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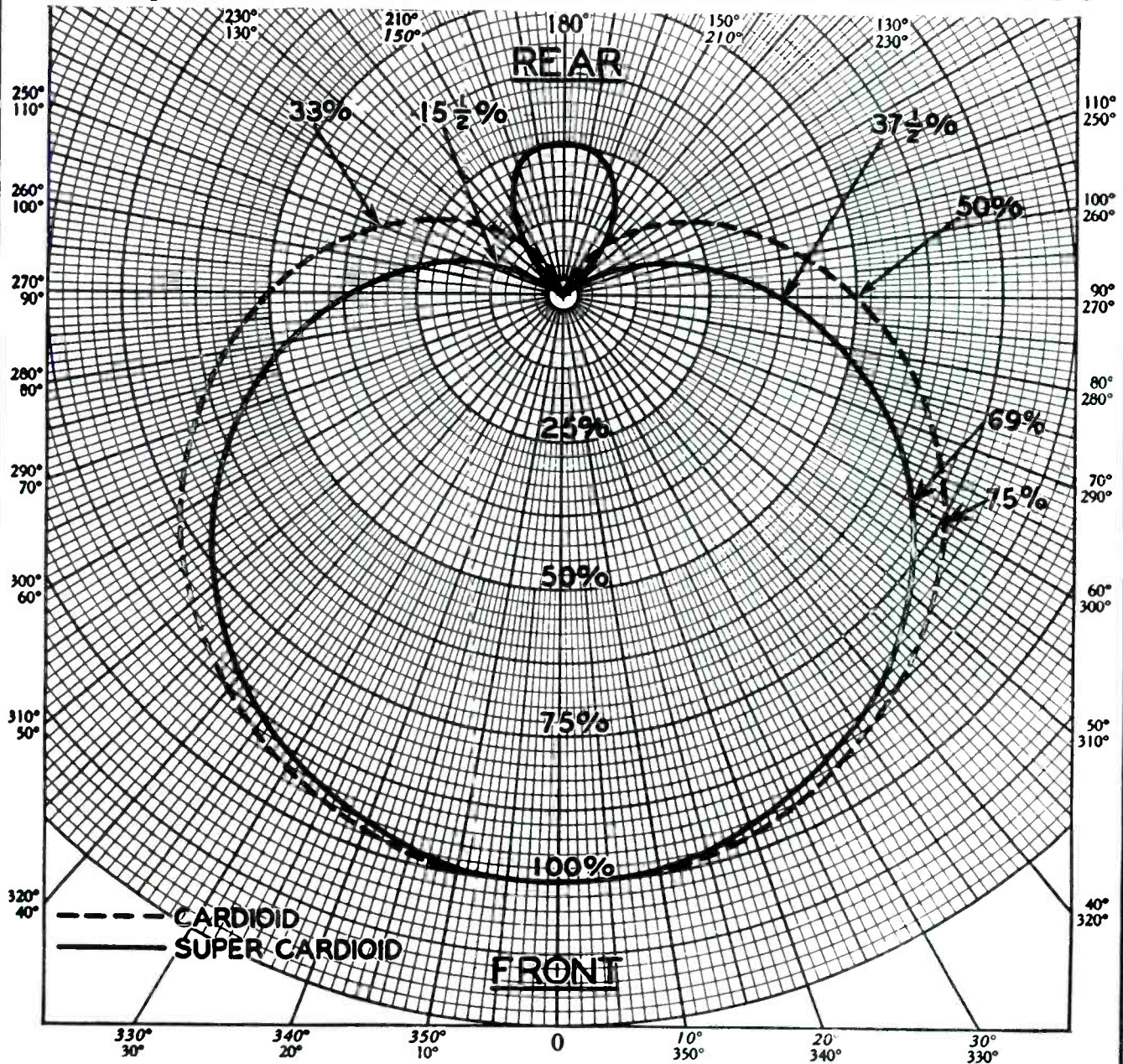
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THE BROADCAST ENGINEERS' JOURNAL

Ed. Stolzenberger
 Editor

Coordinator F. R. Rojas

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NATIONAL N.A.B.E.T. OFFICE
 66 Court Street, Brooklyn 2, N. Y.
 A. T. Powley, President

NABET Activity

WE are advised by Mr. Hiller that the National Office is now located at Room 1402, 66 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Telephone Main 4-2855. President Powley and Secretary Hiller will operate out of this office effective immediately. National Representative Allen will continue to operate out of the Washington Office: Room 415, 930 F Street N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

Mr. Hiller also advised that the WOR-Nabet contract has been signed, which includes the 8-hour day, with salaries and other conditions essentially the same as the recently concluded NBC-Nabet and ABC-Nabet contracts—which lead the industry, once again demonstrating Nabet's leadership and ability to do a 100% job of representing the Broadcast, Recording, and Television Engineers.

Mr. C. A. Allen telephoned to report the latest additions to Nabet's ranks are two Baltimore stations: WCBM and WITH, Independent. (See further details in Baltimore News column this issue.)

From the N. Y. Daily News of Oct. 4, 1945:

"LITHOGRAPHERS QUIT THE AFL

A 30-year-old argument between unions of the printing and lithograph trades was ended yesterday afternoon with the formal withdrawal of the Amalgamated Lithographers of America from the American Federation of Labor.

The lithographers became affiliated with the Federation in 1906. Nine years later the union was placed, against its wishes, under the jurisdiction of the International Pressman's Union and the International Photoengravers Union.

Last Spring 20,000 members of the union in the United States and Canada voted to withdraw from the AFL. The actual withdrawal came yesterday afternoon and was announced by Benjamin M. Robinson, general counsel for the union, who sent a letter of notification to William Green, AFL president."

The IBEW broadcast engineers have been similarly pushed around in the infamous Petrillo-AFM-Turntable "decision" which arbitrarily removed this work from the jurisdiction of the IBEW engineers. It is Mr. Petrillo's intention to cut deeper and claim jurisdiction over all sound-control work—"because music comes out of the loud speaker, and therefore only a musician can know when the program is adjusted properly!" The AFL master plan calls for eventual removal of all jurisdiction from the IBEW to the AFM, except maintenance work. As in the infamous AFL turntable jurisdictional decision—only the IBEW engineers lose out. Nabet can, will, and is determined to protect its members and their jobs against PETRILLO PIRATING, and has proven its ability by beating Petrillo in the Courts. Every Broadcast Engineer belongs in Nabet—the only Union that is 100% Of, By, and For the Broadcast Engineer—Nabet is the ONLY union that has proven itself ABLE to protect the jobs of the Broadcast Engineer. For information about Nabet and procedure for affiliation, write to the nearest Nabet Officer listed on this page.

National Association of Broadcast Engineers and Technicians

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- NABET is an *effective* union, Of, By, and For the Broadcast Engineer *exclusively*, operated upon and dedicated to the principle that every member has a *right* to know what is going on in the union's "front office."
- NABET is controlled by its *members*; they have the right to vote on all matters of union policy. As a NABET member, you would have the *right* to Okay any actions which your President might take.

Contact any of the following officers for further information

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NABET National Representative Report

By C. A. Allen

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1 and 2—Visited office for about five hours each day in order to prepare for new position as National Representative.

Monday, Sept. 3—Labor Day—Observed holiday.

Tuesday, Sept. 4—Arrived at office 9:35 a.m. Carried on routine office affairs. Talked with Mr. Morrison in Louisville and made appointment to take over contract negotiations. Talked with attorney regarding Atlanta case. Talked with representatives of WOL engineers regarding affiliation and agreed to attend meeting night of September 5th.

Wednesday, Sept. 5—Arrived at office 9:30 a.m. Carried on routine office affairs until 7:30 p.m., stopping only for lunch. Had dinner and arrived at U. S. Recording at 9 p.m. Answered questions until 1 a.m. Arrived home about 2 a.m. and contacted Schnepfer in New York regarding NBC-ABC contract negotiations, and then called railroad station for reservations to Louisville, Kentucky. Then to bed.

Thursday, Sept. 6—Left Washington about 10 a.m. for meeting in Baltimore with WCBM and WITH regarding affiliation. Arrived at Emerson Hotel in Baltimore, after stopping for lunch, about 12:30 p.m. From then until 10:30 p.m. answered questions of WCBM and WITH employees as they came off tours of duty. While there received telephone calls from Washington office and Fairmont, West Virginia. Arranged with Fairmont members to secure living costs, salaries and other data for hearing brief. Arrived home about 1:45 a.m.

Friday, Sept. 7—Arrived at office 10 a.m. Routine office work to end of day at 5:15 p.m.

Saturday, Sept. 8—Visited attorney's office to plan action regarding dismissal of employee at WAGA, Atlanta, Georgia. Went to railroad office to pick up Louisville reservations.

Sunday, Sept. 9—Sunday—Day off.

Monday, Sept. 10—Arrived at office 9:50 a.m. Spent day on routine office

business. Left office 5:15 p.m. to catch train for Louisville, Kentucky. Train left at 6:05 p.m.

Tuesday, Sept. 11—Arrived Louisville about 11 a.m. Met Mr. W. Morrison after checking in at hotel. Visited studios and transmitter and talked with members. Had dinner with Wicke Morrison at his home and talked contract until 9:30 p.m. Returned to hotel about 10:30. Arranged papers for meeting. Arrived at Hotel Sulback about midnight. Meeting was called for 12:30 a.m. Members arrived and contract discussion got under way about 12:50 a.m. Contract was discussed and provisions agreed upon. Meeting ended about 3:30 a.m. Returned to my hotel for a little sleep.

Wednesday, Sept. 12—Arrived at company's offices at 9:45 a.m. for contract meeting with company which was set for 10 a.m. Meeting adjourned for lunch and for the day at 4:30 p.m. Arrived at hotel about 4:50 p.m. and learned that New York and Washington were trying to reach me. Couldn't get thru to New York but talked to Washington and learned of impending work stoppage. Checked local NBC and ABC outlets for results. Then spent evening on telephone to various Middle West and West Coast points to "discuss" situation. Retired for sleep about 2:30 a.m.

Thursday, Sept. 13—Arrived at company's offices at 9:45 a.m. for continuation of contract negotiations. Meeting recessed for lunch at 2 p.m. Resumed at 3 p.m. and adjourned for day at 6 p.m. Had dinner at Mr. Jared's home and met his wife who is a former employee of the engineering department of Station WGRC. We discussed the old IBEW contract and I learned that retroactive pay agreed to in this contract had not been received by the employees. Returned to the hotel about 9 p.m. and met with members who dropped in to discuss contract negotiations. Got to bed about 2 a.m.

Friday, Sept. 14—Slept till 9 a.m., had breakfast and found public stenographer who typed letter to company demanding payment of retroactive pay under old IBEW contract. Met with company about 11 a.m. Presented copy

of letter for their info and discussion followed in which company claimed old IBEW contract was none of our concern. I convinced them otherwise and payment was agreed upon. Contract negotiations were completed about 5:30 p.m. Everyone was snowed under about now, so no visitors and to bed early.

Saturday, Sept. 15—Arrived at company's office at 8:30 a.m. Revised contract was typed, read and signed. Members got straight 8-hour day, 5-day week, minimum of 8 hours' pay for working on scheduled days off. Retroactive pay to June 29th, 1945, 2½ years escalator scale of wages, which means that all but one employee will receive top pay, closed shop, etc. Caught afternoon train for Washington.

Sunday, Sept. 16—Arrived in Washington about 2 p.m.

Monday, Sept. 17—Arrived office 9:30 a.m. Routine office work, including WOL affiliation conference with WOL members.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Sept. 18, 19, 20—Routine office work from 9:30 a.m. until 6 p.m. each day.

Friday, Sept. 21—Left Washington at 9 a.m. Arrived in Baltimore about 10:30 a.m. for WCBM certification, only to find that company representative could not attend. Meeting was set for Monday morning. Returned to Washington and spent afternoon until 6 p.m. on routine office work.

Saturday, Sept. 22—Spent morning with lawyer on Fairmont case, Atlanta case, and forthcoming WFBR contract negotiations. Spent afternoon in office on routine office work.

Sunday, Sept. 23—Sunday—Day off.

Monday, Sept. 24—Left Washington at 8 a.m. Arrived in Baltimore about 9:30 a.m. for WCBM certification. Left Baltimore about 1 p.m. for Washington and spent balance of day until 6:45 p.m. on routine office work.

Tuesday, Sept. 25—Day spent in office on routine work.

Wednesday, Sept. 26—Left Wash-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Post-War Television — Part I

Programming and Production

By Jordan McQuay

THE radio industry is buzzing with speculation these days. Speculation about the future of television.

There's lots and lots of talk about postwar television. Press agents have already gone to work extolling and promoting certain phases. And it's hard to believe everything you hear or read, since someone's usually trying to sell something.

What's the truth behind all the press releases and propaganda launched by the various networks, manufacturers, advertising agencies, and other enterprises chiefly concerned with the *commercial* aspects of television? What about the near future? What about the distant future?

This is the first of two articles on Postwar Television. The second of this series—Television Engineering—appears next month. In this article we are chiefly concerned with television programming and production in the postwar years.

We can't attempt to cover all the many ramifications of programming and production in one short article. But, knowing a few important facts and understanding important trends, we can outline the course of future events. It isn't difficult, if *all* the facts are known.

Technically speaking, television has made tremendous advances. It's far more perfect than many realize. Recent electronic, u-h-f radio, radar, and related technical improvements and discoveries place the science of television on a firm foundation. It's a full-grown medium of transmitting and receiving visual and audio intelligence. It's ready to go to work, with the war now over. It's ready to become a billion-dollar industry.

But the programming and production aspects of television have no such firm foundation.

Television—from the program standpoint—enjoys about the same status it did nine years ago. In other words: *no advancement*. As a matter of fact and common knowledge, program quality has actually deteriorated since the war began. This definite retrogression is blamed on wartime exigencies, of course. But the real trouble with television programming and production lies much deeper than that, as we shall explain shortly.

A pioneering spirit is always to be admired.

But television programming and production has passed the pioneering, the experimental stage. Standards of program quality were actually higher five years ago than they are today. Because the people who are dabbling—and there is no other word for it—in television programming today are amateurs. They have no conception of television picture quality; they have no knowledge of the psychology of show business; they have no desire to employ tried-and-proven techniques successfully used in motion pictures.

In short, they dabble. And they know not what they do.

Once the postwar television industry begins to expand commercially and compete with both radio and the motion pictures, so-called "production techniques" of present-day television will be tossed lightly aside.

Because a high quality of television program will be absolutely essential if the medium is to hold its audience and be a commercial success.

Television—like radio—will have two general types of programs: sustaining and commercial.

Since telecasters are not in business for the sheer joy of it, their earnest hope is that *all* of their air time will be sold. That state of economic perfection probably won't be attained. But at least that's their goal.

During the prosperity boom immediately following the war and lasting from seven to ten years, it's expected that 80 percent of television time on-the-air will be sold.

Thus, in considering the future of television programming we must not overlook the importance of *commercial* television. As in radio broadcasting, the tinge of money will introduce new television program and production techniques, new philosophies of operation and television policy.

First, then, a consideration of postwar commercial television.

Commercial Program Quality.

As an advertising medium, television will enjoy an importance in the postwar world undreamed of now.

Because it will be a practical medium combining sight and sound. But sight

will be foremost. Sound will be secondary.

Commercial television can be compared favorably with but one other medium: the motion pictures. It cannot be compared with radio broadcasting.

Because, essentially, television is a talking motion picture available to the audience *in their own home*.

This comparison with motion pictures is important, since it has a direct bearing on program quality—as will be shown shortly.

With many postwar engineering refinements (discussed in the next issue of the *Journal*), future home television receivers can be expected to reproduce a reasonably accurate picture of the originally transmitted program. There will be practical limitations, of course, particularly for sets installed in remote areas.

But there is no optimistic speculation in our assumption that, in general, the received picture will be almost the same as the transmitted picture. Therefore, *the audience interest will vary directly as the pictorial or dramatic quality of the original program*.

By this we mean: if the television home receiver fails to present quality programs amenable to the accepted standards of a comparable medium, theater motion pictures, then the home audience will be lost.

The home receiver must at least duplicate—in time, perhaps, exceed—the quality standards of theater motion pictures.

It's true that at first there'll be a certain novelty to television. People will look at a television picture *for a while* no matter how bad it is; because it will be something new. But the novelty and newness of television will rub off all too soon. And then: if the television picture fails to compare favorably with the theater motion picture, the audience will desert television en masse.

The programming and production problem is apparent: *How can program quality be achieved, maintained, and perpetuated in postwar television?*

The answer to the problem is also apparent: By scrapping, for the most part, our existing and poorly conceived ideas of television programming and pro-

(Continued on Page Seven)

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duction. By adopting a new program philosophy which can meet the quality standards of theater motion pictures.

"Live" Television's Out.

The present-day "live" methods of television programming and production are worthless to commercial television. Because these existing production methods fail in many ways to meet the quality standards of theater motion pictures.

Why?

A number of reasons:

For one thing, the "live" television studio is too small, and too confining. No matter how large it will be built in the postwar future, it will always be too small for most productions—when we compare the television "stage" with the unlimited space of the motion picture "stage": all the great outdoors, if necessary.

Another consideration: every person participating in a "live" television show must know the script backwards and forwards. Every cameraman, cableman, juicer, grip must be something of a producer. And no person can make a single mistake—if the commercial show is to be a success. Mistakes may be overlooked on a sustaining show, but not on a commercial.

Few persons realize the large number of people involved in the studio and control room during a television broadcast. In a "live" television show, everyone—the actors, the production man, the control operators, the cameramen, the juicers, cablemen, the prop men, the grips—everyone must be on their toes every second. They must know every detail of the show from start to finish. And know it perfectly. In a "live" television show there can be no retakes, no opportunities to "do it over" and make a better job of the show.

The producer-director has three, four, or five scope pictures to watch—plus the actors and prop men in the studio, his script, and his stop-watch. He needs at least twelve pairs of eyes to do his job adequately and successfully. His attempts at "editing" the show are controlled entirely by what he can see on the various scopes in the control room. He can only cut or fade to what he sees. And if he doesn't see what he wants, he can't edit the show. Since editing is his most important function, the producer-director operates under a perpetual handicap.

Editing is important. It's the principle ingredient of theater motion pictures, the main reason for their high quality.

