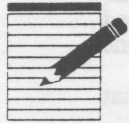


# The Jersey Broadcaster

NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW JERSEY ANTIQUE RADIO CLUB

Fall 1995

Volume 1 Issue 3



## MEETING NOTES

Thanks to President Tony Flannagan for an excellent demonstration on making clear plastic dial covers. With just a few simple tools (3/4" plywood, a sheet of .030" plastic, heat gun, sabre saw, etc.) Tony was able to produce a quality reproduction in a short amount of time. Perhaps we can persuade him to capture his techniques in a future Broadcaster article. Tony also announced that he is in contact with Dorothy Avalone, Deputy Mayor of Freehold Township, regarding the potential site for a club-sponsored radio museum. It appears that the next step is to create some form of "marketing" brochure describing the club's purpose, activities and fiscal condition to present not only to Freehold Township but other prospective locations.

On another note, the club unanimously agreed to approach Grace Lutheran Church regarding the donation and installation of a permanent sound system in appreciation of its hospitality; this will, no doubt, also enhance our meetings. John Dilks has offered to supply an amplifier and Rick Weibezahl and Tony Flanagan have offered speakers. Also, in the spirit of donating, Marv Beeferman and Richard Brill volunteered to co-sponsor the upcoming March 16 swapmeet. Offers of help were also provided by Marty Friedman, David Chmielewski, Jerry Dowgin, Jon T. Butz Fiscina and John Dilks. A few more members would still be appreciated for parking control, table set-up and tear-down (or I should say "fold-up") so please contact Marv Beeferman as soon as possible.

In closing, President Tony Flanagan and your editor wish you all a happy and healthy holiday season with hopes that at least one of our members winds up with an AK-5 from Santa.

## MEETING NOTICE

Please join us on Friday, Dec. 8 when the NJARC will hold its annual holiday meeting at 7:30 pm at the Grace Lutheran Church, corner of Route 33 and Main Street in Freehold...refreshments will be provided. If you care to contribute cookies, munchies or a sample of your favorite holiday snack (this editor whips up a mean chopped liver which should guarantee a huge turnout), please contact Marv Beeferman at 609-693-9430 no later than Dec. 6. We are also asking members to bring one interesting radio/phonograph/audio-related item that might be shared informally with the group.

## THE LITTLE NIPPER DIVISION OF RCA

Told by Larry LaPatka

Edited by Floyd Paul and Ludwell Sibley

Larry LaPatka graduated from the University of Minnesota in June of 1937 with an electrical-engineering degree and went to work for RCA on July 5 in the production division. In early 1939, he was selected with three others and placed in a newly created unit, the "Little Nipper Division." Normally, an operation of this sort would have been under the RCA Victor Division, the regular manufacturing arm of RCA. However, RCA management decided that, to compete effectively with Emerson and Detrola in the low-priced line of sets, they would have to create a division free from the cumbersome mechanisms of a large radio manufacturer and allow it to operate without overhead constraints and rigid procedural rules. There was one requirement by management: for the new Division to come up with a radio for under ten dollars. LaPatka remembers the design and manufacturing problems of that time but says, "I designed the 9TX-1 in a brown plastic cabinet set that sold for \$9.95."

The *carte blanche* operating mode of the Little Nipper Division was not unlike the secretive "skunk works" of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. The freedom of operation from the RCA Victor Division brought jealousy from RCA Victor management people because the Little Nipper Division could use the departmental organizations of RCA Victor to implement its work. For example, Little Nipper could place purchase orders through the RCA Victor buying group but did not have to submit to any rules, regulations, approvals or delays of the RCA Victor procedures.

Larry remembers the Division taking over the fourth floor of the RCA Victor manufacturing building in Camden. They were indeed an autonomous group.

(continued on page 5)

## RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARC

### A RADIO-ROW CHRISTMAS STORY

By F.W. Chesson  
Waterbury, CT.

