

PRESS WIRELESS



VOL. III

April, 1946

No. 2

Press Wireless Signal

PUBLISHED BY PRESS WIRELESS, INC. AND PRESS WIRELESS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

at United Nations

NIGHT SHIFT

NEW YORK CITY



One of the first things which impresses a newcomer to the midnight shift in New York is the number of other people in the city who stay up all night.

Unlike smaller towns, New York has thousands of people in the communications, restaurant, hotel, public utility, and transportation business whose regular working day begins at twelve midnight and ends after eight o'clock in the morning.

In addition there are, of course, hundreds of musicians, singers, entertainers, and actors whose work begins sometime after eight p.m. and ends sometime between midnight and four a.m. Thousands of theatre and night club patrons work in the daytime and seek entertainment at night.

But you don't think of this when you start out on the midnight shift. You are at home, your sister is sitting on the davenport putting her hair up in bobbie pins, and the family is getting ready for bed. You feel like one of the few people in the world who have to work nights. The family talks you into eating a sandwich before you start out, and they say they wish you didn't have to work such crazy hours.

When you get outside, the air is fresh, the street is dark and there are stars in the strip of sky between the tops of the apartment buildings down the block. You are the only one on the street, and it is dark in between the street lights.

At the corner, you meet a young couple coming home from a show, and you notice that the girl's hair has been blown by the wind. They walk slowly, and she looks a little tired. You smile and walk a little faster, for your shirt is fresh; you feel clean and well rested. The corner drug store is dark, but the light shines out from the delicatessen window. Several taxis and a car drive down the street. If you live near Central Park, you may hear the clop clop clop of a horse's hoofs on the pavement as a hansom cab drives a couple home.

Two young girls with theatre programs in their hands come out of the turnstiles as you enter the subway. The subways run at regular intervals and are only a little less crowded than at eleven o'clock in the morning.

On the seat facing you is a man with a lunch box reading the Daily News, a young sailor, a squat dark haired man with swarthy complexion and ragged cuffs, a slender-cheeked boy with a discharge button holding the hand of the girl beside him.

If you come to the Times Building by bus, you pass through the brightly lighted Times Square section when it is busier than at any other time of the day. People are pouring out of the theatres and motion picture houses. Billboard spectaculars five and six stories high

flash advertisements for whiskey, beer and Pepsi Cola, and the soldier in the Camel sign puffs rings of smoke out over the crowd.

The sidewalks are filled with people walking up and down looking at the other people and turning into already crowded restaurants, bars, and night clubs. Mickey Mouse struts across the Shaeffer sign. A man whistles for a taxi. Two young men climb on the bus.

On New Year's Eve and on nights like V-J day and election night, the crowds spill over the sidewalks and fill the streets so there is no room for cars or buses, and the Y shaped Times Square becomes two great rivers of people moving down one side of the Y and up the other.

The Times Building is the triangular-shaped building which separates the top parts of the Y, and on these nights, the solid crowd of people completely surrounds the building, and people read the news bulletins in electric lights which travel around the building. On such nights the midnight crew comes to work by subway to avoid the crowd.

Even on an ordinary night, by the time he gets to work, the newcomer is fully convinced he is not the only person working at midnight, but he may still be surprised to see the girls wearing silk dresses and earrings and greeting each other so cheerily.

There are about thirty-five people on the mid watch on the operations floor, twenty-three radio operators, twelve printer clerical workers, and two supervisors. The night shift is the least popular of the three shifts and mid-watch workers get an extra fifteen cents per hour between midnight and six a.m. The average person spends about three months on the midnight before moving up to the four to midnight shift.

Most of the men who have been on the shift for a long time sleep in the afternoon from about two or three to ten and eat their big meal in the evening before they come in. Most of the girls sleep when they get home in the morning, get up in the afternoon, and have dinner with the family. One girl comes to work with her fiance, a sailor, each night and kisses him good night in the lobby of the building.

The old timers say if you sleep when you get home in the morning, and get up in the afternoon, you get sleepy about five o'clock in the morning.

One reason for the difference in schedules may be that most of the men are married and have their own families, and the schedule of the family is, to a certain extent, built around them. Most of the girls live with their parents and have to adapt their schedules to the routine of the rest of the family.

When you ask night-crews about the shift, they say they like it because you have time during the day to do things you can't do on other shifts. They say they see more of their children on the midnight shift than when they work from four P.M. to twelve thirty. They say it is wonderful in summer, because you can spend the day at the beach. Actually most of them probably don't go to the shore many times during the summer, but they like to know they can.

At one side of the operations room, two girls take all the messages which have been filed during the day out of the cubby holes marked London, Santiago, Manila, and Moscow, and check to see that each message has been checked through all the necessary departments. When they find a message which for some reason is incomplete, they leave their desk and search through the records left by the day crew until they find the necessary information.

About 3 a.m. when traffic is light, the radio operators lean back in their chairs and talk about the new equipment, keeping one eye on the line of tape coming out of the recorder. Sometimes they talk about the old days out at Baldwin, when they stole tomatoes out of Joe Chaplin's garden patch and frightened Benny Seuter into thinking they were robbers.

The men start going for their dinner in pairs about one a.m. and at one-thirty a messenger takes orders for sandwiches and coffee. Outside the building, people are coming out of bars, and night clubs, some walking slowly down the street with irregular steps.

A dray truck drives up in front of the Fanny Farmer candy store across the street and carries away the empty cartons stacked on the curb. An occasional truck drives down Broadway, but the streets and sidewalks are almost empty, and most of the shop windows are dark. There is a clippity clop noise in the distance, and down 42nd street trots a horse pulling an old fashioned green wagon. On the side in large letters are the words "FINKS Means Good Bread."

The operations room gets cold toward morning, and one of the girls borrows the supervisor's coat to wear over her dress. The shoulders are three inches too wide, and the coat comes almost to her knees. Some of the girls put on sweaters and suit jackets.

About four the sky begins to get a blue look. The buildings are gray masses, with vertical row of windows showing a bluish light where the elevator shaft runs. There are scattered lights throughout the building, where cleaning ladies are cleaning offices.

At four forty-five in the morning, you can see from the Times building the bright lights

Continued on Page 5, Col. 3

NIGHT SHIFT

SANTIAGO, CHILE

By Elias Rebolledo



SANTIAGO, CHILE

San Cristobal mountain is in the background

An English translation of this article appears in the next column.

MIENTRAS LA CIUDAD DURME

Santiago, Chile. Cada ciudad—especialmente las grandes capitales—adquieren con el correr del tiempo sus características propias que las hacen destacarse ostensiblemente una de otras. Santiago de Chile, sin pretensiones de compararse con las grandes urbes del globo, también aspira a destacarse no por su número de habitantes, altos rascacielos, monumentos fastuosos ni por su colosal extensión; sino que por esa innata característica que también distinguen a las cosas y especies más pequeñas.

Digo pequeñas, hablando en forma figurada, porque también existen cosas pequeñas de incalculable valor artístico a de un gran valor intrínseco, y bien podríamos asegurar que algo de estas cosas pequeñas y valiosas podrían ser descubiertas por doquier en estas lejanas ciudades.

Esta austral capital del más austral de los países del globo es tranquila por excelencia; por eso su vida nocturna queda circunscrita a un reducido número de "boites" o "clubs nocturnos", llevando algunos de ellos vida relativamente lánguida pues la "bohemia" en esta capital de las márgenes del Mapocho no es muy numerosa. Evidentemente, una ciudad sin gran vida nocturna duerme tranquila y plácidamente, en especial esta católica y Christiana ciudad que fuerna fundada hace 400 años por Dn. Pedro de Valdivia, caballero de la muy católica España del Siglo de Oro.

I duerme sosegadamente al amparo de una gran Virgen colocada en la parte más alta de un cerro de 300 metros de altura llamado "San Cristobal" que se yergue cual atalaya imponente, casi en el corazón mismo de la metrópolis dominandola desde todos sus ángulos; y la Virgen, profusamente iluminada y con sus brazos extendidos, parecería velar por el sueño reparador de cada uno de sus habitantes.