But editing will be almost entirely absent from "live" television programs, due entirely to the limitations mentioned above. It is just physically impossible for a producer-director to do, see, and hear "everything" at once during a telecast. The factor of high mental fatigue is obvious. Occasionally a "television genius" may be found who can perform a dozen or more mental and physical chores simultaneously, but they'll be few and far between.

Editing the Show.

What is editing?

In theater motion pictures it's the careful selection of the best of many almost-identical "shots," so that the final picture represents the best of perhaps a whole day's or week's shooting.

A picture consisting of perhaps 25 scenes may be produced in segments, one scene at a time. Each scene is carefully rehearsed and, when considered perfect, is "shot" or put on film. The scenes are rarely shot in order (as they would appear in the final picture) because an economy of time, effort, and money can be effected by such a shooting arrangement.

Editing is the careful construction of a complete picture story, put together under no stress or strain of "going out on the air" which happens during "live" television broadcasts.

Anyone with only a slight or passing acquaintance with the motion picture industry will admit the importance of editing. The cutters and editors in Hollywood draw down salaries often as great as those of the stars.

The art of editing theater motion pictures is an important one. Because the quality of the finished product hinges directly on the function of editing.

A "live" television show *cannot be edited properly*. Such "polishing" or improvement features successfully used in Hollywood cannot be used in a "live" television broadcast.

Therefore, if postwar commercial television is to obtain a high quality of picture presentation comparable to theater motion pictures, there can be no place for "live" television.

The medium that will give us quality reproduction comparable to theater motion pictures will be *television motion pictures*.

Note that we make a careful distinction between theater and television motion pictures. Although similar in many mechanical respects, *they are not the same*. A theater motion picture is not always suitable for television reproduction. And film shot for television use

will seldom be suitable for theaters. The medium is the same, or similar. But the technique is different. Very different.

Because television motion pictures will make use of sound and dialogue along tried and proven methods used in radio broadcasting.

And because the reproducing medium (the television home receiver) differs from the large-screen projection of the motion pictures.

A New Procedure.

Making motion pictures for television will involve a new procedure of quality production, largely borrowed from Hollywood—but retaining at least a flavor of Radio City.

Much experimentation must take place before such films are ready for nationwide distribution. There are many problems involved in such a new procedure. Investigation is required into the psychology of short "feature" pictures.

Hollywood-produced pictures won't do very well in postwar television, because they will not be geared to television's requirements, to television's practical usefulness, to television's intimacy in the home.

There will be attempts by most of the large motion picture companies to produce films for television. The field of competition may become crowded. But television's inherent ability to consume a vast amount of program material will cause an easy absorption of such wholesale efforts.

What is *more* important: television film companies will come into existence. They will be specialists in their work: *commercial* television programs. Demand for their services will far outweigh their production capacity for many postwar years.

This phase of television may well prove to be the real money-maker of the future.

We have mentioned only a few of the advantages of film for television. Besides the elimination of production difficulties, television motion pictures will permit televising a show at the same time in every large city—instead of suffering under the barrier of time differences (as in radio broadcasting). Television networks will not blossom overnight. The use of film will permit stations in remote parts of the country to transmit high quality programs—just as the stations in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles.

And there are many other advantages in the use of television motion pictures.

As might be expected, there are many

self-styled "experts" in radio broadcasting who stoutly maintain that film has no place in commercial television. They want "live" programs—no matter how bad the quality. You can view examples of their efforts on any present-day home receiver. Actions, in this case, speak louder than words; and only a few of these programs are truly commercial.

The networks are against "canned" television merely on a point of principle. But it should be remembered that these same networks are in the radio and television business to make money. If a client—through his advertising agency—demands a television show on film, he will get just that.

The biggest single objection to television motion pictures is that of cost.

What About the Cost?

It's true that many Hollywood productions cost as high as \$5,000 a minute. But television companies—at least, in the beginning—won't make pictures on such a grandiose scale. It won't be necessary.

If we want to broadcast a dramatic show in radio, we don't buy a theater. We don't buy backdrops, asbestos curtain, or uniformed ticket-takers. We adapt our problem to the medium. We short-cut. We utilize the conventions of the medium, take advantage of its limitations.

In television motion pictures these same short-cuts are available—to some degree. Naturally we will need lots of props and fixtures. But we have two priceless ingredients: realism and editing.

We have realism because—with intercuts of distant seas or lands—we can establish any locale with a high degree of realism not obtainable in "live" television shows. It makes no matter if these "effect shots" are canned. The resultant image on a home receiver will be judged on its own merits; as an entertainment medium. And the show *will* be realistic, because it will not be simulated—as is now done in "live" television shows. Process shots can be used to establish (realistically) any locale in the world—as a background for actors—much as theater motion pictures do now.

Editing—as we have already mentioned—will give us the high degree of program quality we require in postwar television.

If motion pictures can give us better television pictures on the screen of a home receiver—that is, theater quality of a high standard expected by the audience—then the cost is relatively unimportant.

It is quite possible that, at first, tele-

vision film programs may cost more to produce than "live" television shows.

However, if by making motion pictures and making them well we capture and hold the attention of the television audience, then certainly—for all commercial purposes—the cost is not important.

But after the initial investment for equipment, the actual production of television films should rarely exceed the cost of a similar "live" show.

And the program quality of the film show will far exceed that of the "live" show. There'll be no chance for an actor to blow his lines, no chance for a cameraman to off-center a fast pan shot, no chance for an electrician to knock over a light fixture during a quiet scene, no chance for the control engineer to fade too fast or too slow, no chance for a prop man to stumble loudly over a piece of phoney scenery, no chance of a producer losing his mind.

Because the entire show on film will be edited.

Making Television Films.

Entertainment—not spontaneity—is the most important factor in television program appeal.

For this great and singular reason, television films *will* be made. Despite some opposition from the networks and other less-informed quarters, television films *will* be made.

Despite the direct threat of competition from Hollywood, a number of advertising agencies in New York and Chicago have already laid extensive plans for opening studios in southern California. They have the market, and they intend to produce and sell television films.

Smaller producing companies have already sprung up in Hollywood, specializing in the production and distribution of short television film shows—of from one minute to fifteen minutes in length.

The motion picture industry itself is eyeing television with more than casual interest, as we shall discuss shortly.

All of this shows a pronounced trend.

With the cessation of hostilities in Asia, this trend may catapult into a film industry eclipsing Hollywood completely. The subject has enormous ramifications.

Although a child of radio broadcasting, television is destined to become a billion-dollar industry in its own right. And programming and production personnel should make every effort to grow with television, in order to keep the industry under their control.

Yet many of these programs and production people can see no future in television motion pictures. It would be

truer to say: they can see no future in television.

The principle trouble with present-day television is that radio broadcasting people are trying to run it. Radio people think that because they effectively "fathered" radio through its infant days until it grew into a giant, that they can now similarly "father" television with the same results. It won't work. The psychology of radio is utterly and completely different from the psychology of television. These people are amateurs with no vision. They're playing with something they know nothing about.

Far too many such amateurs are dabbling. Just dabbling.

If you need further proof, compare the quality of any telecast on the air today with a theater motion picture. Allowing for technical handicaps *only*, the average television program today cannot even compare favorably with similar programs televised five or six years ago.

A few programming and production people in television today are doing their sincere and level best under difficult circumstances. Those "circumstances" are largely controlled by the executives of the companies involved, the self-styled experts of television. Those "circumstances" include a mass indifference to program quality—which *could* be attained by opening their doors to persons better qualified to stage, direct, supervise, and produce television shows. Shows comparable with theater motion pictures.

It's a foregone conclusion that radio advertising agencies will probably take the "infant" television by the hand and lead it in the proper direction; toward a state of quality comparable to theater motion pictures. They—it would seem—are more interested in a quality product (television) than the networks themselves.

As far as commercial television is concerned, *motion picture film will be used.*

Non-commercial Television.

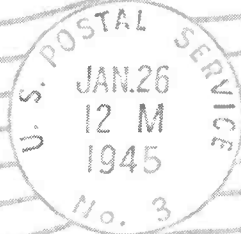
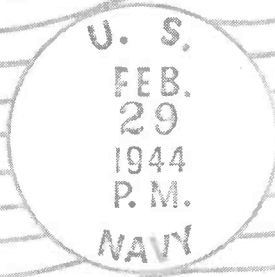
There will be sustaining programs in television. And some good ones, too.

Once the television industry takes an interest in program quality, it's certain to attract the attention and interest of show business. Not as a novelty. But as a full-fledged medium of direct, informal entertainment. There will be a keynote of informality, since television is a personal thing,—it reaches deep into the average American home.

It is not impossible that vaudeville—dead these many years—will spring to

(Continued on Page Ten)

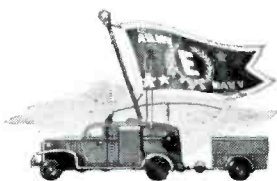
“QUOTE



UNQUOTE”

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

Thousands of testimonials are in the files at Hallicrafters. They are from members of the armed services all over the world. They tell how Hallicrafters-built communications equipment has performed dependably and brilliantly on all the battle fronts of the world. Many of these letters are signed by licensed amateurs who include their call letters with their signatures. A high percentage of the letters conclude with sentiments like these — we quote: "If a rig can take it like the HT-9 took it in the Australian jungles, it's the rig for my shack after the war" . . . "When I buy my communications equipment it will be Hallicrafters" . . . "After we have won this war and I can get a ham ticket there will not be the slightest doubt as to the equipment I will use . . . it will be Hallicrafters" . . . "Meeting Hallicrafters gear in the service was like seeing someone from home . . . I used to have one of your receivers at W7FNJ . . . hope to have more after the war" . . . "being an old ham myself I know what went into the 299 . . ." Thus does the voice of the amateur come pouring into Hallicrafters headquarters, providing information, guidance and further inspiration to Hallicrafters engineers. Amateurs will find in Hallicrafters peacetime output just the equipment they need — refined and developed in the fire of war and continuing to live up to the well earned reputation as "the radio man's radio."



BUY A VICTORY BOND TODAY!

hallicrafters RADIO

THE HALLICRAFTERS CO., MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, CHICAGO 16, U. S. A.

TELEVISION (Continued from Page Eight)

life again, and find a new place for itself in television.

Education can be presented informally in the home—in a number of ways combining sight and sound.

Field pickups of special events will bring such events into the home, giving many people opportunities never before experienced: to participate not only as a listener but as a viewer of historic events, ceremonies, sports proceedings, and the like.

Here again, however, film could be used to a definite advantage. Time may not always be available on a television station for the broadcasting of a news or special event. The use of film—shot, developed, processed, and printed on the spot—would permit viewing the *nemo* telecast only a few minutes after it actually happened. It would permit the shots to be edited. There would be no wasted televising of unimportant details.

Here again we must repeat: entertainment—not spontaneity—is the most important factor in television program appeal.

We go to theaters and watch newsreels of events which happened days or even weeks before our arrival. And we enjoy them, because our “coverage” is edited and satisfactory entertainment.

The same can well be true for television.

The use of small, mobile film trucks could replace the large and cumbersome vans necessary to haul cameras, video, radio, and audio equipment. The use of film would not, of course, eliminate the use of on-the-scene televising.

But a comparison of the two “systems” of special events coverage would probably show the motion picture film to be far superior to the direct pickup. Mainly—and here, again, we must repeat with emphasis—because the motion picture film can be edited.

“Live” Television.

The use of film will never supplant completely “live” television. There will always be a place on the television program for “live” drama—experimental drama—without commercialization.

Drama can be presented by “live” actors—and very successfully, too. But such programs have no commercial utilization, because of all the reasons we have presented earlier.

“Live” drama shows must be written and produced under entirely different circumstances than commercial drama. It will be called “experimental” drama

for a number of years, for want of any better name. It will be written for small studios, small casts, and a small number of cameras. No “long” shots will be used. No outdoor shots. Nothing to add a realistic flavor to the telecast. It will be arty. It will be good drama. But it will be in a class by itself, definitely on a sustaining basis. Because, by its very nature it is essentially non-commercial.

Any pretext at making a “live” drama show into a commercial will lead to all the difficulties previously considered. No sponsor is going to tie up thousands of dollars on a venture where so many possibilities of error (and program disaster) are apparent. No sponsor is going to take a “chance” on something being good. He wants results, practically guaranteed. And television motion picture film is the only reliable answer.

Fortunately, for the sake of the dramatic arts, “live” drama will always be *somewhere* on the day’s television fare. But it may be hard to find, once the commercial programs take over all the choice times of day. In many ways, it will suffer much as really good (un-sponsored) drama has suffered in radio: when good drama has been forced into bad programming time merely to make room for a Sponsor’s Spiel.

Television vs. Hollywood

The use of film by television will touch off a few sparks in Hollywood.

Motion picture moguls pretend they’re not interested in television. They pooh-pooh suggestions that television may make serious inroads into the “movie” industry.

But this is mostly bluff.

Earle G. Hines, director of the Scopphony Corporation of America (U. S. “branch” of Scopphony, Ltd.), claims that the movies have the most to offer television. And then he makes a very profound statement. He says the radio industry has an inside track on television mainly because of the industry’s technical knowledge of television.

That is something worth remembering.

Scopphony, Ltd., was the first English television company to televise special events, to improve large-screen projection, and to affiliate closely with film-producing companies in England. The Scopphony Corporation was formed in this country in 1943.

Paramount and 20th Century-Fox both own considerable shares in Scopphony. Paramount also has a heavy interest in the DuMont stations and laboratories, and owns television stations in Chicago and Hollywood.

Where there’s smoke there’s usually fire.

But competition is a healthy sign. And certainly a billion-dollar industry—like television—can stand it.

Some Other Problems.

There are many problems connected with programming and production. All of them call for considerable research and experimentation—to improve in every way possible the quality of post-war television.

One important problem is what photographers call *gamma*. Most television producers don’t even know what the word means, few self-styled television “experts” have even thought about it. It’s the relation of the contrast in the original with the contrast of the reproduced picture. The subject must be thoroughly investigated.

The whole psychology of television must be studied by programming and production personnel. We must give the listener pictures they expect to see, just as we give them radio programs they expect to hear. Entertainment—not spontaneity—will be the keynote. Large-screen home receivers will help to catch and hold the optic interest of the audience, but sound must also be used—and judiciously.

Camera movement is an important consideration. With “live” television, the camera has to move in for close-ups. And then the audience is constantly disturbed by a “busy” screen. Camera movement can serve a worthwhile purpose. But it should be rarely used in “live” television.

Asynchronization must be considered. That is, the use of emphasis derived from sound or dialogue *not* synchronized with some corresponding movement. A number of authorities maintain that lip synchronization is a cheap trick, and that transcendental results may be achieved by freeing sound pictures from the restrictions of frame-for-frame synchronization.

The subject of lighting requires a great deal of research. Most “live” television studios are seldom large enough to house all the light necessary for adequate camera pickup. Here, again, the best solution is the use of film—produced under the same lighting and mechanical conditions as in theater motion pictures.

Other problems involve the use of cuts and fades, the average time length for any one sequence of a televised program, and the unrestricted use of “long” shots. It’s no easy job to get theater

motion picture quality on television motion picture film. An enormous amount of experimentation and research will be required. Some of this has already begun in California and New York. But the road is long ahead.

At least in the beginning, 16-millimeter reversal film will be used almost exclusively for television filming. Reversal technique permits the production of a good picture with a comparatively short time lag. The cost is a great deal less. And the smaller film is adequate because the projected image on a home receiver will not be an extremely large picture. Thus the problem of grain—and other inherent 16-mm problems—never arise.

Eventually, of course, motion pictures for television will be produced on standard 35-mm. width film.

Postwar Employment.

There will be no lack of jobs in postwar television. But programming and production personnel will have to look to their laurels once the trend to television film gets under way.

Big-money direction and production jobs are likely to go to those with considerable motion picture and stage experience. Only a scant few radio directors will ever find a niche in television, despite the fact that they may be the only persons now engaged in directing television shows.

It's quite possible that the motion picture people will make serious inroads into the television industry, occupying many positions which radio people may have mistakenly thought their righteous own.

But there will be plenty of jobs for everyone.

Script writers are destined to share heavily in the industry's profits. From their typewriters must flow a perpetual stream of television material—most of which is used instantly and never used again. Demand for good scripts will far exceed the supply.

Indirectly, of course, postwar television will cause the employment of hundreds of thousands: designing, manufacturing, installing, testing, operating, maintaining television equipment.

It is not without the realm of possibility that television alone will be the greatest single contributor to the huge postwar economy boom to be experienced in the United States now that the war is won.

NABET Report (Continued from Page Four)

ington 8 a.m. and arrived in Baltimore 9:30 a.m. for conference on WFBR contract. WLB representative supposed to be the only point to be cleared. Before we left for the day the company representative introduced two new issues. Conference adjourned at 5 p.m. Met with members until 11 p.m.

Thursday, Sept. 27—Waited for completion of board meeting at WFBR. After being confined to hotel room; where quite a little telephone business was transacted regarding WCBM dismissal of an employee, WITH and WOL affiliation. It was a relief to receive a call from the company to meet at 3 p.m. When I arrived I was amazed to find that the WLB representative had gone back to Philadelphia without consulting the Union. At this meeting the company introduced a fourth issue and a compromise on a reduction of salary for two of our members that I felt was designed to drive a wedge between our group. When the company refused to yield, I was forced to conclude the conference. A meeting of councilmen, chairman and telephone contact with members was held in and from my hotel room. Contact was made with our attorney and the stenographer in our Washington office. The result was a strike notice dictated to our Washington stenographer about 7 p.m. Had dinner and attended a contract meeting with members from WITH. Contract desires were made known and the meeting adjourned about 11 p.m.

Friday, Sept. 28—Spent best part of

day in Baltimore trying to contact WCBM officials to have dismissed employee re-instated. Returned to Washington about 3 p.m. Talked with our lawyer and finally succeeded in establishing telephone connection with manager of WCBM, Baltimore. After considerable discussion, he agreed to re-instate dismissed employee. Left office at 7 p.m.

Saturday, Sept. 29—Met with our attorney to discuss Fairmont, West Virginia, hearings with WLB. While there also discussed at great length NBC-ABC contract and particularly the no-strike clause. Returned to our office and spent the afternoon cleaning up mail and dictation. Left office at 6 p.m.

Sunday, Sept. 30—Sunday—Day off. Did nothing but to go to railroad station to pick up reservations for trip to Fairmont, West Virginia.