Officer Mike Hartley threaded his way through the holiday crowds toward the construction site on old Cortland Street. Late afternoon, Christmas Eve, and he couldn't help but think that maybe he should not have taken this moon-lighting security job. Especially with everybody else heading home to family, friends and whatever.

But Cathy was doing an extra shift at Central Dispatch, and they had agreed that if one worked, so would the other. Anyway, come Christmas, they'd have the whole day free together. Life in the Big Wormy Apple . . .

Jack, the day guard, was standing by the compound's gate. "You're late!" he announced. "Santa's on his way and I got last minute shopping over in Secaucus. So get your butt in here, because we got a real VIP guest." He gestured with his lunch box at the office trailer. "Yeah, Don Crump, owner of this construction company is here.

"THE Crump?" Mike's brows rose. "What's HE doing here, on Christmas Eve?" "Checking up on us!" Jack laughed. "Relax, he may be Boss Man, but he's still one helluva nice guy. Even likes the Secret Java I brew!"

Mike shrugged and stepped through. "OK. I suppose anyone who likes your Vulture Vomit must be a little crazy to be here tonight. So, have a Cool Yule, and I'll see you around."

"And a Frantic First to you and yours!" Jack shut the gate and merged with the crowd headed for the nearby Hudson Terminal.

A middle-aged, well-built man in an engineer's jacket stood up from a desk near the trailer's mid section and extended his hand. "Officer Hartley? I'm Don Crump."

"Pleasure, sir," Mike said, feeling

the firm clasp. "Never thought I'd meet my ultimate boss down here!" His smile ebbed to a frown. "Is there something wrong . . . Mister Crump?"

"It's Don, Mike. And not to worry. My wife is over at Beekman, doing her volunteer hospital work, so I figured I'd do a quick audit before picking her up." He tapped a stack of ledgers. "Been a cop long?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah, too damn long, eight years long. But I finally made Detective and hope to get transferred in January, so long as there aren't any more Budget cut-backs." He grinned. "Real sorry about that!"

"Don't laugh." Crump picked up a clip-board and scowled at it. "If this Rotten Apple graft gets any worse, we may both be out of a job come next year!"

"Maybe we could be private eyes, together."

"I'll survive. Anyway, congratulations on the promotion. You sound like you really paid your dues."

"Devil's Dues, maybe. Five years of night school at John Jay College. Law, criminology, forensics . . . Damn classes nearly ruined me and Cathy's thing."

"Yeah, Mike, it can be a bummer, alright, but it pays off in the end, if you can stick it out." Crump smiled knowingly. "In the meantime, start your tour off proper with a cup of Jack's infamous coffee." He raised his own mug, marked BIG BAD BOSS. "It sort of grows on you, if you know what I mean!"

"Grows? Up at J-J, we'd call it a Class-A, Felony Addictive Substance . . . !"

As Crump worked his calculator and muttered at ledger entries, Mike sat by the window, sipping from his cup, labeled TOP COP. He glanced at a sign on a vacant store front diagonally across the street, that he'd not recalled before.

Strange . . . that place looks almost new. Must be the way the street lamps reflect on it in this twilight. Sort of spooky. . . "Greenwich Radio . . ." he mused.

"Did you say Greenwich Radio?"

"Yeah, that's what that old sign

across the street says."

Crump came over and squinted out the window. "Sure, that's them, alright. Funny, I never noticed before. Thought they'd been gone for years."

"So how come you know that dump?"

"Hell, I nearly grew up in there . . . and in all the other radio shops on Cortland . . . and on Vesey, Dey, and Washington, too."

"Wasn't that what they called Radio Row?" Mike asked.

"Yep, and it sure was great, especially right after the War. All kinds of great GI surplus stuff . . . cheap as hell, too."

"You were into radio?"

"You bet! I'd buy all kinds of war-surplus electronic gear, get it to work, or make something out of the parts." Crump nodded with mounting enthusiasm. "Great hobby, and I learned a lot, too. Circuit theory and all sorts of practical stuff. It sure helped me get where I am now!"

Mike grinned. "Man, you sound almost like you're talking about sex!"

