

Indiana Historical Radio Society

BULLETIN

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No. 4





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### FOR SOCIETY INFORMATION WRITE TO:

- Vice President - For legal matters of the I H R S.
- Secretary - For general correspondance and membership applications.
- Treasurer - For membership payments and address changes. (1983 I H R S membership dues remain \$6.00.)
- Historian - For history of the I H R S and for donations of material for the Society Scrapbook.

Please use a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope when requesting information.

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I H R S MEETING SCHEDULE

1 9 8 3

I H R S Winter Meeting - Indianapolis

Saturday, February 26, 1983 at the Sherwood,  
6500 South Emerson (see the enclosed map -  
south east Indianapolis).

10:00AM Set up for SWAP N' SELL. There is  
plenty of space for trading, selling and  
display. Ground level entry at the rear  
of the building for those of you with lots  
of equipment.

11:00AM The I H R S Winter Meeting officially  
begins.

12:00Noon Luncheon at the Sherwood. Enjoy a  
casual lunch with I H R S members.

1:00PM Business Meeting.

1:30PM Swap N' Sell some more.

3:00PM Have a safe trip home.

A registration fee of \$1.00 will be collected  
at the door. The luncheon price is \$5.25  
(includes the registration fee) and will be  
collected when you arrive.

Call Fred Prohl, (317)849-5687 or Bob Shuck (317)  
849-0210 or Ed Taylor (317)638-1641 if you have  
questions concerning Indianapolis weather conditions.

\* \* \* \* \*

April 16, 1983 The Indiana Historical Radio Society  
and The Antique Wireless Association Regional  
Spring Meeting. Auburn, Indiana.

SWAP MEET - AUCTION - CONTEST - FOOD - ENTERTAINMENT

cover: "Western Electric News" March 1924

# ★ ★ RADIOADS ★ ★

SELL - Atwater Kent Model H, horn speaker, perfect condition. Will pack carefully for shipping, \$70.00. Peerless wood cathedral type speaker, professionally restored cabinet, works perfect. Will ship \$25.00. Ronald Burtzos, 915 Crane Dr., Apt 703, DeKalb, Ill 60115.

WANTED - Two plain black 4" dials with a scale of 0-150 in 270°. Tad Drogoski, 507 Cool Valley Rd., Clairito, PA 15025

WANTED - Atwater Kent parts, one and two filament controls with switch panels, detector and amplifier tubes panels for 01 and 99 tubes and RF and detector coils. William L. Compton, 11 Harbor woods Dr., Clearwater, Florida 33519

SELL - Low cost battery eliminator for Antique Radios. Can be used internal or external to the set. For information send SASE to Peter Yanczer, 835 Bricken Place, warson woods, MO 63122

WANTED for MUSEUM PROJECT - Regency Model TR-1 Transistor Set, uses 22.5 volt battery. Cash or trade. Ross Smith, 1133 Strong Ave. Elkhart, IN 46514

SELL - Cone speakers - Vogue, Thorola, Utah, RCA 100/100B/103, AK E3 Farranel. Horn speakers, Atlas B - Amplion Dragonfly, BHT Baby Sterling, AK-L, Magnavox M4, horn microphone WE-4A and 360 assembly. Base and vibrator for Music Master. All cones working - good to mint condition, All for \$800.00. Eddy Clement, 6395 St. Zotique, Montreal, PQ. HIM-3H7, Canada 514-255-9141

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## Reflectone

THE "MINI" LOUD SPEAKER WITH THE GIANT VOICE

Registered

Only 5 Inches High—\$8.00

RICE & HOCHSTER

134 Washington Place New York City

World Radio History

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# ★ ★ RADIOADS ★ ★

SELL - Instruction sheets for Aeriola Sr. receiver lids. Beautiful reproduction. \$3.00 each plus .75¢ handling per order. Peter Yanczer, 835 Bricken Pl., St. Louis, MO 63122

