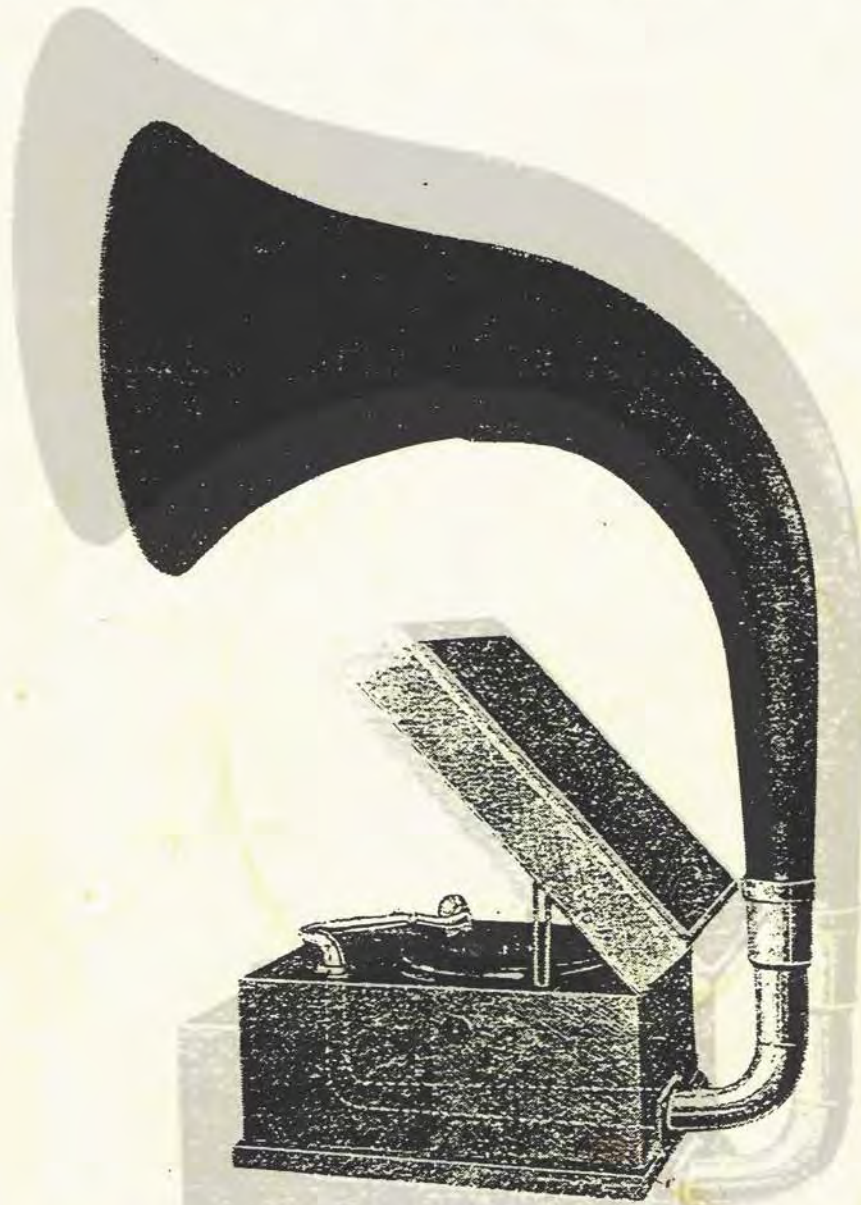


THE
MAGNIFICENT MUSIC
MACHINE

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" 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd "

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Joe E Ginn

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Frontispiece

This is a picture of Mrs Boston of Hemingford Grey Manor and the "Expert" Senior Gramophone that she used to give recitals to Members of the Royal Air Force during World War II.

Hemingford Grey Manor House built in the 11th Century is reputed to be the oldest inhabited house in England. Mrs Boston lived there on her own up to her demise at the age of 98.

This remarkable old lady made exquisite patchwork quilts up to the age of 92. Most of these are now on public show. Their colours and geometric complexity are executed with such precision that they would do credit to an engineering draughtsman.

This Photograph has been reproduced with kind permission of Diana Boston, the present resident of the Manor Hemingford Grey. Visitors are welcome to a conducted tour of the Manor By prior arrangement with the owner.



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The

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M a g n i f i c e n t

Music Machine

P r e f a c e

The Pre-War External Horn Acoustic Gramophone has now become a Cult Collectors Item. There is a small Group of Enthusiasts who have a great deal of interest and affection for these wonderous Dinosaurs of the Music Lovers World. To this end as the sole survivor of the small pre-war family business who produced these Instruments, I have attempted to record for posterity the life and times of "Expert" Gramophones as it was in the days of my youth. I trust that my efforts will be of interest and enjoyment to all those enthusiasts who care to read it.

Acknowledgements

Without the assistance of my dear friend EVERSON WHITTLE, who, single handed has virtually made it possible for me to place the origin and history of "Expert" Gramophones in print. Not only do I owe him a great debt of gratitude, but in doing so I have gained a true friend.

My thanks are also due to FRANCIS JAMES, no mean author in his own right. He has given me the benefit of his expert and extensive research, and also provided me with a full set of copies of advertisements from the "Gramophone Magazine" covering the "Expert" era. Once again, in the pursuance of our mutual interest we have forged a lasting bond of friendship.

Thanks to Edward Creese Jnr (with whom I have been a friend since boyhood), I have been able to record the early days of the origin of my father's business, which otherwise, would not have been possible.

My thanks are also due to ANTHONY POLLARD of the "Gramophone Magazine" for his kind permission to produce some of the advertisements in this short history. There has been a Pollard on the Executive Staff of "The Gramophone" since pre-war times, and may this continue for all time !

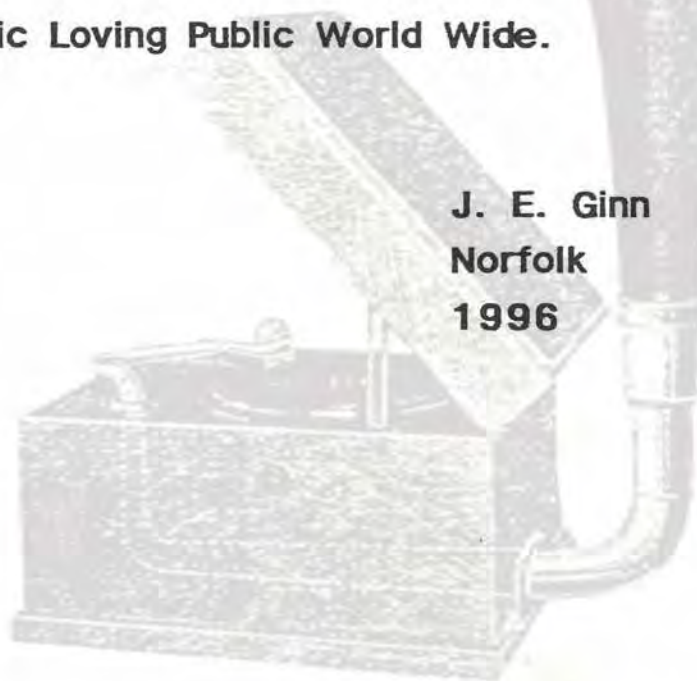
Finally, I should like to thank DIANA BOSTON of The Manor Hemingford Gray, Huntingdon for allowing me to use the photograph of her Mother and her "Expert Senior". This was used to entertain RAF Personnel during the War. Gramophone Concerts are still given at this house, though these days on an EMG Mark X

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D e d i c a t i o n

I dedicate these inadequate words to the Memories of my dear
Father, Mother, and Uncle Dave Phillips, also to all those
Pioneers of the Acoustic Gramophone who gave so much
pleasure to the Music Loving Public World Wide.

J. E. Ginn
Norfolk
1996



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Foreword

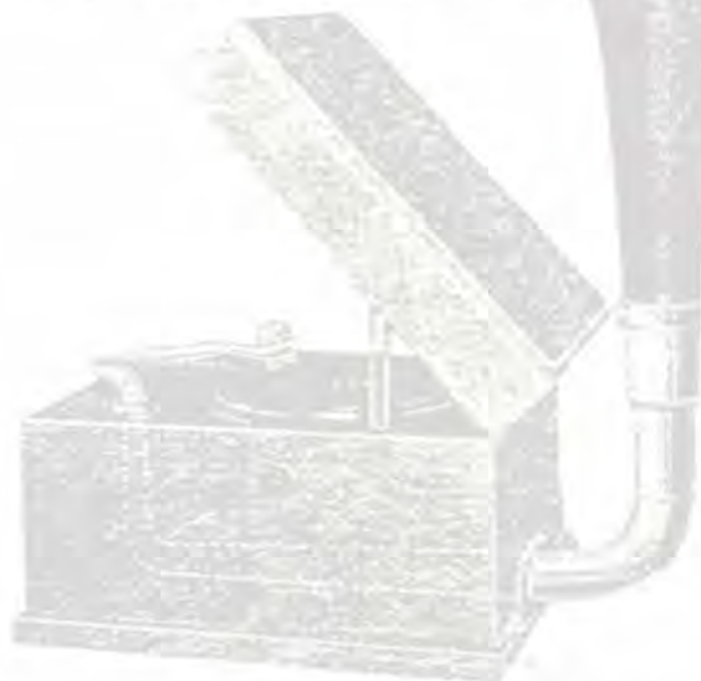
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The handmade Gramophone phenomenon of the 1920's and 1930's was curiously and uniquely English. Whereas the normal progression of those days was for manufacturers to invent ways of mass producing craftsman-made articles, the handmade Gramophone pioneers took the mass produced article, and refined it to a level of musical production which came closer to that of a musical instrument than that of a machine.

Michael Ginn was amongst the first pioneers to realise the essential importance of applying pure scientific principles to musical reproduction, and in this he was very successful indeed, but strangely enough, details of the lives of these pioneers are scant.

This affectionate memoir throws light on many aspects of Michael Ginn's life, that would otherwise have been lost for ever. All Gramophiles everywhere will be grateful to Joe Ginn for this insight into his father's life, and of those, I owe Joe the most, for his tireless and generous help in my own search for the history of EMG Handmade Gramophones, founded by his father.

FRANCIS JAMES
Gloucester
1996



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How It All Began

It all began in 1877 at Menlo Park in America in the laboratory of Thomas Alva Edison. It is said, like so many other great inventions, that it was invented by accident, whilst attempting to make a mechanical Morse Code Recorder. The essence of the device being a rotating cylinder around which a thin tin foil sheet was traversed across a steel needle mounted in the middle of a diaphragm to which a horn was attached.

To the amazement of his staff he proceeded to shout down the horn. He then wound the cylinder back to the beginning and to the astonishment of all assembled, including himself his own unmistakable voice out came "Mary had a little Lamb." These were the first ever recorded words, and, taken in its true context, as momentous as the first small steps of mankind. And THAT is how it all began !

Actually, it was ten years earlier when the idea of the Phonograph first occurred to Edison. His original Automatic Morse Recording device actually used a disc similar to present day records. Edison noticed, having converted the Morse 'dots and dashes' to indentations on the platten. If he rotated it too fast instead of reproducing 'individual' dots and dashes it would make a humming noise. This is where his innovative stroke of genius manifested itself, for he realised he had discovered the way to reproduce sound.

The Phonograph was Edison's 'Pet' invention, and in 1888 it is said that he worked solidly for five days and nights to bring his machine to a state of perfection.

