursed through the blood there was nothing for it but to give them their way. The first place they headed for was the strip of Faulia water known as "The Inch", which was the choicest spot on the river. Very soon, however, every foot of bank was taken up with boys of all ages and sizes. It was wonderful to see such activity, and although the old weatherbeaten fishermen feigned annoyance at these incursions in their hearts they were glad: for it was good to know that the heritage of the true fisherman would pass to such ardent apprentices.

The piece of fishing gear most favoured by the youth of that time was known as a "spiller". This was a simple device, a piece of wood about a foot long and two inches in circumference, pointed at one end and notched in the middle. A fishing line, obtainable then for a penny, was slip-knotted around the notching, and the line was wound around the stick until about twenty feet was left free to take three or four hooks, connected at intervals by means of fishing gut. A leaden weight at the end of the line completed the device. When the hooks were baited, the pointed end of the stick was embedded in the ground as near to the river as possible, and the young fisherman was then ready to cast. How can we describe the art of casting the spiller? The balance and timing of the shot-butter, the stance of the cricketer, the grace of the ballet-dancer - a little of each was required. The boy who knew his art swung the worm-laden hooks rhythmically above his head, then sent the line caressingly over the water. The plop of the leaden anchorage would be as perfect as that of the billiard ball into a slow pot. On a bright day you could see the worms on their umbilical cords of gut, bobbing hither and tither in the water, a dance of death with a difference, luring the innocent trout.

There was nothing to do once the bait was down but to wait and watch for the fish to bite. A tug on the line did not always bring the hoped-for reward. It could be an eel, the greatest bane of the young fisherman's life, with its knack of fouling up the entire gear with its writhings. All youthful forces would combine to help a colleague in his confrontation with this mixture of slime and immortality, and a bloodthirsty reception party usually awaited the slimy creature's arrival on the bank. No holds were barred, so to speak, and looking back I feel that the community should have been grateful to eels for absorbing some of the punishment which might have been directed at gentler, more vulnerable creatures.

("The Gap of the Bog" - contd.)

Every evening before we left the river each one of us "Church Streeters" (that is, those of us who lived nearest to the river) put down a night-spiller. We concealed the wooden shaft with ferns so as to be out of sight of the river-pirates - those big boys who were not obliged to go to bed early and were generally only too eager to reap the fruits of our labours. If we were lucky enough to have been able to outwit those raiders, it was pleasant in the morning to rise early and slip down to the river to retrieve our lines and with luck a few speckled trout, to be offered after a quick dash to the house as a surprise to mother for breakfast. But often the trout were the ones which out-smarted us. They had all night to nibble fastidiously at the worms, and if the line-casting activities on the bank could be dignified with the name of art, so too could the hook-cleaning prowess of the fishy protagonists.

We also caught plaice near the weir which channelled some of the water into the mill-stream. There was a lot of shallow water and dozens of little pools before the mill-stream reached the race. Our approach here was to spear the flatfish and we depended mostly on makeshift devices such as table-forks affixed to brush-handles, and since these were inclined to slip a good deal you could say that the fish had more than a sporting chance. Indeed there was so much more danger for the pursuers than for the pursued I am inclined to think the plaice enjoyed it. This was one area where the Guardian Angels worked the proverbial time and a half, and the fact that there were no toeless youngsters that I knew of in Listrone is testimony to their diligence (the Angels of course).

Then there was the spot known as the "Pouleen", which had water to a depth of forty feet and was the congregating spot for salmon fishermen. Colourful men, these, with their long gaffs slung from their shoulders, their waders at half-mast and their hats festooned with flies. They were the aristocracy of the river, and dealt efficiently but fairly with any salmon entering the Pouleen.

The fish that escaped the attentions of the legitimate fishermen became "fair game" for the fraternity known as the salmon-powers or ticklers. Theirs was an illegal pastime but in the days before the "gogglebox" ways and means had to be found of putting in an evening and they were not always strictly in accordance with what one might pick up in the "Compleat Angler". One thing you had to concede about the ticklers - they were fearless people. Among other hazards, they could be called upon to struggle with a powerful salmon in forty feet of its native element. Of course, to balance this, when the mill gates were locked at night and the water subsided, thousands of captive white trout were easy meat and rich reward to the ticklers.

(To be continued)

In my last article which dealt with some of the colourful shells produced by rocky shores I could not resist mentioning the Hermit Crab which is a peerless shell-collector - for the very good reason that although like all crabs invested with powerful nippers its armour plating does not extend to its abdomen. It has therefore acquired the extraordinary habit of protecting its tender nether regions in the empty shell of a univalve mollusc. Of course this raises problems of growth for inevitably a stage comes when the hermit has to change homes. It has been my good fortune to observe a young hermit under aquarium conditions and to watch its house-hunting activities. The hermit came to me with a number of whelks and top shells and during the first week in the aquarium it could be seen making friendly visits to every shelly denizen in the tank. Then one night it threw off its entire skin, which lay like a waxwork replica in the sand, motionless and yet so perfect that I thought at first that the hermit had died. The visits to neighbours increased in frequency and at this stage I introduced two empty necklace shells, one of which obviously pleased the hermit for it proceeded to turn it about again and again with its claws. This examination extended over many days and then one morning on visiting the tank before breakfast I saw that the change had been made. The old brown whelk-shell which had protected the hermit lay mouth upwards in the sand, and "himself" was settled comfortably in the necklace shell which I may say beautifully matched its new occupant for both colour and size.