WANTED - Thordarson condenser capacity and leakage tester, unit no. T-7500 and instruction manual, circa 1936. James Fred, Cutler, IN 46920

WANTED - Loop Antena for Model 28 Radiola and manual for same. T. A. Drogoski, 507 Cool Valley, Clairton, PA 15025

WANTED - Information on a Radio Transmitter marked RT-3 and matching Receiver marked RR-2B. No other markings shown. These appear to be WWII equipment - 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4" - cases are cast alum. Very 'Robust' construction. Tubes are 1T4, 1S4 etc. Can any one help with any info, schematics etc. Paul Greg, phone 317-846-3094 or write at 725 College way, Carmel, Indiana 46032

DENNIS THE MENACE

By Hank Ketcham



"It musta been pretty dull sittin' around watchin' one of these."

The Continental Radio Corp, the former manufacturer of "Star-Raider" radio receivers, with production plants in Fort Wayne, Indiana, is now in charge of J.E. Eschbach, as equity-receiver appointed by the court, and Mr. Eschbach, a banker of Fort Wayne, who has also been appointed receiver for the Steinite Radio Company, the radio receiver manufacturer of that same city, has already assumed supervision of the factories and stocks-on-hand, of both of these concerns although the plants are inactive and have been for some time.

John Beatte, chief executive of the United Air-Cleaner Corp. the manufacturer of Sentinel radio receivers, in Chicago, made a bid for the Continental concern and for all of it's assets, which included an "RCA" license for radio set manufacture, but Mr. Beatte's bid was rejected. He offered the creditors 25 cents on the dollar.

What Mr. Beatte was after was the "RCA" license, which he intended to apply to both Continental Radio Corp. and to the United Air-Cleaner Corp., if he had acquired it, intended to continue to operate the plant of Continental in Fort Wayne, and to have the Sentinel Radio factory of United Air-Cleaner Corp, in Chicago, continue it's radio production uninterrupted. Mr. Beatte made a cash offer of \$10,000 down and agreed to pay about \$85,000 in all, but over a long term.

A representative stationed at the Continental plant, in Fort Wayne, announced to two reporters of RADIO RETAILING, on May 6, 1930, that it had not been decided whether to sell the assets of Continental piece-meal or as a whole. The factory, itself is leased, not owned, by that concern. Charles Mead, president of the First National Bank, of Fort Wayne, is also the chairman of the board of directors of the Caphart Co. is said to have negotiated for Caphart to take over the Continental Corp. as a going business with the principal object of acquiring the "RCA" license. The Caphart Company, a producer of elaborate radio and phonograph combinations, has no "RCA" license to make radios. At present it inserts chassis, especially made for Caphart, by the Howard Radio Corporation of South Haven, Michigan who has the "RCA" license.

*Submitted by Alan Douglas. E.7.*

# For the Love of Mike

By A. COOPER ALLEN

*Drawings by George C. Williamson*

IT was the night before Christmas and all through the house there was a subdued air of expectancy. The light from the shaded reading lamp cast its mellow rays upon the big padded arm chair before the cheerful grate fire and crept partially up the four walls, leaving the ceiling in semi-darkness. The atmosphere of the room was warm and redolent of peace and piquant odor of cedar.

Curled in a heap in the deep padding of the big chair was the boy, his eyes glued to the pages of a book. Occasionally he stirred, turned the pages, muttered below his breath and continued to read. The curly haired dog—the boy's sole companion—lay comfortably dreaming on his rug at one end of the davenport, all unconscious of the joyous Christmas-tide.

Over against the wall in the dining room was dimly outlined a long table which gave back a glitter of silver, cut-glass, and the gaudy colors and tinsel of a small ornamented tree. Here and there about the two rooms were wreaths of Oregon grape, holly, and the red, red, berries of the madrone—for this was a home in a little Oregon valley.

The silence was absolute until there suddenly came a half uttered whine from the dog. It ceased almost as quickly as it came. A few more moments of silence then again the half-whining bark. The great chair creaked and the boy looked around at the quivering muscles of the dreaming dog. For a moment he regarded the animal intently as the peculiar barking increased and the dog's legs moved spasmodically as if in a labored run.

