Somewhere 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

May you live in interesting times!

Very subtle old Chinese curse. Though in these days lots of us will see the point quickly enough. Whether we like them or not, these *are* our times and the thing to do is to live them as fully as possible. So much happening. So many things to see and to hear. So many problems to try to understand. So much to think about, and puzzle about and—thank goodness—to laugh at.

A Murphy Set is a kind of window on the world for you; a magic window that lets you see and hear what is going on anywhere at any time; see and hear clearly, faithfully, without distortion.

murphy *radio & television*

C.R.C.101

What do you know about murphy

You mean the people who make wireless and television sets and radiograms?

Yes.

Got nothing against them. In fact their sets seem rather above average . . .

Yes, yes . . . but what else do they do?

Don't ask me . . .

They make Radar Equipment.

Is that so?

And Air and Marine Navigation Equipment.
And Radio Frequency Heating Equipment.

What on earth's that?

And High Grade Communication Receivers.

Oh! . . .

And Transmitting and Receiving sets.

Oh! . . .

Doesn't look as if you know much about Murphy!

No, it doesn't, does it? But they've not exactly been shouting about their activities have they?

They're not shouting sort of people.

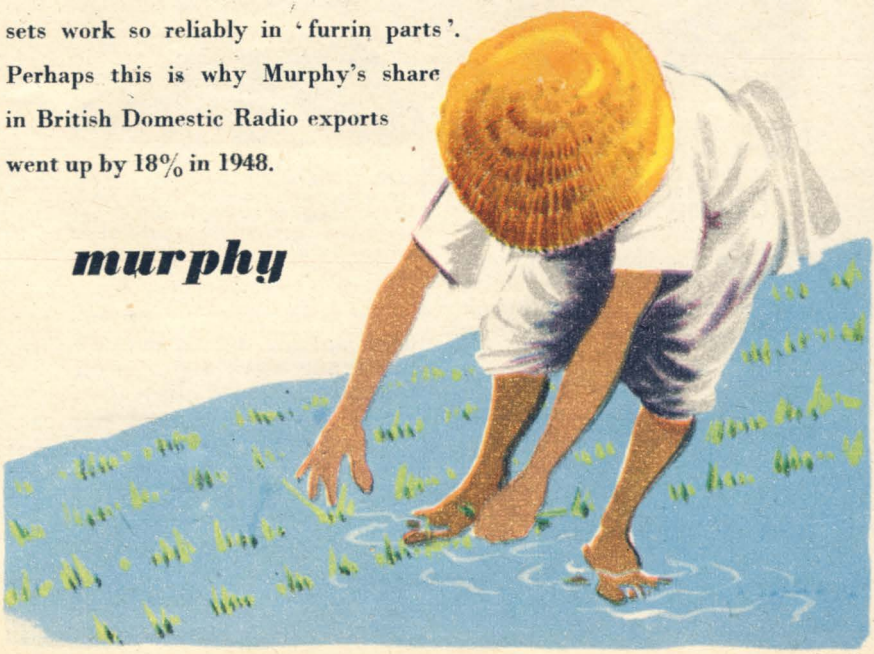
True enough. Still waters run deep or something, eh?

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

THE TROPICS COME TO HERTFORDSHIRE

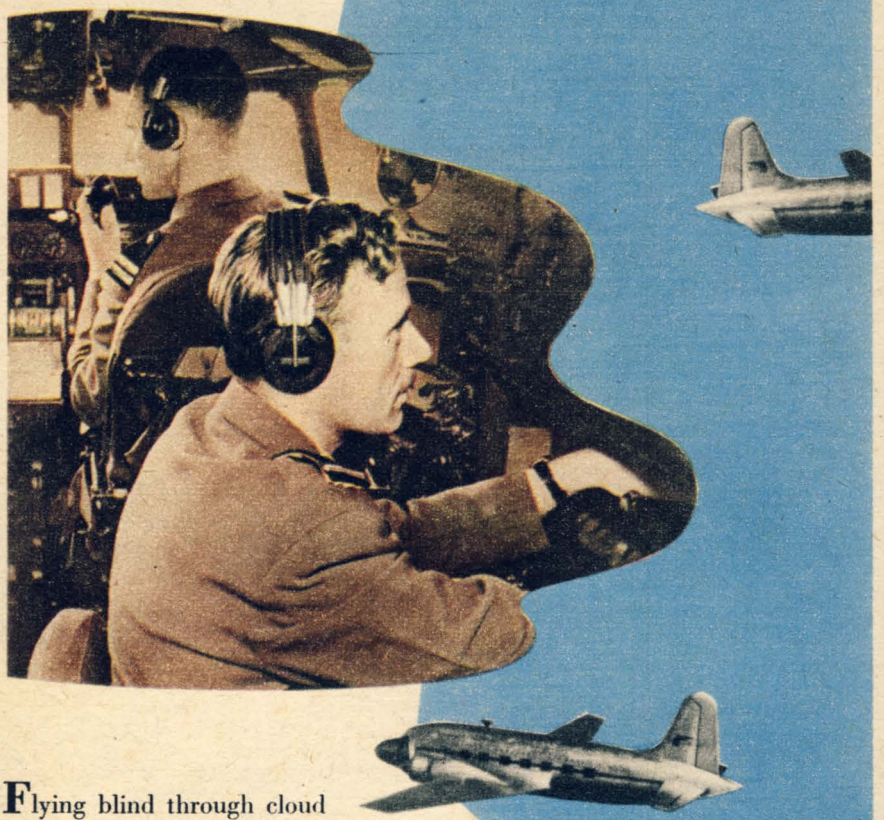
Deep in the heart of Welwyn Garden City we have a laboratory hot-house. This is a sort of torture chamber where Murphy wireless sets for export are introduced to Sahara heat, Burma damp and any other highly unpleasant climate we can think up. It doesn't bother them. We leave them working under most appalling conditions for months on end. And it still doesn't bother them. So it's not surprising that these sets work so reliably in 'furrin parts'. Perhaps this is why Murphy's share in British Domestic Radio exports went up by 18% in 1948.

murphy



CRC4H

bringing it home . . . .



Flying blind through cloud the pilot watches his instruments . . . . and listens . . . using his radio to contact the airport. "Hello, G. George"—loud and clear comes the voice from control—"Steer one five zero." The pilot alters course and the engines drone on, thrusting straight and sure now to base. Murphy V.H.F. equipment is bringing another aircraft safely home . . .

. . . and the drone overhead becomes lost in the whine of the gale. What's on the radio now? A murder mystery! Just the night for it—and your Murphy set brings it home to you, sitting snug by your own fireside.

murphy

bringing it home to you

C.R.C. 2.H.