There appears to have been a parallel between the inventor of the Phonograph who from "Mary had a little Lamb" in 1877, had advanced to recording Beethoven's 9th on a 75 piece Orchestra. This was in 1922 when one perfectionist left off and another which I have heard called the Father of Hi-Fi strived to present the music-loving fraternity with the pleasure of listening to high quality reproduction.

After World War I in the 1920's the Gramophone came into its own as a mode of popular entertainment. There were probably more HMV Portables sold than any other Gramophone. A compact and clever little machine in its conception which can be viewed as the latter day 'Walkman' appealing in large numbers, played by holidaymakers on the seaside resort beaches. It was the insignia of the "Bright Young Things" of the 20's to be found on the stern of every punt being polled down the river by the lads in their striped blazers and straw hats with the young lassies with their bobbed hair held in place with bright head bands, sporting short tassled skirts - very naughty, years before the term 'Mini Skirts' was ever thought about.

A little more serious and more on the in house level of entertainment were the HMV Horn Gramophones which were really the precursor of the more serious quality reproduction machines. Charming little instruments with their nicely polished cases, brass or enamelled small horn which could be seen gracing the elegance of many a back parlour or ornate drawing room.

This sets the scene for 1920 when my Father, Ellis Michael Ginn left the Army Service Corps as a young demobilised 1st Lieutenant.

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E. M. Ginn - The Man

My father, Michael Ellis Ginn was born in Leather Lane, London about the turn of the century. Being born within the sound of Bow Bells makes him a true Londoner within the City walls.

His father, my grandfather, was a character whose like will never be seen again. He spent a full term of service in the Royal Navy serving before the mast as a Master Gunner in the days of sail. I must have been about six years old when he died, but his image remains most vivid in my memory. He was a square man, about five foot tall and the same wide with a stone bald head sprouting out of a pair of massive shoulders. His eyes had a wicked sparkle, and he was a devil with the ladies ! There is a family legend that as a young man he and some of the lads of Lambeth took their families for a day's outing to Brighton. He took some of the lads out for a row - and they ended up in France ! I can well believe this of him. He lived a full life span on a diet mainly composed of strong black cheroots and whisky. Right up to his last years he would walk the whole length of the bar at the Feathers, Lambeth on his hands for a half crown wager.

Some of my earliest memories are of my father taking me to visit my grandfather at his wet fish shop on Lambeth Walk. I can just dimly recall the Victorian Parlour over the shop - the tasselled fringe round the mantelpiece on which a large marble clock stood along with two arrangements of artificial fruit in high glass domes. There was a chaise longue and an upright piano with ornate candle sticks. I believe there was also a Phonograph.

For all his macho appearance my grandfather managed to produce only one child, and, perhaps because of this he was able to have him educated at Westminster Public School. In the sciences my father was but an indifferent scholar, although in English he excelled, winning a set of beautifully bound "Works of Shakespeare," which I still treasure. He was also a good cricketer at school, and on a summer Sunday afternoon we played a family game on my grandfather's lawn. The assembled family almost made up an eleven ! Dad batted with style and panache. He was a first class shot with both rifle and pistol, and later on with a shotgun. He became a Committee Member of the Clay Pigeon Shooting Association and it is from him that I derive my love of finely made firearms.

Among my father's friends in his youth were Charlie and Sid Chaplin. Sid, though not as famous as brother Charlie, went out to Hollywood where he became a leading cameraman. He begged Dad to go out and join him. If he had - I might have been a Yank!!

Later on Dad became interested in motor cycles. I remember him telling me the story of the time he was riding around Ayot St Lawrence in Hertfordshire with a young lady passenger on the pillion. The rubber drive belt snapped, and wrapped itself round the rear wheel causing a seizure. This catapulted his lady pillion rider into the air, and thence into the arms of George Bernard Shaw who was standing in his garden at the time! His motor cycling escapades eventually led him to serve in the Great War as an army despatch rider. By the end of the War he had gained a commission as a Lieutenant.

On being demobbed he decided to use the Government training scheme to get trained as, of all things, a farmer. Whatever possessed him to choose this calling I cannot imagine, for I never knew him to dirty his hands in his whole life, and hard manual work was completely alien to him.

He was ever a great stylist, and, I think, perhaps saw himself as a gentleman farmer and squire of the Village. Thus it was that he found himself down on the farm, in what was then the lovely little village of Sydenham, near Thame in Oxfordshire. Mr George Crowdy,

the farmer, and his family became firm friends of our family, and in later years I remember spending many a happy holiday on that farm. Dad never made it as a farmer. George Crowdy's final observation being that the only farm Dad would own would be in a flower pot – and that would be full of weeds !

The early 1920's found my parents living in a large house in Brighton with my Mother's Mother, and it was here that he built his first Gramophone. One of the first cabinets, built by a Mr Bradley, was a Japanese Lacquer affair – very ornate! I cannot now recall the details of its construction, but later on it was converted into an Expert Senior, which remained in the family until after World War II. The earliest Gramophone I recall being built by E.M.Ginn was a Wilson Horn Model, with a straight four foot Trumpet Horn, supported by a gantry, and looking like a guillotine!

What originally sparked Dad's interest in Gramophones I do not know, but, maybe the joy and comfort which the Gramophone brought to so many troops during the Great War in such appalling conditions, gave it a special place in his affections. Unlike myself he was neither mechanically minded, nor a great lover of music. He was, however, a perfectionist, and an idealist with a flare for knowing instinctively 'what was right.' He had a natural sense of good design, and constantly strove to achieve perfection. What Edison once said was absolutely true of my father 'You don't have to be able to lay a good egg, to smell a bad one!'

In the very early days of his experiments with Gramophones my father was joined by my Uncle, Dave Phillips (my Mother's second youngest brother). Though it was their common interest in Gramophones that brought them together, it was surely the differences in their characters which made them such a successful combination. I doubt if either of them would have succeeded without the other. This 'combination' was to last for the rest of my father's life through thick and thin.

Dave Phillips was a great music lover, and a good amateur musician – playing the Violin mostly, but also the cello. Though he had no technical training he did have the gift of two rare combinations of musical knowledge – he k n e w what sounded right, and he had the technical ability to know how to reproduce it. In later years when electronic reproduction arrived, largely thanks to Dave, we were able to produce the first amplifier available to the public with no more than 0.1% harmonic distortion – as we advertised in the Gramophone Magazine. This achievement, accomplished as it was by a virtually self taught person was truly remarkable.

Unlike my father, who, though an idealist, was also a realist, my Uncle had little time for the more mundane chores of life, like filling in forms – so all these functions were almost entirely performed for him by my Dad.

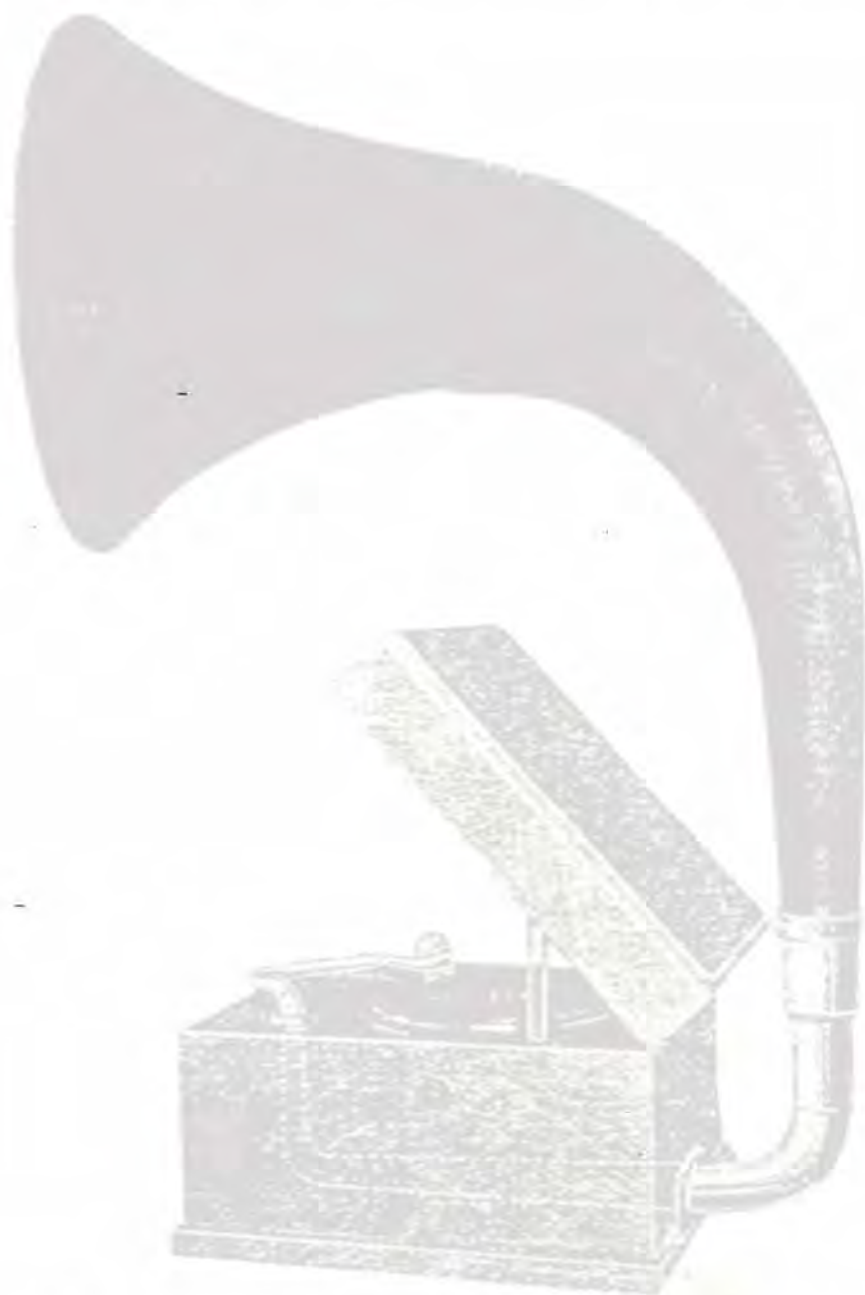
Next to his great love of music, Dave's other passion was for Angling – game, freshwater and sea. In my youth I think Dave looked on me as his younger brother. He would always see to it that I missed the school train, thus wangling for me a couple of extra days holiday from school. His hand shake was always the last one, with a half crown pressed into my grimy palm! A happy part of my young life was spent either shooting with my Dad, or fishing with Uncle Dave. From quite an early age I was quite a marksman, and could cast a fly, but I was a duff scholar! My only interests being anything mechanical that either flew, floated or wheeled!

My Mother was an accomplished musician, capable of playing anything from Bach to Ragtime on the piano. With Dave on the Cello or Fiddle, Uncle Joe on the Banjo, and Uncle Lew on the Saxophone, we were quite a family band. My grandmother was quite a one for throwing parties for family and friends, and there were often 40 or more present. We

used to have high old times with sing songs round the piano accompanied by the family band – happy days. Alas, sadly, now they are gone, long beyond recall.

I may have diverged from the strict history of the Expert Gramophone, but all this is the background against which it was devised. It tells something of the two men who devised the original Magnaphone, EMG, or Expert. Had E.M.Ginn not married into the Phillips family, and met my Uncle Dave, the world of reproduced music would have been very much the poorer !