"Almost . . . like the rush you get when a circuit works the first time you power it up!" Crump nodded. "But, you really had to be there, to know, and to feel, what it was like, in the good old days of Radio Row!"

Mike smiled tolerantly. "Well, if you say so, I'll take your word for it." He downed his cup and stood up. "Anyway, I gotta start earning the extravagant fee your company is paying me."

He turned on the floodlights and looked out to check the area. Suddenly he stiffened. "Hell, someone's snooping out there, already!"

"What?" Crump came over and scanned the bulky construction equipment. "Yeah, I see him now. After the tools, again, I bet!"

"Damn druggies and winos! All they can do is steal!" Grabbing his flashlight and the old nightstick Jack kept hanging on the switch-box, Mike headed for the door.

"I'll go with you," Crump offered, picking up another light.

"Better stay here, I'm the cop, you know."

"But I'm the boss!" Crump



smiled. "And besides, the creep might just want to argue with you."

"I'm scared already!" Mike whispered in feigned fright. "OK, let's go, but let me take the point."

They headed toward the dark ranks of payloaders and bulldozers.

Suddenly, Mike pointed with his club. "Police officer! Hold it!" he shouted. "Oh hell, he took off!"

"I sure would, too!" Crump snickered. "You sounded like a hundred-watt bullhorn in heat!"

"It's called 'Establishing a Presence of Authority!'" Mike beamed his light about the shadow areas. "He's probably hiding around here, waiting for us to leave. Anyway, let's see what he was trying to swipe." He pulled a ragged carton into the floodlights' glare. "Nothing but a jumble of torn scrap metal. He was taking a damn big chance for this poor crap!"

"Sure looks that way . . ." Crump stiffened. "What the hell?" He pulled an almost flattened, black piece of metal from the carton and banged it against the box, dislodging a shower of embedded dirt. "An ARC-5 receiver! Squashed flatter'n a pancake. But still an ARC-5 . . . I'll be dipped!"

Mike frowned. It was Radio Row, again. "So, what's an ARC-5, anyway?" Crump pointed. "This metal cowflop just happens to have been a World War II aircraft receiver, part of a whole set of receivers and transmitters called ARC-5. Looks like it survived all these years on Radio Row, only to get done in by my bulldozer a few days ago. But why in hell would anyone want to try to salvage it now?" Crump smiled. "Unless, of course, he was an agent for an antique radio collector!"

"More likely he's looking for any metal that'll add up to the price of a cheap bottle of Christmas Cheer. Stupid bum, why didn't he at least go for the brass and copper?" Mike beamed his light behind a stack of salvaged plumbing fixtures. "Like all this good stuff. He should have . . . hey . . . there's a doorway here! That's where he went to, I'll bet!"

Crump came over and added his light into the black opening, low on the crumbling foundation. "Never

noticed it before. The last demo work must've uncovered it." He started forward.

"Whoa, man!" Mike raised a cautioning arm. "He could be in there with a bunch of buddies, all just waiting to stove in your skull, like the dozer did to that radio. I got to do my cop job, on or off duty. You can back me up with this." He handed Crump the night stick. "It's time for something with more . . . Authority!" He reached under his leather jacket and brought out a compact automatic. "A cop always goes armed in this town. Off-Duty, this 9-mm Beretta is my badge." Mike grinned. "Like that TV credit-card guy says, 'Don't leave home without it!'"

"OK, we'll do it your way." Crump stood aside, shining his flash into the dark void. "After you, Chief!"

Mike slid down into the opening, gun poised. He entered cautiously, playing his flash in wide sweeps, covering the area with his weapon in a fast, jerky motion. "All clear," he called.

Club and flashlight at the ready, Crump edged down the crumbling cement steps and into a narrow passage. "Creepy place!"

"A real dungeon." Mike beamed the damp ground. "Yeah, someone was here, alright, look at all these muddy footprints. They're all alike. So it's just one guy. But he must come an' go like a damn sewer rat."