Esta tranquilidad nocturna solo es turbada de hora en hora por algunos desvencijados y típicos medios de transportación llamados "carros" que rompen el silencio de la noche con su chirriar de fierros y frenos mal ajustados; o bien en algún apartado barrio el "parlante" de alguna "quinta de recreo" lanza al aire sus estridentes notas de jazz o de algún "tango" llorón invitando a disfrutar

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS . . .

Every city—especially large capitals—acquires with the passing of time its own characteristics which set it apart from all the others of the world. Santiago de Chile . . . without pretentiously striving to rival larger cities, also aspires to distinction. With no soaring skyscrapers, overflowing population, pompous monuments, or vast expanses of land, it is notable for those innate qualities which characterize even the smallest of things. I say small, speaking figuratively, because there exist here many objects of incalculable artistic value and great intrinsic worth; certainly similar works of value can be found throughout these distant cities.

This southern capital of the most southern country in the world is delightfully tranquil; because of this her night life boasts a fairly small number of "boites" or night clubs. Hence, some are forced to lead a relatively languid life, as the "Bohemian" elements of this capital on the banks of the Mapocho are not very numerous. Evidently, a city devoid of rich night life sleeps peacefully and quietly. Especially this Christian city, founded over 400 years ago by Dr. Pedro de Valdivia, knight of that very catholic Spain of the age of Gold.

And gently she sleeps, in the protection of the statue of the Great Virgin, who rises with outstretched arms over the very heart of the city on the peak of the "San Cristobal", a mountain 300 meters high which is almost in the heart of the city and dominating it from all angles. Throughout the night, the brightly lighted Virgin keeps vigil over the city, and each soul that dwells therein.

The quiet night is disturbed from time to time by the typical, rather rickety means of transportation called the "carros", which breaks the stillness of the dark with its shriekings of iron and badly adjusted brakes. Worse still, in some suburb, the blare of a country house of amusement pierces the air, its strident notes of jazz or tango crying out to some pair of night walkers to enjoy happiness for a bit. . . .

Once in a while, all the city awakens, startled and upset. A nervous mass, they run madly about, trying to reach the nearest road. It is an earthquake, and the force of the movement compels each man to look to his very existence. But, see! In only a few moments, this faraway city almost forgotten by the world again drowns peacefully, interrupted in the silence of the nightly only by

the shrill penetrating noise of the carros which until a short while ago were the property of foreigners, an improvement of man and which because of the recent war have not been replaced by more modern equipment.

de un rato de alegría a alguna pareja de noctambulos.

De vez en cuando la ciudad toda se despierto sobresaltada, y rápidamente—los más nerviosos—se lanzan en veloz carrera en demanda de la calle; es que algun movimiento terrestre se ha dejado sentir y la fuerza de la costumbre, inconcientemente, obliga a todos y cada uno a ser prevenidos por su existencia. Y es de prever, seguramente, que esta lejana ciudad casi olvidada del mundo seguirá durmiendo tranquila y plácidamente, solo interrumpido su sueño de cada noche por esos "carros" de chirriar penetrante que hasta hace poco fueran de propiedad extranjera y que la imprevisión del hombre y la ultima guerra han impedido renovar.

New York Continued from Page 4

of the restaurants where they are still selling orange juice at Nedick's, wheat cakes at Childs' and baked Idaho potatoes at Toffenetti's.

Inside the office, the radio traffic starts moving again about five a.m., the groups of chatters break up, and everyone goes back to his post.

At 5:30 the first day-side operator walks in with a cheery greeting. He is wearing a green shirt, his face is freshly washed, and his hair combed with water. He's a nice person, but you don't say much. There is something unpleasant about having such an energetic person around when your arms and shoulders are tired, and you know you look washed out. There is no time to clean up now, though. Everyone is busy. More day crew people come in, but you don't say much to their, either.

At six, two of the girls go out on a "short" and have coffee and a Danish down at Walgreens.

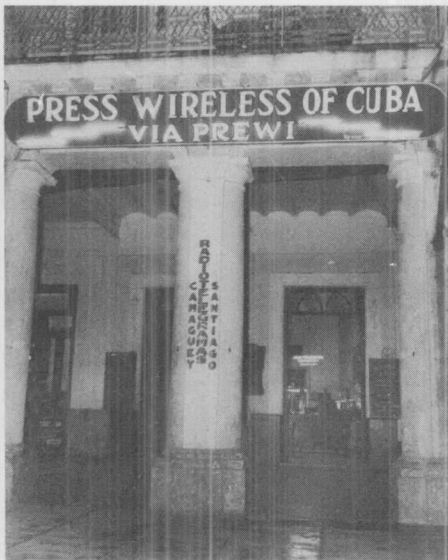
At eight-thirty you punch out the time clock, get your coat, and leave the building. The streets are filled with purposeful looking people in white shirts walking briskly to work. You decide you are too tired to wait until the stores open as you had planned, and start for home.

Continued on Page 12, Col. 3

NIGHT SHIFT

HAVANA, CUBA

By "Don Juan de la Noche"



Press Wireless, Havana

Havana, Cuba. Literary talent is scarce in Havana. Even the professional news hawks, who swarm around our office day and night, like flies on mango jam, swipe each other's copy, rewrite it, and then send it to press as their own. This same news, on being published, is not recognized by the original writer who immediately pounces upon it, rewrites it and sends it off to press once more.

It is a vicious circle indeed. But who reads it anyway? Are not the newspapers just for learning the football and boxing results, studying the racing form and getting the lottery results?

You ask us about the grave yard watch. You may call it any other name but that. Kindly turn your band-switch to 4 megs. some nice quiet midnight and listen—and learn. You will undoubtedly be startled by queer sounds, something like those produced by a couple of skeletons dancing the rumba on a galvanized iron roof.

Please don't grasp for the telephone and proceed to inform the F.B.I. that a spy station can be heard transmitting in Japanese Morse, because it will only be Havana, with the aid of a water-cooled "vibro" (bug to you) clearing deferred press at sixty words per minute to Santiago and Camaguey. At this time I would like to add that never do we have complaints of other newspapers pirating our stuff, for the simple reason that no one can understand it but ourselves.

The deserted streets you mention. No, sir. Not here. For life begins just around midnight, and as our office is situated on the

Prado, which is the chief promenade of this town, literally thousands of señoritas, some alone and others with their consorts, pass and re-pass our doors during the midnight hours. Some smile at us. Some even wink at us. But most of them just gaze in, shrug their shoulders, shake their pretty heads and saunter slowly by, seemingly perplexed at the dubious mentality of people who actually work at such an hour.

As you are apparently convinced that the midnight hour should definitely be ghostly, I am sending you a picture of our office which was actually taken at four a.m. one wet Sunday morning. Should you like a gay picture, let me know and we will get it taken for your next edition.

As regards changing from the night shift to the day—nothing doing. The boss hangs around the office all day long, whereas we of the night shift rarely see him except on Lodge nights, when he invariably drops in for a few minutes, says "hello" lights a cigar, (doesn't pass them around), and generally walks off, taking our matches with him.

NIGHT SHIFT

BERNE, SWITZERLAND

By Ann Schwyter

Bern, Switzerland. Now that the war is over and we have no blackout anymore, it seems strange to look back on the time when everything was in darkness after ten p.m.

Here in Bern, Prewi's office kept open till two in the morning. If we were lucky we went home then, but very often it was later.

It was not pleasant walking home in the blackout. I have never studied the calendar so assiduously as I did when I had night work, to see if there was a moon or not! It made such a difference. The blackness was so inky and seemed to envelop one completely.

I am sure I should have had a permanent kink in my neck if it had gone on much longer. I walked with my head turned around to try to see if anyone was following me. After one or two unpleasant experiences, this seemed the best thing to do. I've never wished so much for eyes in the back of my head.

