

Call Letter

of the Northwest Vintage Radio Society, Portland, Oregon

Volume 19

August 1993

Number 8

This Month:

Picnic at Oaks Park on
Friday, August 13th
Dinner at 6 PM.

Next Month:

Back To The Past
Vintage Radio Show and Sale
9:00AM Sept 11th, 1993



Vintage Radio Society

The Northwest Vintage Radio Society is a non-profit historical society incorporated in the State of Oregon. Since 1974 the Society has been dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of "vintage radio" and wireless equipment.

Membership in the Society is open to all who are actively interested in historic preservation. The dues are \$15.00 for domestic membership, due on January 1st of each year.

The Call Letter has been a monthly publication since 1974. It was originated with the founder Bob Bilbie and our first president Harley Perkins. Through several editors and with the assistance of numerous members the Call Letter has continued to be a publication that both informs members of the society's business and that has supported the hobby of collecting, preserving, and restoring vintage radios.

Society meetings are held monthly (except July and August) at the Northwest Vintage Radio Museum, 7675 SW Capitol Highway (at 32nd street) in Portland Oregon. They convene at or about 10 AM for the purpose of displaying radios, conducting Society business, and information exchange. Guests are welcome at all Society meetings and functions (except board meetings)

Other Society functions include guest speakers, auctions, radio shows and radio sales which are advertised in the Call Letter and are held in and around SW Portland.

Society Officers:

President	Speed Feldschau (503) 390-3928
Vice President	Gordon Phillips (503) 234-3517
Treasurer	Ed Charman (503) 654-7387
Secretary	Joel Camicia (503) 287-7832
Board member at large and Call Letter Editor	Dick Karman (503) 281-6585
Museum Curator	Frank Rasada (503) 246-3400

The Society's address is:

The Northwest Vintage Radio Society
Post Office Box 82379
Portland, Oregon 97282-0379

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Sale & Show

Our next Show and Sale will be on September 11th, 1993:

Back To The Past

**at the Multnomah Arts Center at SW
31st & Capitol Highway in Portland.**

New extended hours: 9 AM to 2 PM.

Over 4,000 square feet

At the meet last May the place was packed. Nearly everyone sold something and several of us sold out before the public quit coming through the door.

It's important to get your table reservations early. . . Call Sonny at 254-9296.

August NVRS Picnic

From Gordon Phillips

NVRS FAMILY PICNIC

The Northwest Vintage Radio Society will host a family picnic at Oaks Amusement Park (area 7-A) on Friday August 13th. Come anytime after noon and stay until the park closes at 9 PM. Bring potential members, your family, and family friends.

Each family (or person) is to bring their own picnic dinner (unless you want to purchase dinner there). It is planned to eat around 6 PM. We'll try to wait for all who have to make it after work.

DO NOT bring beverages. It is a requirement that all beverages be purchased at the park. The society will arrange to have coffee available.

The number 7-A picnic area is in the south end of the park, next to the miniature railroad tracks on the river side of those tracks. There will be signs posted. To reach the nearest parking area enter the main parking area, and immediately turn left and drive south to the parking area adjacent to the Railroad tunnel. Area 7-A is toward the river.

The rental fee is \$40 which will be reimbursed in amusement ride tickets. We will distribute those tickets among families who wish to use them and then divide the costs among those who attend.

There will be plenty of tables so bring some radios and/or paraphernalia that can be swapped, talked about, viewed, tried out, or given away.

Good and Welfare

President Speed came home from the hospital on July 29th after angioplasty. We hope that they got everything put back together. We wish Speed a swift recovery.

Member Lester Lewis is recuperating from a broken leg and isn't getting out very much. Lester lives out in Hillsboro. If you can't stop by to wish him well, give him a call 648-9730.

Doin's to the North

The **PSARA summer swap meet** will be held on August 15th at the Shoreline Historical Museum (On North 175th St., one block west of Aurora Avenue, or 1 mile west of I-5 at exit 176).