Resume of Month's Highlights

- Unfair labor practice complaints filed.
 - WSAY, Rochester, N. Y.
 - WAGA, Atlanta, Ga.
- Contract negotiations.
 - Louisville, Ky.
 - Baltimore, Md.
- Contracts signed.
 - Louisville, Ky.
- Contract Proposals written.
 - Greensboro, N. C.
- Certification Notices filed.
 - WITH, Baltimore, Md.
 - WCBM, Baltimore, Md.
 - WOL, Washington, D. C.
- Strike Notices filed.
 - WFBR, Baltimore, Md.
- Letters written.
 - Sixty-seven.

NOTES: Sometime ago Mr. Stolzenberger suggested a blow-by-blow description of what went on at the National Office. Time did not permit; however, here is a blow-by-blow description, condensed, of course, of the first month of activity by the office of the National Representative. I hope our members will bear with me in not requiring such a descriptive report every month. Each month I will endeavor to provide you with a skeleton report of the Washington Office activity.—C. A. A.

A light weight, portable flashing beacon for identification signalling at military airports that produces high intensity, short duration, intermittent light flashes has been announced by the Electronic Laboratories of Indianapolis, Indiana. The beacon operates from 110 volts direct current, or alternating current and utilizes a vibrator power supply, for converting to 2,000 volt direct current to produce the flashing light. Electronic Laboratories have also designed the same equipment to operate from 6.12, or 24 volt storage battery. All connections are made with water proof plugs, and the carrying case itself is completely water proofed. The beacon lamp may be mounted separately on a pole if desired. The unit weighs far less and requires much less power than a stationary rotating beacon. The light is visible, under normal operating conditions, for at least twenty miles at night. It produces thirty million candle power and is easily visible in daylight for a considerable distance.

It is estimated that beacon lighting equipment of this type will be in demand after the war by airports in smaller communities which cannot afford the stationary rotating type beacon, and also as emergency stand-by beacons for larger airports. The lamp has already been put to one novel use, it has been directed toward cloud banks overhead and produces a definite reading on a reflection caught by a light meter. Gaging the time between the release of the light flicker and the reflected reading on the meter gives an accurate check on cloud bank heights.



FRANK WHITTAM
Secy.-Treas.
1940 to Date



PAUL VAN DUSEN
Councilman
WHK Transmitter



JERRY JEROME
Councilman
WTAM Transmitter



BERT BERG
Councilman
WHKK AKRON



BARNEY PRUITT
Councilman
WTAM Studios

The Cleveland Czars of NABET

By Bert Pruitt



HAROLD V. BRANDT
Chairman
Cleveland Chapter



LARRY SHIPLEY
Councilman
WHK Studios

I ONCE knew an engineer down in Indianapolis. This fellow was a stickler when it came to giving credit where credit is due. That's why he proudly told his radio-friends all about his wife's sister. She couldn't see any future in the kitchen. That thought was playing Tag with her conscience as she scanned through her brother-in-law's September '40 issue of the Broadcast Engineers' Journal.

"My goodness," thinks she, looking at herself in a convenient mirror, "those radiomen get more publicity than does a Hollywood Flicker Star!" That may or may not be why she decided to go to school and be a female-technician. But that's why the Indianapolis engineer boasted to his friends about her. Let's hurry along with the facts of this story.

The engineer was drafted in the Navy. His sister-in-law got his job and this domestic miss-fire gave me an idea that Stolzenberger may toss in the nearest waste paper basket. Why not do some boasting about the accomplishments of our NABET czars of the Cleveland Division of the same organization?

Anyone knows that a Czar is a fellow who is accustomed to sitting with the soles of his feet about six inches higher than the nogginns of the commoner class of peasants who pay their dues with assorted degrees of complaint. Well, each NABET czar out here has a better job than I, so it stands to reason he wouldn't take mine if you should hand it to him on a platter with O. B. Hanson's compliments filling the first seventeen grooves of the platter.

That's why I felt safe in giving the devil his due. I called a photographer with that thought in mind.

"Sure," he said, "when shall I come over and shoot them?"

"The sooner the better," I said, "but I'll have to round them up first." I had lots of confidence when I made that statement.

Such confidence proved to be wishful thinking. I was confident in May, confused in June, confounded in July and concerned in August. This experience, however, taught

me something about radiomen. They're busier than the President of the United States. They have more appointments booked ahead than does a Corporation Lawyer. They prove their approval of civilization by purchasing modern homes equipped with telephones. . . . Yet they are harder to locate than Eskimos hunting seals north of the Arctic Circle. But someone once said, "Education is the spice of life!" That being the case, the education we acquired in getting their pictures should assure us of a peaceful like chuckful of spice. . . . Not to mention Thanksgiving Day and turkey dressing.

You may ask yourself what turkey dressing has to do with the Cleveland Division of NABET? If so, we will be the first to congratulate you for asking such a timely question. Your mental alertness makes it possible for us to give the answer without appearing to be slightly incoherent. It's like this: The Indianapolis engineer's sister-in-law loves turkey dressing but she doesn't know how to make it. Harold Brandt heard about her plight so he decided to call the other Cleveland NABET Czars into a huddle. . . . From this huddle came this plan: Why not have a Thanksgiving NABET feast and invite the Indianapolis engineer's sister-in-law to dinner? Everyone agreed that the world at last had been given an idea without a flaw. They didn't want to let the world down so the feast idea met with their approval. In more forceful words we could say: The idea went over with a bang!

P. S. Harold Brandt just now phoned me. He says that all NABET members properly qualified should write him for reservations. To qualify you must: Be a sister-in-law . . . Have a sister who's husband was drafted in the Navy . . . Admit that you don't know how to make turkey dressing . . . In addition you must be a graduate of a Technical school that meets with the approval of Yale's Professors of Science.

Those qualified should lose no time in writing to Harold Brandt. He lives at Brecksville 1/2, Ohio. He will be delighted to hear from you!

**"You can't argue with a
PRESTO RECORDING**

...because

Presto gives it to you straight!"

"There's nothing like a Presto Recording for honest criticism of your work," says Ray Bloch whose Orchestra and Chorus provide the musical portion of so many network shows. "Our programs are recorded on Presto equipment because we know we can depend on Presto's fine reproduction and fidelity to musical tones. When we play back the recording, we're practically hearing our own live performance!"

Major broadcasting stations feel the same way about Presto's high quality work—and add that Presto is rugged as well as efficient, remaining in perfect operating condition over long periods without adjustment. Schools, colleges and business organizations, too, prefer Presto equipment because it's so simple to operate. Write for complete information.



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Walter P. Downs, Ltd., in Canada



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF INSTANTANEOUS SOUND RECORDING EQUIPMENT AND DISCS

from HOLLYWOOD . . . By Norman Dewes

WEATHER . . . television . . . letters . . . bowling . . . balls . . . new men . . . CINCPAC . . . swimming studios . . . hams . . . boats . . . 'n STUFF

WELL . . . last month it was simply too durn HOT out in these parts for WORDS . . . which could be ONE of the reasons why we didn't get OURS in in time for the October issue . . . the excuse we're REALLY using tho iz that our copy or rather Boss Stolzenberger's copy of our copy didn't evah git SENT any place, having apparently gotten LOST in the Mail Room . . . and is that BAD, you are saying. . . WE are saying . . . you should see our Mail Room . . . they's nothing but FEMALES in there most of the time, but LUSCIOUS . . . next to the Page Gals, we will take the Mail Gals, and don't think we don't TRY . . . and don't think we don't SUCCEED, because . . . well, anyway our stuff didn't get anywhere, so enclosed please find a RECAPITULATION (that just means reHASH) of same. And if all the Mail Gals and all the Page Gals were laid end to end . . . they might ALMOST reach to Noo Yawk DIRECTLY, and you could dictate into ONE end of the line and Stolzie could listen on the OTHER end and the Column could be passed along sort of WORD of MOUTH like . . . sort of a Physical Circuit . . . if you think that sounds fantastic, just wait a few years . . . NOTHING is impossible in Electronics, remember. It sounds like FUN, too, huh. . . .

WELL . . . as we were saying, it was WARM out thisa way last month, due to too much CALIF in California . . . if you read yer travel folders which they are beginning to print again, you will read where California was named back in 1403 or thereabouts by the Mesquite Indians from their word "Califero" which means "plenty Hot" . . . it SEEMS tho that they went ahead and DID this without first checking with the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who have SINCE changed it to mean "pleasantly warm" . . . which is true MOST of the time, except LATELY when it has been just plain "hotternell." There's ONE thing about these warm days tho which is NICE and that is that it gives the fellows an excuse for not wearing many CLOTHES . . . and going about their work at Radio City in sport shirts with open collars and no ties, with changing to nothing but SHORTS when you get home and lounging out on yer patio with a tall, cool THING in one hand and yer copy of the Broadcast Engineers' Journal ("Of, By and For the Broadcast Engineers . . .") in the OTHER . . . then too, of course, it gives the GALS an excuse for not wearing much of anything EITHER, and very little of THAT . . . which the dears do not hesitate to do, or rather DON'T, as ANY phool can plainly see . . . WE can plainly see . . . even with our dark glasses on, which we wear to make 'em think we AIN'T LOOKIN' . . . but the darlings get BY with it (for "BY" read "boy" . . .) and it is all very REFRESHING and educational and no doubt very HEALTHful too, so we are all for it, but REMEMBER, fellows . . .

When it's shorts 'n HALTER,
Do not FALTER . . .
Lest she lead you
to the ALTER . . .

BUT now, asewere saying, everybody is simply DRIPPING out here, making frequent drips to the Key Club necessary for a drop to drink for the droops, and between drips 'n droops and ABOUT same here are the News and Views by Dewes . . . iffen we don't get lost in the Mail Room AGAIN . . . (dush zis shtuff make shense to you, Stolshie???) . . .

NATIONAL . . . big event around Radio Citee last month and this too are the Television Courses . . . video has FINALLY come to Hlyd, in the personable person of Mr. Clarence Radius, of RCA Institutes and who conducted similar courses during the past year in NY and Chi . . . this puts US about a year BEHIND the eastern smarties, but that's alright, 'cause we will soon CATCH UP and are very glad to see Mr. Radius and happy to have the opportunity to soak up the very comprehensive set of lax he has lined up. The course here will cover fifty weeks, with a new topic each week and each lecture given once or twice daily on several days during the week so that EVERYBODY will have a chance to attend . . . about 165 engineers have signed up for the series, including an innovation by invitation of two men each from each of the movie studio Sound Departments and also from RCA Mig. Co. and several local radio set manufacturers . . . including ALSO the ABC men to whom the doors of B-7 have been opened as well, and who consider it DARN NICE of NBC to include US in their Radius of operations . . . no YL's have shown up as yet, and we guess Miss Trottnier of Chi is the only tele-vision so far to appear in Mr. Radius' SCOPE . . . as ONE engineer put it, you can tele-VISION from a long way off, but you can't tell her MUCH . . . wonder how Miss Trottnier MADE OUT with Mr. Radius' blanking pedestals, vestigial transmission, sync pulses, etc. Sneep, sneep, sneep. . . .

The lounge BULLETIN Board was the recent recipient of another epistle from Lt. R. O. Brooke of the U. S. Navy . . . Bob enclosed a copy of the Navy News, Guam Edition, which carried some very interestin' reports of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, with personal stories and reactions of the men taking part in the raid. Also showed some FB radio photos from the States, and even a strip of "Terry and the Pirates" . . . quite a sheet . . . no by-lines or masthead credits, but we SUSPECT former Hlyd B. E. Journal column editor Brooke MAY have had SOMETHING to do with it . . . speaking of Hiroshima, and ALSO Nagasaki . . . "atom" spelled backward is "Mota," a good old Yapanese name . . . and many a Mr. Mota found a tomb in the aTOM Bomb, huh. . . . Anyway, Bob, you will remember, is a former Hlyd SE and now running the

Navy Radio Broadcasting station on Guam, if they haven't "pulled the main switch" by this time, and from which come many of the Far Pacific short-wave pickups . . . speaking of pickups, one which WE won't forget for QUITE a while is coming in for one of the VERY early stand-bys we were doing for awhile on the Chungking news shots and setting up the Nemo ckts and catching a VERY American voice over Radio Tokyo saying, "This station is now being operated by the United States Army" . . . which made it WORTH getting up at 4 ayem that morning. . . .

BOWLING has never been one of OUR proclivities, hence perhaps the NBC Bowling League of the NBCAA has received TOO LITTLE mention TOO SELDOM on these pages . . . we had about a page of bowling bits typed out for LAST month, but overshoot our space and it was xxx'ed . . . Operations Super Craig Pickett is chairman of the Hlyd League and Evie Raff, nee Mrs. Hal Lea is a committeitee too and last month's scores saw Ross Miller, Recording Maint. with High Average for the boys and Evie Lea, nee Evie Raff ditto for the ladies . . . Hal Platt, Field and Evie Lea AGAIN were High Series . . . thet gal really knows her BALLS, or whatever they say in Bowling . . . and Ross Miller's getting High Average seems a little ODD to us, as he only played THREE GAMES last month . . . mebbe this bowling gag is like our GOLF, tho . . . the FEWER times you play, the BETTER yer average is . . . must take up BALLING, we mean Bowling, 'cause we hear it is great fun . . . the fellows say that we REALLY should try it, and that we wouldn't have ANY trouble learning, 'cause it was SIMPLE . . . THANKS, fellows . . .

AMERICAN/KECA . . . the ABC staff of stiffis is GROWING daybyday, with the daily schedule now listing some TWENTY-SEVEN uvus . . . and now wewould like to WELCOME the following fellows to Denechaud Den No. 319, of the Cub Engineers of American . . . don't let the word "cub" insult ya, men . . . it referereres (there's TOO MANY of something here . . .) only to yer start with the AB, see? Reading from LEFT to RIGHT, inasmuch as these citizens LEFT their former jobs to come to the RIGHT place. (corny, huh . . .) we have Marvin B. Jacobs, who wants to be called "Jake" 'cause he don't like "Marvin," and who has been AROUND during his extensive radio career . . . studied Electrical Engineering at the University of Jena in Germany, was Recording Eng. for a film company in Chi, SE at KTSA in Ole San Antone, engineer for a seismograph outfit in Tulsa, in sound biz for self and collects PIPES . . . sez he has around 140 of 'em, all smokeable, including a BIG one made from an old morning glory loud speaker horn. Then, we have Robert L. Besser, 6 yrs with WNT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and then 3 yrs with Navy Service Center operated by Lockheed at Van Nuys, Calif. where he was radar tech, mech and pre-flight inspector,

installing the "find 'em" gear on Navy planes, and thence to ABC. Then there is Edsal Kelly Bowman, who comes to us from North American Aviation where he was radio tech and before that studied Engineering at UCLA . . . Ed is rather a NEOPHYTE to broadcasting, but plays CHESS so perhaps we will let 'im in. SPEAKING of Studio "M," the place became the veritable beehive of activity during the radio throes of the Japanese surrender . . . it was CINCPAC for ABC out here, with special cue circuits, order loops and program lines running to and from San Fran, Hlyd and NY . . . an announcer and/or engineer was on duty over 24 hour periods, surrounded by mikes 'n speakers and draped with headphones, handsets and chestsets and the place was a sort of coordinating center for the special stuff from the Pacific. It was all PRETTY EXCITING to pipe the fellows thru from Guam, Iwo, Manila, Pearl Harbor, etc. who did a FINE JOB of reporting, but we wish we could say the SAME for the various TC web-weavers who were screaming back 'n forth atus over the order wires . . . most of 'em apparently figured that they were REALLY in the WAR now and adopted the rather trite and sorta passe full-dress "pilot to navigator" routine, with much exchanging of "rogers" and "wilco's" and "over" . . . it got PRETTY THICK after awhile, so every onceinawhile during a LULL in the proceedings WE would open a couple of mikes and throw a "roger" or a "wilco" on the line and then listen to the fun stirred up when EVERYBODY tried to find out who was calling who, etc. . . . there was ONE exception, tho . . . a GAL up in San Fran who for OUR dough was doing a GOOD job of coordinating things . . . didn't get her name, but would LIKE to get her phone number . . . she sounded BEAUTIFUL aswellas intelligent . . . how about a PIC, San Fran . . . and enclose one for our FILES, too . . . better send it c/o ABC Hlyd, or maybe Mabel might not UNDERSTAND . . . her operating was really FB, and she can operate for US ANYtime, (if you're reading this, Mabel, you KNOW we're only kidding, honey . . . when you write stuff for a bunch of engineers, you HAFTA throw in some stuff about GIRLS once in a while, so's they'll understand what your TALKIN' about, RIGHT? . . .) Here's a yarn we GOTTA tell on ABCoINC studio man Ben Doty, for a long time the Lion 'n Abner man . . . it SEEMS Ben is invited to dinner and a beach pahty, and before leaving for the shore, takes on a couple of shots of the traditional preventative for SNAKE bites, against possibility of meeting some SEA-SNAKES down there . . . well, Ben had figured on arriving about time for the EATS, natcherly, but it turned out that the pahty was having LIQUID LUNCH, so was forced to take on several MORE doses of the reptile repellent and was coming along FINE when one of the girls wanted to go swimming . . . as she was the only one with a bathing suit on and INTERESTED in swimming, Ben, ALWAYS the gentleman, and attired in a neat, double-breasted suit, rolls up his pants and volunteers to join her PART WAY, anyway . . . was wading out happily when along comes a BIG one and Ben finds himself ALL WET and decides that he might as well go swimming ALL the way now and DIVES IN and while UNDER WATER, goes to SLEEP. Well, this sorta



Marie Wilson (the Oooooo Gal) Star of Ken Murray's "Blackouts of 1945" appearing at El Capitan Theatre, Hollywood. Miss Wilson, latest entry for title of "Sweetheart of the Broadcast Engineers," has recently guest-starred on "People Are Funny" (NBC), and she has appeared with Ken Murray on his own program last year, "Which Is Which?" (CBS).

broke up the party and he wakes up some time LATER to find himself in his bed at home, where his friends had carried him. To TAG it all, next day Ben gets the asthma AND a beautiful case of the HIVES, and goes around scratching and PANTING . . . mebbe THAT'll teach him a LESSON, but wedoubtit, friff, friff, friff . . . AROUND 'N ABOUT . . . looks like the

much-anticipated days of post-war construction are approaching . . . noticed some men taking SOUNDINGS in the lower parking lot with picks and shovels, and it seems that NBC will SOON build two additional audience studios there, facing on Argyle Street and adjoining the present building . . . the annex added a year or so ago to house Props' Sound Effects will be torn down to make

room for the new studios, which will help to relieve the space shortages until the New Building can be built. LATEST rumor re: the ABC's new lay-out is the headline in Daily Variety which sez "Huge Radio City for Hollywood" and "Carroll, ABC Plan Sunset Show Center" . . . the following stating that *Earl Carroll's* "Earl Carroll's" and *Mark Woods* of the ABC are conspiring in construct a "Coast counterpart of New York's Radio City" on the southeast corner of Sunset 'n El Centre, across from CBS . . . project will include a height-limit office bldg. and a theatre "5 seats larger" than NY's Radio City, with Television, etc., etc., etc., and Gaud knows WHAT all . . . sounds mighty FINE, but like ALL things in this screwy biz, we will believe it when we see our name on the new chromium schedule board on the gold bulletin board in the marble and old rose ABC engineers' lounge, which it will BE, if that guy *Carroll* designs the joint.