The blue lamps which should have given a little illumination, only tended to accentuate the darkness.

Well, thank goodness, it's all over now.

Prewi's Bern office has lost its wartime importance, but we are still keeping the flag flying as well as we can in peace time, and hope to continue doing so.



By STANLEY GRAMMER

It was during the Rundstedt bulge. I was at Spa, that delightful little Belgian health resort on the borders of Germany.

It was getting uncomfortable and most of us correspondents were preparing to pull out. The Germans were getting very close to Spa and the people were wondering what atrocities they would perpetrate if they managed to take the little town again.

I left the press camp, located in a small hotel, and with a captain friend of mine, went across the street to a little cafe to have a drink and talk the situation over.

There was about a dozen or so people inside, American soldiers, officers and civilians. Everybody was talking, and gloomily discussing the possibilities of the Germans recapturing the town.

In one corner of the cafe was a piano, a fairly good instrument but long used. The lid was open and the seat vacant. Usually, the proprietor's daughter played tunes for the customers, but apparently she did not feel like playing today.

We had no sooner seated ourselves and ordered drinks, than the street door opened. A little American lieutenant strode noisily across the cafe to the bar and abruptly ordered a cognac.

He was dirty, unshaven and smothered in mud. He looked dog tired and had obviously just arrived from the firing line.

He drank his cognac in one gulp, glared at the proprietor, ordered another, flung a note on the counter and waited for his change. He drank the second cognac in two gulps and went straight over to the piano.

Then the miracle happened. He started to play a Concerto and paralyzed everybody in the room. There was dead silence, I noticed two people in different corners of the room with glasses half way up to their lips, and they stayed that way until he had finished. I say we were paralyzed and I mean it.

Never in all my life have I heard such beautiful melody as came from that piano.

Continued on Page 7, Col. 8

BUENOS AIRES

And the CYT-PREWI Circuit

By Roy C. Barnes

Buenos Aires—The Buenos Aires circuit has been in operation for seven months now, and for the benefit of those not acquainted with the set-up, I will outline briefly the organization. Since the circuit operates on a contract or partnership basis, all of the equipment at this end is the property of the Posts and Telegraphs, and the operators, clerks, messengers, and staff are all employees of that Entity. All of the accounting and administrative work is handled by Entity here, and at the other end (New York) it is all done by Press Wireless employees.

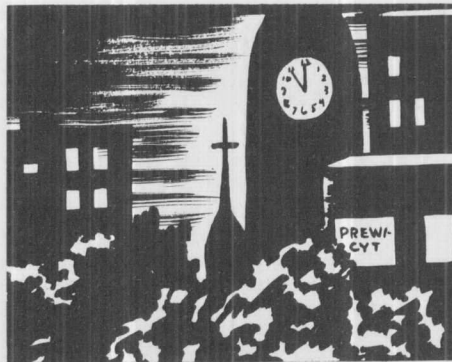
The Director General of Posts and Telegraphs is Lieutenant Colonel Oscar Laciari, a youngish career military official. As a specialist in Telecommunications, he feels a special predilection for his post, and his signature on all resolutions affecting the circuit are as necessary as Mr. Norton's signature on salary checks.

Directly under him is Commandante Marcelo Barbieri, dynamic, good-looking chief of radiocommunications. His is very competent and highly esteemed by his subordinates. The rumor is that he is thinking seriously of making a trip to the States in the near future. If he should, his Argentine fiancé had better make sure of her man, or the New York girls may make a try for him. He would be a triumph, even in these days of returning heroes. He wears a uniform too, though he will probably leave it at home while on this trip.

The genial secretary of radiocommunications is Dr. Joaquin Alvarez who can write resolutions quickly and get them through the Council ready for the signature of the director general and off to the minister for action by the executive power. He always wears a flower in his buttonhole. He has been in the department over twenty years and is a general consultant on all matters pertaining to the department.

The chief of the department of exploitation is Sr. Adolfo Leon Rodriguez, another old-timer in radio communications. He is very amiable at all times, but a stickler for form and order. He wants everything in its place, and it is never right for him until it is so.

The control room is located up top in the cupola of the immense Posts and Telegraphs building which occupies an entire block. The control room is at present about the hottest place in the city. There we find Sr. Juan Carlos Leonardi in charge as chief of the whole works, operators, receivers, clerks, messengers, and everything that goes to make



up the room. In addition to the CYT-PREWI circuit, they are handling three other circuits, two for the north and south of Argentina and one for Brazil. At present there are also three STS services being handled provisionally for BA customers. It is no wonder that when Leonardi arrives in the morning, he immediately gets provoked about something that has gone wrong during his absence. He promptly gets this in order, but that does not prevent him from going away at the end of his watch (or several hours later) just as upset as when he came in. In the meantime he may have had occasion to use a few cuss words to us because N. Y. has not answered quickly one of his enquiries.

Under Leonardi is the assistant chief, Sr. Mariano Romanelli. After many years in the service, he finally landed in the control room just before CYT-PREWI started. One day about two months ago when there was a change in the director general, Romanelli went there to see the ceremony. The new director general kept him there for his private secretary and sent up for his hat. Romanelli never returned and is in the director general's office yet.

At present, since Romanelli is on the new job, Sr. Norberto Orbeagozo acts as assistant chief. He is very competent and an old hand at the work. He commutes to work, traveling 55 kilometers every morning, has very quiet manners, and smokes incessantly on cheroots which nobody likes. When he wants to castigate an employee for some fault, he offers him one of his cheroots.

There are four six-hour turns on the circuit. The first is 0100 to 0700, second, 0700 to 1300, third, 1300 to 1900 and fourth from 1900 to 0100. There are several relief operators available when needed, and in addition there are encargados (men in charge) at all times, who are directly responsible for the operations. The encargados are all quite pro-

ficient in English. Among them I recall Arturo Jurado, Bellagamba, Moreyra, Agoglia, and Visknivesky. Some of these took part in the inauguration of the circuit on May 15th of this year.

All sending from here is done by automatic senders, but the reception is all by ear because mechanical apparatus is not available. The operators including the three STS services receive an average of 40 words a minute and at times as much as 50. It's a pretty steady grind, but they seem to stand up well at it.

The receiving station is at Don Bosco some distance from Buenos Aires, and the transmitting station at Pacheco is in the other direction. The city of Buenos Aires is at the height of its night life when the first turn commences, and in spite of the Post Office being located close to a district where there are many night clubs and second rate dance halls, it is not known that the employees are tempted by them. Most of them eat in the restaurant in the same building, or go home after their turn is finished. Many live a long way and transportation is now difficult. They all seem well satisfied where they are. They belong to different social and recreative organizations of the Posts and Telegraphs. Some are married, some single, and all are a part of the immense organization of 28,000 employees that constitutes the Entity. The employees that have a part in the CYT-PREWI circuit here have all had lengthy terms of service in the Posts and Telegraphs and the different chiefs or heads of departments have just added to their already heavy duties the responsibilities of the CYT-PREWI circuit.

I have my office about four blocks away from the Post Office building, in the midst of the offices of the cable companies, newspapers, correspondents, banking establishments, and the business center of the city. My private residence is on the same street as the post office four blocks away.

We do not have stories of social activities to write up for the SIGNAL, because we are more loosely organized, but I hope some day to meet personally the people in the PW family at home.

Continued from Page 6 Col. 3

The proprietor gaped and the captain, sitting with me, started to tremble. My own heart began to thump and dazedly I wondered what had happened.

The music ended on a soft, sweet note; the piano lid closed with a bang and the dirty little officer strode to the door and vanished.

It was several seconds before we realized he had gone. Then the place was in an uproar. Everybody started talking at once saying they never heard such music, who was this man with the power of paralyzing people with music? I looked at the captain and we both had the same thought in mind. We raced for the door and tore to the street, but the little figure was nowhere to be seen.

He came, he paralyzed us, and he went! Who was he? What was he?

Continued from Page 2, Col. 3

If the activities are not sound, they reflect a loss.