John Bennett's Juke Box City in Seattle is having a sale and swap meet on Saturday August 14th. If you're interested call the business at (206) 625-1950.

A **Ham Radio and Electronic Equipment Swap Meet** will be held in Longview Washington on Saturday August 21st, from 9 AM to 3 PM. It's sponsored by the "Lower Columbia Amateur Radio Association, and it will be held at the Cowlitz County Fairgrounds. For more information call (206) 435-6076.

The **Tacoma Electronics Fleamarket** will also be held on August 14th from 9 AM to 3 PM at Camp Murray Armory (Tacoma, Washington) at I-5 exit 122. It's everything for the Amateur radio operator: Talk in on 147.28, License examinations, Commercial & non-commercial exhibitors and vendors, and computer gear. Admission is \$4.

Contributors

By Editor Dick Karman

It's high time that I thank so many of you who have contributed articles, art, and material to the Call Letter, this last 90 days. Without those contributions the news letter would lose its pizzazz.

Bud Larsen, from Medford, send along some great art work from vintage radio advertisements. I'll be featuring it as "cover art" for some time.

Dave Rutland has written some stories and also contributed the "Electron page" in last month's edition. (Contrary to the byline David did not write the tech tip on restoration of plastic knobs.)

Tom Moore, who did write the tech tip on restoring plastic knobs (sorry Tom), has sent along a technical pamphlet from the Firestone Company on refinishing radio cabinets (circa 1940).

Pete Peterson, of the Puget Sound club, has permitted us to reprint "whatever he writes." I appreciated the story about "Triode Thompson," and he's written another one that we'll see next month.

Sonny Clutter gave me some great copies of magazine ads and art work.

Thanks always goes to Vice President Gordon Phillips, who assembles a hearty band of volunteers to fold and staple the Call Letter each month, and to Scott MacGregor who takes photos, makes phone calls, and routinely makes up for the short time your editor has to spend.

Lastly, I would be remiss not to remember the board members of the Society who make it possible to have a newsletter.

Acquisitions

Scott MacGregor

1930 Philco Model 20 Deluxe Cathedral
1934 Philco Model 91 Cathedral 1936 Philco Model 60 Cathedral
1936 Zenith Model 9530A Tombstone

Gordon Phillips

Westinghouse H125 green refrigerator radio
Airing Pockette, battery tube, truck type
Gem small cathedral set
Zenith 6-G-030E Table set
Audio-Tronics model 250 cloth portable

Sonny Clutter

1930 "Western Television" scanning disk TV
1931 American Television scanning disk camera
'40s Pilot small white & black Deco table set

Speed Feldschau

Space ship Columbia Novelty set
Upright piano with stool novelty set
Micronic Ruby Standard set
Philco Model 20 Cathedral
Philco Model 70 Cathedral
Zenith 12-S-370 Console
Zenith 15-U-271 Console
Western Electric Brass Telegraph Key

Dick Dielschneider

1039 Zenith Model 8-S-359
Stewart-Warner 03-5E1 Plastic Tombstone
Zenith Model 5-G-403 wood table radio
Zenith Model 10-A-1 Console
Zenith Model 7-S-558 Console
Zenith Model 5-R-312 Plastic Table set
GE Model L-604 wooden table set
Zenith Model 6-J-305 Plastic Table set
Dewald Model A-500 White Plastic set
2 Zenith 8-S-661 Consoles
Grunow Model 1191 Console
Zenith Model 10-S-474 Console
Zenith Model 10-S-669 Console
Zenith Model 6-S-52 Console

22. Duet, Lucille Kirtley, soprano and Bernice Altstock, contralto, Walter accompanist.
 A. Whose Who Are You (Kern).
 B. Tea for Two, from "No, No, Nannette" (Youmans).
23. Telephone Quartet.
 A. Lou Lou Medly—Arr. by Telephone Quartet.
 B. Mighty Day (Abbett).
24. Concert Trio. Niala (Delibes).