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A Voice From The Past – A Providential Revelation

As my fathers business was founded when I was only two or three years old all that I have recorded to date is either dim recollection or hearsay. As the sole survivor of my fathers concern there is no one else left that I can turn to to verify or correct and confirm facts. That I have had nobody to turn to for knowledge of the early days has been a source of sadness to me. Now, thanks to an old friend of mine, Edward Creese Jnr I have had, what amounts to a providential revelation. I designate him 'Junior' although he is one year older than myself, because his father, Edward Creese 'Senior' worked for my father.

We first met when we were about seven or nine years old, and since the War we have met about once every twenty years! At our last meeting we were reminiscing about the 'old days' and I happened to mention that I was attempting to record the History of the 'Expert' Gramophones, as I felt that it should be recorded for posterity, and that, as I was the last member of the family left still alive to do this. I also mentioned that it was difficult for me to chronicle this from its earliest beginnings because I was too young to actually remember, and now had no one to whom I could turn. Much to my amazement he there upon played me a tape recording, and I was astounded to hear the voice of my Uncle Dave talking from the past about the very essence of which I so desired to commit to paper! I cannot place the exact date, but it must have been recorded round about the 1960's. Edward Creese must have visited my Uncle in his semi-retirement in Devon and recorded this 'Question and Answer' interview with him. Without Edward Creeses' sagacity in taking this action we would have been the more poorer for the fascinating facts of the early days that I am now able to reveal. I shall be eternally grateful to him.

I have attempted to transpose the recorded word to the written word and make a monologue from a dialogue. As you have only the answers to the questions you may find it somewhat disjointed, but in honour to my late Uncle Dave Phillips I will quote him verbatim : –

"It started in the garage of my parents house in Vernon Gardens, Brighton. Right from a boy I was interested in Gramophones, I used to experiment with cigar boxes by sticking a steel needle in one corner of the box and mounting on it some sort of arm, ruining the records, of course, but it played a tune. Mike Ginn, my brother-in-law, and myself decided to design a machine. The first machine was made out of old bits of wood with a pen-knife. We started the Gramophone business in 1922, before that Mike Ginn and myself were apprenticed to a farmer. We had two years in Oxford and one at Lewes. Finally the farmer said to me "David, the only farm you will ever have is in a flower pot – and that will have weeds in it!" (I repeat myself, but this is as recorded) He was right ! I never did become a farmer. I liked farming, but decided to try Gramophones instead, and we made our first machine from bits of scrap mahogany and with penknives. We played it and it sounded so good we decided to have something decent made. We had the Horn and everything made except the Soundbox, and that was made by Henry Seymour. He was one of the early experimenters and pioneers of the Gramophone, hardly mentioned today, but he was a real pioneer, following on from Edison. He lived in Camden Road, North London, from where he marketed a very nice machine of his own. He called it the Seymour Superphone. It was beautifully polished – a lovely machine in its day, with an Ebonite Horn which he made himself. He taught us quite a lot about making Gramophones. He made Soundboxes and Tone Arms for us.

I remember when we first got to know Seymour, going to his house, it was a marvellous place to visit. He fired our enthusiasm and taught us a lot about making Gramophones. I once remember going to his house and seeing a wonderful drawing of a "Death Ray Machine" he had designed. Whether it would have worked I don't know, but I doubt if it

ever got that far, but I did see one of the Gramophones he used to sell. He made himself a machine to copy 78 r.p.m. records which was very clever. He used to buy Columbia Records and copy them. He then put his own labels on them with faked artists names and proceeded to market them. He was doing very well until they caught up with him. Of course he was infringing the Copyright Act, and they stopped him. He also made some very good copies of HMV Records. Seymour was a very clever man, he did a lot of experimenting on Soundboxes.

The second machine we had made by a Cabinet maker - I will never forget it! He delivered it to us unpolished and we decided to polish it ourselves. The machine was made of mahogany, and by the time we had finished it it was as red as a tomato! You have never seen anything so red! Anyway, we set this thing up and put an advert in the Brighton Herald. We had shoals of people coming along to hear this thing and one of them was the Mayor of Brighton! I forget his name. This was in 1922. Not only that, the Brighton Herald sent one of their reporters along and they gave us a marvellous write-up in the Brighton Herald. I wish we had a copy of that now. Anyway, the first machine we made was delivered to the Mayor of Brighton. I will never forget this first machine the Mayor saying "What an extraordinary colour!" And we said "Oh Yes! That's the modern finish" and we got away with it! Another funny thing that happened, we were demonstrating this machine and put a record on. I can remember the record, it was a record of L'Alouette It was played by Frederic Lamont, and one of the nicest Piano Records of that date.

We played this record and there was a dear old lady sitting listening, and she asked us to put this record on again. Then she asked us to play a Violin record, which we did. When the record was over she said 'Do you know I have just paid several hundred pounds for a Pianola and it will not play Violin at all! This machine will play both Piano and Violin!'

We made several machines in the garage at Brighton. The Cabinets and Horns were made out, the Horns were small square Horns, designed by guesswork, and they were Interior Horns, not the outside Horns of later date at all. We thought our Gramophones sounded better than most of their day, but not better than Seymour's Superphone, because that had a big outside Horn.

I consider that the Cabinet Machines never sounds as well as the outside Horn ones, but as a Cabinet Machine it sounded better than most, and as good as the best HMV - and about half the size! I am not saying that our Cabinet making was as good as HMV's Cabinets, as ours were made by a Cabinet maker in Brighton. The HMV Cabinet work in the early days were really beautiful. We did not equal it, but we did beat the sound. Eventually, when my father moved house to London we started up in an upstairs office over a Gent's Outfitters in High Holborn. We had this one room and we worked from there. At Holborn in one week we turned out seventeen machines.

It was at Holborn that we first got to know Percy Wilson who was the Technical Editor of "The Gramophone". Percy Wilson in my opinion did more for the advancement of the modern Gramophone and Electrical Reproducer than any man living. He set the stage for what has been, subsequently developed. He was the original one that discovered the enormous errors of tracking of early Gramophones, and he redesigned pickup and tonearms. He did not invent the Logarithmic Curved Horn, but he developed it to a state that the EMG and "Expert Gramophones" were founded on his early experiments, and I do not think that those machines will ever come again.

Percy Wilson was interested in us from the early beginning, and liked the way we went about things. He knew about us because we advertised in the 'Gramophone' as early as the first or second issue, and that went on for years and years. He helped us no end and even designed the Horn part for some of our early cabinet machines. We made the first Horn he designed which was a long straight one to replace the Horn on the HMV Gramophones. It was made to fit the HMV base. We removed the original Brass Horn and replaced it with this great Papier-Mache one.

Our first machine was made to take that Horn and we sold a large number of them. Then we decided that we needed a bigger Horn that did not stick out so far and we redesigned Horns founded on the Wilson idea. They were supplied with an 'S' bend. The original idea came from E. M. Ginn and myself, but to work the mathematics out we were helped by a Mr Davey who later became Manager of E.M.G. We designed a Horn with a bigger bell than the Wilson to get a better bass. The development of Horns also ran parallel to the development of soundboxes, and there again Percy Wilson did a lot for its improvement. He taught us a great deal.

There is one of the early pioneers that never gets mentioned now. I think he was a Russian named Viertz. He used to make superb Soundboxes. It was only after a great deal of experimenting that Percy Wilson, in company with another pioneer, Harry Wilde, who used to get together and discuss technicalities, finally came up with a Soundbox that really beat them all, and Harry Wilde told us the secrets of this Soundbox and we produced it. There were no Patents taken out on it at that time and we seemed to be the only ones that would take on fiddling with Soundboxes, but even in those early days the majority of Soundboxes were mass produced and just put together with a few screws – and that was that! But with our Soundboxes we did what was called 'Tuning' them by adjusting the screws until we got the right sound. The Tuning of a Soundbox was done by ear. It took somebody musical to do it, but mass producers would not spend time doing it. Ours sounded much better. I did some experimenting on Soundboxes myself, but I do not claim to have invented anything new. To start with, Percy Wilson and Harry Wilde did that, but I still get one or two to repair. By tapping the Stylus bar and listening to it we used to tune a Soundbox. This gave you an idea how good the Soundbox was, but your Father (Ed. Creese Snr) used to help me an awful lot in making up Soundboxes. We got so many orders for Soundboxes and Soundbox repairs that I could not cope with them. The amount of Soundbox repairs was really colossal. People used to bang the diaphragms or crack them, especially if they were Mica. I think we were the first to bring to the notice of the public the quality of aluminium as a diaphragm over Mica. A man by the name of Mr Burden came to us one day and said "I am able to make these, would you like to try one?" And it was an aluminium diaphragm, and we almost laughed at him. He said "they are better than Mica, you try one". We tried one and it was far superior to the Mica. It gave a larger sound and fuller. From that day on Mr Burden used to make these aluminium diaphragms for us. He brought the idea to us because he had been experimenting to get the right tension and picked on us as the best people to test them. He was an amateur, and he discovered that they sounded better and wanted our opinion. He made things very well, and eventually we employed him and he made them on the premises, and showed us how to make them.

Ed Creese Snr first came into the business at a later date, after we started "Expert" Gramophones, that was about 1929. To recap a little, originally when we started in 1922 we traded under the title of "Magnaphone Company" which is a name that sounds corny today, but in those days it was a jolly good name. We ran for a year under that name when suddenly we got a letter from some old boy running a Gramophone Company in the City Road, saying the name was a close imitation of one of his Registered names. He had a Soundbox registered under the name of "Magnaphone" and we were using "Magnaphone", and he called it an imitation, and it had got to stop or else he would sue us ! Henry Seymour found out this man's name was Lou Young, and he happened to be a friend of Lou Young, Henry Seymour said "Oh! He won't sue you, – I'll go and have a word with him", and he did, resulting in Lou Young saying he was prepared to drop the action provided we changed the name, so my brother in law (E.M.Ginn) said "I know what we'll do, we'll use MY initials. No one can stop us doing that". His name was Ellis Michael Ginn, and that's how EMG Gramophones came into being.

In 1929 we were approached by a Company Promoter who put up capital to make us into a Limited Company. He thought he saw in us an opportunity to make a lot of money. We moved into bigger premises to increase sales and greater output. We found that his commercial aspirations and our ideas were not compatible, and we split up. We started

trading again under the name of "Expert Gramophones" which we thought was a better name far removed from anybody elses. It was really due to your father (Ed Creese Snr) if I remember rightly, that we did start again because Mike Ginn was very dispondent over losing the business.

Your Father (Ed Creese Snr) said to Mike Ginn 'You are big enough to start designing again. There is room enough for two in the market.' And we started up again in the name of 'Expert' Gramophones although we were fighting our own made opposition, but of course we never built up Expert Gramophones like we did EMG, but we did alright. We had some very influential clients. We made a machine for the composer Delius, but that was while we were with EMG, but then we split with EMG. Although we were running EMG we employed a Manager. When we left the Manager took over. Mike Ginn was paid a sum of money and the Company continued to trade under his initials EMG with Mr Davey continuing as the original Manager. We started again, and it was then your Father (Ed Creese Snr) joined us full time. Prior to this he was running a small business and we allowed him to use our space as a warehouse, in return for which he worked for us part time. He was a good mechanic, and also had a good ear for music. Although he lost partial use of his hand in World War 1 he used to assemble Soundboxes very well. Eventually, as his business was not doing too well and ours was expanding we took him on full time. He joined us and assembled machines and tuned Soundboxes and whatever else needed doing.

At this juncture, in order to include an interesting fact about Ed Creese Snr I am now quoting from the recorded voice oif Ed Creese Jnr speaking to Dave Phillips.