As controller he makes tax reports for state and government agencies and all financial reports required by the Federal Commu-

Continued on Page 12, Col. 3

CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC DIVISION MOVES TO SAN FRANCISCO

By Mary Bruce Cushman

A lot more has been done in the San Francisco area toward the removal of Press Wireless from Hollywood to San Francisco than those two significant bored holes described by the Pacific Division Manager in the December SIGNAL. Yes, something new has indeed been added.

San Francisco Control Center

With the lifting of the haze caused by the buzzing of the electric saw through sheets of pre-fabricated walls, very nearly the entire sixth floor of the News Building emerges into the offices and operating rooms of Press Wireless' new western terminal. Perforated tile covers the ceilings and walls of the operating room, and the same material is used on the ceilings of the offices. The general color scheme is a soft blue-grey, restful and fresh looking. New easy-on-the-eyes light fixtures have been installed. Carpeting has been laid in some instances, while brown linoleum covers the floors in others. Doors have been hung and locks and hardware fitted. The nerve center of the offices themselves, the switch board, is working and its ramifications of telephone lines lead to all offices.

That is the general picture. Individually, we find Mr. Earle N. Dotson, the Pacific Division's Manager, ensconced in his spacious new office. The floor is carpeted wall to wall in a rust broadloom, against which his walnut glass-topped desk looks particularly nice. Book cases, a radio and various chairs complete the furnishings to date, but there will be other office furniture later on.

Mr. Dalton Bergstedt, the division's engineer, and his secretary Elizabeth Larimer, are doing business in their new office right next door. They are surrounded by drawings, blueprints, and geodetic survey maps, the preliminary plans for Prewi of the West.

Next to them is the accounting department with genial E. A. O'Gaffney juggling the figures around unless he happens to be in Hollywood ogling the figures at Hollywood and Vine. And in the corner office of this line-up of rooms, Al Lamb, Plant Supervisor and Roger Harris, engineer, mull over plans and operations.

As the main operating rooms, the dark room, the store room and various other rooms are completed, we will describe them and picture them in the pages of SIGNAL.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MOVE

So bright and early Monday morning, January 14, 1946, MOVING DAY, Mr. Dotson was seen entering his new office with the world on his shoulders. Yes, literally, he was carrying his huge globe into its new location on the bookcase.

PIONEER

Liz Larimer had been waiting for this day for longer than any of the rest of us. She has been with the infant Prewi-SF and has watched it grow. This pioneering runs in her family however, since her grandfather was California's first meteorologist.

FASHION PLATES

Dalton Bergstedt and Al Lamb, carrying the hall tree swinging with coats (it's cold in SF sometimes), donned the women's hats in fetching manner. Mr. B. wore a black model with satin ribbons over the eyes; Mr. L. also appeared in black with a more conservative veil through which he could see and guide their faltering foot-steps.

QUIET ONE

Ed O'Gaffney made less confusion than anyone moving the dollars and cents department. He quietly trundled his dolly load of desk and file cabinet to its new location, not even stopping en route for a cup of coffee.

COLONIST

Dan Lombard feels that he and Liz have something in common. They have both been in SF since the UNO conference and its attendant work, and have been looking forward to the final move to SF. Dan was seen with the first aid kit on Moving Day. No one was hurt but he was seen using the iodine to remove a scratch on Mr. Dotson's desk. It worked too.

HAPPY BOYS

Gratified smiles were seen on the faces of the two maintenance technicians, William Bridges and John Oldaker. It was the latter's first day of work and he must have been a bit surprised to find himself moving furniture, but he seemed pleased too.

ARTIST

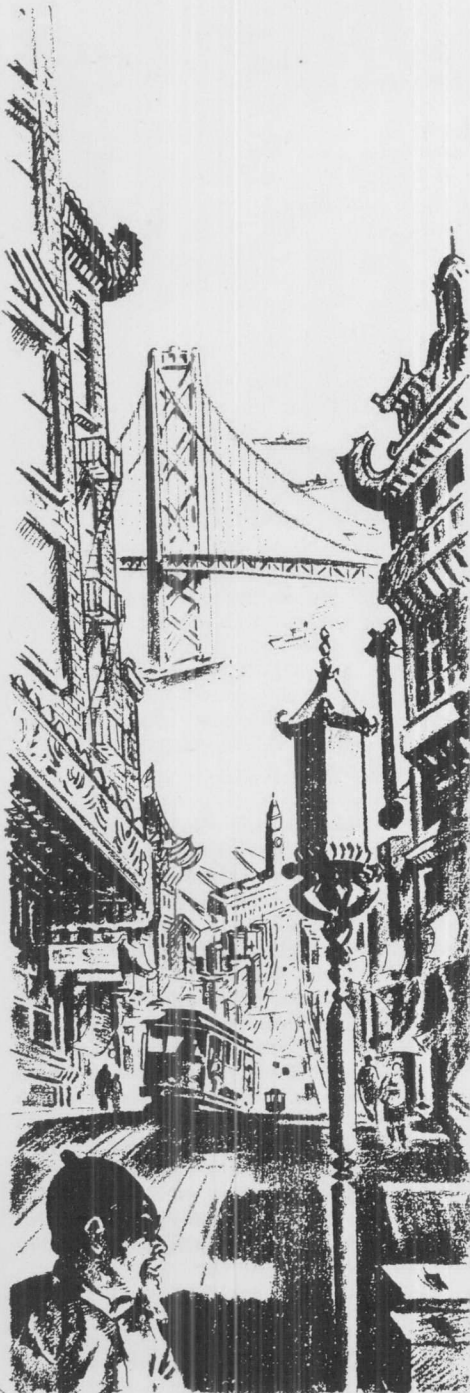
A bit of art has been installed in the reception room of the new offices. Maggie Larson, a statuesque blond, is a commercial artist of some note, and is our new telephone operator. She is our official greeter and proud we are of the pleased expressions on the faces of our visitors.

SERENE

Ferol Grimes didn't emerge from the operating room with its banks of teletypes during the whole moving process. She was very wise, we think, as she is already installed in her workshop and has been for sometime. Why should she throw herself into the melee?

MISSING PERSONS DEPARTMENT

Where was Doc Howell on Moving Day? Where also were F. M. Gregory, Lillian Sechrest and Helen Williams? Perhaps the fact that they work other watches might account for their absences, but that does not account for the Missing Howell.



M. LARSON

Visit Site of New PW Receiving Station Napa, California

Can you imagine anything more stimulating than bowling along over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco on a beautiful, sunny, cold, California, spring morning? Even in a pick-up truck, the prospect is delightful, isn't it? There on the one side, you see the blue, blue waters of San Francisco Bay, furrowed by white-caps, and on the other, the grey-blue Pacific rolling in to the narrows which make the Gate.

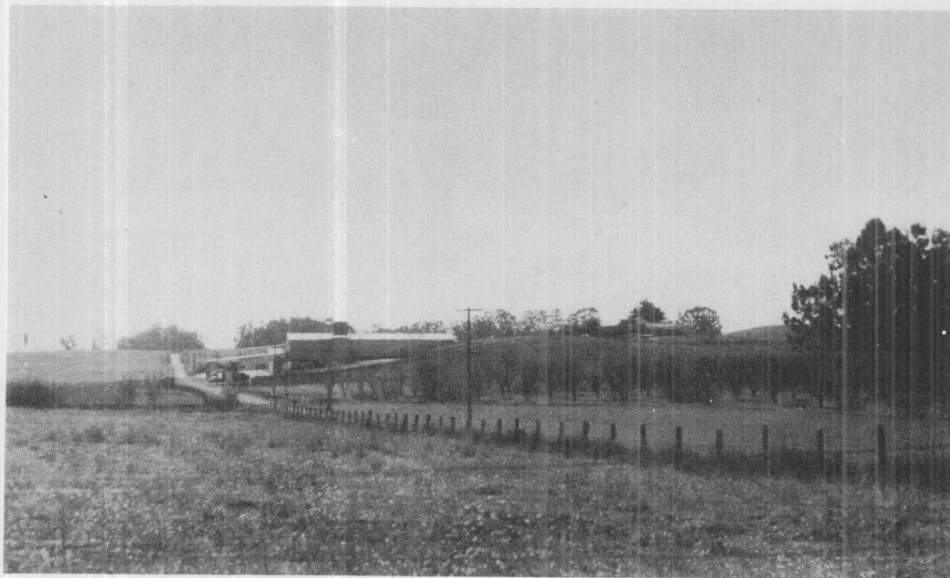
Snapper (the photographer) on this expedition, is Roger Harris, field engineer of the Pacific Division, and we are going up to Napa to see about getting someone to build a road into a wide space of virgin California soil which is the "Napa Project". Spring in California comes early; in fact, it comes between rains, sort of sneaks up on you. You look at the brown dry hills; it rains,—and suddenly, those same hills are green, and spring is here, "bustin' out all over".