"I'm going to seal this up first thing after Christmas, even if it's to go demo . . ." Crump was suddenly aware of an odd, yet somehow very familiar odor. He played his light on a heavy door, recessed into the wall. "Dungeon is right, look at the size of this old padlock!"

Mike smiled. "Say, maybe Judge Crater is in there - or Elvis!"

The odor was stronger by the door. Crump stiffened. That's it . . . The same curious smell of by-gone phenolic insulation, fungicide varnish and early plastics. The old, glorious scent of Surplus!

Back rushed a long vanished past of hectic growing-up years. . . ARB and BC-348 Receivers, APN-1 Altimeters, parts-rich tuning units and control boxes, and myriad other youthful companions. It was just

like being back home in . . .

"Look at this!" Mike pointed at the lock. "Our boy's been trying to get in here, real bad."

Crump stared at the amateurish gouges around the hasp. "Not exactly the jimmy marks that a pro would use, I'd say. Looks more like a big nail."

"You'd make a good burglary dick," Mike said. "Wonder what he's trying to get at?" He gestured with the pistol. "Say the word, and it's 'Open Sesame!'"

Crump sniffed the electronic odor again and nodded. "Seeing as this is my building, I say let's go for it!" He shielded his face and covered his ears.

"Right, Boss!" The Beretta flashed and roared, bringing down a shower of grimy plaster dust and paint chips.

Mike flicked off the ruptured lock and pushed open the door with his foot, gun and flashlight again at the ready.

Crump felt the rush of air, heavily laden with the breath of an archaic age. Surplus . . . heavenly surplus . . . and on Christmas Eve, too . . . !

"Hell, just a bunch of real old TVs and junk," Mike said disdainfully, flashlight beaming about the musty room. "If this stuff was ever hot, it's so cold now that just nobody would give a damn about it any more!"

"Oldies, but goodies, Mike." Crump beamed his light about the room, the glow of anticipation slowly fading. Mostly old TVs, record players . . . a few stripped-down radar sets . . . couple of familiar control boxes, cartons of moldy terminal strips and sub-assemblies, a jumble of grimy dynamotors and . . . bingo! He pointed at a shelf far at the rear. "And speaking of goodies, there's a beautiful ARC-5 receiver . . . complete with dynamotor! Keep your light on it."

"Sure, Boss." Mike frowned, as Crump picked his way over the heaps of rust-streaked chasses and rotting cartons toward the far wall. What had gotten into this self-made construction tycoon, that he was as happy as a kid climbing a junk-yard scrap heap? "You're zeroing in on that set like you got radar! I never thought the Great Don Crump

would turn out to be a secret scrounger!" he teased.

Crump grinned. "Lots of radar in here." He paused to point. There's the Range Unit for a classic SCR-584 . . . and I'm standing on what's left of an APS-7!" He reached the shelf and waved his quarry in triumph. "Yeah, Mike, I confess I'm really an electronic-surplus junkie at heart!"

"OK, now that you've got your fix, can we get the hell out of here and look for that bum, before he steals the trailer off the lot?"

Crump clambered back over the TV carcasses, clutching his prize and placed it gently on a grimy carton. He blew off dust and beamed his flashlight on its nameplate. "Here we are . . . Receiver R-27/ARC-5, 6 to 9 MC, Western Electric Co., Serial Number 12,266 . . ." He looked up and grinned.

"You know, I had one of these sets when I was a kid . . . one of the first pieces of surplus I ever bought. I must have been all of twelve years old, and I loved that set like it was . . ."

"Police! Freeze!" Mike whirled about, aiming at a figure in the doorway. "Hold it right there!" he commanded.

The intruder seemed oblivious to him, shuffling and stumbling forward as if in a dream, trembling hands reaching out.

"Don't shoot . . . !" Crump whispered, tightening his grip on the night stick.

"Watch out!" Mike backed to one side, giving way cautiously, his finger contracting on the trigger. "No telling what he's high on!"

"Mine . . . mine . . . mine!" crooned the stranger, lurching toward them. "My Arc-fife!" he drooled through toothless, swollen gums. "Mine . . . mine!"