'My Father was always interested in Gramophones, and I remember him making a large square horn by steaming and bending plywood and nailing it together. My dad used to treat fibre needles to harded them by boiling them in some brown sort of dye. He used to do this at home on a kitchen stove!'

I return now to the narrative of Dave Phillip's voice.

'Fibre needles were used in the very early days. I don't know who started them, but HMV used to use Fibre Needles – not Thorns, they came later. The very early HMV Gramophones were made to take Fibre Needles, but they were not very successful. Steel Needles came first, but Fibre Needles were used by people who wanted to preserve their records. But the HMV machine would not play them properly. The Fibre Needles we used were made by hand and were much tougher. Probably P.Wilson was the first person who experimented on toughening Fibre Needles bu doping them. In the early days anybody who wanted to look after their records would not put a Steel Needle on them, and would only use Fibres ot Thorns. To play Fibres properly they must have used one of these special Soundboxes like a Vartz or a Wild or one of ours. Later on the Thorn Needles came out, but I don't think the horn Needles were quite as good as the Fibre. I don't think they stood up so well. You could cut a real point on a Fibre. There were sharpeners for the Thorns by rotating them against a revolving sheet of sandpaper. If you tuned the Soundbox to suit the Fibres they gave even better quality than Steel Needles because they do not produce the background scratch. One of the snags with the commercial mass produced Soundboxes the movement was so stiff that when you had played half a record you had to sharpen the point again. Now the better Soundboxes have a balanced styli. We sometimes made two or three Styli to get them right.'

When we were at Frith Street we had a board in the window with letters on postmarked from all over the World. They were all destroyed. We had a list of people that we had supplied that read like Debrett! We installed a machine for Compton MacKenzie on the little Scottish Island of Eileanagus. I don't know if you can find it on the map, but it was a beautiful place. We went up there to install the machine and make sure it sounded right. He also had a small cottage on Hampstead Heath. Lord Berners was also a client. Aircraftsmna Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) and the Composer, Delius.

We also made a machine for the Duke of Gloucester, and Lord Moyne. Since being down here (semi retired to Devon) I have repaired a machine belonging to the Earl of Oxford. We often visited Sitwell House, and we made a Horn Machine for Schaverell Sitwell. He used to send us a card saying "What about my Gramophone?" I remember I went all the way to Towcester to his home j u s t to oil the motor! I remember going there once, and as you opened the door of his music room he had got a store a records neatly filed, with a list of records facing you, and behind the machine, in the corner, there was a pile of broken records about two foot high, standing on a table! You can visualise what had happened, he played a record and if he did not like it he broke it and threw it in the corner! If he didlike it he would file it in his collection. I have never seen such a pile of broken records in my life!

We made Horn Machines right up to the outbreak of the War. The Electrical Machines started coming in before the War. I remember an American Machine named Magna Vox. I heard this machine and it had an enormous bass. As you know, Compton MacKenzie was so keen on music and reproduced at that, he was also interested in the Gramophone. So the story goes that one day he heard one of these new Electrical Machines - and the sound of it made him ill! It did not make him ill because he d i s l i k e d the sound -it was the shock of it! They had to take him back to Jethdu (Channel Isle) on a stretcher! He had heard one of the new Electrical Reproducers and the sound of it impressed him so much that it made him ill! It might have been exaggerated the fact that he was taken back home on a stretcher, but the excitement of hearing it did make him ill.

That was the beginning of the Electrical era. This would be around 1936. While I think of it, there was an interesting story about Christopher Stone. It is generally accepted that Christopher Stone was the first 'Disc Jockey', but, to me, that was not q u i t e true. Compton MacKenzie was the first, and after his first show he had so many letters of appreciation that he did not know how to deal with them. Christopher Stone (who was his brother-in-law) was looking for a job, so Compton MacKenzie said to him 'Here you are, you can take over this Radio business from me. There is a ready made job for you.' Christopher Stone made such a success of it that it is generally accepted that he was the first Disc Jockey. Stone was the first joint Editor of the Gramophone Magazine with MacKenzie. He used to play mainly Classical records and obtained his information from the HMV Catalogues. We used to think that, musically, he had not much music in him. HMV in those days issued an excellent and most extensive Catalogue, with a history of the artist and their music. He performed so well over the Radio that he became a household name.

Before the War started I trained as an Air Raid Warden. Upon the outbreak of War I was trained as an Incident Officer, and was promoted to District Warden. Being in the Warden Service locally I was able to keep Expert going in a small way from my private address throughout the War. Mike Ginn was Service minded. During world War 1 he became an Army Officer and was on the Regular Reserve of Officers and was recalled to the Army with the Rank of Captain, and, subsequently transferred to the Navy as a Security Officer in the Special Branch with the Rank of Full Lieutenant. As a secondary occupation he was a Training Officer in Rifle shooting, as he was an excellent marksman.

Not long after we had started trading as Expert Gramophones an amusing incident happened. A famous School in Highgate had an EMG machine. They had not had it long so we were told. When the tone became very muffled they complained to EMG about it. EMG collected the machine, examined it and were unable to find anything wrong with it, and so returned it! Eventually they were so dissatisfied with it that they asked Expert if we would look at it for them. I paid them a visit and told them that I did not think it sounded as good by a long way, and asked them if they would like me to bring along one of our machines to compare it. This I did, and they were so impressed that they said "How much will you allow for the EMG against a new Expert?" I exchanged it for a very small amount, just a few pounds, and took the EMG back into our workshop, and thought to myself, I will get to the bottom of this. I knew it did not sound as bad as this when it was made. When I examined it I took the Horn off, and that was clear, but when I took the conduit off (the

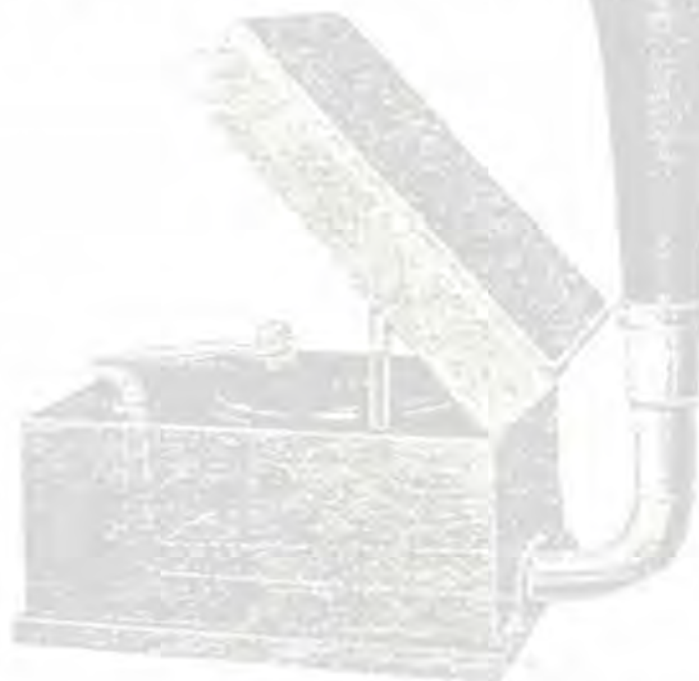
tube which joins the Tone Arm to the Horn) about a dozen table tennis balls came out of it! The machine had been set up in a Gymnasium where there were Table Tennis tables in use. The Students must have been hitting the balls down the Horn ! When I cleared the balls out of the Machine and reassembled it, it sounded first class. What surprised me was that they sent it back to EMG and EMG returned it saying they could find nothing wrong with it.

One of our regular Clients, a titled Lady (it could have been Lady Rosebery or Dame Edith Sitwell. JEG) had bought one of the HMV Portables at one time, and she complained that it had become 'muffled'. We tried a record and found this was the case. I thought that it was something stuffed down the Horn, and put my hand inside and out came a pair of gloves. She was absolutely astonished, and said "Good heavens ! That's where they were. I have been looking for days for those gloves, and I couldn't find them anywhere."

Mike Ginn was not really musical, but he was a very good Salesman. He used to sell in such a way it used to embarrass me. I just could not do it, but he was the one with the ability to sell the product and ran the business side of the firm. He used to design the cabinets and I the 'works', but he was a good judge of what was right."

This is where the Tape ends.

Before continuing with my personal narrative there are one or two points that require clarification. Some repetition has taken place because the tape came into my possession after I had commenced writing, and I wished to record as close to the original as possible. Dave Phillips has gone ahead of me in places, but he has taken us from the original foundation of the very first Gramophone they built for sale in Brighton to when they moved to London and set up their first proper Showroom cum Workshop in High Holborn. I was then some five years old, and those far off days form my earliest recollections of the family business.



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267 High Holborn 1924 - 1929

In 1924 my grandfather moved house from Brighton to live in a rather splendid house in Dulwich, a suburb of South East London. It was then that E.M.Ginn really began to make a name in the Gramophone world, trading from one single large room at 267 High Holborn, where the Gramophones were assembled, demonstrated, and sold.

I remember we always called our Showrooms "The Office," and this was situated over a Gentlemen's Outfitters shop called Bourne and Tant. I remember it well, possibly because just opposite on the same floor was a Dentist. The memories, although, to me, sometimes painful, were also pleasant, because visits often got me off attending Boarding School, which I deemed worth it !

The move to London seems, in retrospect, in my opinion, to have put EMG on the map, and transformed the concern from that of a cottage industry to a developing business. As we have already learnt from the Tape, the design of the Gramophone was influenced by several leading personalities in that field at the time. I place this era as the most formative in the design of the Specialist High Quality Gramophone.

In those far off days the matter of exactly what design of Gramophone was produced at High Holborn is of some conjecture, but, as I have been greatly assisted to this end by a complete set of advertisements taken from the "Gramophone" Magazine. These were kindly presented to me by my good friend Mr Frank James, and arranged in date order from 1924 to 1939 and provide an invaluable source of information. It is possible that, originally, the Trading Name at High Holborn could have been "Magnaphone" as I have advertisements in my possession to prove this.

By December 1924 we were trading under the name of EMG, and we were producing an Internal Horn machine. It was a Pedestal Model, standing on four legs with two doors which opened onto a quite fair sized internal horn. The Turntable was covered by a deep lid. The Horn Bell mouth was round and made from Black Vulcanite, and was concealed by the doors when not in use, and with the lid down, hiding the turntable must have made quite a presentable piece of furniture.

It sold in various grades, priced from £25.00 to a DeLux Model at £45.00 I have no doubt that it sounded as good, if not better than anything of its day. I now think that the original External Trumpet shape Horn that I dimly remember could not have been a Wilson Horn as this must have been before the Wilson Horn was produced. It was more likely to have been a Balmain Horn, which was a precursor of the Wilson Horn, and possibly the first sizeable non-metallic Horn to be fitted to a Gramophone. That it did not take on was hardly surprising. It appears that the Horn was supported by virtue of the fact that it floated on a bath of Mercury. This also allowed the whole structure, including the needle, to float across the groove of the record. This may have been highly ingenious and effective in the laboratory, but would not have proved highly desirable in the confines of the 20's drawing room! The Horn I vaguely recall, suspended in a rough wood gantry, must have been some attempt to get away from the shortcomings of the Mercury bath ! But, just how or if it worked is lost in time. It would appear that the first EMG (Presplit) was, in fact, a Wilson Horn Model, and the first External Horn Model that we made. I put a date at 1929, just before we left High Holborn. I cannot remember ever seeing a Wilson Horn EMG, but made they were, and I have photographs to prove it ! The Wilson Horn was made of Papier-Mache. This material and method of manufacture originally perfected by Mr P. Wilson, who not only designed the Horn but had the original moulds made at his personal expense! These were made by a manufacturer called Scientific Supplies, who operated in South London, and were destroyed by enemy action in the War.