Most DEFINITE items of post-war reconversion out thisa way were the aftermaths of the recent FCC decree allowing ham operation again in the 2½ meter band, and the opening of the Coast harbors to yacht and small boat traffic . . . the nite the news came thru that amateurs could "get back on" in the 112 to 115.5 mc strip used during the WAR for WERS activities, we dug out our rod antenna and hand mike for the car transceiver, put in some fresh mike batts, dusted 'er off and took to the hills to see if anybody was on . . . were WE surprised . . . the QRM sounded like 75 meter 'one, before the war . . . guys were calling "CQ" from everywhere, and from atop the Hollywood Hills, San Diego, Long Branch and many other spots we thot were "Dx" were pouring in like they were on the next hill. Then, to top it all, we were showing *Bob Jensen* how the rig worked, while parked in the Parking Lot outside NBC and put out a little "test" and right back comes a voice *Bob* INSISTED was that of *SE Ralph Reid* and sure enuf it WAS . . . he was working us from his apartment blocks away, with a hunk of wire laid across a floor lamp shade for an antenna, giving him a "rotary" when he turned the lamp standard . . . then *Heffernan* really surprised us with making it a three-way by joining in with HIS rig from the BASEMENT of the same apt house . . . some fun . . .

Labor Day weekend saw every yachtsman in Southern California who could get down to his boat, and whose boat was in commission, heading for Catalina Island and the Isthmus . . . there was almost a continuous line of boats of all descriptions headed over from Balboa, joined by another out from San Pedro, released by the lifting of the submarine nets across the harbor entrances and relaxing of the Coast Guard bans . . . you never SAW so many boats . . . it looked like Wilshire Boulevard on a Sunday afternoon . . . MOST of the skippers were a little RUSTY on their navigation, too, and it was a GOOD THING it was a clear day and you could SEE the Island or MANY would never have made it. Those who COULDN'T see, due to their sailing BLIND, got there somehow by "head" reckoning, weguess. . .

Surrender Day in Hollywood was MUCH too hectic to go into DETAIL about, altho many did . . . it was pretty hectic all around the country, weguess . . . and about the only two things WE remember were *Carmen Miranda* dancing for the crowds on the top

of her car at Hollywood 'n Vine, and a sailor chasing a gal up a twenty foot lamp post on the same corner . . . she was climbing it like a monkey going up a coconut tree and the sailor was RIGHT BEHIND . . . it was Surrender Day, alright, with MANY surrendering right on Vine Street . . . heard reports of TWO of our engineers who had better remain AMBIGUOUS, having to get to the Highland Avenue ABC Playhouse and not being able to get out of the Parking Lot with their car due to the crowds, so proceeded to swipe the KECA Mail Room's gasoline puddle-jumper as emergency transportation . . . it SEEMED that the contraption was a three-wheeled affair and they discovered while trying to execute a right turn into Sunset that the thing didn't STEER so well around right-handed corners, especially at FULL THROTTLE, and careened past about a block of cars, but CLOSE, before they got it on course . . . coming BACK, it was EASY . . . they simply took to the SIDEWALKS, scattering citizens right 'n left but making GOOD TIME . . . perhaps being WELL-LOADED helped to stabilize the thing, mebbe. ANYWAY, it was quite an evening. . .

The Pan-American Chess Congress and Tournament held in these parts recently, wound up in true Hollywood fashion with an exhibition game at the Hyld Athletic Club played on a huge board with live pieces . . . *Linda Darnell* was Queen of Ceremonies and the white pawns were *Earl Carroll* lovlies in white bathing suits, with other movie cuties as "pieces" and I'LL SAY . . . *Black* mated *White* in 32 moves, and you shoulda seen *Linda* . . . some CHESS. . .

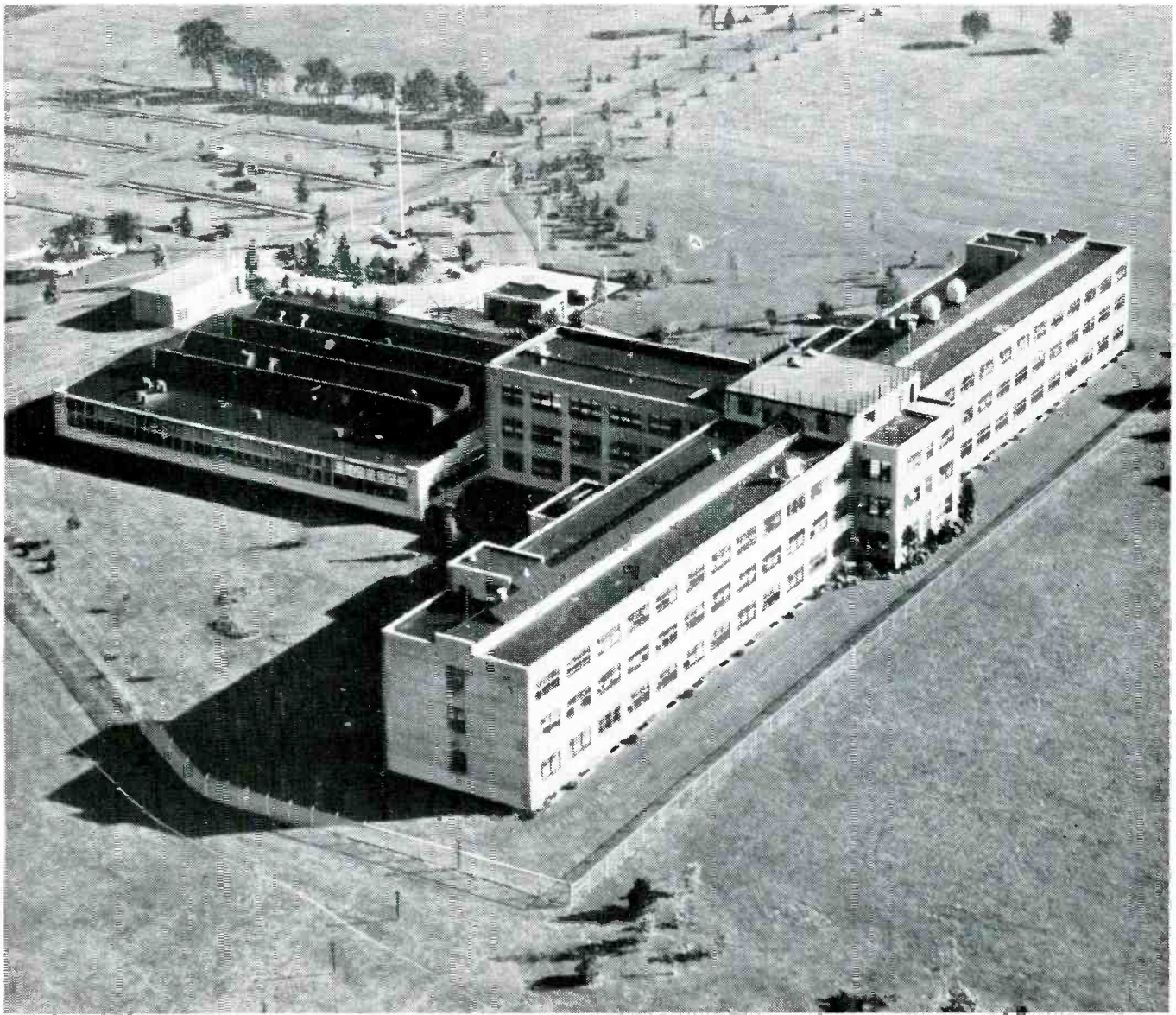
In Thrifty's the other day, we got our faith restored in HUMAN NATURE . . . the usual gang of customers were feeding their faces around the soda counter, with an occasional one dropping a nickel into the little individual juke boxes for some music with their ham on rye . . . well, most of them were playing when pretty soon up comes the Spanish song "Chapanecas" . . . it swings into the first chorus and along comes the time for the hand-clapping routine and EVERY CUSTOMER drops his or her knife 'n fork and CLAPS in time with the music . . . nobody started it, but EVERYBODY joined in, and after the music stopped most of them chuckled a bit and they went back to feeding their faces . . . CUTE, huh . . .

PERSONALS . . . wewelcome *Johnny Pawlek*, SE and transferring out from NY to the Land of the Sun . . . *Johnny* is the "Truth or Consequences" man, having done the show when it was in Noo Yawk, and we went to lunch and it SEEMS he is a little bewildered by California . . . YOU'RE bewildered . . . *Johnny* is staying with *Harry Sax* until he locates a roost and can import the famby . . . *Julius Reikeberg* back amongus, after 7 weeks leave, and we're glad to see 'im . . . resumes subbing in Maintenance for vacations . . . *Gene Durham* due back from an EXTENDED tour to Salt Lake City, Seattle, etc. with "Dr. I. Q." . . . should be a Mental Wizard, (j.g.) by now. . . *Sax* back from NY from annual Division Engineers' Meeting . . . couldn't get on the "Chief's" reservations, so had to unhappily take a milk train there . . . *Pick, Culley* and *Wetteland* on vac jaunt up to King's Canyon, near Sequoia . . . took a bottle of brandy along for snake bite remedy, . . . didn't see any snakes except a LITTLE one, but by the time they got the bottle out, he had DISAPPEARED. . . *Murphy*, ME having

a BALL removed . . . now has one that you can TAKE OUT at nite and POLISH, replacing same with a little EYE OIL, each eve . . . sez it's a DARN handy deal, 'cause you can take it out and hold it at ARM'S LENGTH, for looking over transoms, around corners, etc. Well, he CAN . . . sez he spent QUITE a while practicing to get the two of 'em to track in sync . . . at FIRST, he would look over to one side at you with ONE, while the OTHER one would IGNORE you completely. . .

Figgins, MTCE Super drawing cute little colored circles on paper . . . sez he was figuring out a CLOCK design, but it looked awful close to PAPER DOLLS to us . . . sez he couldn't get the little wheels and gears to come out EVEN and that when the big hand went around ONE way, the little hand would go around the OTHER, dang it . . . we tip-toed out, quietly . . . *Roy Erwin*, Sound Effects, inventing a new "V" wheel for the *Richfield Reporter*, which sends out perfect code groups of "V's" to punctuate the show . . . *Rhoda*, the Beautiful Secretary back from vac at Laguna with a bit of zinc oxide ointment on her lips . . . or mebbe it's luminous paint to show the TARGET for TONITE?? . . . *Benvenuto*, SE building a hand tractor to cultivate his 2 acre Valley hacienda and test hopping the thing and the clutch sticks or SOMETHING and he follows it through the wife's pet cactus garden before he can get it stopped . . . veddy embarrassing . . . *Hal Platt*, Field, building a motorized bicycle, all by himself, (*Platt* and *Popular Mechanics* . . .) and it is quite a thing to see . . . pic later, if it is still here by next issue . . . *Ralph Clements* and famby enjoying nice vac at Ensenada, Baja California . . . 'fb time, but sez tourist prices prevail . . . *Max Jacobson*, NY Field Super out here on combo vac/biz trip . . . staying with *Dick Stoddard*, ex NBC NY Field man and *Howard Hughes'* radio engineer . . . *Max* dropped in to say "howdy" or rather "harya" as theysayit back there, at our recent General NABET meeting . . . Gen. meeting was a GOOD one, incidently, with new Nat'l Vice Prexy *La Croix* reporting on Convention . . . one GOOD point was suggested, that the various Chapters of NABET exchange minutes of their meetings, so everybody would become familiar with what went on elsewhere . . . let's DO it, huh . . . just learned that new ABC man *Kelly Bouman* ALSO plays the trombone and has sat in with *Harry James* . . . bring it down to Studio "M," kiddo . . . that's all we NEED . . . don't remember whether we MENTIONED several issues ago that *Johnny Eilers*, ABC/KECA Maintenance Super had been chosen Councilman from KECA Studio group, and *Ernie Sams* ditto for KECA Transmitter gang . . . well, they HAVE, and belated congrats, kids . . . *Johnny De Grazzio*, NBC SE fixin' to git hitched . . . it'll be a Las Vegas venture and the happy twosome will make their home in Burbank . . . bride is *Miss Nancy Scott*, who works for the Western Exterminator Company . . . YOU take it from there . . . "Denny" *Denechaud*, ABC Eng. Mgr. on week's safari up to Glacier Lodge, near Big Pine in the High Sierras . . . packing in on mule back and Getting Away from It All for a few days . . . *Jimmy Banks*, ABC SE getting his retro from Metro . . . a nice chunk of back pay for when he was woikin' in da moovies . . . *Tony Hutson*, NY ABC SE/FE headed back home after so-journ out

(Continued on Page Eighteen)



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RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

Baltimore Chapter News

By William Hoos

SINCE last month's column, NABET and Baltimore Chapter's ranks have been increased to include the engineers of two more Baltimore stations—WCBM and WITH. The men at these stations unanimously signed with NABET, WCBM having a majority by September 7 and WITH by September 21. These were the last two non-affiliated stations in Baltimore and their joining gives NABET a representation of 3 of the 5 stations in Baltimore, the other two respectively being with ACA and IBEW. 6 men are represented at WCBM which is the 250 watt local outlet for the Mutual Broadcasting System operating on 1400 KC. At WITH there are 10 men. This station is on 1250 KC with 250 watts power and is a member of the new Associated Broadcasting Company. They also operate an experimental FM station carrying WITH's programs. In the near future we hope to expand the column with their news.

Some Personal Notes from WFBR

Dick La Course is one of the tough luck

boys of the war. He was drafted just 12 days before the Jap surrender, and had his name not been on local board's August list, it is probable that he would still be a civilian as he is over the age of the men now being taken. Dick had passed the Eddy Test and is at present at Great Lakes, in the Navy's Radio Tech program. We all wish him the best of luck and hope to see him soon again. He held a full time job as Naval Civilian Inspector at the Baltimore Westinghouse Plant and worked one day a week on a studio shift at WFBR.

Introducing Ed Stover last month we mentioned his contract with the company for supplying rabbits for the Hobby Club program. Since then this has been cancelled and we understand that they are now giving away collections of stamps. Somehow or other Eddie lost his love of the bunnies and has disposed of them all; lock, stock and hatches. Speaking of hobbies it seems by reading the Journal that there is at least one flier in each station. Here it's Control Room Supervisor

Paul Ruckert, who flies the Cubs. Before the war, Paul had his own ship and now has his eye on a post war ship.

Council Chairman Harry Boone has a private feud with Editor Stolzenberger. On one of the group pictures taken at the recent National Council meeting, Harry smiled too broadly showing a wide open gap where he broke a tooth on a piece of tender New York steak. Editor Ed promised him that the picture could and would be retouched. It wasn't. Anyhow Harry has had it glued back on and won't have to worry about pictures until he tangles again with some of that big town beef again.

We understand that Announcer Roger Gallagher who left here several weeks ago to free lance in New York has been busily auditioning. We've heard that he may do the local commercial for Dick Tracy on WJZ. If any of you fellows from New York Chapter run into him, pass along our regards.

We're sorry to report that "Hank" Bennett, for many years night watchman at the transmitter passed away on September 24. Many a pot of coffee Hank brewed for the gang at Westport. We offer our deepest sympathy to his family.

That's all for now, 73 till next month.

Hollywood

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

thisaway with "Town Meeting" . . . between Meetings, we put him to work playing transcriptions in "L" and "M" and he TOOK IT like a MAN . . . Carl Lorenz up fishin' with young "Carl" in High Sierras and met Eddie Miller over the ridge for annual bait bout . . . all three caught some nice ones and Carl hooked his first Golden Trout at Crystal Lake . . . sez he was almost TOO pretty to eat . . . ALMOST . . . Carl's LATEST boat plans are for a Universal Utility model fishing skiff, with a centerboard and rig for sailing, an outboard, watertight compartments and swivel chair seats fore 'n aft, so that you can angle from ANY angle . . . we're not SURE whether THIS model is collapsible or NOT, but if Carl sez it is, it WILL be . . . Jake O'Kelly reports that Buddy Twiss tells him that announcer man Abbott Tessman will soon be out of the Armee and back withus . . . Sil Caranchini, Recording Super with new secretary, name of Greta Barry and succeeding Evie Raff who got married and went to RCA, the Company thinking it's immoral or sumpin' for man 'n wife to both work for 'em . . . GREETINGS, Greta . . . Howie Cooley, Rec. investing in a La Salle, which he calls "Reluctant" 'cause he's always DRAGGIN' it around . . . or ELSE some one ofus is PUSHING him and it . . . see Howie for info on yer auto . . . Oborn, Rec. with new car too . . . a slightly used Olds, which HE managed to get out of town for a vac trip to Utah . . . Art Brearley, NBC SE winding up his Institute classes with a PIP of a yarn about Field Exercises which we will give you next time . . . heard Clete Roberts, ABC War Corres on while driving around Paris in a jeep, with a film recorder . . . a fb report . . . also heard "Pete Narkon, Jr." on "Ladies, Be Seated" from NY recently . . . Pete, Jr., son of a NY SE who was among US out here for awhile, was in a soda-drinking contest with some girls and

the femmes WON . . . didn't yer Dad learn yuh any better 'n THAT?? . . . "Town Meeting's" George V. Denny gave Tony Hutson a VERY nice mention, too while guesting on a recent Coast show . . . gave him plaudits for being their engineer for 10 years or more . . . these mentions don't hurt ANY of us, and we will have MORE to say about this next time . . . Mort Smith campaigning for a Chic Sale in the Recording Room . . . sez that yuh don't DARE take time out to answer Nature's Call, or the joint FALLS APART while yer GONE . . . believe he's GOT something there . . . why not one in every BOOTH, too . . . it would be a means of utilizing those extra scripts, if nothing ELSE . . .