Mike grimaced. "Phew!"

Intent only on reaching the ancient radio, the derelict tumbled onto his knees, scant feet short of his goal. In the flashlights' harsh beams, tears streamed down, making little clean trails through the undergrowth of dirty stubble layering what was once a face.

"My Arc-fife . . . my Crissmus prezrent. Nize prezrent for good boy!" he gurgled.

Mike lowered his gun. "Jesus . . . did you hear that?"

"Yeah, I heard it all." Crump pointed to the radio and then to the now-twitching figure on the floor. "Yes, your very own ARC-5, for Christmas . . . for your very own." His voice trailed off as the wretch struggled to his feet, and again lurched forward.

"Christ, he stinks!" whispered Mike, wrinkling his nose. "Just like those bloaters we have to scrape off the doorways and gutters, dead and stinking."

"No . . . no . . . not dead, not yet. Jus' want Arc-fife for tonight. . . Crissmus Eve. Knew it was in here." Quivering arms reached out to embrace the receiver, cradling it in filth-encrusted coat sleeves. "Now it mine!"

"Take it easy, Mac," Crump said gently. "It's all yours."

The sobs came openly as the derelict struggled to maintain a faltering grip on his prize.

"Jesus, this is too much!" Mike groaned, and holstered the pistol. "He's no threat to anybody but himself, which is bad enough."

With a suddenly firm grip on the receiver, the man began to shuffle toward the door. Upon reaching the entrance, he turned and smiled, almost with animation. "My Arc-fife, all fer me . . . make me feel real nize now. So a Merry Crissmus to all youse nize pipples, too!"

Crump whispered back. "Merry Christmas to you. Enjoy your ARC-5, like I enjoyed mine." He frowned, wondering how someone half-dead from disease and drink could now effortlessly carry off at least twenty-pounds of dead weight. The former bum seemed somehow transformed. Poor light and tension, all on top of Jack's caffeine-laden brew . . . ?

"It still stinks from him in here!" Mike's comment cleared the air.

"Yeah, let's get back to the real world."

They emerged into a light snow powdering the flattened ARC-5 with glittering purity.

Mike pulled several of the salvaged doors over the entry. "I don't want any more radio-dramas on my tour, tonight!"

"I'll have that storeroom cleaned

out to the bare walls." Crump shook his head. "But I'm afraid all the good stuff is gone by now. Long gone."

Back in the cozy trailer, Mike poured more of Jack's concoction, now even more potent from simmering on the hotplate. He gulped down a scalding mouthful and stared at Crump. "That bloater should be dead by morning, all froze solid for some rookie to find and have to make paper over. With his precious ARC-5 in the nearest dumpster." He stirred the coffee and studied its eddies. "Too bad for both of them, especially that nice old set!"

"Not necessarily." Crump smiled. "Maybe the ARC-5 gave him a new lease on life - for a while, anyway. You saw how bad he wanted his 'Crissmus Prezrent.' So, just maybe there's a bit of O. Henry and Twilight Zone stuff at work on old Cortland Street tonight!"

"Nice idea, but it's probably Jack's brew embalming our brains!" Mike pointed with his cup. "Anyway, do you think that bum was once a radio kid, like you were? I mean, seeing how you both got all worked up over that old stuff, zeroing in on it like radar!"

Crump grinned. "Could be, seeing as how we were both Radars of the Lost ARC, so to speak!"

"Oww!" Mike winced. "But, were those times really that good down here?"

"They were for me . . . and maybe for him, too." Crump downed his mug, eyed the wall clock and stood up. "Well, guess I'd better pick up the wife over at Beekman Downtown. But I think I'll take a little detour along the old Row, on the way." He smiled. "Because you never know, Mike, where you just might find another good old ARC-5 . . . especially on Christmas Eve!"