P. Wilson was a University Lecturer on Mathematics. The shape of the Horn was based on an exponential curve which was plotted on a Logarithmic Ratio. No doubt it gave an excellent result, but as it was some 6ft long and protruded horizontally into the room, it would only sell to the dedicated few who were prepared to sacrifice all other features to the cause of musical quality.

By the time I had reached nine or ten years old High Holborn had become a very interesting place to me during my Boarding School holidays. We were quite close to Kingsway, and this was the place where the old Double-Decker Trams used to go underground. A ride on them was a great adventure for me. I believe the mouth of the tunnel is still there, but, of course, it's blocked up now.

A short way down High Holborn from Kingsway on the left hand side was a shop that had the most famous name in the Model Engineering World, Bassett Lowke. As a nine year old I used to spend ages with my nose pressed against the window pane. There were some wondrous models to behold. For as long as I can remember I have always been car crazy, and they had on display a kit of parts to build a Bugatti, a scale model complete with working gearbox and back axle. How I yearned to be given it. Dad, being a Military Man always bought me Howitzers and Fortress Guns from there. Beautiful Models they were and would be worth a fortune today, but they were just not what I desired.

Further along High Holborn, past 267 was another favourite place for me. It was the London Showrooms of the French Amilcar. A delightful lightweight Sports Racing Car. The Salesmen were very tolerant with a car struck young boy. I could always see myself leading the field at Brooklands, behind the "wheel of one" I did eventually drive on Silverstone – but that's another story !

In the late 1920's the craze of Midget Golf came over from the States and I became an ardent devotee. A little further down High Holborn in a converted shop there was a midget Golf Course where I spent many happy hours playing all on my own, but, perhaps one of the most memorable times was when I used to be taken to the Holborn Empire, which was the home of that great Comedian and entertainer, Max Miller. He may well have been rather risque, but at nine years old that did not mean much to me, but he did not use bad language on the stage that some of the so-called comedians do today. He was always immaculate in his dress, and talented in his singing and dancing. He had a wonderful rapport with his audience. He gave me, and thousands of others much pleasure, and I will see his bright and colourful image on the stage of the Holborn Empire to my dying day.

So, to a youngster, these were great and memorable days, but very shortly and dramatically to come to an end. EMG as we knew it would be no more.

11 Grape Street

1929 - 1930

This part of the History of E.M.Ginn although the most brief period, I find the most difficult to record. I have little personal recall as, during the most crucial time I was away at Boarding School, also, as a ten year old I had no knowledge of financial dealings or the devious ways of the commercial jungle. I do know that what has come to be known as "The Split" caused a great deal of consternation within the family circle. I do have my own personal view of the happenings, probably prejudiced by the close relationship to the main protagonist. Although the full details are now lost in the mists of time, I do believe that far more was involved than Dave Philips reveals on the tape.

As it is possible that my opinion of what might have happened could well be erroneous I intend to use fictitious names for the main people concerned, however rightly or wrongly these are my beliefs.

I think that it started by an offer from a Mr Harry North, who, for want of a better word was a Company Promoter. It is possible that he could have been introduced to my father by Mr Davey (true name) who, I believe could have originally been a client of the original EMG in the High Holborn days. There were two brothers Davey, who served with Distinction in the RFC in World War 1. Both were very clever men, and probably graduate engineers. As the Gramophone was then in its early development stage they must have taken a great interest in its improvement, particularly in the application of mathematics in designing the Horn.

In 1929 the Gramophone was becoming big business in the USA and HMV was in its ascendancy in the U.K. To a man like Harry North looking around for a financial killing EMG must have seemed an attractive proposition. I expect at that time E.M.Ginn could see the need for bigger premises with a proper Audio Showroom and separate workshops for assembly and testing.

There is no doubt that the business was undercapitalised at High Holborn. I know not what the sum of money offered by Harry North may have been, but it was certainly sufficient to rent No. 11 Grape Street. It was a three story large shop just off New Oxford Street, comprising a basement, shop-front, ground floor, and upstairs workshop.

The financial set-up was, I believe, that a Limited Company was set up by a firm of accountants (named Barenne, if I remember correctly) trading as EMG Ltd. The Capital was to be provided by Harry North, who was a Director, E.M.Ginn, and, probably, Mr Davey. We have now come to what the family have always considered the 'Villain' of the piece. His name was George Browne (fictitious). An ex-Army Sergeant Major. A Tartar feared by his wife and family, and doubtlessly a rogue of the first order. He was appointed by Harry North to act on his behalf working at EMG, probably as business manager or the like. I think he started at High Holborn before the move.

When the move was made from High Holborn the basement was turned into a machine shop where all the metalwork for the Gramophones was manufactured. Prior to the move I think the parts were made by a firm that made Cinema projectors, called Cinetra. The foreman's name was Horace Hill, who, in his dealings with my father became a personal friend, and a man for whom I had a great respect. The outcome of this relationship was that Mr Hill set up his own concern as general precision engineer in the basement of Grape Street where he undertook manufacture of EMG components.

On the Ground Floor was a shop front display window and show and audition rooms. The upper story was given over to the cabinet makers shop where all the Gramophone cabinets were made. E.M.Ginn was also responsible for discovering the cabinet maker who was quite unique. His name was Darrieulas. He described himself as an 'artist in wood',

and there is no doubt he most certainly was. I never had the pleasure of meeting "Le Maestro" I believe he was Swiss, but I do have the honour of owning some of his work, which I treasure. I have two pieces of furniture handed down from my Mother to my Sister, and now to me, thus becoming a family heirloom. I do not know what happened to Mons. Darrieulas after the split, I believe he remained on making cabinets for EMG. He certainly never made an "Expert". This was the only area where the EMG machine had the edge on us. Our cabinet work was good, but their's was superior.

Although Mr Davey designed the EMG Horn, no doubt to Mr P.Wilson's formula, its configuration was definitely not original thinking because I have a picture of an early Edison with exactly the same shape 'question mark' Horn ! Also, I dimly remember some of the early "wireless" loudspeakers, where a small bore unit fixed to a 'question mark' shape Horn.

Because of the increase in capital and probably at the instigation of Mr Davey, EMG went on to specialise in the sale of Gramophone records. I imagine the cash available gave them the opportunity of taking on agencies for the big record companies. I believe they carried a large stock of classical music records and employed a staff of dedicated salesfolk, which placed them as probably the foremost purveyors of Classical records in London and the Mecca for Classical record collectors. I believe that they continued to make the EMG Acoustic Gramophone up to the outbreak of War.

Although my father was, amongst other things, a perfectionist, idealist, and a salesman, he also was a very sincere man in dealing with his loyal clients. I think his admirable traits so well expressed themselves in the wording of adverts. However, it is my opinion that his attributes did not include a good business head, and, that as far as EMG was concerned, therein lay his downfall !

The alliance between a man such as E.M.Ginn, the seeker of perfection, and Harry North, the Entrepreneur seeker of money and power was certainly bound to be a recipe for disaster. Whereas one sought to give pleasure to a music loving public, the other was only interested in a money making proposition. The whole incident happened over 65 years ago in 1929, and the real reason for the split may never be known. It is my opinion that my father did not know how to handle the sudden influx into the business of a considerable sum of money, also, he could not, and would not attempt to degrade his beloved Gramophone from a musical instrument to a mass produced commercial article.

I think that the outcome was that George Browne was put into the firm as an Agent Provocateur, and in some way caused some transgression on the part of my father, who would have been like 'putty' in their hands. The outcome was that Browne reported back to North, a Board Meeting was called and E.M.Ginn was voted off the Board of Directors, and requested to resign. He was also asked to sign an agreement to the effect that he would not enter the Gramophone Trade again.

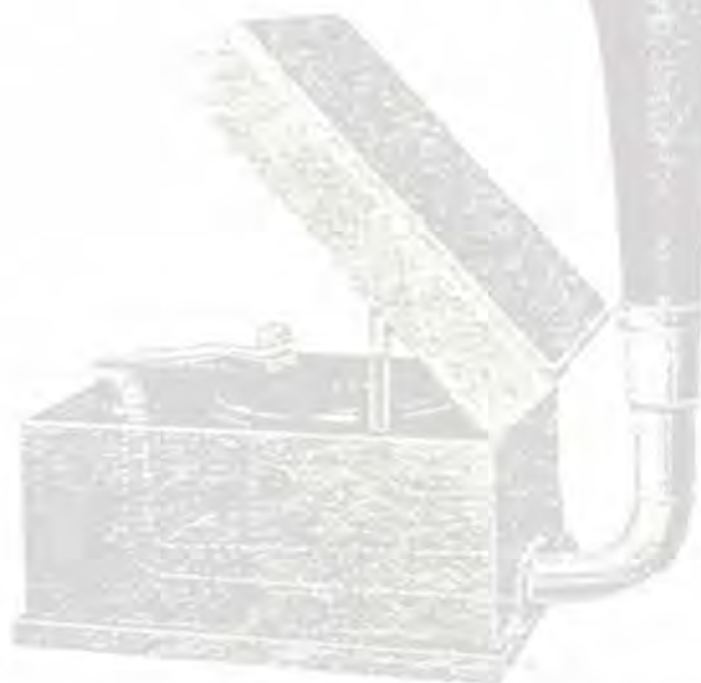
Fortunately a Solicitor was able to contest this clause for him enabling him to set up again in opposition as "Expert" Gramophones. This is as much of the reason for the split that I am able to recall, but I feel sure from the onset that the intention was to take over the business from my father. I cannot believe that a shrewd man like North could have considered the EMG design of Gramophone was a mass market proposition that would have made him a fortune. True, Imhof became a big concern, they were situated in New Oxford Street, not too far away from EMG in Grape Street. EMG never became a concern as big as Imhof, but I think that the major portion of the income of both companies came from selling records, a form of income which I would think requires considerable capital.

Prior to the take over E.M.Ginn did not have a great deal of money at his command, and this was the case after the split. It would be interesting to know which company sold the

greater number of Gramophones. I doubt if there is anyway of ever knowing. I do not think that it was ever my father's intention to become a big company due to the nature of the product, the integrity of our client relationship and the limited number of the public we appealed to. I do not see how a big company could ever have been built in that situation. I think that my fathers ideals were to provide the best possible instrument to the music loving public, and thereby make a reasonable living by his efforts.

We traded in a market which did not require a great deal of capital. Expert and EMG became rival concerns. We did not grow as big as EMG, but we always had good premises based in the West End of London. A great deal of integrity existed between Mr Ginn and his loyal clients and we were proud to rank a number of celebrities amongst them.

As a result of the split there were now two manufacturers of a highly specialised type of Gramophone attempting to sell to a limited market. Both EMG and Expert continued to make high quality Gramophones as rival concerns. I doubt if there was a great deal to choose between them, but had we continued on our own we would have been more successful as by taking North's money we had made our own opposition



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22

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Three doors from Oxford Street, and three minutes from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station. Easily found, in the heart of the musical world, this is indeed a fitting birthplace for

“The Zenith of Musical Perfection”
the E. M. GINN “EXPERT” MODEL

As this machine will be ready before the next issue of this journal, we would meanwhile welcome your enquiries in order that we may extend to you a personal invitation to inspect this model for yourself. You will not be asked to purchase, but we value your opinion.

To avoid any possible confusion, we wish to emphasize that we have now no connection whatever with any organization whose name or productions may bear some similarity to our own. Whatever claims our competitors may put forth, we leave entirely to the judgment of our public, confident of their verdict by virtue of our ten years' record of successful endeavour to provide them with the best.