"Aw, cut it out!" growled the boy. "If you want to ride that night-horse, hike into the kitchen."

The dog slowly opened his eyes, blinked a few times and promptly resumed his interrupted nap. With a yawn the boy slumped again into the chair and flipped a page of the book.

Dead silence again. Only the tick-tock of the clock was heard. The boy's head drooped over the pages and then a faint tinkle, tinkle, as of bells came on the air. Santa Claus! The youthful eyes opened, the head raised and he listened. Plainly it came—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

The big chair creaked, the boy slid out and stood listening. Again came the tinkle. The boy moved to the back part of the house and a sleepy voice broke the silence.

"Bobbie, is that you?"

"Yas'm."

"What are you doing?"

"Lookin' for Santa Claus—whadayu s'pose I heard his bells."

"Bells" came the female voice with a rising inflection. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Well, I heard sleigh bells out back and came to investigate," retorted Bobbie.

"Find out?"

"Sure."

"Sleigh bells?"

"Yah-h-h," he drawled. "Bunk. It's rainin'—droppin' from the roof on tin cans. Never have snow here. I wish——"

"I've told you to carry those cans away," interrupted the voice, "and you had better——"

"Uh-huh," grunted the boy and the door slammed as he returned to the chair.

Silence again, and then a stealthy noise at the front of the house. The dog pricked up his ears, jerked his tail a couple of times, and closed his eyes again—the figure in the chair did not move.

ASLIGHT scratching at the door then the knob slowly turned and the figure of a man with dripping hat and coat came through the opening. Furtively he looked about then entered bearing a long, oblong, bundle under his arm. Silently he crept across the room toward the Christmas tree on the table.

He was undoubtedly Santa Claus but clothed in the conventional garb of the average business man. The only possible method of identification of the merry elf was his mysterious, stealthy, entrance. It was evident he feared discovery as he cautiously moved across the floor. He passed the high back of the big chair and glanced at the dying embers of the fire. Then he halted suddenly, arrested by a voice from the padded depths of the chair.

"Low Sandy Claus. Whatcha got?"

"Bobbie! What are you doing up, at this time of night?"

"Readin'."

"Reading? What is so interesting to keep you up this late?"

"Gulliver's Travels—book review—school—all bunk," and Bobbie squirmed and yawned.

"Well, you hop to bed—right now. How do you expect Santa Claus to come if you sit up all night? It's Christmas right now."

"All right, Dad—I'm goin'," and Bobbie uncurled his six feet of seventeen year old sinew and sauntered out.

"Merry Christmas, Dad! Call me early!"

Dad grinned and continued his journey across the room, planted the long package carefully upon the table and swept the polished silver tableware ruthlessly to one side. Then he removed his dripping hat and coat, hung them carefully in a pile on the davenport and again opened the front door. Here he picked up sundry mysterious bundles, placed them on the table by the diminutive tree, muttering to himself "A battery, B's horn." Seating himself at his desk he sought for and found a card and wrote rapidly upon it, placed it upon the large package and snapping out the light, sought his room.

## For the Love of Mike

**A** GAIN the cheerful fire upon the hearth, the peaceful quiet room, now flooded with light. In the big chair was Dad, a brand-new pair of slippers upon his feet, a new smoking-jacket about his shoulders, and a pair of horn rimmed glasses upon his nose. In his hand a magazine, the page before his eyes lined with many names and strange hieroglyphics such as PAG, KXY, WBC, etc.

On the table in the corner stood an oblong, mysterious looking, box with strange dials on its black face and beside it a queer black horn turned its mouth toward the room. Before this strange box sat Bobbie, the expression on his face denoting highly concentrated thought while his fingers manipulated sundry wires leading in from the window. From back in the kitchen now and then came the rattle of dishes and snatches of song where Ma was busy putting away the remains of the Christmas dinner.

