Call Letter

of the Northwest Vintage Radio Society, Portland, Oregon

Volume 19

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☐ This Month:



Vintage Radio & Related Nostalgia

Show and Sale

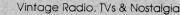
Back to the Past!

Saturday, September 11th, 1993

at the Multnomah Arts Center in the heart of Multnomah Village

SW 31st Ave & SW Capitol Hiway, Portland 9:00 AM to 2:00 PM





- Vintage Phonographs & Records
- Vintage Tubes & Test Equipment
- Related Vintage Advertising
- Restoration & Repair Service Info
- Transistor & Novelty Radios
 - Over 4,000 square feet







This is one of several events of this size and kind sponsored by NVRS. Collectors, hobbyists, and resellers will all be present. Table space is available. For directions and table reservations contact Sonny Clutter (503) 254-9296.



From Downtown Portland, Take I-5 southbound to Multnomah Blvd Exit,
From Multnomah turn right on SW 31st.
A community event sponsored by

the Northwest Vintage Radio Society,

P.O. Box 82379, Portland, OR 97282.



The Northwest 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

The Call Letter

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Radio Show and Sale September 11th, 1993 9 AM to 2 PM Multnomah Arts Center SW 31st & Capitol Hiway

This is the largest event of this kind in our society's recent history. Tables are nearly all sold and the word has gone out far and wide. Plan now to attend.

Gridcap Callahan

By Pete Petersen, of the PSARA

You would have liked Gridcap Callahan. He was somewhat of a curmudgeon, but kindly at heart. During the 1930s he ran a radio repair shop in my old neighborhood and everyone depended on him to keep their modest little radios working at prices they could afford. Customers didn't ask him how he managed to keep his prices lower than other shops, they just accepted it, along with his grumpy demeanor.

The kids especially like Gridcap and appreciated the help he gave them. When one ten-year-old, for example, complained that his home made two- tube receiver didn't bring in many stations, Gridcap growled something like "Why don't you put a decent antenna on that pile of junk?" Then his mood softened as he patiently explained about insulators, lightening arresters, and how a "decent" antenna is made. Scoutmaster lost count of how many boys he helped earn their radio merit badge.

Competing shops wondered how Gridcap could keep his prices so low. They wondered how he could troubleshoot so quickly, especially when they compared their modern oscilloscopes and analyzers with his ancient equipment, some with penciled marks on the dial faces to show often-used settings.

One day Gridcap was riding in a streetcar that collided with a coal truck. He was injured and unable to do much work for a while, other than diagnosis. The owner of a competing shop offered to let his apprentice, Jerry, work for Gridcap until his injuries healed. This offer wasn't as compassionate as it sounded; the owner planned to have Jerry tell him all that he learned and saw in Gridcap's shop.

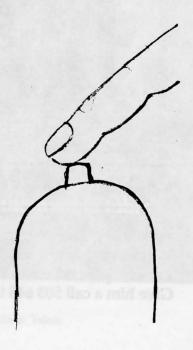
Jerry innocently came to work for Gridcap and at first was bewildered by what Gridcap did at the workbench. After a quick visual inspection he seemed to do little more than touch the radio a few times, then growl to Jerry to "Replace the audio tube." or "Solder a new bypass condenser into the detector circuit."

Jerry worked hard and learned a lot more than just radio repair. He learned to charge fair price. He learned not to embarrass customers of limited means by suggesting accessories they couldn't afford. He also learned the method that enabled Gridcap to diagnose trouble so quickly and earned the nickname given to him by his old buddies in the Signal Corps during the Great War.

Gridcap could tell by the sound he heard (or lack of sound) in a radio's loud speaker, when he touched the grid caps, one by one, with his fingertips which stage of a radio needed repair. He taught this to Jerry, and also how to tell whether the tube or another part needed replace-

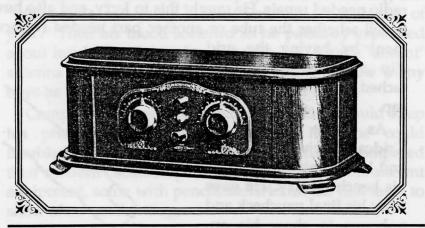
ment by having the grid clip attached, then unattached, when touching the cap.

As time went on, Gridcap's injuries mended and he was able to work at his bench all day. He gave Jerry his final paycheck and a bonus to show his appreciation for Jerry's work. Jerry thanked him and sadly said good-bye to the man he had come to respect, not just as an employer, but also as a friend and a mentor.