We enter Marin County, one of California's loveliest spots, wooded, hilly, with intriguing little baylets swishing in from the main Bay. Looming up on our left is Mt. Tamalpais, "the sleeping lady", the highest spot in the neighborhood, and visible all over the bay region. We pass through quiet little summer resort villages where people live the year around, and there on our left is a very "quiet" spot—San Quentin, the state prison whose grey walls go right down to the Bay's edge. We skirt the Bay and finally turn inland a little through a marshy country which the duck hunters adore, as do the white herons who stand stolidly on one leg as we rush by.

Now we go over a hill and we are in Napa County, one of the big wine producing counties of the state. The terrain immediately changes to an agricultural one; prune orchards here, and the little black stumps which are wintering grapevines, there. Finally there are just rows and rows of grapevines, going up hills and down into the swales with the neat little houses of the Italian growers interspersed now and then among the vineyards. As it is in the eastern states where the early English settlers sold out their farms to the Bohemians and southern European agricultural peoples, so in parts of California, the old Spanish settlers have sold to the Italians who have brought with them the secrets of wine-making and even cuttings from the choice vines of Italy.



Mary Bruce Cushman, secretary, Hollywood, California and Signal correspondent.



View of Garetto's Winery near Napa, California where Press Wireless riggers are making guy-wires for the new receiving station.

The road winds through tunnels of tall eucalyptus trees where the sound of the wind in their branches can be heard above the motor on the car. We are going back again toward the Bay now; we turn a corner on the top of a hill and looking down before us we see Garetto's Winery. The house is up on the hill, but on the road is the main building with a loading shed through which trucks can drive. There are lug boxes for grapes in piles on the ground under the roof, but more fascinating, is the sight of the riggers of Press Wireless making guy wires for the new receiving station. What a place to work! It looks like the incubator of Prewi's new baby is the shed of Garetto's Winery. What a baby we're going to have! It's a lusty one already, and yelling for attention.

We wave at the men as we go by, turn at the next corner and the grape country is left behind immediately. There before us is a great wide expanse of ground, fenced in, to be sure, but stretching ahead of us seemingly for miles toward the bottom land of the Bay. Toward the west, where we are looking, is Mt. Tamalpais in the distance rising above the other hills which surround it. South, someplace is the Bay; east, the rolling hills of Napa County, and directly north, a small ground rise which shuts off any further view. Skirting this ground rise is a railroad track with a sign at one side which reads "Buchli". This track also outlines the northern side of Press Wireless' property.

We park the truck and open the gate into the property. We are walking straight ahead, west toward Mt. Tamalpais in the distance and over the bumps, rises and gulleys, 1500 feet toward another slightly larger rise of ground where the receiving station itself will be located. Where we walk, will be the road to the station. The ground now is covered with marsh grass, and some form of creeping salt marsh ground cover. It's cold, and the wind blows hard across this sweep of lonely ground.

There is a little pile of lumber in one place where a tool shed has been started but not yet completed. There are several stacks of poles 80 feet long, like so many of Paul Bunyan's toothpicks, former forest giants now shaved of their branches and

waiting for their new branches, the antennas. Outside of these things, there is nothing here but the virgin California soil of the old Huichica Rancho—one of those immense Spanish land grants which the king of Spain made to his colonists and conquistadores.

The Napa project is on the southern boundary of what used to be the old Huichica Rancho. I should not have said there was nothing else here but the lumber and the poles, because there is something else—a herd of cattle is grazing in the distance. These cattle are the only paid tenants of the property. They have the right to eat all they want here, in fact, we hope they have good appetites because we want the grass kept neatly mowed, but we do not appreciate the fact that in their wild animals spirits they have knocked down the surveyor's markers so laboriously staked out for the antenna poles.

Retracing our steps toward the parked truck, Roger Harris explains the reasons for the selection of this particular piece of ground for the receiving station of Prewi of the West. (1) The Location should be near water. It is. There is San Francisco Bay near its southern boundary. (2) It should be away from power lines or other industrial interference. It is. Industry and its attendant confusions are far away. (3) There should be no hills near enough to interfere with low angle signals. There are none; outside of the little ground rises described here, the vista is clear for many miles in all directions.

"And after considering all of these prerequisites," concludes Roger Harris, "the property selected should be as close as possible to the Control Center. The Napa property is approximately 50 miles from San Francisco, not as the crow flies, but by the road we just came on."

The receiving station at Napa or Garetto or Buchli, two names actually nearer to the property than the town of Napa), is going to be erected on an ideal site where our reception should be perfect. When we visit the property the next time as the work progresses and the poles are upright and not supine, Snapper will take some more pictures from the same vantage points as those on the page opposite were taken. Snooper will be along to describe the changes.

NEW YORK

N. Y. Radio Control Room

By William Moore

The control room at Times Square Headquarters has been called the "nerve center" of Press Wireless. Many operators and others in the company have asked "What is the control room?"

The control room is the connecting point between New York operations, our receiving station at Baldwin, and our transmitting stations at Hicksville. All signals to and from these points pass through the various patch boards in the control room, where they are monitored and kept at the proper operating levels.

What takes place between the New York operating room and Hicksville? Suppose an operator is transmitting an AP newscast from position No. 13. The auto and hand-key at this position are wired to the control board, and by means of patches are connected to a tone keyer, the output of which is amplified and fed to Hicksville, where it is again amplified, fed to another keyer and then to the correct transmitter. A monitor signal is taken off the tone keyer in the control room and fed back to the operator so that he can check his own transmission. This procedure is duplicated from every position on the floor, except that monitors are not required on toll circuits.

Multi-tone channels are used to feed the signals to Hicksville. We use a metallic line which carries simultaneously six tones, each of which has its own definite frequency. These tones are passed through filters at Hicksville the result being six separate signals. By this means we feed eighteen different signals over three metallic lines. To maintain proper levels the line amplifiers and the frequencies of the tone keyers are checked each week.

The signals from our receiving station at Baldwin are also fed to New York by the six tone channel system. These signals are passed through filters in the control room, then through amplifiers to the recording equipment on the operating floor. They can be patched to any required position by the technician operating the control board.

Besides our telegraph business, we also have a European voice broadcast service. This is handled on a separate patch board where lines to and from all the major networks terminate. Voice is used in making contact with our European stations. The control room technician lines up the particular station from which the broadcast will emanate and through a switching arrangement on the control board panel turns over to the network both the received signal and the transmitter. This permits the broadcast company to talk directly with their correspondents.

Build Lounge, Showers in Times Bldg.

A new ladies' lounge on the fourth floor with comfortable chairs, radio and magazines and a men's shower room in the basement has been made possible by Press Wireless' acquisition of 2000 square feet of additional space in the Times Building.

The lounge is an extension of the locker room, and is furnished with tables at which girls can eat their lunches if they wish. A powder room has been constructed next to the ladies' wash room, and a matron has been hired to keep the wash room and lounge in order.

Two showers for PW general maintenance men, porters and other men who wish to use it are being built in the basement store-

room three floors below street level in the Times Building.