The Store That Pinnacle Service Built

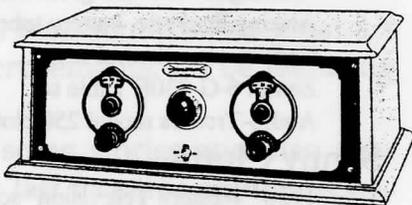
Helwig - Chapman Co.

Printing, Engraving, Stationery,
 Rubber Stamps, Filing Systems
 and Supplies

STENOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

85 Fifth Street, Between Stark and Oak
 "See Our Beautiful Line of
 Xmas Cards, Now Ready"

UNMATCHED
 FOR
 TONE



HALOWAT All-Wave Type AW-5
 In "A" Cabinet, price . . . \$155.00
 The new "All-Wave" may also be had in several
 other cabinet models in addition to one shown.

Prove to yourself HALOWAT superiority

The dealer who sells the HALOWAT knows from experience that "comparison proves its superiority". He will gladly demonstrate it against any other receiver, regardless of price. If its volume and clarity of tone do not win you in its favor, you will not be obligated to buy.

The quality of tone in the new Halowat 'All Wave' Receiver must be heard to be appreciated; its superior design, painstaking assembly and simplicity of operation must be seen, to convince you of its outstanding superiority to other makes.

It gets distance with clarity of tone that is amazing! It spans the full band of wave lengths from 185 to 570 meters with equal efficiency. In short, it gives everything one could wish for in a fine receiver—something heretofore unattained.

A five tube, tuned radio frequency receiver with two dial control—with direct reading of wave lengths in the dials. Designed to use the new Power tube as audio-amplifier. Ultra modern audio transformers, the most advanced and proven hook-up, account for the wide range and marvelous depth of tone in Halowat.

Do not buy any receiver until you have compared the Halowat. Sold only thru authorized Halowat dealers.

HALLOCK & WATSON RADIO CORP'N
 PORTLAND, OREGON

There is still some available territory for wide-awake dealers. Write for information.

TONE

TONE



HALOWAT

"COMPARISON PROVES ITS SUPERIORITY"

Quiz Answers

The answers to last months radio theme song quiz:

- The *William Tell Overture* belongs to **the Lone Ranger**, while the *Flight of the Bumblebee* was used by **the Green Hornet**. For cowboys, **Gene Autry** used *Back in the Saddle Again*, and **Roy Rogers** used *Happy Trails*. It was **Gracy Allen and George Burns** who had a *Love Nest*, and **Jack Benny** was *Love In Bloom*. **Rudy Vallee** always told us that *My Time Is Your Time*, and **Just Plain Bill** was the only show to use *Polly Wolly Doodle*. *Red River Valley* came out of your radio when it was time for **Our Gal Sunday**. **Bing Crosby** always let you know *When The Blue Of The Night Meets the Gold Of The Day*. **Glenn Miller's** theme was *Moonlight Serenade*. **Paul Whiteman** chose *Rhapsody In Blue*, and **Jimmy Durante** picked *Inka Dinka Doo*.

Swap Shop

Wanted

ARVIN "Hoppy radio" any condition, "AS IS" is fine; Philco type 80 "Junior" cathedral; Scott MacGregor (503) 661-1294.

Schematic prints and information on early 30's GEM cathedral set, 5 tubes (80, 24, 24, 24,45) sold by Meier & Frank field coils & output transformers missing too. Gordon Phillips (503) 234-3517.

Transistor radio collectors (not novelty)! I have been collecting transistors for a couple of years and have lots of extras and duplicates. I would like to get together with other collectors to do some trading. Sonny Clutter (503) 254-9296.

For Sale

Edison Upright Gramophone "some structural damage" but plays fine. Paid \$225, but open to reasonable offers. Bob Ewing (503) 649-8695 Call after Aug.17th or leave message.