The next morning Jerry was back at his old job in the shop of Gridcap's competitor. As he plugged in his soldering iron the shop owner started a casual conversation with him. As they talked the owner asked questions about Gridcap that made Jerry uneasy. The questions became more pointed and Jerry saw through the scheme. He asked himself what might become of this gruff old man who had befriended him if the competitors learned his tricks. He wondered if Gridcap might have to change the way he treated his customers or helped the neighborhood kids. Jerry wondered about a person's obligation to a friend.

Jerry tactfully managed to avoid most of the questions. Exasperated at learning so little, the owner ended his questions with "How did Gridcap get such a silly nickname anyway?" Jerry just smiled.



Good & Welfare

Member Lester Lewis who was recuperating from a broken leg last month, fell and injured himself. Sonny Clutter and a few of the members who have talked to Lester report he could use some talk with other collectors. Give him a call 503 648 9730.

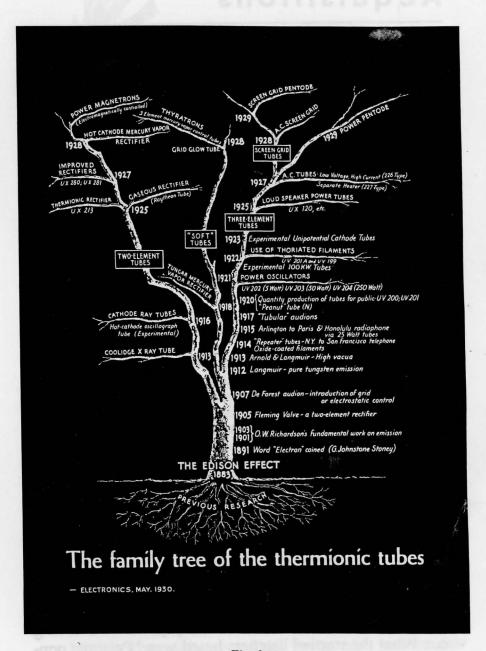


Fig. 2

Development of Thermionic Tubes.

Acquisitions

Gordon Phillips

Crosley Console Model 1191

Arborphone Table Model 45

Crosley Tombstone Model 80AW

Emerson Portable Model 509

Steinite Table set with Brenner Tully Spkr

Stromburg Carlson "All Wave" selector Model 69

Philco Cathedral Model 37-61

Dick Dielschnieder

1947 Midwest Model 716 Console

Grunow Model 7A Tombstone

Philco 40-180 Console

Philco 41-280 Console

Zenith 9-S-365 Console

Jim Mason

1926 Long Model B-5 Battery Set

1938 GE model Gd41A Blue Mirror Set

1940 Edison model 5F catlin

1947 Silent Tone hospital radio

Bloopers

From the Blunderful World of Bloopers

At WLW, Cincinnati in 1948, a radio drama was being aired live. The scene was a Middle East market place, and the two principle actors were talking. A sound effects record was supposed to be sound like a Middle East market. The effects man accidentally picked the wrong cut. What the startled listeners heard was "Peanuts, popcorn. crackerjacks, cigars, cigarettes, hot dogs,..."



Atmospherica

By Tom James Six Senses Worth

What's the worst "stench" old radio cat?
Well, let me be your informer It's the smell of that classic set
With its smoking hot transformer!

What's the worst taste that comes to mind; One leaving your tongue in welts? It's the taste when a friend of yours Sells his "Grimes" to someone else!

What's the worst feel you can perceive?
It's a shock that almost smarts.
It's the gritty grind of the cogs
As the pot-metal falls apart!

What's the worst sight that meets the eyes, At the big sale down at Lents? It's when that foreign Scalawag Acquires those Atwater Kents!

What's the worst you've ever "heard?"
It was when that Gaffer Zeke
Said that his old "Deresnadyne"
Became Mr. T's last week!

How about the sixth sense, old timer,
Does it direct you where to snoop,
To beat those early birds
To get a woppin' Ole' scoop?
If it doesn't Bub,
You don't fit into our club!

NOTE: Your editor nor Tom James who penned this poem ever feel that they have this sixth sense.



Clearly, distinctly, as though given in the same room, messages from W. L. W. Broadcasting Station, Crosley Mfg. Co., Cincinnati are heard in all parts of America if a Crosley Model X—a four-tube radio frequency set—is used. This remarkable instrument, very easy to tune, simple and beautiful in construction, has repeatedly brought in messages over 4,900 miles away. Other Crosley Models, like the Model VIII, three-tube set—price \$48, and the Model VI, two-tube set—price \$28, have given exceptional results to thousands of satisfied users everywhere.

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Sorry !

The typographical errors in the *Looking At Radio* article in the August edition of the Call Letter were a result of none other than your editor. I'll try to have fewer in futu/re issues.