STUFF . . . we were backing the Engineering Pick-up truck into the Garage the other day and came upon a lone door off of a telephone booth . . . nobody seems to know how it got there or why . . . is this an escapade which ESCAPED us, we wonder . . . Jensen sez if you're up in the stratosphere flying around in an airplane, rocket ship or whatever, listening to the radio and you hit a null point in reception, wouldyousay that the signals were NULL and VOID?? We wouldsay that Bro. Jensen should be avoided, when he's like THAT . . .

Discovered recently that the reason they don't much use the blue foot and border lights on the audience studio stages is due to the type of INK that is used on the musician's manuscripts or music scores . . . the blues make notes written in this ink seem to DISAPPEAR, which makes it tough for the members of the orchestra to PLAY 'em . . . mebbe that's where they get those "blue" notes from?? . . . At the end of the corridors between the pairs of audience studios, leading to the dressing and script rooms, there are two doors marked "Men" and "Women," resp. . . . which is FINE, only the captions on the doors at the end of the corridor between studios "A" and "B" are DIFFERENT from the nomenclature to be found on the doors at the end of the cor-

ridor between studios "C" and "D" . . . in fact, the inscriptions are REVERSED, a situation which occasionally is the source of some confusion . . . especially if you enter in a hurry and find yourself face to face with members of the OPPOSITE gender who are QUITE as surprised as you are . . . it is TRULY a situation calling for some delicate dialogue, or maybe none at ALL, and the BEST thing to do perhaps is to get the h— out of there, but QUICK. . . Right? Then we were thumbing the pages of a recent issue of "Broadcasting" magazine and came across a little item about a very popular lady organist and film star who dropped into her lingerie shop to order a dozen pairs of whatever ladies wear for undies and the designer suggests that she have her initials embroidered on 'em . . . INSTEAD, the lady organist decides to commemorate a recent appearance on a program for a ciggie company and orders the letters "L. S. / M. F. T." placed delicately on the front . . . lady, if you ONLY knew . . . and speaking of LADIES, we are enclosing some pix which are SOME PIX, in our opinion . . . hope the Chief can find ROOM for them in this issue . . . if you will remember, she is the "Oo-o-o-o-o Gal" of the Engineers out here . . . she is very NICE, with a well-rounded personality, huh, fellows . . . really an OUTSTANDING comedienne, and if you're out this way, be SURE to catch her in Ken Murray's "Blackouts" at the El Capitan . . . WE go on an average of twice a week . . .

WELL . . . another page or so of gossip is on the hook, but want to save room for Marie, so will hold it 'till NEXT time, when we will try to get up to date and back on schedule . . . altho THAT probably won't be 'till after Xmas and the Yearbook is out . . . let's help Stolzie do a job on the Yearbook this year and make it even BETTER than last year . . . remember, to paraphrase a tag line from the radio . . . "Your best bet is NABET" . . . and we DO mean YOU, Mr. Engineer . . . BCNU.



(Left) Picture taken during the ABC Outing at Knollwood Country Club. The smiling gentleman on the right is an announcer named Herb Newcomb, who only got into the picture because he is President of the ABC Athletic Association. The three studio engineers are, from left to right, Harry Eckland, Leo Mulatz, and George Smith.

(Center) These bathing beauties were snapped at the ABC Central Division Outing. Miss Renee Mercantelle (second from right) was chosen as Miss ABCO of 1945.

(Right) Engineer Harry Eckland (with dark glasses), demonstrating the method of feeding the Chicago Cubs baseball game to the P. A. system during our ABC Outing.

Chicago-Corn *from* a Cob Reporter *By* Kermit A. Stobb

AS RUMORED last month, Johnson and Bombaugh, WLS-WENR transmitter men who both went into the Navy, are back at the old stand. I'd like to welcome them back on behalf of all the Chicago NABET men, and also mention a little of what they did in the Navy.

First, Art Johnson. Art went into the Navy in September, 1942, as a Lieutenant. He spent most of his time as an Inspector of Radio and Radar equipment for the Navy, being stationed at various times at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Sandusky, Ohio, and Mansfield, Ohio.

Second, Thur Bombaugh. "Bud" went into the Navy in April, 1942, as a Lieutenant. J.G., and almost immediately joined the staff on the new battleship, U.S.S. Indiana. He went to the South Pacific on the Indiana, taking part in actions off Guadalcanal and Munda. After eighteen months in the South Pacific he came back to the States, spent two weeks on the Communications Staff of Admiral Nimitz, and then went to San Diego and San Pedro to take charge of communication training on all new, converted and reconditioned vessels out of those ports. In April, 1945, Bud reported to Admiral Braisted as Communications Officer on his staff.

From that time until he received his Termination Leave he was assigned to the AGC 15, U.S.S. Adirondack, a Group Communications Ship which incidentally has five times more radio and radar gear than a battleship. Sometime during all this, Bud was promoted to Lieutenant.

I can't take shorthand, and could hardly read the notes I took from these two fellows, so I hope the above record is fairly straight. Anyway, we're glad to have them back, and that is the important thing I'm trying to get across to them.

It isn't Chief Editor Stolzenberger's fault, or anyone else's, but I hope you realize why all the stuff I'm writing now is old when you see it in print. There is a full month lapse between the time I write the column and the time you receive your copy of the old BEJ. If I start telling you about the ABC-NBC vs. NABET contract being signed three days

ago it will be old stuff by the time you read this. Can't be helped, guys, so bear with us.

Just a little about the ABC Outing here in Chicago. As you can see, have some pictures as I promised. The pics were taken by Chuck Leslie, ABC announcer here, and I think he used an Argoflex. Chuck didn't have an enlarger, so Art Hjorth came through and blew them up to the proper 8 x 10 size.

A good time was had by all concerned, I think, at the ABC Outing. The committee did a fine job, especially with prizes, since practically everyone there got a prize of some kind. Prizes were of all kinds . . . War Bonds, bottles of various and sundry liquids, candy, cereal, a clock, a wristwatch and other items too numerous to mention. Golf, swimming, tennis, softball, horseshoes, etc., occupied the morning and afternoon, and after dinner in the evening it took almost two hours to give away all the prizes. (Since I do the Jack Armstrong "Wheaties" show, it was only right that I win a case of "Cheerios").

Jim Platz and several of the other fellows here have bought enormous oscilloscopes built by Western Electric for radar test use and released as war surplus. (Which reminds me that I saw Walkie-Talkies advertised for sale yesterday for \$40). Anyway, these oscilloscopes have the shape of a big rural mail box (in fact someone suggested using the cover for that purpose), has a five inch C.R. tube, big, husky transformers, and while it might be termed portable by the Armed Services and the NBC Field Supervisors, still it weighs in at over 200 pounds, and Jim is thinking of building a dolly for it so he can wheel it around in his basement workshop. By the way, I understand Jim was seen the other day in this heavy Chicago rain riding his bicycle . . . one hand on the handlebar and the other holding an umbrella. Sorry I don't have a picture of that.

RCA Recording guys have been very busy lately. As you know they do a lot of slide film, educational and other recordings which had to be reconverted at the end of the war like everything else, so they've been toeing the line and have no further news.

Have very little from Maintenance here, either. As a matter of fact, I am trying to

make something out of nothing this month, as you can readily see. Larry Balsley has been so deluged with stories about ham radio from the other maintenance men that he is getting the ham bug himself. Bill Beeson said he couldn't give me any news because he was on the graveyard shift, but I didn't get to ask him how he would like that extra 10% in our new contract.

There were some humorous sidelights to our strike here. For instance, a lot of poker was played over at the hotel room we used as Headquarters, and a couple of the guys wanted a clause in the new contract repaying them for their poker losses. Then Marshall Rife, our NBC Field Supervisor, was seen reading "Forever Amber," which is a bit more lively than the technical stuff he is used to reading.

I think the funniest thing happened on the air. Several hours after the strike was called, we were sitting in the hotel listening to one of our WMAQ announcers give a fifteen minute news show. He finished the program, gave the WMAQ break, and then there was silence for a couple of minutes. This was eventually broken by the same announcer coming in with just one word at high level . . . "Fantastic!" This was followed by more silence and eventually a record began playing, but that single word gave us a wonderful one word picture of the trouble they were having at the Mart. We also understood when we got back that they were using a portable radio to get cues from one studio to another.

Will finish off this month's opus with a few words about the contract which is newly signed. I think everyone was mildly disappointed with the top Group 2 wage, which was the basis for negotiation. I know that ALL the younger men and quite a few of the older men were disgusted with the fact that some seniority groups received a higher percentage increase than other groups. All in all, however, I think we did fairly well, and any resentment about the sliding scale of percentages has pretty well simmered down by now. Everybody's happy that the contract is signed, sealed and delivered. 73 till next month.

The Rochester Chapter

By Art Kelly

THE Rochester gang is looking forward, eagerly, to big changes in the Rochester broadcasting picture. The WHAMMERS are anticipating lots of excitement with the breaking of ground for WHAM's "Radio City." Tentative plans call for beginning of building either this fall or early next spring. It goes without saying that all Rochester will be interested in this modern Radio City but most of all the WHAM technicians who will have the opportunity of stepping into the most modern broadcasting station in the country and learning all the new tricks associated with its operation.

The second big news on the Rochester scene is the application of Station WHEC for an increase in power and removal of technical facilities to a new site. At present, WHEC operates on a kilowatt during the day and on 500 watts in the evening. If the application for higher power is approved, WHEC will increase to 5 KW day and night using a non-directional array daytimes and a directional beam over Rochester during the evening.

There's plenty happening in the circle of Rochester operators. For instance, Charlie Snyder, Chairman, bought a new house and then discovered that the furnace needed replacing. He tore out the antique that came with the mortgage and then placed an order for a new furnace. The usual thing happened. The new heating plane was side tracked somewhere along the line of delivery and the first thing Charlie knew, his home felt like the inside of a refrigerator. The only way he could get warm was to go to bed as soon as supper was over. After a couple of weeks of that, ol' Charlie decided that perhaps he'd better take life seriously for a change. He tried to drive the cold out of the house with an oil heater. That didn't work either, so—back to bed again! Finally, and just in time too, we think, the furnace arrived, and Charlie, with the assistance of four other guys (he needed assistance by that time) got the heater in the very evening that Rochester had its first freeze. Some guys have all the luck.

Fran Sherwood, Supervisor at WHEC's transmitter, reports that his Great Dane, Hamlet, has grown to such size that he devours fifty pounds of dog food every month. The dog's neck is so large around that his collar chain is almost a half wave long on the station's FM frequency so Fran has to keep him away from the WHEF transmitter to prevent RF burns.

Don Anderson, op at WHFM, has completed negotiations for buying a home. While clearing up the yard he was wielding an ax on some tree limbs. On one mighty swing the ax hit the wrong limb so now Don's sporting a game leg.

WHAM's Control Supervisor, Ray Lucia, has finished putting a new slate roof on his house. Ray seems to be psychic . . . only in reverse. Every time he would rip a portion of the old roof off, it would rain.

Nelson Smith has made the headlines as a writer. Smitty is an expert on model railroading. It was a natural transition from mechanical operation to electronic operation for Nels. "Model Railroader" heard of his

radio controlled railroad and requested that he write a technical series. Nels did . . . and a fine job, too.

Edmund Schum is a new transmitter man at WHEC. Al Keltz has been a part time operator at WHEC's Control Room but now is full time on the staff. Also from WHEC, Dick Sandrel is busy getting a two-and-a-half meter job ready to go on the air.

Alex Gresson, WHAM's last old-line bachelor holdout, is back at work after walking down the aisle with "Cutie" Schwartz. Alex and "Cutie" are all set in their neat apartment and find married life fine business.

Congrats to Ed Stolzenberger for a swell Convention issue. For those of us that couldn't get to New York, that issue brought to us a closeup picture of just what transpired there at the Hotel Pennsylvania. The only thing that issue failed to do was bring we stay-at-homes a taste of the feed put up by the New York Chapter. 73 Kelly.

RCA Victor Develops Non-Breakable, Plastic Record for Home Use

The first non-breakable, high fidelity phonograph record for home use has been developed by RCA Victor, climaxing 11 years of research work in this field. A flexible disc made of synthetic plastic material, the new record, which greatly reduces surface sound, will make its initial appearance in October, according to an announcement by J. W. Murray, General Manager of the RCA Victor Record Division, who called it the greatest improvement in home phonograph records in 45 years.

The first of the new type non-breakable disc available to the public will present a performance of Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. At present, Mr. Murray said, it is planned to release only newly recorded musical works on the new type discs, which will be known as Red Seal De Luxe records. The same musical work, he added, will be made available later on standard, high quality Red Seal shellac records.

The non-breakable home phonograph record, which is ruby red in color, was made possible, according to H. I. Reiskind, chief engineer of the RCA Victor Record Division, by the development of a formula for a compound composed almost entirely of vinyl resin plastic which produces a durable, long-life record.

While vinyl materials have been used for many years in the manufacture of expensive transcription records, particularly for radio broadcasts and for V discs used by our armed forces overseas, they have hitherto been prohibitively costly for use in home phonograph records, Mr. Reiskind said.

The new formula, one of several evolved by RCA Victor record engineers, according to Mr. Reiskind, results in a record that can be dropped or bent without breaking or cracking, has less surface sound, and enhances the fidelity of reproduction.

Surface sound reduction, he said, is made possible because the plastic compound does not require the mineral filler used in shellac records. The new De Luxe records, he added,

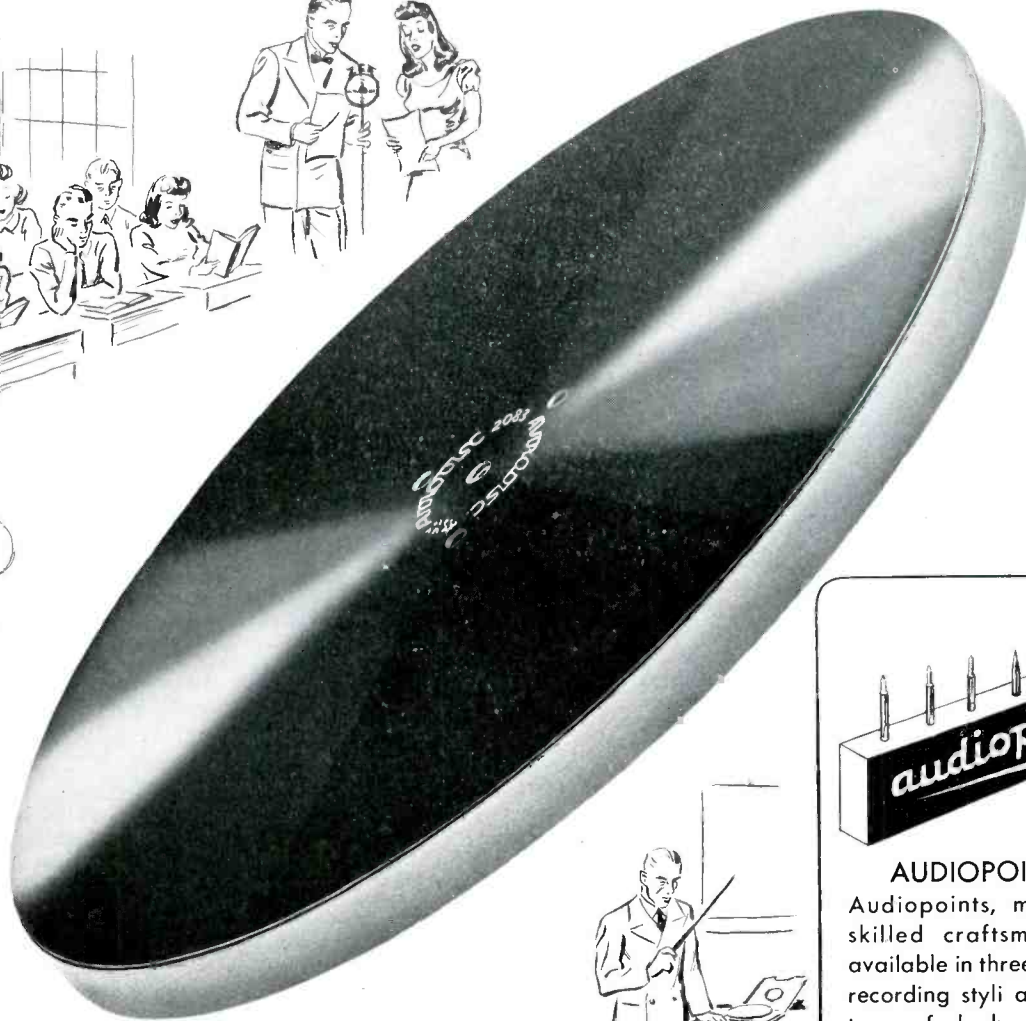
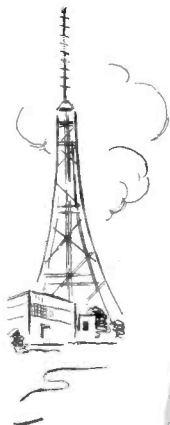
are lighter in weight than the shellac discs. Extensive tests have demonstrated, he added, that they can also be played on practically all types of home phonographs, including those equipped with automatic changers, and with varied types of needles.

In declaring that the new non-breakable records would be made available in limited quantities, Mr. Murray emphasized that RCA Victor will not discontinue its production of the standard Red Seal and Victor popular shellac records. He likened the album containing the new type records to limited editions of fine books and pointed out that they offered music lovers a still finer recorded performance than that possible on the best shellac records.

"We anticipate that the use of this material for non-breakable, high fidelity home phonograph records will eventually be expanded to other types of RCA Victor records," Mr. Murray stated. "This will depend in some measure on the building up of facilities to produce the new type records in sufficient quantities."