Bobbie tightened a wire to a series of small, red-topped, boxes studded with brass taps, leaned back, and the concentrated attention changed to one of pleased expectancy.

"Got her hooked up," he announced.

Dad grunted and looked around in his chair, his eyes peering over the horn bows. Of course Dad had no great interest in the affair, for he was not very much impressed with radio.

"Turn her on," he suggested after a wait.

"Well, I have, haven't I?" grunted Bobbie.

"Can't hear anything," apologetically.

"Give her time, can't you?"

Dad subsided, but, though the magazine was held before his eyes he saw nothing—but his ears were twisted to the rear like a mule's.

Silence—dead silence. Bobbie turned the dials backward and forward. Silence.

Bobbie lifted the cover. Inside, five tubes glowed with mellow light midst mystic combinations of wire and strange apparatus.

"It says here—" began Dad, but was suddenly stopped.

"I don't care what it says—I'm doing this."

"W-e-l-l," drawled Dad, "you are evidently doing it wrong. I told you—"

"I got it," broke in Bobbie. "Got my A battery poles reversed. Now . . ."

A slight sound issued from the horn, Bobbie twisted the tails of the dials. The hissing turned to a frying sound.

"You've got the kitchen," ventured Dad facetiously. "I can hear bacon frying."

"For gosh sakes! Can't you keep still? I'm gettin' 'em, if—"

Dad left his chair and stood before the yawning mouth of the horn. Strange murmurs, crackles, and the sound of frying came forth. They listened in strained attention as the dials slowly turned. Suddenly there was a squawk and a whistle—then only buzzing.

"Nearly got 'em that time," Bobbie exulted.

"You bet," Dad agreed heartily. "I heard him whistling for his dog."



"HE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY SANIA CLAUS  
But clothed in the conventional garb of the average business man"



## For the Love of Mike

BOBBIE'S hands dropped from the dials and he sank back in his chair as his gaze rested upon his father's face in utter disgust. Dad subsided and sought sanctuary in his chair. Bobbie returned to the dials—there were three big ones with some kind of scale marked on them, and there were a couple of other knobs. Bobbie was busy and his neck was stretched to the limit trying to get his ear nearer the horn. Faint sounds as of distant music and voices seemed to come from a hundred miles back in the black throat of the horn. Bobbie strained his ears and Dad held his breath in wrapt attention. Then a door at the back of the house slammed, dishes rattled and a woman's voice rolled through the room warbling snatches of a Christmas carol. A muttered explosion was half smothered in the throat of the boy as he impatiently thrust back his chair and made for the sound—Dad only gasped.

Bobbie returned and left silence behind him—Dad grinned.

Again the slow, deliberate, turning of the dials without result. Then the voice from the chair:

"Jones just turns one dial and gets 'em right away and——"

"Y-a-h-h-h-h!" came scornfully from the young hopeful. "Single-tube regenerative—cheap—this is different. Ah-ha!"

This time it was unmistakable. Far back back in the foothills of the machine could be heard a woman's voice—high soprano. Dad slid out of his chair and stole silently up behind the absorbed operator. Back and forth Bobbie moved the dials and the illusive sound died away or returned, according to the manipulation of the dials. He placed his hand upon a knob and began to turn. The volume increased and suddenly burst forth in all its glory and power: "*Zitty-zit-zit-zit. Zitty-zit-zit-zit.*"

Dad snorted. "It's a Zulu lullaby," he laughed.

"*For the love of Mike!*" shouted Bobby in high dudgeon. "If you can't keep quiet, get out! I was just about to get 'em——"

"Seems to me you got a whole beehive that time."

"Gosh darn it—that's just like you. You don't know the telegraph code when you hear it and—and—oh, heck!" What's the use!" Bobbie threw a switch, the sounds ceased and he pushed back his chair.

Ma, in the kitchen, saw the door open slowly and Dad appear looking over his glasses in a quizzical way.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, realizing there was something in the wind.

