the room. I struck out at the monster, but was battered by strong air-currents and finally thrown right out of the room. I locked the bedroom door and decided to stay where I was. Next morning I discovered the living room a shambles. One corner of the rug and undercoat had been eaten, and I finally found pieces of hastily chewed Asminster way back inside one of the air-cooler tubes. I think it must have been hungry for a little bailing. Do you think the cross-over is too low? I don't know what to do now. I think it's asleep.

Robert Newcomb
Professor of English
Bridgewater College, Va.

Sir:
The type cabinet Mrs. Bruce Burns describes in the May-June issue can be obtained from Freedman Aircraft of Charleton, Mich. Units appear (from magazine ad) to be standard tiling cabinets, but enlarged specifically to hold LP records. Single units may bestacked one on top the other or used with legs as end tables, lamp tables, etc. Quoted prices per drawer unit vary from $49.95 to $52.70 depending on finish.

R. E. Nicholson, M.D.
Hartford, Conn.

Sir:
Through an early issue, I obtained the name of a cabinet maker in San Francisco who made excellent hi-fi cabinets. I have since met the man and he has built two cabinets for me—an equipment console and a speaker cabinet—that my better half regards as her two best pieces of furniture. So I have High Fidelity and Permanstyle Furniture Co., 950 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, to thank.

[Your] binders are excellent for my copies of High Fidelity as my subscription is read by one complete submarine crew. Through this magazine and a little hi-fi pride on my part, we have about 12 converts. However, the words "high fidelity" still mean "squeaks" to the uneducated.

Lt. Robert L. Brown
U.S.S. Pompanod
FPO San Francisco

Sir:
Step up and shake hands with the country's foremost Low-Fidelity Fan. Where others design their sound systems to go TING, I have designed mine to PLUFF. I have replaced the tweeter with a buffer, a cathode follower with a cathode leaver, and have a cross-under network that piles all frequencies over 8,000 into a sound-proof box in the basement.

I was unaware of the entire hi-fi business until I bought my first copy of your most excellent magazine. Soon I began to find fault with my system, which consists of a 20-year-old RCA radio with the 12-inch speaker built into a nice bass-reflex housing fed exclusively by a Revere tape recorder. I developed Listener Fatigue, an allergy to the distortion I suddenly began to hear, and other symptoms.

So I took me to the local Hi-Fi Hangout and returned loaded with amplifiers, coaxial speakers and the like.

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