Mr. E. M. Ginn and Mr. D. Phillips have been established since 1920 as experts and Fibre needle specialists. We wish to continue our old policy of hand-made craftsmanship and personal attention to each individual customer.



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55 Rathbone Place

1930 - 1933

Our first showrooms and the starting afresh of a concern under E.M.Ginn's sole control once again was the start of 'Expert' Gramophones.

Situated in London's West End, just off Oxford Street, near the New Oxford Street end. The Showroom was next door or next door but one to the famous artist's Colourmans Windsor & Newton. As I remember it at 11 years of age it was quite a nice large shop front with a large window in which were displayed our new range of Gramophones. The main feature of our new design that distinguished our from EMG was a redesigned logarithmic curved horn. Whereas EMG had two reverse curve bends in the shape of a 'question mark' the NEW Expert has only one more gradually curved bend in bringing the bell of the horn at right angles to an inlet aperture which was a larger diameter than the EMG, and we claimed that the horn was less restricted and provided a flatter "wave front".

I well remember my Uncle David Phillips spreading a large sheet of paper over our bedroom floor in my grandfather's house in North London, where we lived with them. On this sheet he designed the new Horn full size. I can remember that Expert Horns were made by two different concerns at various times. One was named Pyram Ltd and the other was Dimensional displays. The Horns were made of papier mache bound onto a metal stay and tubular metal casting. The business of both these companies was actually making advertising artifacts, but they readily adapted to our specialised requirements. The material used made an excellent media for the transmission of sound being acoustically inert and resonant free. Some years later when I worked for my father I well remember collecting Horns from the premises of one of the companies that made them. I think it was in the South East of London, the interesting point was that they had taken over an unconsecrated church ! Actually the premises were ideally suited for the large display items they manufactured.

Having lost our Master Cabinet maker to EMG this was when a Mr Edwards, our new Cabinet maker came on the scene. I have to admit that whereas the EMG Cabinets were handmade and French Polished, I believe that they were now Factory made and cellulose sprayed ! Never the less, they were still well made and finished. I remember this Mr Edwards still because at this time I was attempting to make my first model of a Destroyer Warship from plans bought from Bassett-Lowke in Kingsway whom I have already mentioned. My father had Mr Edwards carve me a hull out of a solid hunk of oak, strictly to drawing, but quite useless as a floating model. The outcome was that I bought myself a nice old fashioned solid wood Spokeshave to make my own hull. The model was never completed, but I still have and treasure that Spokeshave to this day. It must have been the first tool I ever bought.

About this time I realised just how Bamboo Cane from a far Eastern forest could eventually delight the ear of a keen Gramophile in the surroundings of his suburban music room. My father would visit a local timber importers and purchase a number of bamboo canes from 1" to approx 2½" diameter. These would then be cut up into rings with a fine tooth hacksaw to one and one-eighth inch long.

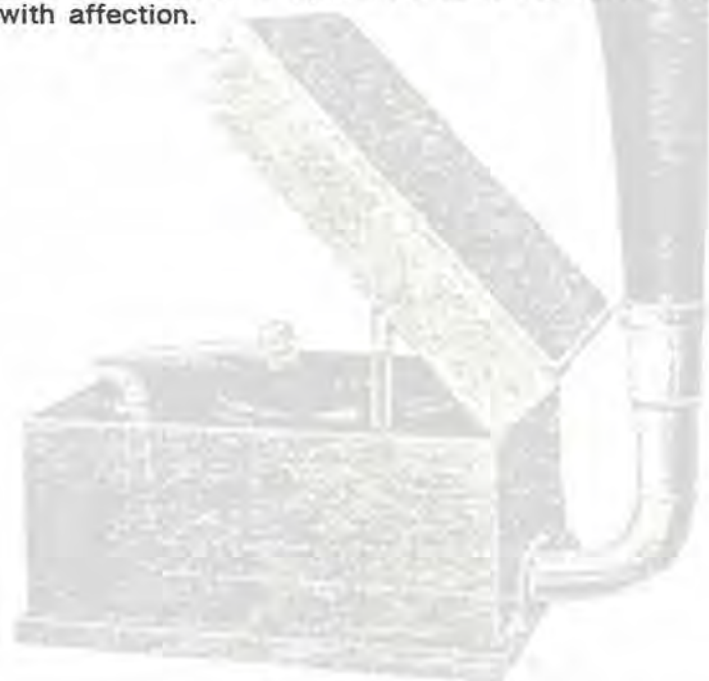
I will now describe the machine used to convert these rings into triangular Gramophone needles. The base was a square board, about one inch thick and approximately one foot square. An old bone handled table knife had a hole drilled through the end of the blade, a small right angle bracket was screwed to the board. A bolt passed through the knife and the bracket forming a pivot. We now had a crude lever guillotine. By using this device the bamboo rings were chopped in half and then triangular needles cut from the half rings. To finish these rough cut needles they were planed down to uniform size.

To achieve this we had a hardwood board with traingular grooves inscribed into it with stops at intervals. A needle was placed in the groove against a stop and with the aid of a small metal plane they were planed down to size. They then had one end clipped to a sharp diamond shape and were packeted in lots of 50. All this effort sold for just two shillings (10p) a packet ! A true cottage industry !

At a little later date Edward Creese would take these needles home and, according to his son, he would brew them up on their kitchen stove in some evil smelling brown liquid to harden them. He kept this process a close secret known only to him. Thinking about it now, it is unlikely that even if this doping did harden the pith wood it did nothing to the outer shell, and it was this hard shell which formed the stylus which tracked the record grove.

Just before our departure from Rathbone Place I started my training at the Regent Street Polytechnic studying Mechanical Engineering. After school I used to walk from Regent Street up to Rathbone Place and stay there until closing time when I would be driven home to Finchley with my Uncle and Father.

Most of the period that Expert traded from Rathbone Place I spent at Boarding School, and it was not until near the end that I spent an hour or so every evening on the premises. I regret that I cannot remember much of the Expert trading history of that period, but it must have been about this time that we formed closer associations with the management of the "Gramophone" magazine. It was possibly about this time that an early friendship was forming between E.M.Ginn and Cecil Pollard, who was then the Editor of the "Gramophone". I would think that he must have been responsible for "Expert" being offered the top floor of the Gramophone's premises at 10a Soho Square, and this is how "Expert" moved on to another venue. Although I am unable to remember the business activities at Rathbone Place I can still remember details of the premises as it was when I was 14 years old and I look back upon it with affection.



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“Expert”	Senior	£32:10:0
..	Junior	£22:10:0
..	Minor	£17:10:0
..	Ensign	£12:10:0

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FOR	
ALL ACOUSTIC GRAMOPHONES	
“Expert”	Special, for all horns over 6ft. in length 65/-
“Expert”	Standard, for all interior horns and small outside horns - - - 35/-

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“Expert”	Fibre Cutter	- 6/-
..	Airtight Fibre Container	- 5/6
..	Record Brush	1/9
..	Fibre Needles, per 50	- - 2/-

Used and praised the World over



HAND - MADE GRAMOPHONES
10a, Soho Square, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Telephone: GERRARD 3632

10A Soho Square

1933 - 1936

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In the pre-war years Soho Square was a charming, quiet square, situated just off the Tottenham Court Road end of Oxford Street. Cars were allowed to park around part of the square to such good effect that the Car Park attendant could afford to spend his holidays in the South of France. Quite a thing in those days !

Next door to 10a was the back entrance to the "Beta" Cafe which had its front entrance in Oxford Street. In my youth I have consumed many a cup of tea and teacake in those convivial surroundings. Alas - long since gone ! In the corner of the Square, next door to the Cafe there is a large red building which is a Convent whose inmates consisted of French Nuns. In the opposite corner of the Square on the same side I remember a Billiard Table Showroom. I think the name was Burrows & Watts, but what I do remember most vividly is that there was a narrow stairway between the buildings, and if one went up them to the third floor you walked into a Disney Fairyland. The place was, in fact ostensibly a wood machinist shop, but the surroundings, atmosphere, and the characters who ran the place were out of this world, sheer fantasy! I only ever saw the two old men who were the proprietors. They looked identical twins, about 90 years old, with beards, and a shock of white hair grown like mops on their heads. They were Dwarfs, about four feet odd high, and the nearest thing to Gnomes in human form that one could imagine, and probably of Swiss descent just to make them more authentic.

Their machines worked as if by magic. Apparently there were no visible motors, belts, pulleys, or shafts driving their fret saws. A rope or strap hung from the ceiling to which was attached a fret saw blade which passed through a table. I do not know how the blades were reciprocated, but it would not surprise me if they were attached to a treadmill in the attic, driven by a load of white rats. The whole place was covered in inches of saw dust, and, in order to reach the saw tables the little fellows had to stand on boxes.

I first became acquainted with them in our early Radio days, when I used to take loud speaker mounting boards up to them. They were about a foot square, ½" ply. They would for a few pence cut out an eight inch circular hole in them upon which we would mount our loudspeakers.

Approaching Soho Square from Oxford Street via Soho Street, a right turn round the Square brings one immediately to the door of Number 10a. Not an imposing entrance. I cannot remember who was on the first floor except that some very attractive young ladies worked there. On the second floor were the offices of the "Gramophone" Magazine who were our landlords. Very often, on passing the door you could hear the voice of Christopher Stone recording his "spiel" for his Radio Programme. On the top floor, up four flights of stairs was "Expert" Gramophones. Our suite of rooms consisted of a large Audio Showroom and at the back was a small workroom where D. Phillips and E. Creese assembled and tuned the soundboxes and to the right was another, larger workroom where the Gramophones were assembled. Overall we were working under fairly cramped conditions

It was at 10a that we first employed Edward Creese, although he has already been mentioned by Dave Phillips. A little more of his history and background is germane to my account. Originally he was of French extraction, and had many of that Nation's Characteristics. He was a mechanic in the Royal Flying Corps in World War 1 where he was unfortunate enough to suffer a severe accident which very nearly cost him his right arm, and he had very little use in that hand. In those days Aircraft were started by hand swinging the propellers. (I have flown similar Planes myself) To switch on the engine, a

switch identical to an old fashioned light switch was mounted upside down ie: Up was 'Off'. A confused Trainee Pilot switched on the engine whilst Edward was turning it over and it started the propellor severely damaging his arm. I have seen the same thing happen, (and very nearly did it once) even with this handicap Edward was able to tune Soundboxes to perfection. He was also quite artistic, and used to hand paint Gramophone Horns in colours to suite our Clients. He was an experienced and excellent driver right from the early days of cars, and used to deliver most of the Gramophones. He also taught me, and many others to drive, and I have him to thank for an ability which has been of great use and pleasure to me throughout life. As has already been recorded, he did some pioneer work on Gramophones and doped our Fibre Needles.

At this juncture, although it does not really concern the History of "Expert" I would like to record a little of the life of Ed. Creese's Father, and I do so by kind permission, and in the words of my friend Ed Creese Jnr writing about his Grandfather.