About 1600 feet of the extra space acquired by Press Wireless during the month of January are on the fourth floor, which places all of this floor under lease to Press Wireless except the room opposite the elevators where the news sign going around the building is controlled.

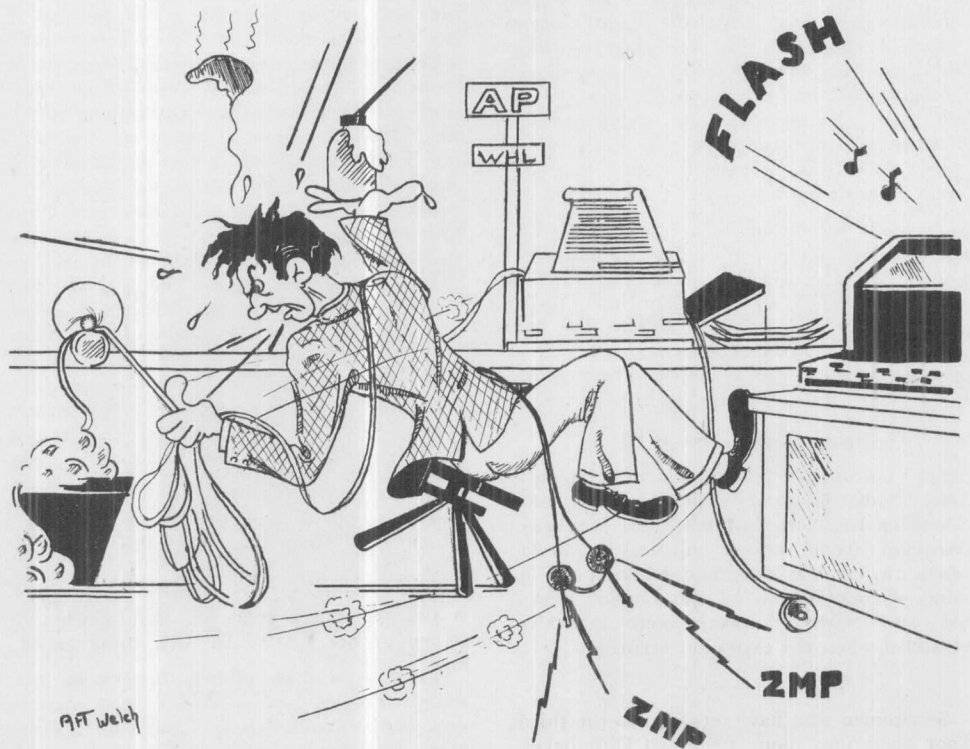
The basement store room five floors below street level, sometimes known as "Corregidor Rock" has been enlarged by 800 square feet and the two new men's showers will be installed there.

The operations department has expanded into the picture department's former third floor space.

The addressograph department previously located in Hicksville has been moved to the 24th floor of the Times Building, and Geraldine de Feo, who used to be a messenger on the second floor of the Times Building moved to the 24th floor to handle the addressograph and mimeograph machines and do typing.

It is planned that a multilith machine will be installed on the 24th floor near the addressograph machine.

Part of Press Wireless' space on the 25th floor where operators were trained in the PW school has been sublet to Juan Lefcovich a representative of the Saporita News Agency and Fermata in Argentina.



Junior Operator



Lyman Seibert

Lyman Seibert is back at Times Square as superintendent of traffic in charge of radio photos and the printer-clerical department, after three years as a communications officer for the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces.

About eighteen of his twenty-eight months overseas was spent in Natal, Brazil. As communications officer, Captain Seibert was responsible for air-to-ground communications for the South Atlantic Division of the ATC and made flights on all of the Division's air routes: periodically checking radio communications, radio ranges, and DF facilities.

While in Washington, Mr. Seibert learned the Army "fumble sheet" trick: When there is no work to be done, fold a blank sheet of paper and walk out of your office with the paper in your hand and a worried expression on your face. Arriving at the office of a friend, sit down and chat, and everyone you passed on the way thinks you must be a very busy fellow. Now that he's told us, of course, it will be somewhat more difficult to get by with the fumble sheet trick at PW.

At Frankfurt, Germany, he was billeted with several other officers, in a house in Langendiebach, a village on the edge of the Hanau-Frankfurt airport. His duties included contacting American and British officers at SHAEF located in the building formerly used by the I. G. Farben Chemical Corp. for administrative purposes. This structure had gone unscathed through all air raids. SHAEF maintained a dining room which was famed for its silk tablecloths and napkins.

Seibert is single, lives in Manhattan, and plans to take flying lessons. The next time he goes overseas, he hopes to get about as far as Long Island.

Cotton, Grammer in N. Y.

Ben Cotton has returned from Europe. Also, Stanley Grammer, European Manager, is visiting the New York office. He has fully recovered from serious injuries sustained when his car was destroyed when it hit a mine. Richard Glenn, of the London office, has also recovered. Both were critically wounded when the explosion occurred.

Servicemen who have returned to the third floor operations room are Floyd Hazelbaker, Andrew Schrader, James Mahony, Richard Brast, and Calvin Bradshaw.

TIMES SQUARE STATIC

Miss Anona

The beginning of February saw the arrival in New York of one of our Western co-workers; namely, Mr. "Tiny" Nelson. Mr. Nelson is a little fellow as his name implies—barely touching 6' 6". He's a pleasant gentleman and a pleasant temporary addition to our staff.

Jeanie Heberer's getting that "ring on her finger and that golden wedding band". First comes the sparkler and then in May or June, she'll go tripping down that fatal aisle.

All the girls on the second floor were sorry to see Mr. Humphry's secretary, Janet Smith, leave Press Wireless. Janet had a quiet, delightful sense of humor that we will all miss.

During January, we all missed the cheery voice of Kay Brueninger, our "hello" girl at the switchboard. Kay was ill with pneumonia. During her absence, Thalia, Joanne and Eleanor did a wonderful job of pinch-hitting.

We think Christine Conrad has set an all-time record as far as output of work is concerned. She has, on occasion, whipped out eighty letters in one day. Chris said they "were only form letters" but I doubt if there is another girl in the place that can equal this record. Mr. Paddock, we think Chris deserves an orchid for work like that.

Annabel Heinatz has designed herself a hat. When it is turned one way—Annabel considers herself working for the Engineering Department; another turn—and she is working for the Accounting Department. A most versatile girl, we must say.

At this time may we mention that George Nagrodsky is very style-conscious. George diligently reports all his findings to the feminine portion of the engineering department to be sure they are up-to-date on all the Hollywood fashions. May we commend such alertness?

Mr. Irwin, our new Purchasing Agent, has bought a house in West Hempstead, L. I.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES

By Christine Conrad

That cheerful group of girls in the executive offices on the second floor, Times Square, is a constant source of interesting comings and goings. They report to us that they have had frequent luncheons with Janet Smith since she left the company and she wishes to be remembered to all. The girls certainly miss her spontaneous wit around the office but Anne Medvecky is doing a noble job of filling in for her.

Connie Behrens is beaming these days. Her Alvin is home at last, wearing what he will instead of what Uncle Sam tells him—also eating what Connie prepares. He is official food-taster since Connie started attending cooking school. I wonder why? (Note to correspondent—Remember to follow up this item. Has potentialities.)

Gladys Dempsey, our favorite "little girl" is also sporting a great big smile since the return of her Eddie. Ah, this thing called love.

Care is costly. Buy Bonds.



John Munroe

If you see a man and a four year old boy looking at a historical plaque in North Tarrytown on a Sunday afternoon, it might well be John Munroe and his son out for a hike.

John Munroe, newly appointed personnel manager for Press Wireless, Inc. has always enjoyed hiking and particularly enjoys the rolling country near North Tarrytown, which is rich in historical landmarks.

He and his young son often walk to Washington Irving's house or to Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and they enjoy discovering new plaques which read "George Washington slept here".