Looking At Radio

■ From the book, "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash" by Jean Shepherd, published by Doubleday Publishers.

Excerpts from Chapter 4 The Asp Strikes Again.

Every day, when I was a kid, I'd drop anything I was doing, no matter what it was, stealing wire, having a fist fight, syphoning gas, no matter what, and I'd tear like a blue streak through the alleys, over fences, under porches, through secret shortcuts, to get home, not second too late for the magic time. My breathe rattling in wheezy gasps, sweating profusely from my long cross country run, I'd sit glassy-eyed and expectant before our Crosley Notre Dame Cathedral model radio. I was never disappointed. At exactly 5:15 just as dusk was gathering over the picturesque oil refineries, and the faint glow of the open hearths were beginning to show red against the gloom, the magic notes of the unforgettable theme song came rasping out of our Crosley: "*Who's that little chatter box? the one with curly auburn locks? Who do I see? It's Little Orphan Annie.*" (They don't write tunes like that any more.) There was one particularly brilliant line that dealt with Sandy, Little Orphan Annie's airedale sidekick. Who can forget it: "Arf goes Sandy." Arf! I think it was Sandy more than anything else that drew me to the Little Orphan Annie program. Dogs in our neighborhood never went Arf, and they certainly were a lot of things but never faithful.

Little Orphan Annie lived in this great place called Tompkin's Corners. There were people called Joe Corntassle and "Uncle." They never mentioned the pool room. there were no stock yards, nor fist fights, nor drunks sleeping in doorways in good old Tompkin's Corners. No way! Orphan Annie, and Sandy and Joe Corntassle were always out chasing pirates, or trapping smugglers, neither of which we ever had in Indiana, as far as I knew. We had plenty of hubcap stealers, and once even a guy who stole a lawn, but no pirates. At least they didn't call them that. She also had this great friend named the Asp, who, whenever she was in a really tight spot, would show up and just cut every body's head off. I figured that if there was something every kid of seven needed it was something named the

Asp. . . especially in our neighborhood. He wore a towel around his head.

Immediately after the nightly adventure, which usually took place near the headwaters of the dreaded Ornocho River, would come a guy named Pierre Andre, the definitive radio announcer: "Fellas and gals get set for a meeting of the Little Orphan Annie secret circle." Ahhh, his voice boomed out of the Crosley like some monster maniacal pipe organ, played by the devil himself. Vibrant, urgent, dynamic, commanding, Pierre Andre. I've often had a suspicion that a generation of American grew up feeling inferior to just the names of the guys on the radio: Pierre Andre, Harlow Wilcox, Vincent Peletiere, Truman Bradley, Westbrook Van Vorhees, Andre Barusche, Norman Brokenshire. Listen to those names. There wasn't a Charlie Schmidtlap in the lot.

"OK Kids, time to get out your secret decoder pin; time for another secret message direct from Little Orphan Annie to members of the Little Orphan Annie Secret Circle." I've got no pin. I'm living in a non-Ovaltine drinking neighborhood. "All right, set your pins to B-7, 22, 19, 8, 49, 6, 13, 3, 22; 1, 4, 19 . . ." Pierre Andre could get more out of just number than Orson Welles was able to squeeze out of King Lear. ". . . 14, 9, 32. OK fellas and gals, over and out." And then silence. The show was over and you had a sinister feeling that out there in the darkness all over the country there millions of kids decoding. All I could do was go to the kitchen where my mother was fixing supper and knock together a salami sandwich, and plot. Somewhere kids were getting the real truth from Orphan Annie; the message. I had no pin. I lived in an oatmeal-eating family, and listened to and Ovaltine radio show.

To get into the Little Orphan Annie Secret Circle you had to send in the silver inner-seal from a can of what Pierre Andre called "that rich chocolate-flavored drink that all kids love. Just like a malted milk that you make at home." I'd never even seen an Ovaltine can in my life. . .

