Does Anyone Remember?

A FEW years ago, in my Iowa hometown, I acquired an old Airline Movie-Dial radio identical to one my father purchased new in 1936 and sold in 1941.

It has what appears to be a small TV screen, about 3 by 5 inches, with a vertical red line down the center. Behind the screen, there is a small projector with a round film drum geared to the tuning knob.

The station frequency, call letters and city name are displayed on the screen, and it is tuned in when the words are behind the red line.

When I got it home and checked the plug. I was surprised to find a red spot on it. On our model, Dad had put a red spot on one side of the plug because the radio always worked better plugged in a certain way due to the polarity relation shared by the DC power, the outside antenna and the ground.

The very same radio had come home after 60 years!

—Darrell R., Auburndale, Florida

WHEN I WAS a little girl growing up, in New York City, in the ’30s and ’40s, we had what was referred to as a dumbwaiter behind the kitchen door in our Manhattan apartment.

Before we had a refrigerator, the iceman brought ice and sent it up to us via the dumbwaiter, an open-ended box that was raised and lowered with a pulley system. The garbage was sent down the same route.

When I was 13, the dumbwaiter was also a source of romance for me, with my 14-year-old boyfriend and I sending notes up and down to one another. —Lenore S., Stratford, Connecticut