In March 1890 my Grandfather was living and working in Clerkenwell, North London, as a manufacturer of safety bicycles. These were becoming extremely popular and were rapidly superceding the Penny Farthing and other types. He had come to London from Yeovil where his Father had a Glove-making business. Gloves were made for Queen Victoria, and the Royal Warrant had been Granted. My Grandfather, however, was very interested in a number of other things, and appears to have acquired a considerable knowledge of electrical matters, because, at this time, probably through friends or other contacts he was given a contract to wire up the Paris Opera House with Electric Light in place of Gas Lamps then in use. He duly went to Paris where, in the course of his work he made the acquaintance of a young and pretty dactylographist, then working in the Management Office. In those days, for a woman to work full-time was considered very advanced - almost shocking. As it happened, this young lady was engaged to be married to a member of Paris Society; it was thought, by all parties to be a good match. A formal engagement had been entered into, Dowry agreed, and date for the Wedding fixed. All in all a serious business. When the job of wiring up the Opera House was completed my Grandfather persuaded this young lady to elope with him. Accordingly, he returned to Clerkenwell, she went with him, and they duly married. Of course all this resulted in a frightful scandal and she was disowned by the whole family.

The next event of note could well be entitled the 'Bloomer Affair'. Soon after returning to Clerkenwell my Grandfather made a bicycle upon which three people could ride. He and one of his brothers, both big strong men took the front and rear positions, and my Grandmother sat in the middle. I think she must have been a woman of some spirit because, again, quite daring, she liked to cycle wearing Bloomers! Their peregrinations around Clerkenwell aroused some interest. Upon one occasion when all three were bicycling along Clerkenwell High Street they passed by a row of Hansom Cabs, some of whose drivers shouted out ribald comments, mostly concerning 'ladies in bloomers'. Without more ado, Grandfather and his Brother stopped, got off the 'Tridom' and proceeded to overturn every cab in the street! The ensuing fisticuffs resulted in a near riot, exacerbated by the arrival of numerous Policemen, who, eventually restored order. Grandfather and Brother spent the rest of the week in jail !

So much for Creese's (Jnr) story of his Grandfather, in fact the old boy was quite a genius and was responsible for building one of the very earliest of Aircraft. Edward Senior told me a story how his father built this Aeroplane in Peckham, London, and pushed it through the streets at the dead of night with the wings folded and a lantern at each end! Apparently they were taking the machine to some flying competition. I have little doubt of the authenticity of this story because Edward showed me a business card titled 'E.J.Creese, Aeroplane Maker'. He also had a signed photograph of a banquet of the Aeronautical Society, and with Creese around the table were such names as Henri Farman, Bleriot, and Bill Cody who had appended their signatures. I would dearly like to know happened to that photograph. I think I only met the old man once when I was about six years old, but

I have never forgotten it. It was soon after we moved from Brighton to Dulwich. Creese was running a Garage and had a Franchise with the old Daimler Hire Company. His son, Edward, before he worked for "Expert" was working for his Dad as a Hire Driver, quite a rare thing in those days. My Grandfather was buying the Garage from Creese to set up two of his sons. I just dimly remember the cars and the garage, but I do remember on the floor above the garage there was installed a machine shop. The shop was entered through a trap door. I remember climbing the steps and poking my head through the floor and seeing those wonderful old machines for the first time. I think on that day an Engineer was born! My Uncles never made anything of the Garage, but if only I would have had their chance!

I intended that my writings should be totally confined to Acoustic Gramophones, but I feel that as the first job I can remember doing in my Father's employ was electronic, and it relates to an amusing incident. It must be mentioned I was permitted to do the assembly work on a large Public Address System that we made for the Mercury Theatre in West London. Even in those days it was a giant contraption made to a circuit using Ferranti components and I remember how proud I was to be making it. I guarded it jealously, letting no one near it. Gilbert Wilson of the "Gramophone" called it "Joe's Baby". Eventually it was installed in the Orchestra Pit of the Mercury Theatre. This was the home of "The Ballet Rambert". Madame Rambert, our Client, was quite a Character. A petite, contential Lady, but what she lacked in size she made up for in ferocity, with flashing dark eyes and temperament to match! She was a real Martinet, ruling her Ballet Chorus with an iron discipline. As was the wont of things 'Electrical' in those days, it developed a minor fault, and broke down during a performance! Calamity! All Hell broke loose! The next day she stormed into our office. "Where is Meester Ginn? I will keel him! His wretchered machine will not work!" My Father tried amelioration. "I am sorry Madame, but these things can happen. You should have a stand by. Even a Pianist can be taken ill during a performance." The worthy Madame flashed back like lightning. "Oh yes Meester Ginn, that is so, and in a 'undred years he might die"!

We were four flights of stairs up at Soho Square, and one noble Lady, I believe it must have been Dame Edith Sitwell, was known to climb the four flights of stairs, stagger through our Showroom doors and exclaim "Mr Ginn - those bloody stairs!" and lay prostrate upon the floor for some minutes. I do not remember ever seeing her dressed in anything but all black. Dame Edith and her two brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell were esteemed and valued clients of "Expert" even to the next generation, supporting us to the end.

When I finished my training at the Regent Street Polytechnic as I tended to show greater leanings towards the more practical than theoretical side of engineering. They found me a job as an improver machinist. That entailed me rising at 5 am and travelling from North to West of London. The Machine Shop was a very different place from the Polytechnic Machine Shop, and I soon became aware of the hard commercial realities of life. At this juncture fate decided that the best thing for me was a breakdown. I was duly presented, stripped and shivering before the family Doctor who decreed that what I needed was fresh air and exercise. I was thus duly packed off to work and live on a farm for a period. It was not the same farm that my Father was on in Oxfordshire, but on a Farm of a friend of my Father's on Lord Hampden's Estate in Hertfordshire. Unlike my Father I never had any aspirations to become a Farmer, and, after a short period of time I was pronounced fit and wondering what to do with my life.

My father never really wanted me in the business. He finally took me with persuasion from my Mother against his will. One of the conditions of Employment was that I must join as a part-time volunteer of one of the Armed Services. This did not appeal to me as, unlike my father, I was never 'Service minded'. I have always been interested in Aeroplanes and flying. I finally appeased my Father by joining the Civil Air Guard, and by doing so pledged myself to six years Wartime Service in the RAF.

In January 1934 "Expert" introduced an entirely new concept in the Gramophone World. It was called the Audio Player, and the first Internal Gramophone we produced since the early Holborn days. Unlike the "Magnificent Monsters", the large External Horn Machines, this was quite an attractive piece of furniture in its own right. Most interesting about it were the twin Internal Horns branching into a single tone arm. It was as near to being Stereophonic as an Acoustic Gramophone could be. Of course in those days dual track Stereophonic Records were yet to be made, but it is interesting to speculate, given Stereo Records and the doubtful possibility of making a twin diaphragm sound box just how a Stereo Acoustic Gramophone would have sounded. The Horn itself, which was Logarithmic curved was a masterpiece of the sheet metal workers art. Strangely enough though, to my recollection, it did not become very popular.

"Expert" ever only made one essay into the Record Market. This was in April 1935 when "Expert" were made the sole concessionaires for the monthly issue of 20 records. There were, of course, double-sided 12" 78 rpm records of extremely high recorded quality. The music itself covered a period from the 14th to the 18th Century. The recordings were of French origin and entitled "L'Anthologie Sonore". There is also a rather interesting sidelight that is a sequel to this era, and I quote from an Editorial in the "Gramophone" Magazine for 1935 : -

"An interesting sidelight on Lawrence of Arabia is supplied by Mr E. M. Ginn who knew him for many years, and one of whose first "Expert" Gramophones was bought by Mr Ross. Only a week before his fatal accident he paid a visit to 10a Soho Square to collect from Mr Ginn the records of L'Anthologie Sonore, and one of the last letters he must have written was one expressing his delight with them"

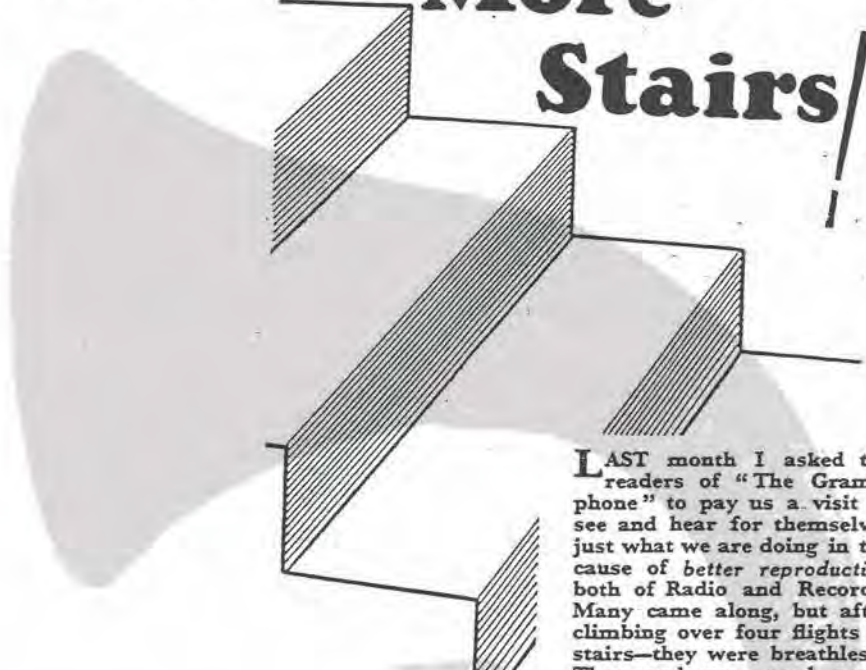
My Father did, in fact have letters from Col. Lawrence in the names of Shaw (Aircraftsman) and Ross. When I was a schoolboy at our office after school one day, my father introduced me to him. Perhaps that is about my only claim to fame ! Shaking hands with him was an experience in itself, rather like shaking hands with a Jellyfish! What were outstanding about him were his eyes, which were Steely Blue Ice Chips, which looked straight through you, and always seemed to be looking into the far distance. The letters, incidentally, despite my pleadings to have them because the man was my idol and a legend in his own life were discarded by my Father as litter ! Many years later I visited his cottage a Cloud's Hill and was thrilled to see his beloved "Expert" Minor standing in the corner of his living room. ✓

In September 1936 "Experts" advertisement in the "Gramophone" for that month was headed in bold type "No More Stairs", and went on to say how visitors to our Showrooms after climbing four flights of stairs, arrived breathless, and that they never need climb those stairs again. Thus "Expert" moved on, yet again, and the advertisement announced our new address of 64 Frith Street.

GRAMOPHONEMUSEUM.COM

September 1936

**No
More
Stairs!**



LAST month I asked the readers of "The Gramophone" to pay us a visit to see and hear for themselves just what we are doing in the cause of *better reproduction* both of Radio and Records. Many came along, but after climbing over four flights of stairs—they were breathless! They, and you, need never climb those stairs again!

In order to give our customers *better service*—better conditions under which to judge "Expert results," and in order that we may better cope with the increasing demand for "Expert" Hand-made Acoustic Gramophones, Radio sets and Radiogramophones, we have opened New premises at—

64 FRITH STREET
Soho Square, London, W.1

The telephone number is unaltered: GERRard 3632.

Please call and see us any time between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., Saturdays 1 p.m. You will not be asked or expected to make a single purchase, but *do* come along and see our new home—and there are no stairs to climb!

Bill Gram

NEW ADDRESS

64 FRITH STREET**SOHO, LONDON, W.1**

Telephone: GERRard 3632

64 Frith Street

1936 – 1939

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The move to Frith Street in 1936 saw Expert established in their most commodious premises situated directly on the opposite side of Soho Square to 10a and just a few doors down Frith Street on the right hand side.

The main entrance to the Women's Hospital was situated in the Square, and the building extended around the Corner of Frith Street, and its side was right opposite No. 64. It is still standing, but all boarded up and looks long since closed.