"I beat it," explained Dad. "He got a Zulu band or a hive of bees or something buzzing around in the horn and——"

"I suppose you had some smart remarks to make about it?" she broke in accusingly.

"I only joked him a little," he acknowledged and his tones implied guilt.

"Well, you leave the boy alone. I," with emphasis, "think he is doing just fine—it isn't every boy his age, and never having had a radio before, could do as well. He——"

"He hasn't got a thing yet. Cost nearly two hundred bucks—I told him they are just in the experimental stage—never heard anyone get anything but whistles and howls and noise."

"But this is different." Ma stoutly defended her idol, "this is a—a—well, it's some kind of a dyne and it won't make those noises."

"It's already making them. If you don't believe it, go listen to it."

"Then it's all your fault. You allowed yourself to be cheated." positively declared Ma. "You know I told you to be careful."

"I got the one he picked out."

"It was probably a bargain—you always opposed the idea so you just picked any old thing and——"

But Dad had fled. As he wasn't ready to go to bed and he wouldn't go out he could only return to the "studio."



"THAT CONTRIVANCE PROMISES TO DRIVE US ALL OUT"

## For the Love of Mike

He was completely bluffed so he sneaked in on tip toes, for Bobbie was once more at the machine. He made about four steps when Bobbie whirled.

"For the love of Mike! Can't you keep still? Your shoes squeak so I can't hear a thing."

"I got to move, don't I?" Dad defended himself and sneaked toward his chair. The slippers were new and Dad was not conscious there was a very mild, weak, little squeak in them. He halted with his back to the fire watching his son who had again turned to the dials, then, after several minutes, sat down in his chair, wriggled into a comfortable position and opened the evening paper. Instantly the storm broke.

**F**OR the love of Mike! Just as I had 'em you——"

"Dad-burn it, do you expect me to sit here and twiddle my thumbs all evening?" Dad began to grow a bit irritable. He had opposed the installation of the "infernal thing" on the grounds of cost. He thought this business too "purely experimental." He had not expected to hear anything very much out of the set and, from self defense, had gone the limit and purchased what they had thought was the best and newest on the market, thereby hoping to get a slight return for his money. He was prepared to swallow his loss and expected failure, but he had not counted upon his peaceful home being rent and turned into a domestic battlefield. The flames of combat began to burn and, as Bobbie had much of his own disposition, the fur promised to fly.

"Well, you can listen, can't you? That's what it is for."

A stinging retort was on the tip of his tongue when a movement in the shadows of the next room caught his eye and Ma beckoned to him. He arose and, with bristles standing straight up, stamped into the kitchen.

"Now, Dad," she began when she had closed the door behind him, "remember, this is Christmas and there should be peace——"

"Peace!" he shouted. "Ha, ha, ha! Ever since that blamed thing was turned on there has been nothing but growls and snarls. Why can't you all be good natured and tolerant like I am? This is Christmas but, all you two do is to try and brow-beat me and——"

There was a sound at the door and Dad opened it. The dog sneaked into the room with tail between his legs and sought a secluded corner beneath the kitchen table, for he had indulged in an ardent flea scratching bee just when Bobbie had again "nearly got 'em."

"See! See!" Dad exulted. "Even the dog had to beat it. That contrivance promises to drive us all——"

"Dad! Dad!" came excited cries from the front room and, forgetting all his troubles, Dad answered the call with Ma following close behind. Bobbie was sitting back, his face wreathed in a happy smile, as there came floating from the horn, and filling all the rooms, the clear, sweet, notes of an orchestra. There was no doubt of it, for every note came distinctly and without distortion. Dad and Ma halted on either side of the happy boy—Ma supremely blissful and tears of pride in the eyes of Dad as he rested one hand upon Bobbie's shoulder.

"Who is it?" whispered Dad in awed tones.

"Don't know yet—listen!"

The sweet strains died away. There followed a moment of silence, then a clear voice distinctly announced the call letters and the name of the city.