RCA Victor engineers started their search for a non-breakable, higher quality record in 1934 when they set out to develop a "quiet" disc for the film industry. The final development of the flexible plastic record also suggested the answer to one of the biggest problems of the home phonograph record—the problem of breakage of shellac records. But, until now, the high cost of the plastic material used in transcription discs made such records for home use prohibitive. RCA Victor's policy of continued research to bring about technical and manufacturing improvements led to the development of this practical, relatively low cost non-breakable record of the required durability for home use, Mr. Murray said.

The story has just been released of how a single American broadcasting station, built to wage psychological warfare against the Japs, "doubled in brass" by saving twenty superforts, the lives of 200 flyers and property worth more than \$15,000,000. In November, 1944, James O. Weldon, Chief of the O.W.I. Bureau of Communications Facilities, and five members of his staff embarked for Saipan to undertake the installation of a W. E. Co. broadcast transmitter whose beam antenna was capable, in effect, of concentrating 250 kw toward Japan. By working day and night, the huge station was ready for the air thirty-one days later. The results were immediate. Scarcely had KSAI, the call letters by which the new station is known, begun operations than Jap engineers tried unsuccessfully to jam it. The next evening, radio Tokyo urged its audience: "And now let us all turn off our radios, go to bed early, and conserve our strength through refreshing sleep." Then came an unexpected payoff. O.W.I. men received an urgent order from the Army: "Keep that transmitter on twenty-four hours a day permanently from now on!" The explanation quickly followed. A crippled superfort, its navigating equipment smashed, had "homed" on the station with its radio compass and rode the powerful beam to safety. Soon many a crippled bomber crew winged its way home to the crooning of Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore—and requests for "position" from lost fliers dropped from the previous average of 140 a day to a mere 20. Few single instruments made by the nation during the war paid such high dividends.



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JAMES CARMENT
WJK Cleveland

WE DOUBT if there is anyone in these United States who knows less about bugs than we do. That being the case, we eagerly tackle the subject with confidence to spare.

We have been reading a lot about DDT lately. We read something about someone using an airplane as a DDT sprayer out West last Fall. We had that on our mind when we walked into WHK's work-shop the other day. In fact, that's why we failed to notice James Carment when we first walked in. We were unaware that he was working on a radio receiver until he accidentally got across 360 volts.

"Jeppers," exclaimed James, "this baby bites like a hungry alligator."

"Oh," I said, "when did you come in here?"

"About two hours ago."

"Working?" I queried.

"Hunting bugs," says he.

"I'll help," says I, "what're you spraying 'em with, . . . DDT or penicillin?"

James cocked his head to one side like a robin does when he's out in your back yard getting ready to grab an angle worm. Then his nose twitched a couple of times before he said: "I'm not talking about cockroaches . . . I'm hunting Radio Bugs!"

"Hams?" I asked.

"No . . . nor hocks . . . Radio Bugs . . . Critters that cause radio sets to go on the fritz . . . Bugs that give radiomen headaches . . . In other words, this set's deader than a stuffed owl!"

I asked James why they refer to radio trouble as "bugs?" He said he hadn't the slightest idea so we went into the Master Control Room where Lawrence Shipley was on duty at the MCD. We asked him to solve the riddle. He admitted it was a deep mystery to him.

"Say," exclaimed James, "this riddle about Radio Bugs reminds me of a show I saw down in Bellefontaine while on my vacation."

"That so?" said Lawrence.

"Yes . . . Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe." . . . In the show someone made the statement that the "show must go on." Well the other fellow says: "Why?" This makes the one who made the statement sort of scratch his head and act kind of bewildered. Well, the first thing you know everyone in the show is asking everyone "Why must the

Detroit News - *By Dave Stewart*

WE WERE all set to send in a long column for the last issue, when a little matter of an automobile accident down at Indianapolis, Ind., tied your short legged reporter up and we missed the deadline. The family flivver is still down in the Hoosier Capitol—having a whole new front end built into it.

The WWJ anniversary party was a howling success, and we all had fun insulting the executives with a series of blackout skits. Things started off at the studios, where a one hour special broadcast was aired. Following this, the whole staff gathered in the Crystal Ball Room of the Book-Cadillac Hotel, where, as guests of the management, we ate, drank and made merry. As all WWJ parties do—we ended up in Louis Smith's Club Adams after things tamed down at the Book, then the party broke up into groups—one group somehow or other found its way out to our two by four apartment, where they did everything possible to break the lease. We are still finding Coca Cola bottles in the radio and back of the couch. Everyone, it seems, had a grand time.

Ed Boyes (he doesn't like us to call him Steady Eddie)—has finally gotten his new glasses and is having a big time noticing things he hasn't been able to see these many years.

The past couple of weeks has seemed like old home week around the studios. Cal Leedy is back in Detroit after a long tour of duty with Western Electric, where he did a fine job as Field Engineer, taking care of Radar installations on Uncle Sam's Submarine fleet in the Pacific Theatre. Frank Koster came back to Detroit, having recently been with Raytheon at New Orleans. This week Detroit's Chapter of NABET got a shot in the arm, when our former stormy petrel, Ted Pennebaker, returned from service with the OWI where he did a fine job as chief of the London and Luxembourg studios. Ted has been shaved down a bit and his bay window has shrunk terribly, he is considerably mellowed, too—but give the guy time, and he'll be back to normal again.

The Ford Sunday Evening Hour has returned to the Air and is being broadcast from Music Hall, here. This broadcast sure complicates things for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra—there being but one hour be-

tween their local program and the net feed—split rehearsals and the little matter of dashing from WWJ's studios to Music Hall.

WWJ contract negotiations are scheduled to start the week of Oct. 7th, and we are looking forward to having NABET President Al Powley in Detroit for the duration.

As we go to press we just got word that the Ole Laphams are the parents of an eight pound baby girl. Congratulations, Ole.

This about dries us up for now so we'll see you next month.

WWJ's Anniversary

WWJ's Silver Anniversary celebrations went off Monday like a movie scenario! Detroit was plastered with billboard signs and street car and bus cards, announcing the station's 25 years in radio; department stores featured special WWJ windows; rival radio stations joined together to place dramatic display ads of congratulations in each of the Detroit dailies; and to top it all, Detroit's Mayor Edward J. Jeffries proclaimed August 20, 1945, as WWJ-Day in honor of the world's pioneer station!

On its own hook, WWJ's schedule featured the recording, "On the Air," a history of radio which has been sent to 360 radio stations throughout the country as a public service; it highlighted a musical half hour with Greta Keller, Viennese chanteuse; and it climaxed the day by an hour's Anniversary program in the auditorium studios with guest conductor Morton Gould directing his own compositions and arrangements, and featuring a dramatic history of radio narrated by Shakespearean actor Walter Hampden, who made his radio debut over WWJ 23 years ago.

Hampden's narration recalled some of the many WWJ and radio "firsts," the first broadcast of election returns in August, 1920; the first broadcast of a full symphony concert; the first church broadcasts; the first vocal concert by radio; the first sports results; and the first dancing party supplied only by radio music. The narration also brought back memories of early eyewitness reports of sports events, the fights, boat races, football, baseball. In this connection, Mr. Hampden interviewed WWJ's dean, Ty Tyson, who has been broadcasting sports from this same station since May, 1922.

The Anniversary Hour also included a quick "Gossip of the Stars" by Herschell Hart, radio editor of the Detroit News, who brought back the names of greats who had made their radio debuts over WWJ. On his list were old timers Van and Schenck, Frank Tinney, Lillian Gish, David Wark Griffith, Will Rogers, Herbert Hoover, and the "young baritone from Owosso," Thomas E. Devey.

Following the program, WWJ's general manager Harry Bannister invited the staff and guests to a jamboree in the Grand Ballroom of the Book-Cadillac Hotel. Pictures of the same personalities who had made their radio debuts at the station were hung about the walls, and a tremendous birthday cake embroidered the refreshments. During the evening, WWJ players and production staff conjured up a skit which made as much fun of the foibles of radio persons as the formal dramatic radio program earlier in the evening had dignified them.

show go on?" No one seems to have a logical answer and they were in the same boat we are in when we ask ourselves, "why do they call radio trouble "bugs?"

"Not quite," exclaimed Shipley.

James wanted to know "How come?"

"Well," continued Shipley, "the difference is in the rate of pay. . . . They got good dough for asking that question in "Diamond Horseshoe" . . . We'll get bawled out if DeLaney catches us asking each other that question on company time!"

We all must have agreed. . . . We faded away like rainbows in July.

The reader may not believe this actually happened. If so, we would like to remind him that the leading publishing houses of the world go to a lot of expense turning out fiction books each year. These books would make mighty cold reading if they took everything but the truth from between their covers.

B. P.

Doings in DENVER

By George Pogue

THE lil' ole deadline for news has rolled around again, so here's just a bit from the "Mile-high City" at the foot of the Rockies. Vacations are still in full swing at the studio, JOE FINCH just winding up. We haven't heard all the thrilling details on how Joe spent said vacation but have heard said that he paid a visit to Gil Verba's (KOA announcer) farm. Gil has a garden tractor for plowing, cultivation, and to haul a trailer around his yard. Joe thought it was pretty small for a tractor and told Gil that he could stop it from moving by just holding on to it. Result: Joe was pulled over flat on his face! DOUGLAS "PINKIE" KAHLE is the next man to go and has been working over his hunting gear so it will be in tip top shape. We wonder what new methods "Pinkie" is cooking up this year to lure the wiley deer.

Out at KOA transmitter, reconversion seems to be going in full swing. The chains across the driveway are down, the colored lights are again picking out rainbows on the water in the fountain, and visitors are again looking over the lovely grounds and building. Commander JESSE A. SLUSSER, is our first returnee. He is back on duty at the transmitter as station engineer. His famous smile again welcomes all visitors from across his desk. The gang is very happy to have Sluss back. Sluss is in the Naval Reserve and has been on active duty since the fall of 1941.

Down at the studio, STAN NEAL and VERN ANDREWS have been burning the midnight oil rewiring the chimes circuit so that it will be all ready when our automatic chime clock arrives. JOE ROHRER has been figuring out all the interlocks on the chimes in all studios. Don't be surprised when a little chime jumps out of odd corners at you.

GENE CARPENTER feels like singing. "Ma, he's making eyes at me." His official job last Saturday night at the studio was to turn all the clocks in the NBC building back to standard time. He says he never realized before how many people were wondering what time it is.

AUBREY BLAKE is still telling about that grand vacation of his. Now he is showing us all pictures of the big fish that he caught on the western slope. Of course, it looks like a big fish with his five year old niece holding it up for comparison.

At the last luncheon of NABET, a pot was introduced to the members. Since the good old fashioned variety was one of the wartime shortages, a baby's little potty was introduced. Tickets are sold to each member and the winner takes home everything including the pot, which he must take home until the next meeting at which time he must sell numbers for the next pot. GEORGE ANDERSON, our chairman, won the first pot.

Since the last edition of the Journal, a tiny stranger has come to live at ye reporter's house. A baby boy, born August 5th, weighing 5 lbs., 14½ ozs. has been called George Michael. "Mike" to you, me lads!

All the news we have from up Greeley way is through our chapter chairman, GEORGE ANDERSON. A contract has been signed between NABET and Radio



TELEVISION — Ummm

Bess Meyerson was chosen Miss America-1945 at the annual Atlantic City beauty pageant. Miss Meyerson was sponsored by WJZ, key station of ABCO, and had been chosen Miss New York City. With Bess as the subject matter, Television is sure to be an eye-opening success!

Station KFKA. The boys up there got an increase of 20% in salary. Andy is grinning "from ear to ear."

It has been said that when one runs out of things to say, there is always the weather. Colorado had its first snow storm of the season, just cold enough to ruin the flower gardens, and now it is nice and warm again, almost like July. If any of youse guys have a late vacation why not try Colorado? If you haven't seen gleaming white of snows on the peaks, deep blue in the sky, brilliant scarlet and glowing gold of the aspens against the somber green of the pines on the mountain sides, brother, you ain't seen nuthin' yet! (I'm collectin' my fee from the Chamber of Commerce in the A. M.) So Long.

Speaking of Songs

A diller, a dollar?

No, that is wrong!

Today they're singing

A newer song.

The song they're singing

From coast to coast

Is "NABET, fellows,

And get the most!"

—X. Ray.

OMAHA NEWS

By Bob Rudd

Tom Daily, WOW sports announcer, has been signed to broadcast all of the Nebraska football games this season. This isn't anything new to Tom who has been announcing all sorts of sports events for the last ten years, but it always has been quite a chore, in the case of football, to keep the field of action under constant surveillance without occasionally missing something. This is especially true when those sudden substitutions take place on one or both teams, thus making the sports announcers job more difficult.

To overcome this, most sports announcers use "spotters" from both teams to assist them in identifying players and names. These spotters usually have a set of pegs that they move about to identify the player or the action that is going on. Some use other methods but all usually have to verbally call the attention of the announcer, who, absorbed in giving local color or some point of action, has missed some other important action or play.

Feeling that this sort of thing could be eliminated, yours truly got an idea that surely looked like it might be a great help to any sports announcer. The idea was presented to Technical Director Joe Herold, who, after hearing our story, gave us the go ahead. The idea is a spotters board consisting of a number of lights actuated by the same number of push buttons and controlled by spotters from each team. In the past where a system of lights have been used, the gagets have been complicated and pretty much of a nuisance but it looked to us that this would be quite simple and would cover practically any situation. We got busy and after a week's work had it done and working.

The completed outlay consists of two control boxes about 7"x4". Each of these boxes contains 12 push button type switches. There is a plug-in cable connector plug that connects each of the control boxes to the spotters board. Each one of the switches is labelled for a particular position on each team. The two boxes are plugged into the board which consists of a series of lights layed out much like a football team would

line up. The lights are mounted in vertical rows of 7-3-1.

There is a large sized "Attention" light in the upper left and right hand corners for the purpose of calling the attention of the announcer to some change that has been made and which, perhaps, he has missed.

The equipment is quite compact and light. Everything is contained in one small suitcase which was made up special for it. It's designed so that if 110 AC is available in the booth, then a common 6.3 volt filament transformer may be used for the power source for the lights and if not, a regulation "hot shot" battery can be clipped on in a moments notice. The cables are terminated in the locking ring type of Amphenol 14 pin connectors. The most novel feature of the whole thing is the ease with which the substitutions of the players names on the spotters board can be made. On some of the old boards they would paste pieces of paper opposite the players position, or have a metal tag holder to slip in the names. On this one all the names of the players are prepared before hand on slips of paper and along with that the rest of the information about him, such as his weight, where his home is, what his past accomplishments have been during the season, and his number. In other words, when there is a change of players you have plenty of information right at hand about the man that is playing. So far this has been common practice but the difference in this spotter and the others is that the information card can be placed opposite the players position and it is held in place by a powerful Alnico magnets mounted on the rear of the aluminum panel. By placing a small paper clip on the card, it will automatically center itself and remain in the proper position. When there is a substitution you just pick it off the board and place another in its place; no paste, no slots, no noise.

We chose aluminum for the panel because it was at hand but Masonite could be used just as well. The panel was finished by soaking it in lye water until it had a nice satin finish then it was dolled up a bit with lines and letters in India ink. A couple of coats

of clear lacquer made a finished job and gave it a durable surface.

For a time we had considered using a metal backing for the cards but they made so much noise when they "smacked" up against the panel that paper clips were dectued upon. They held the card firmly and without any noise.

It might be well to mention that it's best to polarize all the magnets in the rows, otherwise there might be a tendency to interlock. The lights used are changeable from the front of the 12"x20" panel. The outfit had its first workout at the Nebraska-Oklahoma game September 29.

We take pleasure in welcoming home Morton Wells, WOW Musical Director. Morty came to WOW in 1941 as a staff musician and in 1942 assumed the duties of Musical Director, replacing Fred F. Ebener (see Oct. Journal). He continued as Musical Director until he was inducted into the Navy in April of 1944.

He went to the Great Lakes Naval Training base and while there participated in the program "Meet Your Navy," aired over the Blue network. He went from Great Lakes to Navy Pier and became director of the radio and television Bond Drive Shows sponsored by the Treasury Department.

After his work was completed for the Treasury Department, he was transferred to the Armed Forces Radio Services in Los Angeles, California. The ARFS shows, transcribed for the Overseas Radio Network, were under the direction of Meredith Wilson. During Morty's time with the ARFS 1,100 hours of broadcast material were recorded. The shows featured such top flight artists as Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Bing Crosby and many others. All shows were shipped overseas and were handled through Army and Navy facilities for the armed forces consumption. After completing his work for the ARFS he was sent to Long Beach Naval Hospital where, on July 26, 1945, he was given a medical discharge.

Mr. Well's experience as a musician goes back to his high school days where he started playing professionally with a small group for private parties and dances. After graduating from high school, he entered the University of Omaha to major in music. In 1932 he joined Paul Specht's orchestra in New York, at that time one of the best known bands in the business. In 1934 he joined Orrin Tucker's band. He was with Tucker for seven years as trumpet soloist and vocalist. He appeared, with the band, on many commercial radio shows on both CBS and NBC and in addition participated in two pictures for Paramount.

It goes without saying that the hundreds of Tucker recordings made between 1934 and 1941 featured Morty on the trumpet. Mr. Wells is a musicians musician and certainly comes well qualified as he resumes his place in civilian life. Welcome home and keep that trumpet blowing.

THINGS AND STUFF

Bill Wiseman, WOW Publicity Director, occasionally has cigars given to him. He doesn't use them so he gives them to the writer. The other day he gave us three nice ones but we are afraid to smoke them for fear of being accused of company domination by IBEW.

The hunting season opened in Nebraska



Left, the completed "spotters" board designed and built by Mark McGowan (left) for Sports Announcer Tom Daily (right). The entire outfit is carried in a suitcase and will see lots of action this fall as the Nebraska team travels to play its scheduled games. WOW Photo. Right, WOW's Musical Director, Morton Wells. Photo by Merrill Chase, released by Vic Schroeder Agency.