At the office, Mr. Munroe still spends a good part of his time in the Tariff department, which he headed before becoming personnel manager. He joined Press Wireless in October, 1942 working in Chicago until the tariff department was transferred to New York.

Before coming to Press Wireless, he worked seven years in a state bank in Chicago, where he was assistant cashier.

When a student at Mt. Carmel high school, Chicago, he owned a small printing press on which he printed book plates and other small items. One of his first business ventures was a newspaper which he and his friends published and sold to other high school students. The enterprise cost the youthful printer about \$60, because as printer he was responsible for paying for the linotyping and there weren't enough copies sold to cover expenses. He continued to print, however, and had a printing press in the basement of his home in Chicago, when he moved to New York.

At the downtown college of Loyola University in Chicago, he majored in English, German, and literature, earning part of his tuition by writing a series of articles on the historical background of ninety-seven Chicago churches.

Mr. Munroe lives in North Tarrytown on the Hudson River with his wife and two sons John McAllister, age 4½ and Patrick James, age 2.

A student of economics and political history, he likes to read biographies and an occasional novel. As he catches the elevator after work and heads for the commuters train to Tarrytown, you will almost always find him carrying one or two very thick books under his arm.

WHO'S NEW IN ACCOUNTING?

Thomas Reilley

Here's the lowdown on Thomas J. Reilley, newcomer to the Accounting department. Mr. Reilley was born in Dayton, Ohio, where he received his early schooling. He then attended St. John's University in Brooklyn, majoring in accounting. Before coming to Press Wireless, he was Principal Accountant with the Federal Communications Commission.

He is married and has two children, a boy three years old and a girl five. He now lives in Hicksville, Long Island and comments "Well, I needed a house and that's the only place I could find one!"

John MacConnack

John MacConnack recently appointed coordinating head of the Billing and Abstract departments came to Press Wireless in January. He previously worked for the Spring Weier Shipping Company where he was general freight agent, selling car loading services to firms in New Jersey and Connecticut.

He previously worked for the Sperry Gyroscope Co. and for Grumman Aircraft on Long Island.

Some years ago, he sailed the seas "chipping paint and then painting it" as he puts it. Most of his time was spent working as an ordinary seaman for an American steamship line traveling between New York and Europe, and he came to know London almost as well as New York.

One day as he was chipping paint, he looked at the passengers reclining in deck chairs, and made up his mind that the next time he crossed the ocean he would be the one reclining in a deck chair. He took a land job and started saving for the trip.

He has since married and traveled extensively in this country, but he still looks forward to getting back to sea—not on a luxury liner, but on a small ship with about 28 passengers where he can spend some time on the ocean and have an opportunity to get acquainted with the other passengers. He may even get seven or eight other couples together and go by freighter.

A basketball and hockey enthusiast, he likes to swim near his home at Baldwin and fry steaks out-of-doors with his wife and 16 months old daughter, Nancy.

BILLING NEWS

By John Cofiniotis

Our Billing Department not only has been experiencing its general onslaught of monthly routine duties but has witnessed changes in its social and lighter happenings of the day, as it were.

We were indeed sorry to learn of Dorothy Guidry's departure because of her mother's illness. Dorothy hails from the Sunny South, namely New Orleans.

Our Jamaica belle, Louise Guilino, is having arrival and departure difficulties. Woe betides her if there is a slip of her schedule.

Mrs. Loretta Hickey of Riverdale is at the crossroads with the now famous and outstanding Russian circuit. Good for you, Loretta. Who knows, several more good tries and you may obtain free passage to Russia prepaid.

Wonder whose time card had the notation, "Late Due to Misunderstanding of Heat Situation" on February 12.

How's our wandering troubadour, Jack MacConnack?

Incidentally, Mac, where oh where are those nylons? Cheer up girls, summer will be here soon!

About twenty of the girls in the accounting, abstracts, and traffic departments in the Times building gave a farewell luncheon for Alicia Schoellhamer at the Blue Ribbon restaurant near Times Square and presented her with two crystal lamps. Alicia resigned February 1 to be with her husband, an army lieutenant who returned from overseas. They plan to live in California.

The girls in the billing department say Louise Giulino is so enthusiastic about Woody Herman and Teddy Wilson she must be getting a cut from the Paramount Theatre.

Marie McAndrew and Johanna Castellucci have announced their engagements.

Eileen Bohan married Billy Smith on January 27.

Miss Gertrude Kastner, formerly of accounting, came into the department to attend a luncheon, and announced she was going to be married to George Mikulsic of Michigan. They plan to live in Michigan.

Ann Boden of the accounting department took a leave of absence when her husband returned from Germany.

Gertrude Abbruzzes spent half of her month's leave of absence at a lake near Kings-ton, N. Y. when her husband returned from Korea. He brought her a large pearl ring.



Jane Morton, recently appointed Secretary of the Pension Trust



Mary Rogers, of Accounting, who will marry Edward Buer April 27



Recently returned veterans are left to right, Floyd Hazelbaker, radio operator, Tony Grosso and Dick Brast, service clerks.

Continued from Page 5, Col. 3

The subway is filled with people on their way to work, and as you hang on a strap, you wonder if any of them suspect that you have been up all night. If it rained when you came to work the night before and you are wearing your rubbers home despite the sunny day, you feel definitely self-conscious.

At home, the family has already eaten, but has left your breakfast out for you. You eat, pull down the shade in your room, and crawl into bed. As you put your hand over your eyes to keep out the light, and stretch out, you realize it is a much more comfortable bed than you had any idea it was before you started working on the night shift.

Continued from Page 7, Col. 3

Communications Commission, state agencies and federal agencies. His reports show the revenue taken in by the company and the money spent for such things as wages, maintenance, supplies and equipment.

Mr. Pacifico came to Press Wireless March 15, 1945 as assistant controller for the communications and research and development divisions. Before coming to Press Wireless he was head accountant for the Federal Communications Commission and also worked for the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the American Tobacco Company and the International Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. Pacifico went to New York University and lives on Staten Island with his wife and two children. His new daughter Toni was born January 25 in the Richmond Memorial

Continued on Page 13, Col. 2

Sun Spots and Circuits

In contrast to some previous more severe visitations of electronic disturbances related to the sun spot phenomena, the recent emissions from "Old Sol" caused only minor interruptions of Prewi circuits and these were of short duration.

According to Press Wireless engineers, the sun spot manifestations of recent date were not unexpected since the general cycle is now approaching its maximum for an eleven-year period. Short wave circuits are most seriously affected, it was explained, the long waves the least.

General interest in the sun spot factor increases as international telecommunications develop. One of the little known services performed by the government in this connection is the work of the Interservice Radio Propagation Laboratory organized by the Bureau of Standards. Press Wireless and other communications companies contribute helpful information in the form of logs showing actual daily performance for various frequencies hour by hour. The IRPL, on the basis of data gathered from all parts of the world, is able to make radio condition forecasts as far as three months in advance. During the war these reports were of particular advantage in preparing for radio "blackouts".

New Cartoonist

Arthur Welch, the new Signal cartoonist is a radio operator on the third floor of the Times building, New York.

As a new operator, he has come in for his share of the ribbing the old timers give junior operators when they start on the circuits. He knows from experience what it is to make mistakes when punching out a message and have to correct them by tearing a piece out of the tape and pasting the two ends together again. In his cartoon he joins the old timers in laughing at the difficulties of inexperienced operators.

Arthur began drawing in his second year of high school, and took as many art courses as he could from then until he graduated. He drew cartoons for the Bayside High School paper and monthly magazine, and was awarded a lecture course at the Museum of Modern Art.

After working as wireman on the Press Wireless manufacturing project at Little Neck, he worked for Hazeltine Electronics at Little Neck.

He joined the Army Air Corps and was taught to send and receive code at the Army Radio School and Aerial Gunnery School.

After his discharge from the Army, he attended the Press Wireless radio school and came to work for the company as an operator. He works six days a week on the 4:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. shift, but still finds some time to spend drawing cartoons. He plans to take more art courses, and hopes some day to spend all of his time on cartoons and illustration.