There was a standard game played solo by almost every male kid that I ever heard of, at least in our neighborhood. It consisted of kicking a tin can or tin cans all the way home. The

game is not to be confused with a more formal athletic contest called "Kick the Can" which did have rules and even teams. Anyway, I'm kicking Pett condensed milk cans, baked bean cans, and sardine cans along the alley -- occasional changing cans at full gallop-- when I suddenly found myself kicking a can of a totally unknown nature. I kicked it twice; good solid running belts; before I discovered that what I was kicking was an Ovaltine can. It was the first that I had ever seen. Instantly I picked it up, astounded by the mere presence of an Ovaltine drinker in our neighborhood, and then discovered that they had not only thrown out the Ovaltine can but had left the silver inner-seal inside. Some rich family had thrown it all away.

Five minutes later I put that inner-seal in the mail and I start to wait. Every day I would rush home from school and ask, "Is there any mail for me?" Day after day; eon after eon, waiting for three weeks for something to come in the mail to a kid is like being asked to build a pyramid singe-handed using the #3 erector set, the one without the motor.

Everything comes to he who waits, I guess. At last, after at least 200 years of constant vigil, there was deliver to me a big, fat, lumpy letter. Boy, there are few things more thrilling in life than lumpy letters that rattle. I ripped it open, and there it was, my simulated gold, plastic decoder pin with knob, and my membership card. It was an important moment. Here was my first card. I was on my way. "Be it known to all and sundry that mr. Ralph Wesley Parker is hereby appointed a member of the Little Orphan Annie Secret Circle and is entitled to all of the honors and benefits accruing thereto." Signed Little Orphan Annie, and countersigned Pierre Andre, in INK! Honors and Benefits! At the age of seven I am Mr. Parker.

I can hardly wait till the adventure is over. I want to get to the real thing, the message. That is what counts. As 5:15 neared my excitement mounted. Running waves of goose pimples rippled up and down my spine as I hunched next to our 7-tube cathedral in the living room.

A pause; a station break, dong dong dong. "*Who's that little chatterbox? The one with curly auburn locks? Who do I see? It's Little Orphan Annie.*" It comes at long last: my old friend Pierre. He's

one of my friends now. I'm in. It's my first secret meeting. "OK Kids, time to get out your secret decoder pin; time for another secret message direct from Little Orphan Annie to members of the Little Orphan Annie Secret Circle. All Set? Here we go: set your pins at B-12" My eyes narrowed to mere slits, my steely claws working with precision, I set my simulated gold plastic decoder pin to B-12. "All Ready? Pencils set?" Old Pierre was in great voice tonight. I could tell that tonight's message was really important just by the sound of his voice. "7, 22, 13, 19, 8" I struggled furiously to keep up with booming voice dripping with tension and excitement. Finally, "OK Kids, that's tonight's secret message. Listen again tomorrow night when you'll hear: *Who's that little chatterbox* "

Ninety seconds later I'm in the only room in the house where a boy of seven can sit in privacy and decode. My pin on one knee, my indian chief tablet on the other I'm starting to decode my first secret message from Annie herself. 7- B I carefully wrote down my first decoded letter, and went to the next: 22-E, 13-S 19-U 15-R 22-E "B-E-S-U-R-E- Be sure. the messages coming through. excitement gripped my gut. I was getting the word from Annie herself. 14-T 8-O, Be Sure To . . . What? What was Little Orphan Annie trying to say? 17-D, 9-R, 16- 12- 1- 9- Be sure to drink . . . Ov . . . alt. . . ine. I sat for a long moment in that steamy room staring down at my indian Chief notebook. "Be sure to drink Ovaltine" A crumby commercial. I pulled up my corduroy knickers and went out to face the meat loaf and the red cabbage. The Asp had decapitated another victim.

The book, written By Jean Shepherd, is enjoyable and looks back at more than just radio. He reviews all types of pastimes and mile stones in the life of a boy growing up during the post-depression years.

Photos from the Keizer, Oregon Swap Meet Last Month.