October 13 for pheasants and migratory fowl. The squirrel season opened the 15th. WOW has the daggnabdest bunch of hunters anywhere. In contacting the gang on their plans, the following comments were forthcoming: Al Maller—"Going squirrel hunting but I will be daggnabbed if I will clean 'em. I am going pheasant hunting in November with my dad; he has a place where he goes." Al don't want to tip off the place because he knows the dead-beats around here would go out and take over. Roy Glanton and Bob Rudd plan on going to Burwell, Nebr., on the opening day. Joe Herold—"I am going to better my record of last year." Joe got two birds with one shot on that occasion. Wally Sieh—"I expect to do a little hunting but not very extensively." Louis DeBoer—"I don't hunt but I sure know a good place where a fellow could go. My uncle has a 600-acre farm and it's just lousy with pheasants." Ah me. G. Flynn—"I don't have time to go hunting but some day we ought to go out and take our kids." Sounds fine. Mark McGowan—"I'm going up in the sand hills where the pheasant shooting is really fine." Mark's got a Remington pump that is a honey. Other guns owned by the boys are: Joe Herold—Winchester Automatic 12 gage. Roy Glanton—Stevens pump 12 gage. Rudd—Winchester Mod. 97, 12 gage. Cy Hagrman could not be given for comment. We will try to give the "take" of each one in the December issue.

Louis DeBoer's house is coming along fine. The contractor has the foundation done and by the time this is in print, the framework will be well under way. Don't forget Louis, open house when it's finished.

September 20th was a gala night for the Dead-Beat Club. Musician Morty Wells was initiated into the organization. It's very easy to get into the dead-beats—in fact all one has to do is to buy steaks and occutremments for some sixteen or seventeen members. It's hard to get out of the dead-beats because the by-laws change from day to day. Ha!

A nice letter from Lt. Bill Dunbar. Bill says he will be home before long but unfortunately it will be only on a furlough. He doesn't have enough points for a discharge but thinks he will be released if the points are lowered. We'll all be looking for you, Bill.

Chief Engineer Bill Kotera and Studio Supervisor Glenn Flynn are in New York City attending the Television training course for Broadcast Engineers. The course, conducted by RCA, has been set up to give a short but practical insight into television practice and operation.

Signs of winter: Nebraska had its first report of snow on Sept. 27. Some one said that this winter is going to be the worst since the thirty year's war. B-T-T-T. Better get out the snowshoes and the old sheep lined.

VITAL STATIC

Happy Birthday to Cy Hagrman. The day is Nov. 25th. No one else here can make that statement.

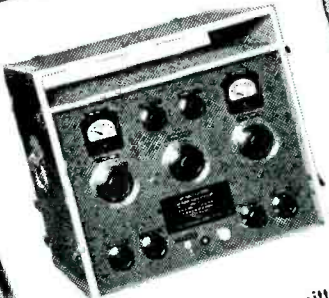
Broadcast Engineers' **25**
Journal for Nov., 1945

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San Francisco Reporting . . . By Robert W. Salle

FOR better or for worse! It happens to nearly everyone, but the show must go on, and the Journal to press, hence the substitution of your truly for your usually capable reporter, Jack Van Wart. If you have not guessed it by now, Jack is taking that voyage into the sea of matrimony. The launching date, October 14th, the lady, Jane Catherine Estill, the place, one of Jack's headaches since the Grace Cathedral does not have Sunday ceremonies. As may be expected he is a busy boy and wished his reporting job off on me, because "he just couldn't think of local things." We feel if he can just get to work between now and October 14th, it will really be an achievement.

Naturally he has all the good wishes of the staff for a long, happy marriage; and just to give him the right start in life they had a little party planned for him in "C" Studio. Where in addition to a gift, he (and naturally this is all advance information of which he has no knowledge) will have a nice MOCK ceremony with Guy Cassidy holding the artillery and Senator Watson posing as deacon, and Sue Hudson (SE) posing as the blushing bride. We'll see that the Journal receives pictures even with Van Wart reporting. Only an act of God or personal injury will stop Jack's plans, but in event of such an occurrence anything appearing in this Journal concerning Salle will be purely fictitious and represent no known character living or dead. Incidentally, girls, we still have two eligible bachelors: Norman Tapper, and Andy Andreassen.

It appears that of recent date most of the staff has suddenly become mathematically minded, could it be the new contract? Anyway with retroactive pay, times should be

good, a few bills and mortgages liquidated, and new cars purchased. Norman Tapper, when discovering that after taxes, his net would fall considerably below his anticipations, decided he might raffle it off—at Oliver's suggestion. Many nominal cash offers were made by co-workers for quick settlement which Tapper declined. It is doubtful if he will decide on trying to find 3000 gullible with a dollar apiece.

Greater respect was gained for the stuff they blow in here and call air, when our air-condition system developed an insulation breakdown in one of the compressor units, putting the thing out of commission for nearly three days. Yes, I think commendation is due Bill Charleston, Building manager, for putting the service back in emergency operation in such a short time. Parts will arrive from the east and in the meantime the engineers will breathe easier, and "broadcasting continue as usual."

Good-byes were extended to Lela Gillis who recently left the Press staff. Engineer in Charge Curtis Peck has a new Stenographer: Johnny Johnson. She was formerly a singer with Laurence Welk's Orchestra, currently playing at the St. Francis Hotel.

Dale Gordon (RE) dashed into work this last Sunday speaking six decibels higher than normal, with a fish story which until substantiated, should make him a charter member of the National Liars Club. It seems, on his first local bass trip, he caught one eighteen pounder and four others, making the limit in number of fish and about forty-six pounds in weight. The weight so tuckered the little fellow out that they had all been given away before he arrived at work. However, if confirmation is needed, they are registered in

the Martinez log as the best catch of the day.

In closing, I wish to report that there is a strong feeling of commendation and gratitude extended to our negotiating committee in putting our new contract into effect, and as soon as a meeting is held, feel it will be made official. Yours for a greater NABET of, by, and for the Broadcast Engineers.

Here's the story you've been waiting for: Photographic proof of our tag for Tommy Watson, namely, "The Senator." All this business started about seven years ago, while we were still in 111 Sutter St. studios. There was a gentleman by the name of Will Aubrey who had a small platter show in the mornings. There was no particular engineer assigned, just any one that was on watch. It seems that this man Aubrey liked to tag each of his associates with a name that he felt best described them to his imagination. Well, to mention a few, there is "Deep Sea Dewing," "Black Hills Rothery," and then "The Senator Watson." That was, as I said, seven years ago, and the only label that has stuck is Mr. Watson's. He is still known affectionately as the Senator. About five years ago, Hal Platt left his post in the recording room in San Francisco, and took up watch in the Field Maintenance Department in the Hollywood Studios. He, being familiar with the title of Tom, noticed, during a political campaign in Los Angeles a couple of years ago, a large poster urging the voters to support "Tom Watson for Congress." He obtained this king size handbill and forwarded same to us in San Francisco, further proving his right to be dubbed, "The Senator." Tommy has discovered that there really was a Senator from Atlanta, Georgia, whose name



T. Dwight Maxwell, KPO field engineer, set up lines and equipment in the blind ward at the Army's Dibble General Hospital in Menlo Park, California, for a recent broadcast of the morning show, "It's Glen Again," starring blind Pianist-Singer Glen Hurlburt. In left foreground at microphone is Announcer Steve Robertson. At piano are Hurlburt and his wife, Singer Dorothy Lee, who joined him in special post-broadcast show. In center rear, wearing hat is KPO Producer Noel Francis.—KPO Photo



"Senator" Tom Watson, as he is jovially called by fellow KPO-NBC engineers, is now running for Congress representing the Taylor & O'Farrell District of San Francisco (site of KPO). His campaign manager, Announcer Webb Witmer, checks another "must" off the list as Tommy kisses the baby, Mrs. Paulette Mitchell, secretary to Chief Engineer Curtis D. Peck. Enjoying proceedings are Studio Engineer Harry Puccetti, Chief Engineer Peck, Control Room Supervisor Lee Kolm, Field Supervisor George McElwain and (in foreground) Francis Oliver. Chief factotum busy polishing the "Senator's" shoes is Mail Boy Mickey Elwood.—KPO Photo

was Tom Watson. Concerning the picture it is plain to see that Mr. Watson's policies are not all that could be desired as evidenced by the inscription on his "soap box" which states that "This Box Stolen from B.M.F." "B.M.F." are the initials for none other than Bryan M. "Duke" Fuhrman of our Maintenance Department.

ARCOVERS from KGO Transmitter

by KEN MARTIN

HERB KRAMER, refugee from Councilorship at this plant, will return from his vacation trip to Salt Lake City to find himself elected to the Alternate Councilorship en absentia, as they say. You might as well give up without a struggle, Herbie, they've got the injun sign on you.

Jim Blanchet is the proud papa of the State badminton champion. His son, Norman, Yeoman 1/c, walked away with men's singles, men's doubles and mixed doubles championships at the tournament last August 31st. Norman has held this title for several years running now, teaming with his wife, Shirley, to steal mixed doubles honors every time. Jim takes credit for breaking son Norman in as tennis enthusiast but the fact that there is a tennis court park right across from the Blanchet homestead might have a bearing on the success in this field.

Gene Nickels finally settled for a nice wide Oakland lot on which he and his intrepid brother Stanford will erect the future Nickels mansion for "Kitty" Nickels. Nice going, Gene, but wait until you get those tax bills! A "lot" is expected of solid citizens in this community!

Myron Case has been apprehended studying the Laws of Relativity and Sociological Progression as Applied to Higher Mathematics in a wild attempt to dope out a revolutionary no-time, cycle rotating, retroactive watch schedule. THIS should turn out to BE SOMETHING. Stand by for squalls!

George Irwin, he of the handsome marcel (See pix in last issue!) says it's a natural and he resents the implication that it got that way because he ate his Wheaties as per J. Armstrong program. Anyway, we are envious of the calfs-eyes the gals cast at that immaculate wavy hair. Too many of the gang here are gradually acquiring extremely high foreheads. Must be too much RF in the atmosphere hereabouts. We've heard ALL SORTS of things blamed on RF—why not this? We are willing to settle for hirsute top pieces of even the straight variety.

Electronic Laboratories of Indianapolis, Indiana, announce they have produced a new flickerless fluorescent lighting system to be used on twenty-five cycle electric current. A new conversion unit makes it possible for homes and industries situated in the Niagara Falls area, and in other areas where the electric current is supplied by water driven turbines to secure enough voltage to light fluorescent lamps. Twenty-five cycle current gives a pronounced flicker in fluorescent lighting, and the new unit uses a rectifier tube and a voltage doubler circuit eliminating this flicker. Running tests in the Toronto laboratories of the Electronic Laboratories show that this new unit is now ready for homes and for industries in these areas. Fluorescent lighting is cooler, more efficient, more economical.

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New York NBC News

By G. F. Anderson, Jr.



Photo by Joe Conn

This Is ABC New York

By Gil McDonald

THE big news this month is the fact that the New Contract has been signed and come October 15th we all will be the recipients of a gorgeous check. Oh Me, Oh My. Pappa's gonna buy a new pair of shoes.

News this month from the gang here in New York is very little—We had a few visitors, Henry Geist and Harold Ashworth, formerly NY Field and now of Raytheon, Lieut. Charles Colledge, USNR, also NY Field and Joe Conn, ex-USSNR and now back with the Television Group.

Max Jacobson returned from his vacation trip to California just in time to miss the doings September 13th and 14th.

From WEAJ, Port Washington, we have heard the following, and express thanks to Charles Francis who collected it.

Joe (Diathermy) Miller, recently built himself a gadget that will not only cure all the ills that such machines usually affect, but in addition will brew coffee and tune in WEAJ! That's what the man says, anyway. If the neighbors complain Joe, tell them that the trouble is an electric storm West of Denver.

Bill (W2MLH) Karsten is still trying to get 2½ watts on 2½ meters out of a debased 76. Is it debasing to use a 76 on 2½? Bill also has a long wave receiver in his car that will tune in the airline control frequencies; he uses it to follow the Floyd Bennet Field beam as he drives to and from work in a Long Island ground fog.

Vincent Barker and Jack Flynn (the local Brass) discussing the efficiency of WEAJ's new 250 KVA window cleaner. When it finishes, the glass is so clean you would swear that it wasn't there. The Sad Details regarding this will be furnished upon receipt of a stamped and self addressed envelope that you must furnish. Mail all communications to Port Washington.

Ross Griffith is very unhappily engaged in a project. He is attempting to find what caused the engine in his auto to become full of Carbon. "It ought to be real clean," he moaned. "I was running it on cleaning fluid"!!!!

Charlie Francis is very busy these days with hNABET doings. He and Joe Miller cannot wait until the new cars are for sale. Charlie's uses three quarts of oil per hundred miles. "That thing that you took off the bottom of the engine isn't an RF Shield, Charlie, That's the Oil Pan. Put it back." (Charlie—My father can get you oil Wholesale.)

Maury Holland has a tale about a tail. It seems his new puppy first jumped out of his car while it was in motion (the car was moving, also the dog) and was knocked out, then the pup threw himself under a truck and was spun tail over muzzle along the road; not succeeding in any of these attempts to commit suicide, he went swimming in the WEAJ spray pond. At the present time he is still entertaining Maury and the boys.

WEAJ has two apprentices going thru the mill, now. Don Stix, ex Navy and Nevin Price, Army. They will probably find transmitter watch rather tame after military life. We hope you like it though.

Walter McKinley is putting Joe Costello through the wringer over operation of the new auxiliary power supply. Walt wanted to know if it was really necessary to replace the window glass every time the engine was turned on. Joe solemnly assured him that WEAJ was going to install Plexiglass in certain strategic places (Who's Kidding Who).

And lastly from WEAJ we find that Dan Murphy is full of the details of a neighborhood Block Party that he attended on VJ

THERE is very little news to report this month except that everybody says it's swell to be working under the new rates. On the humorous side of the strike, the giant size bottle of aspirin found in MCD, half empty, just about took the cake!

After a month's vacation earned after 16 months over seas, Bob Massell returned to the studio group on Oct. 8th. Welcome, Bob.

Below are some of the amateur calls held by some of the New York ABC engineers.

W2KJG—Pat Simpson	W2ESP—Maurice Kamke (WJZ)
W1ACQ—John O'Neill	W2IP—Harold Campbell
W2BUY—Bill Simpson	W2IGB—Bob Massell
W2HHK—Bert O'Leary	W1KZ—Al Bradley
W2LYC—Bill Teitz	W2AMS—Henry Tregar (WJZ)
W2CHK—Gil McDonald	W2AEB—Irv Grabo
W2OMT—Jim Cooke	W2ZA/W3JA—George Milne

McDonald (W2CHK) and O'Leary (W2HHK) are the only ones active at present on 112 mc. Most of the others are waiting until the lower frequencies are opened up again. Quite a few are sinking part of that retroactive check into new equipment. That's all for now. How about some news for next month, guys?73 Gil.

Day. It evidently was quite a blast, but Dan had to leave because of work. Too bad Dan, but so did the rest of us.

From New York Maintenance we have three transferees, DeWitt (Red) Shultis has joined New York Field as a field engineer and today, October 4th, Red was at the Washington Market for the 6:30 A.M. Broadcast and then was told to rush to 1 East End Avenue for the ABC Program "Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald." Red inquired, "Where the H—— is East End Avenue?" Your editor, Ed Stolzenberger replied (quoting another field man), "Oh, it starts at about 49th Street"!!! Well to make a long sad story longer, Red drove all around 49th Street and the East Side looking for East End Avenue. Finally a Cop told him that it started on 71st Street. He started off for 71st and looked all over the neighborhood and then was told by another Officer that it started at 79th Street. Arriving at 79th he finally found East End Avenue, and the program, the 8:00 A.M. one, went on at the proper time.

Now to get back to Maintenance, Eugene S. Hand (right or left) and Lou West (North or South West) are transferring also, they leave maintenance for Television on October 15th.

Williard "Red" DuBois who has been doing Fred Waring's show five days a week and two of them from the Shawnee on the Delaware Country Club, has not returned all the equipment to New York and henceforth Red will only spend the weekend at Shawnee instead of four days.

For the following news we are indebted to Dan Danielson of the Boundbrook group.

The Bound Brook group is happy to contribute a few choice bits of gossip to the monthly column:

Bound Brook is probably better known internationally than domestically, being an International Short Wave Station located at Bound Brook, N. J. We therefore, feel that by contributing to N. Y.—N.B.C. News we will become better known and possibly renew acquaintances with the gang at WJZ.—You remember we used to work together before the split-up.

To bring the boys up to date:

Charlie Paris, who came to us from the Navy, accepted Uncle

Sam's offer of a G.I. scholarship at Harvard University, where he is working for a B.S. in Electrical Engineering.

Larry Alexander, our janitor for the past 8 years, has resigned to return to his old stamping grounds, Hornel, N. Y.

Art Lindstrom spent an enjoyable vacation at one of the Conn. beaches. Came back well tanned and looking fit.

Mel Stickers left last week for parts unknown. It is rumored that he was heading for Cuba as he is known to be quite fond of the dark eyed Senoritas. Good hunting Mel and hope you have a good time.

Lieut. Dusher of our protection dept., has been observed keeping a weather eye peeled on his watermelon patch after discovering a couple of females from the Bronx in his garden last Sunday.

Our councilman, Stanley Crabtree, reports by card that he is enjoying the swimming and fishing out on Long Island. T. Danielson has been acting as his alternate and holding the fort until his return.

Eddie Morrell is spending part of his vacation in Canada as did T. Danielson, who gave up trying to paint his house during the first two weeks of his vacation, when it rained practically every day.

Cliff Kerstetter is house hunting these days. His landlord having told him to sign on the dotted line or else. So Cliff has decided to look for a Cape Cod cottage with about ten acres of fruit trees, etc.

Paul Turner, Art Holden and Don Hickman have all bought

homes recently after deciding it was the only satisfactory solution. Weeks of scouting the countryside for suitable rentals convinced them that home ownership was the only solution.

Frank Wagner, the Deacon of Creighton Manor, has just about harvested the last of his victory garden. Frank's garden this year was really something to be proud of.

Tom Bolger of maintenance, spent his vacation in the City of Brotherly Love. Tom's was a busman's holiday as the greater part of his vacation was spent in maintenance of his home in Philadelphia.

Joe Stemple of outside maintenance, reports that the fishing and swimming along the Jersey Coast was very good this year and is looking forward to the same sort of vacation next year.

Sickness has played havoc with our staff during the past few months. First our Chief, Mr. Stair, was laid up for quite a spell with nephritis. Bernie Isbitski visited John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, for a sinus operation. T. Danielsen spent some time at home and in the hospital with an infected gall bladder. Shortly after, Max Moon was taken sick with Virus Pneumonia. I am happy to report that everyone is on the mend now and back in the groove again.