*Thanks to Mr. Chesson for this Broadcaster exclusive. The author is a technical writer whose subjects include telegraphy during the Civil War, military electronics and Connecticut history. Mr. Chesson is also a contributor to the OTB and AWA review.*



## ON COLLECTING AND RESTORING THE ARC-5

Military communications equipment of World War II vintage is an interesting collectable. A whole generation of amateurs got their start with, perhaps, a Novice station made of ARC-5 gear. This gear is still widely available in amateur flea markets and auctions. While mint pieces do turn up, most of it has been "converted" and/or "improved." The big issue in restoration is how to get a particular item into original shape. Often it's a matter of using two or three hacked-up samples to build one good one.

The ARC-5 family is a good case in point. Generally, a given unit has been converted to AC operation, so the problem starts with backing-out the changes in heater wiring and bringing back the dynamotor. Dynamotors were usually thrown out when the receiver first came from the surplus dealer. Fortunately, they are still available from the surplus market. The DY-2/ARR-2 and DY-86/ARN-30 are also close replacements for the ARC-5's DM-32. The restored receiver needs 28 volts to operate, which is no problem with today's abundant DC supplies. The result is an authentic dynamotor whine when the receiver is operating.

For the ARC-5 receiver in particular, one needs a way to power the set and connect a gain control, BFO switch, and headphone jack. The easy way to do this is to take a one-receiver mounting rack and equip it with binding posts for power plus the other items. This gives a handy test jig into which to plug whichever sample is under test.

For a working ARC-5, it is hard to find the spline equipped crank that was used for tuning in the absence of remote-tuning cables.

*(Little Nipper ... continued from page 1)*

The success of the 9TX-1 led to many more designs. The 9TX-series had 13 versions, according to the RCA Victor Service Data book (Vol. II, 1938-42). 9TX- started with 300-mA tubes: 6A8, 6SK7, 6SQ7, 25L6, and 25Z6, and a line-cord resistor. The later 9TX-31/32/33 had 150-mA tubes: 12SA7, 12SK7, 12SQ7, 35L6, and 35Z4. The still later 9TX-50 used a 50L6 instead of a 35L6. This evolution eliminated the troublesome line-cord resistor, which was so popular in the Thirties. Also, a two-band 9SX series of eight variants was created. It had a 6A8, 6K7, 6Q7, 25L6, and 25Z6.

The service-data description of the 9TX-1 was "molded cabinet, walnut finish, mottled tan dial and knob." The 9TX-2 used a molded cabinet, ivory finish, ivory dial and knob. The 9TX-3 was in a two-tone wood cabinet, piano finish, mottled tan dial and knob. The 9TX-3 had a round tuning knob, where the 9TX-1 had a rectangular window with a pointer for a tuning indicator. Many minor changes were made because of the ordering specifications of such major companies as Sears, Roebuck, who asked for variations in the cabinet styling.

Four electrical designs and 21 cabinet styles later in 1941, the Little Nipper Division had come to the end of its useful life. The big-brother Division of RCA Victor (more power and more clout) convinced management that the time had come to stop satellite operations and absorbed the Little Nipper Division into the mainstream of manufacturing. The original decision to create a special division to design and manufacture a product line in 1939 was a good one. It allowed flexibility, provided motivation, and got a competitive product line to market in a timely fashion. Having established the line of sets and become a seasoned organization, it was time to disband the special operating conditions of this branch.

Most key people of the Little Nipper Division went on to other areas. Larry and his boss, Chief Engineer Rudy Siemens, transferred to other jobs. Larry LaPatka died October 2, 1989. This article is dedicated to him.

*(continued on page 6)*

Fortunately, it's easy to put a 1" piece of 1/4" rod in a regular knob, adding a piece of plastic tubing sized to fit over the protruding end of the rod and the spline on the front of the receiver.

Usually, a good detergent cleaning and a light misting with a crackle finish spray paint is all that's needed to restore the original appearance. The smallest of "unauthorized" holes can be filled by simply using a machine screw of the right shape and color. Bigger ones call for the artful use of painted filler plates, epoxy patches or swapped junker panels.