The Hermit Crab is also interesting in that it illustrates a kind of association between different kinds of animals. The Hermit carries sometimes no fewer than three kinds of guests: a small moss-like animal which encrusts the shell on the outside (sometimes referred to as Sea-Firs), sea-anemones which not alone repel animals which might be tempted to attack the Hermit Crab but provide as they grow an increase in the walls of the Hermit's shell - and finally a ragworm which lives inside the shell and possibly serves to keep the interior of the shell clean. All of the guests appear to profit in that scraps of food come their way when the Hermit is tearing up its own food.

This brings me to the subject of the Montagu and the Kelly shells which I promised very early on to tell you something about. These are among our tiniest shells, the Kelly shells being scarcely as long as ^{the} nail of your little finger, shaped rather like cockles, while the Montagu shells are even tinier and are named for a Colonel Montagu who first discovered and described them. The Montagu shells are found only on living Sea Urchins and Heart Urchins and illustrate a relationship referred to as commensalism (Lat. con with + mensa table or

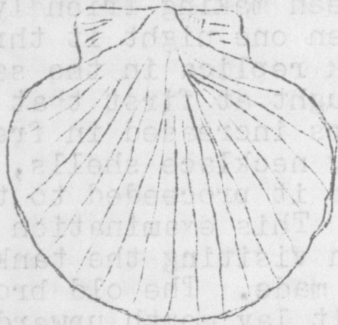
SEASHELLS (contd)

eating-place) where two animals share the same food.

SCALLOP

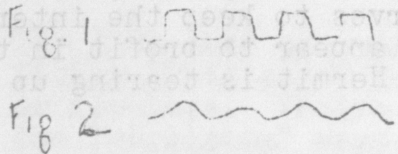
I must now describe the shell which must give the greatest delight of all, whether you be a craft-worker, a shell-collector, gourmet or marine biologist, namely, the Scallop.

We are probably all familiar with the shape of the Scallop although to make assurance doubly sure I am making you an illustration. The shell I am drawing from is a marvellous pink and white, but you can get them from almost pure white through pink, red and yellow to dark brown.



The Scallop became a symbol of Western Christendom during the Crusades when the pilgrim soldiers picked up the empty shells along the coast of Palestine and wore them on their helmets. Thus the Scallop may have become the first "sticker" and told the people back home "I was there"!

The Scallop of the Crusaders was not, incidentally, the large plate-like variety found on our coasts (which is the Pecten maximus) but the kind known zoologically as the Pecten jacobaeus, that is, the Scallop of St. James (Santiago). If you want to show great erudition about these matters, then examine carefully the shape of the ribs. In the case of the St. James Scallop, they will be angular (Fig.1) and in the case of our native Scallop they will be rather flat. (Fig.2)



The Great Scallop as a food is almost as popular as the Oyster and lately was the only kind of scallop you could buy. Now, however, a smaller variety known as Queens or Quins has become so abundant off our coasts that it has become worth while to fish for them commercially and they are well worth trying fried or stewed.

In my next article I hope to tell you a little more about the Scallop, particularly its swimming powers which make it a very unusual mollusc indeed.

TEMPLEOGUE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

CONSUMERISM

At the February meeting of the Association in the Boys' Library of Terenure College about 40 parents heard an excellent talk about consumer protection from the Vice-President of the Consumers' Association of Ireland, Mr Peter Prendergast. Mr Prendergast outlined some of the excellent work being done: CAI acts as watchdog and promotor of legislation protecting the consumer, publishes its own magazine, and (of great interest to judge by questions posed) runs its own Consumer Complaints Service, which can be availed of by anyone, although naturally CAI would hope that those who benefit from its services would support it financially as well. Currently the annual fee is £2.50 but since this includes "Which?" the U K magazine on consumer affairs in addition to CAI publications the bargain is a very good one. The address of CAI is: 33-35 Wicklow St. Tel. 770197.

AWCH!

This could well represent a cry of pain! In fact, it stands for the Association for the Welfare of Children in Hospital and this organisation has very kindly offered to talk about its work at the March meeting of the TPA. Full details will be given later.

TRAFFIC HAZARDS - TEMPLEOGUE AREA

At the February meeting the President of the TPA offered a sincere welcome to a number of parents from the Firhouse Rd. area. They were very much to the fore in the discussions concerning traffic hazards in the district. Various proposals were considered in relation to pedestrian crossings and speed limits and it was decided to write to the authorities. First, however, a number of parents volunteered to keep certain stretches of road under observations and to report to the President about what they observed, on the grounds that any representations to be made would be considerably more effective if accompanied by concrete facts about traffic problems. The President would like to ask the parents concerned to have their reports in not later than the evening of Tuesday 9 March when the next Committee Meeting of the Association takes place.

IRISH CLASSES (SUMMER SCHOOL)

Already about half of the places in the proposed Summer School for Children (3 weeks from 12 July at £1.50 per week) have been taken up i.e. 10 of the 20, and interested parents are asked to ring 909128 (Mrs. Heneghan) as soon as possible for the remaining bookings. By making early enquiries you can help the Association to form a second group if necessary.

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