John Gullans, our Asst. Station Eng., and Lester Whitehead, start their vacations the last week in September. This will wind up the vacation schedule for this year and that just about winds up the news from Bound Brook for this time.

Well, that's all for this month, and hope to see you all Christmas. Bye now. . . .

Engineering News . . . By Jack Irving

THE most publicized men in television in the past few weeks were the Empire State transmitter crew, so let's begin with them. The elevator strike started the whole thing.

The boys were alerted on Thursday by Thomas Buzalski, station engineer, known as Buzz to most of you readers. On that day, through sources which Buzz refuses to reveal, they learned that the elevators would stop running on either Saturday or Monday morning.

Joseph Lombardi and Andrew Hammerschmidt took a very dim view of the possibility of walking 85 flights and went into a huddle with Buzz. The outcome of the huddle had Buzz on the phone calling Radio City to get permission to lay in a supply of food. Mr. Buzalski not wishing to be Mr. Bountiful. Permission was given and personnel also took over the task of getting a couple of Army cots for the prospective hermits.

Hammerschmidt and Buzz proceeded to shop. Gimbels, Macy's and the five and ten were canvassed to supply oranges, apples, peaches, eggs, coffee, corn, evaporated milk, peas, string beans, vegetable soup, orange juice and sugar.

Monday morning arrived with Buzz at the elevator at 7 a.m., which is quite early for Buzz, but his secret agent would not guarantee rides later than that. Joe, whose son had just come home the night before after 26 months in the ETO, had train trouble and just squeezed under the wire at 8 a.m.

The fun began when the reporters and photographers arrived to make the boys famous. All kinds of poses were requested of Joe and Buzz. If you haven't already seen these newspaper pictures, personnel did get the cots. One of the stages of the transmitter was out on a bench when the reporters arrived on the scene (via elevator, incidentally). Transmission was due at 3 p.m. and despite the confusion, they were on the air using low power.

At noon Joe and Buzz were guest stars on Don Goddard's program, at which time Joe, waxing poetic, said they were living on an island in the sky. Goddard, a realist, said that for once Joe's wife knew where he was.

Joseph, naturally, was anxious to get home Monday evening, and Andy, proving that ingenuity is an engineer's birthright, secured the name of the local precinct captain. Brandishing the name like a war club, Andy convinced the cop on the beat that he was practically the new police commissioner and was taken by the

officer to the steward of the building. The steward, impressed by the presence of the arm of the law and the glib tongue of Mr. Hammerschmidt, agreed to take Andy up and bring Joe down so he could get home and visit with his son. Upon reading this over I wonder why they ever bought the food. Looks as though they could talk their way into the Army-Navy football game with an NBC studio chair.

The day wound up with a visit from two servicemen who had walked up and also achieved a small measure of fame. Any further particulars may be obtained by phoning Circle 6-6483.

At the risk of appearing repetitious, we would like to relate one more story about Empire. At the time of the plane crash Albert Protzman and Carlos Clark enlisted the aid of Captain Monaghan of our Protection Department and went over to Empire to look over the situation.

Monaghan, after much bickering, finally secured permission for one man to go up to the damaged area. Protz insisted that Carlos go, but Clark, a grandee of the old school, won the Alphonse-Gaston debate and Protz started for the elevator. After using the back way, Protz finally was ushered into the lift to find Carlos comfortably resting on the operator's chair, waiting to go up.

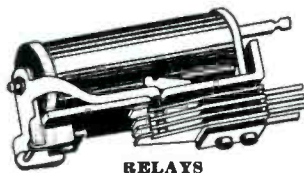
Taken slightly aback, although Carlos was to the fore, Protz found himself looking at a large gold badge which, upon further inspection, revealed that the wearer was a member of the Rockville Centre Exempt Fire Captains' Association.

Ed Wilbur, upon returning from his vacation, found himself promoted to field supervisor. Ed has two more weeks coming so anything might happen.

One of the many prizes given away at the A.A. outing was won by our own John Tassos, as runner-up in the tennis tournament. In fact, if Mr. Tassos had not won a prize, the winners of the soft ball game would have been prizeless. Again Mr. Protzman creeps into the picture, this time as captain of the winning team. Al's team was informed, by rumor, that the prize was a bottle of Scotch. After the winner of this and the winner of that was called up to receive his prize and no mention was made of the softball game, members of Protz's team became a little worried. When the winners of the different events were asked to come up to have their pictures taken, Al's teammates were beginning to suspect the

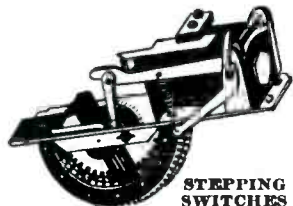
(Continued on Page Thirty-two)

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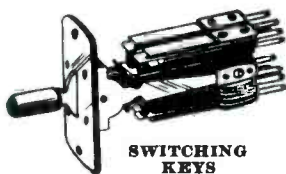
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EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

By Bert Pruitt

THE day was September 12th. I'll never forget it if I live to be a hundred. Here's why: Someone carelessly tossed a half-smoked stogie into a waste paper basket in the announcer's room. The basket immediately became a miniature flame thrower. Someone yelled: "Fire in the announcer's room!" I smiled. Never once in all my years in radio had I known the joys and thrills experienced by those who accomplish deeds that lift them to the top rung on the ladder of National Heroism. I had seen announcers acclaimed, production men idolized, program managers mortalized, telephone operators propositioned and engineers hypnotized, but never once had I been able to crash the gate of Hero Worship. That's why I smiled when someone yelled "Fire!" Here was my chance . . . A chance that might well place my name alongside those of such famous men as Daniel Boone and Johnny Applesed!

I grabbed the fire extinguisher and made a mad dash from the MCR to the announcer's room. Smoke signals were there in plenty. I sat the extinguisher on the floor, then aimed the nozzle of the extinguisher at the blazing waste paper basket. Nothing happened! The fire burnt itself out three minutes and fifteen seconds before I managed to get the spray going. Here's what happened before I got it turned off: I soaked the announcers Bulletin Board, drenched a picture of Abraham Lincoln, sprayed two calendars, washed away Thursday's Continuity of Linda's First Love, soaked an announcer's top coat and drowned two flies who were standing upside down on the ceiling. I was a sad pigeon when I picked up the extinguisher and headed for the MCR.

A terrific flash of light filled the hall just as I turned the corner that brings you to the MCR. A flash of light under ordinary circumstances wouldn't make me bat an eye . . . But things were different on the 12th. My nerves had not fully recovered from a horrible dream I had experienced on the previous night. I would like to continue on our literary journey without taking a dream detour but I've got myself all tangled up and will have to tell about the dream in order to get straightened out again. So please keep in mind that I am telling about a dream, not repeating facts.

My dream was as follows: A 16 inch platter began turning in reverse at 33 1-3 R.P.M. Then a voice that I recognized as that of President Ed Powley said: "Attention all NABET men!" That's all he said. The record stopped turning and the control room faded away as a picture of the NY MCR faded in. Supervisor Hahn was standing near the NY MCD. He was using his right hand to point at a silver dollar lying eagle up in the palm of his left hand. Ed Stolzenberger stood near.

"That eagle," said Supervisor Hahn, "is said to be a bird of ill omen . . . A fowl of evil intentions. I got the cart wheel from an Arabian named Saridi Saud who makes his living navigating camel caravans across the wind-swept oasis between the Hejaz and the Persian Gulf. He got it from a fellow named Wahhab Wahhabis who herded sheep on the Mesopotamian Plain. Wahhab Wahhabis got it from a member of a Bedouin tribe who in turn got it for a quart of goat's milk when a Buck Private stationed in Damascus got thirsty. I have no idea how many thousand human beings owned this cart wheel before the buck private got thirsty, and speaking of thirst reminds me of a story Ed Horstman once told about a dollar bill he won from Eddie Leonard in a poker game one summer when Horstman was in Cleveland visiting the Great Lakes' Exposition. It's a long story and I have a switch coming up so I'll have to finish the story at some other time!"

Well, Stolzenberger reaches for the cart wheel and behold and lo, the eagle flaps his wings and is off for Cleveland, Ohio, before you could say: "West of Denver." This bird of ill-omen is grasping an atomic bomb with the claws of his left foot. Don't embarrass me by asking where the eagle got the A-Bomb . . . nor how he disengaged himself from Hahn's cart wheel. As I said before, I'm



(Left to Right): John Disbrow, WTAM's Senior Supervisor and Max Jacobson, N. Y. Field Supervisor. Mr. Jacobson is admiring our dressing rooms which are located in a hall just outside the Main Control Room. Room No. 2, which displays a Silver Star, belongs to Charley Ames.

repeating the details of a dream I had on the night of September 11th. That reminds me of a riddle about the fox and the humming bird, but let's get back to the eagle's other foot, which happens to be his right. He is grasping a calling card in this foot. The card is addressed to the Cleveland Chapter of NABET. The signature on the calling card is Jimmy P. We are unable to make out the rest of Jimmy's last name . . . But what's in a name? Anyway, the eagle leaves a stream of fire in his wake as he passed over Buffalo like a shooting star. Onward like a Prancer comes the Dashaway eagle. Over housetops, over Erie, Pa., over Ashtabula, over Euclid speeds this bird of ill repute. Horrified citizens stand aghast as they gaze at the sky. Others coming out of saloons search the sky for this capering bird. Jesse Francis and Jimmy throw their arms around barber poles to steady themselves as they Hackett blink their eyes with disbelief. The bird swerves slightly to the south, nudges right rudder and heads down Superior Avenue hell set for a frolic. The claws on his left foot slowly relax and down comes the atomic pulverizer. A parachute opens and the bomb yanks it earthward as if impatient to find the Cleveland Chapter of NABET. Closer and closer comes the ball of destruction: Four thousand feet! Three thousand! Two thousand! One! Five hundred Two fifty! One hundred Fifty Ten Crash!

The earth-shaking crash was followed by a familiar hiss: "Shut off that alarm clock before it awakens Shirley!"

"Yes dear," I said to my wife. The time was 3:30 in the morning of September 12th. I hurriedly dressed and left for work. I had been there several hours when the fire started in the announcer's room. And as I explained, a flash of light greeted me when I turned the corner leading to the MCR.

You can imagine my reaction when I met this terrific flash. The horrors of my dream had made a big impression on those little cells up there that prevent one's noggin from being as empty as a dried-out gourd. They say light travels in the neighborhood of 186,000 M.P.S. and I suspect I verified that angle of science when I dived for the floor. The fire extinguisher slid down the hall and skidded to a stop directly in the MCR doorway.

"Look!" Exclaimed someone, "Pruitt must have found a dime!"

I recognized that voice. No one but John Disbrow would create vocal sound waves that are so grating to the ear. But I relaxed . . . That voice was proof that another human being had survived the blinding flash. That thought gave me courage. I opened my eyes and there stood J. D. with a fellow I'd never had the pleasure of shaking hands with. A photographer was standing approximately ten feet from them. He shot a cold and contemptuous look in my direction. This look did not show any signs of changing temperature when it's owner exclaimed: "You weren't supposed to be in

(Continued on Page Thirty-two)

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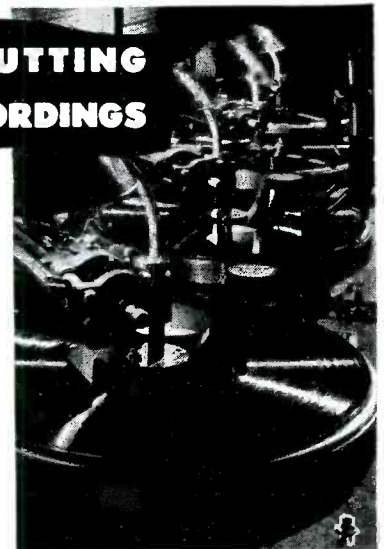
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EIGHTH WONDER

(Continued from
Page Thirty-one)

that picture! I've ruined another good bulb . . . and they're scarce and I . . ."

"Pest" interrupts Disbrow looking at me, "shake hands with Mr. Jacobson our N. Y. Field Supervisor."

"Glad to meetcha," says I, wondering what in heck a N. Y. Field Engineer was doing in Cleveland on the afternoon of September 12th.

"Mr. Jacobson," I ventured cautiously, "are you on your vacation?"

"Not exactly," says he, "I'm just sort of looking around."

"Oh," says I, "seeing anything unusual?"

"Yes," he admitted.

This innocent display of frankness put the suppressor on my voice chamber. Just what had he seen or heard that was unusual?

"John," says I looking at Disbrow, "my wife's great-great-sister-in-law has her foot caught in a power lawn-mower. She lives in Marion, Ohio . . . How about giving me the rest of this afternoon and tomorrow off? I'll be back early on the 14th!"

"Can't do it," he snapped, "we'll need you here . . . There's a heavy schedule tonight!"

"Mr. Jacobson," I said, "when are you leaving town?"

"Don't know," said he, "it all depends . . . I may or may not leave at 7 tonight."

"Oh!" says I.

"Say," interrupted the photographer, "I'm a busy man . . . I've shot Presidents, Kings, Czars, Flag Pole Sitters and Announcers, not to mention Station Managers and Studio Engineers . . . I didn't spend over five minutes with any of them and I don't mind telling you that I have no desire to contradict the statement that you can't teach an old dog a new trick. What about this picture?"

"What picture," says I brushing the dandruff from my coat collar?"

"A picture of them," said the photographer brushing me aside like you'd treat an ant on a picnic on Long Island. The picture was taken and the photographer departed.

"Boys," said Mr. Jacobson, "I've been in 'a lot of radio stations in my day but this is the first one I've ever seen that furnished individual dressing rooms for engineers!"

"That so?" said John D.

"What," I exclaimed, "do you mean to stand there and tell me that other radio stations are not designed for furnishing dressing rooms for engineers?"

"Not one have I seen," exclaimed Jake . . . "You fellows have better rooms than they furnish for Prince Yamadorie in the Opera Madame Butterfly and I haven't any doubt but what Kezul or Marie of the Bartered Bride would be envious of you fellows if they could see these dressing rooms. You fellows have something as unusual as a Dodo Bird roosting on a Goose Neck Microphone . . . Who is the kind-hearted gent responsible for such generosity?"

"Our Station Manager, Vernon H. Pribble and Division Engineer, Eddie Leonard," explained J. D.

"As far as I'm concerned," said Jake with a look of awe, "the Seven Wonders of the World can now be changed to eight!"

Note: Mr. Jacobson deserves the credit (and tomatoes) for the above words. He got the idea for this yarn when John Disbrow was showing him our dressing rooms . . . These rooms are just off the Main Control Room . . . I do, however, wish to claim credit for all commas, periods, question marks and split infinitives.

ENGINEERING

(Continued from
Page Twenty-nine)

rumor had started with Mr. Protzman. As the pitcher on his team, and having labored through seven innings in a hot sun only because of this bonafide rumor, your correspondent was about ready to settle for a short beer.

Mr. Tassos was prevailed upon, when leaving to have his picture taken, to bring up, in a very delicate manner, the subject of the baseball prize. It seems that the prize had been overlooked and a belated presentation was made. Although Al searched diligently,

it is rumored that he found only a few members of the team. Did I say before that I sat at his table?

Our No. 3-H correspondent reports that the youthful members of the studio crew, Thomas Smiley and Heino Ripp, are congratulating each other on having found the only girl in the world. One is in Boston and the other was discovered at the A.A. outing.

Variety reports that Ronnie Oxford's cameramen are doing a fine job in the studio. If Ronnie doesn't start paying them soon there is a bare possibility they may go to work for Reid Davis.

The large crowd in the Rockefeller Plaza promenade on a recent Sunday afternoon were given a new variation of the little boy fishing through the grating for a dime. Cries of "Get a policeman," "Call the building engineer," and other useless suggestions were heaped upon the hapless shoulders of Thomas Lyman, who had dropped his car key down the grating after carefully locking his car in a no parking zone.

Tom had the able assistance of Steve Varley in this venture. Mr. Varley, we are informed, is a fisherman from way back and had many helpful hints on baiting to attract a key. A folding rule with a wire loop finally did the trick to the amazement of the on-lookers. I wonder if Tom took the rule back to 5E.

Four Chinese engineers from the Central Radio Manufacturing Works of the Chinese Resource Commission gave Bob Fraser a busy afternoon recently when, as guests of NBC, they had television explained to them in one afternoon. The gentlemen's names were Mr. Chen, Mr. Mo, Mr. Ho, and Mr. Wang, in case you're interested.

In 3-H studio for the month of October we will have on the 7th, under the direction of Ernie Colling, "Air Tight Alibi," "What Can Be Done About It" and some variety shorts. The 14th is tentative under the direction of Eddie Sobol. The 21st, our notes say to call Fred Coe, and as we haven't called Coe you will have to wait and see.

The kid shows are scheduled for Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25, under the direction of Ronald Oxford, and on the 28th Colling will do "Winterset," for which he is trying to get Burgess Meredith.

In the field Burke Crotty inform us that on Monday and Friday nights we will have the fights from St. Nick's, and will broadcast college football on Saturday. Most of the games will be from Columbia, but plans are underway for the Army-Navy game.

Navy Day will be the occasion for a special program yet to be announced.

Harold See, senior field supervisor, is not overjoyed at the prospects of the Army-Navy football game. It seems that the nearest vantage point, exclusive of the exits, is 473 feet from the field, which boils down to the fact that the image on the "kine" will be about that big. The officials told Harold that setting up in an exit was without precedent. Harold dourly observes that television is a new medium and will break a lot of precedents before too long.

George Butler spent a long day bringing his boat from Bay Head, N. J., to Sheepshead Bay. En route George spent a little time fishing. According to George, three hooks were straightened and two lines lost on what G. B. thinks were whales. Our informant tells us that G. B. didn't play the fish enough, whatever that means.

Your new officers are Reid Davis, engineering chairman; Arthur Poppele, treasurer, and Courtney Snell, television chairman.

A CBS engineer in Hollywood had a little trouble driving to work recently. After watching the sweet young lady driver ahead wave her hand in several directions, he decided she was going to turn right and crashed into her as she changed her mind. He got out of his wrecked car with a vengeance. But the sweet young thing was unperturbed.

"All I can say," she cried, "is that I'm sorry."

"Is that all you can say?"

"Yes," she replied sweetly.

"Then stand back," said the man, clearing his throat, "and listen to me!"



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