The ARC-5 was built, realistically, as if men's lives depended on it. It's quality material; brought in for cleanup, it nicely survives sloshing around in warm detergent solution if rinsed carefully and allowed to drain and dry. It does not get as far out of alignment as civilian stuff does, sealed capacitors are less likely to be leaky, and resistors are less prone to value changes.

*(Edited from "On Collecting and Restoring WW II Military Equipment" by Ludwell Sibley... with permission.)*

(Little Nipper...continued from page 5)

### 9TX- VARIANTS

All are "right-hand drive" designs. 9TX-1 through -33 have wire-hank antennas.

- 9TX-1 Molded cabinet, walnut finish, mottled tan dial/tuning knob
- 9tx-2 Molded cabinet, ivory finish, ivory dial/tuning knob
- 9tX-3 Two-tone wood cabinet, piano finish, mottled tan dial/tuning knob
- 9TX-4 Molded Arizona cream only cabinet, maroon dial/tuning knob
- 9TX-5 Molded green onyx cabinet, ivory dial/tuning knob
- 9TX-21 Molded cabinet, walnut finish, rectangular dial, small mottled tan knobs
- 9TX-21 Molded cabinet, ivory finish, rectangular dial, small ivory knobs
- 9TX-23 Wood cabinet, rectangular "thermometer type" dial, small mottled tan knobs
- 9TX-31 Molded cabinet, walnut finish, rectangular dial, tan knobs, phono jack
- 9TX-32 Molded cabinet, ivory finish, rectangular dial, ivory knobs, phono jack
- 9TX-33 Heart walnut cabinet, ornamental sides, rectangular "thermometer type" dial, phono jack
- 9TX-50 Light mahogany cabinet, rectangular "thermometer type" dial, phono jack, loop antenna
- 9TX-50M Mahogany cabinet, rectangular "thermometer type" dial, phono jack, loop antenna

(Southern California Antique Radio Society Gazette, Feb. 1990, with permission)

### WANTED

HELP! I need a good-looking split-second robot dial face and shutters for a Zenith 12S265. My black pain is peeling. Also lookin for original type grill cloth and belts for same radio. Does anyone know what other models I could use a dial face from? Mark W. Hilliard, N3NBL, 921 South Edwards St., Allentown PA 18103 (610) 432-8089.

\*\*\*

Col-R-Tel TV color wheel or similar, from the mid-50's. Dave Abramson, 1649 Yellow Springs Rd., Chester Springs, PA 19425, (610) 827-9757

\*\*\*

Probe only for Heathkit IT-12 Signal Tracer. Diagram booklet for Heathkit V-6 VTVM. Working probe for RCA WV-97-A VTVM. Stan Thompson, 43 Cozy Corner, Avenel NJ 07001-1122 (908) 636-3630.

\*\*\*

Langevin 128-N rack-mounted PA amplifier. Frank Hagenbuch, 1440 Lafayette Parkway, Williamsport, PA 17701 (717) 326-0932.

\*\*\*

AK 275 in good condition. Bob Messerschmidt, 764 Backhus Estate Rd., Glen Gardner, NJ 08826-2205 (908) 832-6976 8:00-11:00 PM.

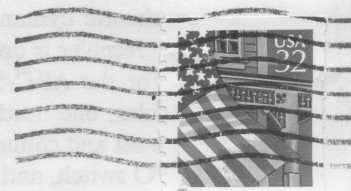
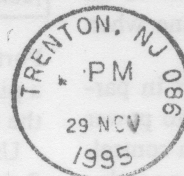
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### BITS AND PIECES

Thanks to John Dilks for supplying copies of "Frequently Asked Questions about Repairing and Restoring Antique Radios and Phonographs" based on the Rec.Antiques.Radio+Phono Internet Newsgroup. Tips on restoration and a listing of restoration supply sources are just a few of the excellent subjects covered.

In the "Can't Tell a Book by it's Cover" department, Jerry Simkin's latest find, "A Modern Campaign or War and Wireless Telegraphy in the Far East" (1905), will probably add a previously unknown new title to collectors' references... and only because there is no mention of wireless telegraphy in the jacket title.

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