"Pittsburgh!" exulted Bobbie.

"Pittsburg, and this is Oregon!" echoed Ma in an awed whisper.

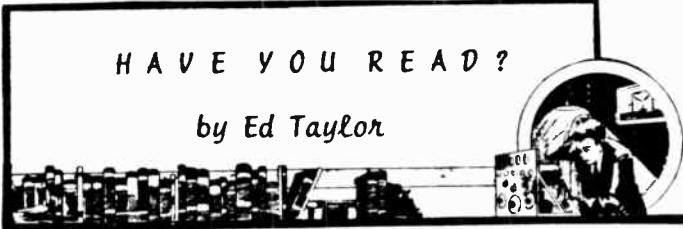
"Pittsburgh!" proudly exclaimed Dad. "For the love of Mike!"



EVERY NOTE CAME THROUGH CLEARLY

HAVE YOU READ?

by Ed Taylor



**Nathan B. Stubblefield**

**The Father of Radio \***

1982

Born on a farm near Murry, Ky. in 1860, Stubblefield was a bright child who developed an interest in science and electricity at an early age. In 1892 he gave a private demonstration of his wireless telephone to close friends. By 1898 Stubblefield had patented an electrical storage battery and in 1902 gave a public demonstration of voice transmission without wires. This was reported in a number of newspapers and Stubblefield was acclaimed as the inventor of voice broadcasting. However, following this hour of glory it was all downhill. Stubblefield became the victim of theft, swindles, and frustration in getting his patents. His methods were obsolete when his patents were granted in 1908.

Depressed and disillusioned, he left his home and family to live alone and in poverty for many years. He died in 1928 of starvation.

This interesting 15 page booklet is available from the author. Send \$2.00 to: J. Winston Coleman, Jr., 2048 Blairmore, Lexington, KY. 40503.

\* It must be noted that Stubblefield invented (in his own words) a wireless telephone and not radio.

In this case wireless and radio are NOT synonymous. While methods such as using rods in the ground and the earth as a conductor, induction from one large coil to another through the air, or speech modulated light beams may be called wireless (no wires between transmitter and receiver) this is not part of the electro-magnetic spectrum now known as radio waves.



# THE VICTORY RADIO

James A. Fred

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Did you ever hear of the Victory Radio? I found one at the J. Herbert Orr Radio-Phonograph auction sale in Opalika, Alabama.

The radio is a simple one tube receiver. The cabinet is made of 3/16 inch black colored cardboard. Some previous owner proceeded to remove most of the outer black colored layer of paper.

A radio repairman working for j. Herbert Orr left a note inside the cabinet with this message:

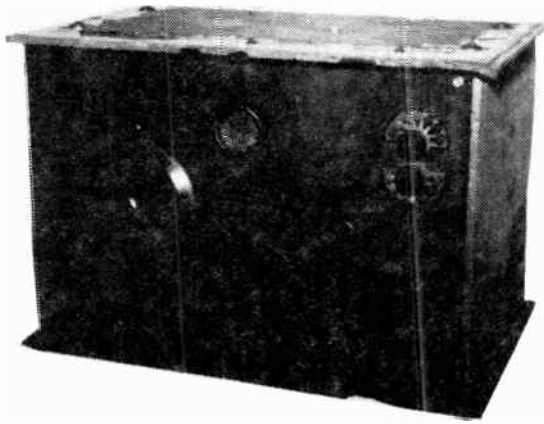
"The Victory model. Built about 1923, one tube set, plays good, serial 1454."

I tried to find some information about the radio in McMahon's Radio Collectors Guide. I found the Victory Radio Electric Company had made a radio in 1923. The price was listed as \$102.00, but I hardly think that this price would refer to a one tube cardboard cabinet radio.