On the opposite side of Frith Street to the Hospital, and again with its main entrance in Soho Square are the offices of 20th Century Fox Pictures. I witnessed the premises being built from a network of steel girders with steel erectors climbing around and doing dangerous balancing acts connecting the girders together to make the skeleton frame of the building. To watch them at work was better entertainment than any Circus ! To this day it remains a very fine well maintained building resplendent in red brick

A few doors up, towards the Square and our adjoining neighbours there was a French Wine Importer by the name of Mons. Poirer. As Edward spoke fluent French we became quite friendly with him. I remember him as a typical Frenchman, sleek, black hair, and pointed moustache ! I believe many a 'new import' was sampled with Edward and my father.

On the floor above us at No. 64 there was a Dentist named Mr Rogers. On a recent visit of nostalgia (1995) there appears to be a Dentist still operating from that address, or at least so it says on the door. This then is setting the scene of our new premises.

I have a special affection for 64 Frith Street, possibly it was because it was here that I set up my first machine shop, also, it was at a time in my life when I was just setting out on life's highway , and my environment was making an impression upon my youth.

In my view 64 Frith Street was by far the best premises that Expert ever rented. Once again, as in Rathbone Place we had Show Room Window in which to display our wares. The demonstration room was in the front looking out across Frith Street. The Workshop and Assembly Room was partitioned off adjacent to the Show Room. One corner of the back room was partitioned off as an office in which my father had just a desk and a couple of chairs. Just opposite my fathers office was a flight of stairs that led down to a very large basement. At the foot of the stairs I had partitioned off about a ten by eight foot area in which I erected a small machine shop. There was an overhead line shaft driven by an old Direct Current Electric Motor which powered a centre lathe and drilling machine. There was a tool grindstone and a gas welding plant and small bench comprised my first workshop of which at the age of seventeen I was very proud.

I used to make a few small parts for 'Expert'. I designed and produced a counter-balance for the Expert Tone Arm which took a great deal of the weight off the needle point and improved the life of the playing needle. Nothing to do with Gramophones, but a fond memory.

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Within walking distance of Frith Street was Beak Street in which were the premises of Wilkes Bros, an established London Gun Maker who made a gun for my father. They would, occasionally, give me the odd job to do for them. They never paid me in cash – but would send me away with pockets full of twelve bore shotgun cartridges !

The basement at 64 was so large that as well as my workshop we had a full size Table Tennis table installed. Also, there was a bench where at one time my mother would make Fibre Needles. There was still quite a large area remaining which we sub-let to the "Gramophone" Magazine who used the space to store their archives.

It was at this time that I first came in contact with Gilbert Wilson. He would quite often join us at lunch break coming over from 10a just across the square to 64 Frith Street. We would either play Darts (at which he was a Master) or Table Tennis, usually a foursome, and enjoyed many a happy hour in his good company. I realise now, after all these years just what respect and fondness I had for him. A warm and humorous North Country man. He was a fine electro-mechanical engineer with a vast fund of experience of which he was always prepared to give anyone freely the full benefit. I realise now how much I respected both the man and his friendship, and it is with great regret that I did not renew our relationship after the War, but after six years in the RAF and 'Expert' having moved out of the West End, and also the 'Gramophone' offices doing likewise, plus setting up my own engineering business, our paths never crossed again. Heresay has it that 'G' (as he was affectionally known to his friends), was interested in Spiritualism and also had Hypnotic powers and may also have been a Medium. Apparantly, when 'G' first became interested in the Other World 'P' (Percy) his acedemic brother was a disbeliever, and carried out some scientific experiments resulting in him becoming as sincere a believer as his brother ! The strange thing was that when ever they got involved in Spiritualism some misfortune befell the family, so they gave it up. I only met 'P' on a few occasions. He was highly intelligent and a Lecturer on Applied Maths at Oxford University, I think. He lived on a different interlectual plane than myself.

The basement at No. 64 had a window at the Street end looking out onto an area which gave a degree of light to that end of the room. Under this window was a bench with a light over it. At times my Mother would work on her own down there splitting bamboo rings to make Fibre Needles. Now; we had a client who was a giant of a man, and wore a great large woollen coat. We always said that he used to visit us when it was raining to keep dry! It was his way to ask for an Operatic Aria record to be played, and would accompany it with a very loud voice and considerable gusto ! I remember his name, but as I believe he became quite a famous figure during the War, I will refrain from quoting it in case I am wrong ! Albeit it was his wont to nose about the premises. On one such occasion he heard a terrified scream and a very unladylike expression rise from the basement. What had happened was that whilst my Mother was quietly working away, she was suddenly aware of this awesome great black shadow looking over her. Unbeknown to her this giant was quietly standing behind her watching her work !

Thinking back, at times, I must have been quite an uncouth lout in the days of my youth. Many of us went through a scruffy unkempt phase in that era, and complete with straggly beard I was no exception. I shudder to think of this incident now as in later years I would never have dreamed of such temerity but ... I was sent to collect a Radio-Gram as they were then called from a very fashionable Hotel in the West End. I forget its name, but it was right on lunchtime and the Restaurant was full of very fashionable people. I saw the Radio-Gram standing on a dais whilst I was standing at the door I did no more than, without a by-your-leave, strolled across the floor with my tool bag - much to the shock of the diners at the tables, and proceeded to disconnect the Radio-Gram. Suddenly I felt as though I was some sort of virulent germ on a micro slide only to find an irate Maitre D' Hotel regarding me as though I was some sort of lower life. "How did you get in here ?" He demanded of me. "Through the door" I rudely replied, and I found my exit more expedient than my entry !

Whereas at High Holborn we had a Dentist on the same landing as ourselves at Frith Street, we had one on the floor above us, a Mr Rogers, a big beefy man who looked more like a Butcher than a Dentist, but he must have been a good one because a number of Celebrities used to pass through his door. Our only problem was that the electric motor of his drill caused us terrible Radio interference which we only cured with a specially designed aerial.

The top floor was occupied by two elderly sisters. We rarely set sight on them, but I remember them as two charming and bright old ladies with very bright twinkling eyes, nicknamed 'the 'The Girls Upstairs'.

Among our many and varied clients ranked from Celebrities, Eastern Potentates, Artists, Doctors, Poets, down to a Hampstead Postman. Much of our business was by recommendation, but the strangest one I can remember was by a Voice from the Spirit World ! It happened this way. I remember a Mr Leach, a retired Lancashire Cotton Mill Owner, a charming old gentleman, who must have long since passed over into the Spirit World. I hope his Soul is happy. After hearing an Expert Senior he said to my father, "Mr Ginn, I have attended a Seance at which a Red Indian Spirit was in control. His name was Red Cloud, and he suggested through the aid of a medium that if I wished to purchase a Gramophone I could not do better than to buy an Expert." Unfortunatley we were not in a position to pay Red Cloud commission, but we were duly grateful to him. Mr Leach had a beautiful house in Colwyn Bay, Wales. When we delivered the machine my Uncle and self stayed the night. Before retiring, Mr Leach quite casually remarked, "By the way, if you hear knocking during the night, don't worry - it is only the wife trying to get through." Needless to say, as a young lad I was terrified !

We ranked many famous people among our clients in the Frith Street days. Among them was Sir Henry Wood's daughter, Eileen Wood. She was tall, sophisticated, attractive, and older than I, and as far as I was concerned, completely unattainable, but as a callow youth of 17 I worshipped her from afar. She was, in fact, the intended of yet another client of ours, a charming man named Doctor Calthrop, who was the Ship's Doctor upon the S.S.Malvern, plying the Indian route. As far as I can remember they were eventually married. A happy union of Expert Clients.

The Sitwell Family, Dame Edith of Walton's "Facade" fame, her two brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell. On one occasion their Gramophone motor required cleaning and adjusting. My father said to them "all you have to do is to get a screwdriver undo the four screws in the motor board and bring it back to us to overhaul." The reply to this suggestion was "Mr Ginn, what is a screwdriver ?" And I believe they really did not know !

I have reason to believe that the Composer Delius owned an Expert. It was all a very long time ago, but I do remember a line drawing of Delius listening to an Expert Gramophone because the picture was hung up on our Showroom wall. Also on the wall were some Medals in a frame that we were presented at our very first Exhibition in the Brighton days. Unfortunately my Mother gave them away after the War. I can remember a large frame with two or three silver discs which looked like Matrix. But I cannot remember what they were.

There was also a large board on the wall with Testimonials pinned upon it, and the names of Celebrities whom we honoured among our valued clients. I so wish I could recall all their names. I do remember but one. Her name was Camillia Sorabji. An Eastern lady from India I think because I once saw her in a beautiful Sari. Also on the wall was a picture of a

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xviii

The GRAMOPHONE.

September 1939

"Expert"

MASTERSPEAKER

You can hear it at one
address only—64 Frith St.,
Soho Square, London, W.1.
(Telephone: Gerrard 3632)

Emilia



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famous Opera Singer of that time. Her name Ninon Vallin. The rest, unfortunately, are lost in the mists of time.

There is one happy memory I recall. It was known as 'doing a Malzy.' It happened this way. On rare occasions someone would come into the Showroom and pay cash for some item, such as a Soundbox or the like. Whilst I was in the basement in my machine shop, dad would come to the top of the stairs and call down 'Joe Malznes." This was a signal to 'brush up'. The plot thickens ! Frith Street was quite close to the New Oxford Street Crossroads with Tottenham Court Road. Just on the corner used by Lyons Corner House. Then about two-three doors up there was a small first class Fish Speccialist Restaurant, and both dad and myself were very partial to a Lobster Salad, - and guess what the name of the Restaurant was Malzy ! Happy Days

I have been asked why I think it is that the acoustic Gramophone has a certain charm and purity that Electro-Reproduction does not possess. Firstly, I am prepared to admit that the electrical recording of Discs is far superior to the original mechanical recording, and that by transferring the mechanical vibrations from the record groove to electric impulses and amplification far grater power can be produced. Also the musical range can be vastly modified by virtue of frequency attenuation or boosting which can produce a totally artificial end product. This is where I think the 'secret' of charm of the acoustic Gramophones lies. It is a Musical Instrument in its own right. Consider for a moment, it picks up its mechanical vibrations which produce music direct from the groove in the record by vibrating the soundbox diaphragm. This is much the same as a Reed in a Woodwind or Brass Instrument, and the same principle to a vibrating string and near identical to a percussion.

The sound is then amplified by a large belled Horn, not unlike a Sousaphone, and serving the function of the body of a stringed instrument. The sound is not converted from a mechanical vibration to an electrical impulse, amplified, boosted, atttenuated, modified, then back to mechanical vibration at the loudspeaker. The music is simply picked up from the groove, and from there on delights the listeners ear in the same manner as the original musician generated it, be it Woodwind, Brass, String, or Percussion.

The Magnificent Music Machine, beautiful in its simplicity, a delight to the ear of the listener, and, in it's day brought a great deal of pleasure to the World of Classical Music Lovers.

Alas ! The outbreak of World War II brought a very poignant moment to me which I will never forget. My Father and I stood outside the door of 64 Frith Street and when we locked it an Era was over, and a phase in my life had ended.

The last Expert Gramophone had been made, the Name "Expert" would never be seen in the West End of London again. My Father went off to become an Army Officer, and, subsequently, the Navy. My Uncle manned a Post as full time Air Raid Warden, and I was called up to the RAFVR. The "Expert" Gramophone became a Dinosaur of the now called Hi-Fi Industry.

The Day of the Magnificent Music Machine was over for ever

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The End

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Em Gram

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