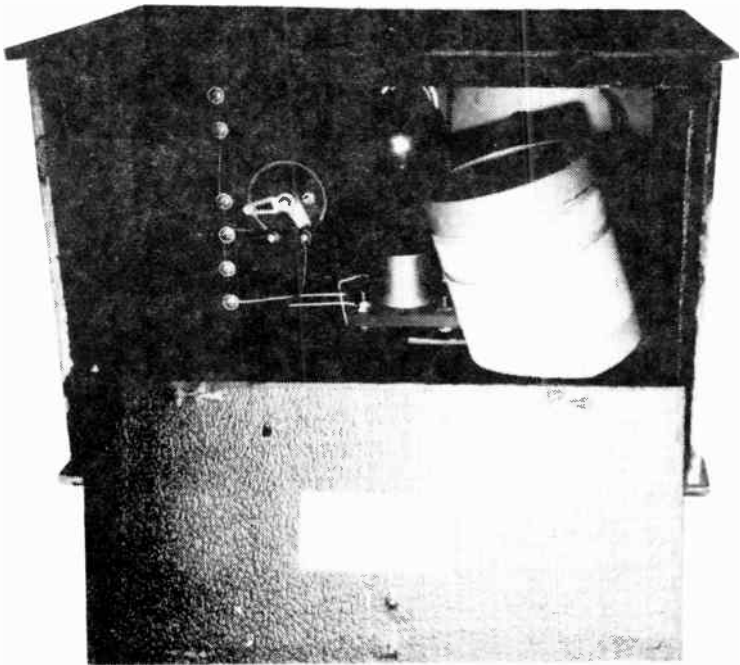
The 1925 edition of the Radio Trade Directory lists a Victory Radio Electro Company, at 559 Howard Street, San Francisco, CA. There is no way to tell if my radio was made by this company.

If any collector reading this story has a radio of this type and make I would like for him to contact mee. He can call collect any evening at (317)268-2214.





This is the Victory Radio that has a cardboard cabinet. It is in very poor condition. Some one removed most of the outer black layer of cardboard.



This rear view, with the back open, shows how well the radio looks inside. according to a technician at the auction the radio plays well.

## IMRS MUSEUM EXPANDED

Our display of antique radios and collectables has been expanded at the Auburn-Cord- Dusenbergl museum in Auburn, Ind. At our last meeting in Valparaiso a committee was appointed to help Del Barrett change the display, since many of the items were his own personal property. A plan was adopted to set up a new exhibit by various members of our association on a loan basis. As a result of this decision a work day was scheduled for Oct. 16. George and Edna Clemans, Nelson and Tammy Freble, Jerry Hueber, Dr. Russel Manselman, Helen and Del Barrett met at the museum to work.

Eight glass showcases purchased from the J. C. Penney Co. in Ft. Wayne were set up, cleaned and filled with various sets and memorabilia. These cases added to the twenty-six others we have make a beautiful display of "on loan" Materials. Skip Marketti, executive director of the Auburn museum has expressed his pleasure with the display.

Much credit goes to these people who have donated their time and effort.

It is hoped that in the future other members of our society will loan material to keep our museum display interesting to the general public, and we can do this on a revolving basis. We have the finest display of old radios in Indiana. Come see it at Auburn.



**PHILADELPHIA WIRELESS SALES CORPORATION**

R H G MATHEWS 9ZN

Ralph "Matty" Mathews, co-founder of Chicago Radio Laboratory, which later became Zenith Radio, passed away recently in Ajijic, Mexico.

"Matty" had a long career in Radio and his powerful Wireless Station 9ZN was well known throughout the country. He served in the South Pacific during World War II with the rank of naval Commander.

Matty was buried with full military honors at Ft. Sam Houston in Texas.

He will be sorely missed by us Old Timers.

Leo Gibbs

\* \* \* \* \*

CLAUDE W. SHEETS

Indiana Historical Radio Society member Claude W. Sheets from Flora, Indiana died last September, 1982. Mr Sheets was a radio operator aboard several ships in the Great Lakes. More recently he was owner and operator of Cutler Mill in Cutler, Indiana.





'SHIP' cone speakers. From Ed Taylor's collection.