Arthur's sister, Shirley Welch, used to be a Press Wireless radio operator, and his father, who is in the Merchant Marine was a radio operator during the first World War as well as this one. His brother, who was held prisoner of war in Germany for a year has been discharged from the Air Corps and is now studying art at Pratt Institute.

New York Chatter

By Wanda Robinson

This is being written amid the dashes from wedding to wedding. Eileen Rohan is now Mrs. William Smith, Frances and Mike Coppolla are Mr. and Mrs., and Edna Gehrke is Mrs. Leon Hanson. PW sends congratulations and best wishes to all of you. Calvin Bradshaw and Rhoda Hannon became engaged on St. Valentine's day. We wish them both lots of luck. And finally Andy Shrader, Dick Brast, Jimmy Mahony and Danny Crifasi are patiently waiting to become proud papas.

The mid-watch is going to miss Tony Hlavacek who left for the Army February 5th. However we are happy to greet our new section supervisor Al McGeagh, who has settled down after returning from the wars. We have other returnees to greet this month namely Pat McManus who will be back to work shortly. We're glad to see all those smiling faces back again.

Jack Miano is going to the hospital soon, and we don't know how we'll get along without our "Laughing Boy" even if it's only for a short time. We just got a flash that Lucille King is married, and so we extend congratulations to her and her husband. Good luck to you both, Lucille.

We almost didn't recognize Gloria Joseph with her "Florida Acquired tan". And she won't give any inkling as to how she's losing all that weight. Come on "GJ", let us all in on the secret. . . . Could it be love? Estelle Lillienthal has been out too long now. We all hope she'll be off the sick list very shortly.

We regretted to hear of the death of Paul Czap's mother and we members of the printer-clerical departments extend to Paul and his family our most sincere sympathy.

Charles Summers, a favorite elevator operator with Press Wireless people has been transferred from the Times Building to the Times Annex on 43rd Street.

Charlie knew so many people in the building, and was such an expert at remembering floors that many expressed surprise when they learned he was low man on seniority. His PW friends hopes to see him back—soon.

BALDWIN

Three additions have been made to the Baldwin staff within the recent weeks. — James Dykstra, maintenance technician, who rendered yeoman service for Press Wireless in the Philippines and who was at Hicksville for a short period on his return to this country; James Trewin, operating technician, who flew ATC planes all over the world during the war; and Robert Zapke, recently out of the Navy and now maintenance technician.

Baldwin and Press Wireless personnel are pleased to learn that Ewald Tromp is recovering from a broken arm he suffered from a fall sometime ago.

Continued from Page 12, Col. 3
Hospital, Staten Island.

Mr. Pacifico planned at one time to study law, and has nicknamed his five-year old son "Judge". He sometimes calls his daughter, Toni "Judges".

Operators Take to the Woods

By Ed Cykewick

During the past year, many Prewi employees became property-conscious and purchased their own land for home construction.

The following, namely, the Gillis', Moores, Schraders, Brasts, the future Bradshaws and the writer, being rustically inclined, selected sites at a new community situated in the foothills of the picturesque rolling Ramapo Mountains, with its natural blue lakes and crystal-clear air. The nearest town is Oakland, N. J., a 45 minute drive from Times Square.

All this should make the future "juniors" healthy specimens of humanity.

Now stretch your imagination a bit and eavesdrop on a typical conversation, five years hence, amongst the offspring of the above-mentioned landowners. It might be something like this.

Master Moore, "My mummy is better'n yourn. She works for Peewee."

One of the Brasts, "My pop is as good as your mummy, he works for Peewee too and his seeneejority collyfies him for days sooner."

Young Gillis chimes in, "My mummy won't talk to your mummy cause your daddy bumped my daddy offen days."

If at this later date, the involved employees should report for duty without being on speaking terms with each other, the cause may be traced to something started by the "kids".

So for a happy future in rustic surroundings, the Prewi Ramapo property owners will probably sign an agreement to have all the rocks removed from their respective lots for the prevention of cruelty to windows.

The girls in the personnel department gave a birthday party with cake and candles for Phyllis Klebanow on January 31 in the Personnel office on the eighth floor. Each of the girls in the department presented her with a small remembrance. The cake disappeared so fast there wasn't any left for visitors.

Continued from Page 10, Col. 1

The technician monitoring these programs must keep a close watch on the signals in order to maintain a constant level. There are several hundred radio tubes in constant use in the various amplifiers and keyers and these have to be periodically checked and replaced when necessary. Exact logs are kept of all received signals and all transmitter starts.

This is a brief outline of what the control room does to maintain smooth and efficient working, and why it is called the "nerve center of Press Wireless."

The control room is ably supervised by Francis McNamara, better known as "Mac" who has just returned from his sojourn in Europe with the famous PX unit. The following people comprise the staff, Barbara Clay, Murray Pearlman, Bill Moore, John D'Angelo, Edmund Gimler, Claudia Ezekiel, John Eckhardt, Zabel Lien, Andy Draghi, and George Bannerman.

Support the
RED CROSS

RESEARCH

PACIFIC VET COMES TO LITTLE NECK

A recent addition to the staff of the Little Neck Laboratory was George Smith, laboratory assistant, a veteran with nearly five years service in the Navy. He came to us on November 12, 1945 shortly after his discharge on September 20.

George enlisted in the Navy in September 1940 and was placed on active duty in February 1941. His first duty was at the Naval Training School for radiomen at Noroton Heights, Connecticut. In July of 1941, he went through the receiving ship at destroyer base, San Diego, California and was assigned duty with VP-21, PBY's (later changed to VP-101) based at Pearl Harbor. This squadron was at Midway at the time of the Japanese attack. They were immediately recalled to Pearl Harbor and sent to the South Pacific. The squadron was based at Perth, Australia and engaged in patrol as part of Fleet Air Wing 10. Patrol ranged as far North as Bali and Timor. Some units of the squadron assisted in the evacuation of Corregidor.

In September 1943, George was transferred to Fleet Air Wing 7 for Radar Maintenance. This group was initially based on Palm Island and then Port Moresby, Australia. One of the impressions left with him seems to be the Australian girls who, he states, welcomed them with "open arms".

Alameda, California, was George's next stop (March 1944) where he remained until discharged. He was in charge of communications in the signal tower. His campaign ribbons include the American Defense, Asiatic-Pacific with two battle stars, American Theater and the Good Conduct Medal. He held the rating of Aviation Chief Radioman at the time of his discharge.



Printer operators on the afternoon shift in New York. Left to right: Dick Metzger, Juanita Darcy, Lillian Draluck, Tom Cilia, and Albert Mawhinney.



Midnight shift girls sorting messages are left to right: Mary Gonsler and Pat Robinson.



Servicemen returned to Press Wireless are left to right: Calvin Bradshaw, James Mahony, and Bob O'Neill.

OLD-TIMERS RETURN

A bit belatedly, the NK Lab notes the return of two Press Wireless veterans from the wars. Edward Antosyn and William Linscott, lab assistants, came back after an absence of several years on December 10, 1945.

Eddie Antosyn will be remembered by the Hicksville crowd as "The Gang". He volunteered for the Navy on December 15, 1941 and, after a week of "boot" training at Newport, R. I., shipped out to sea on the Jeep Carrier, "U.S.S. Long Island". After about one month on anti-sub patrol along the Atlantic Coast, the "Long Island" was transferred to the Pacific and took part in the Battle of Midway and the Solomon's Campaign. From the "Long Island", Eddie was transferred to Naval Aviation at Alameda, Calif., and following a year of shore duty was attached to VPB-20 (PBM's). VPB-20 operated along the China Coast, in the Moluccas, and took part in the Philippine Liberation.

MAKES BUSINESS

By David Haimbach

The field of Research and Development is too well developed these days to live up to its traditional guise of a broken-down back room lab and success in spite of great difficulty. The thinking in a lab has to be geared about ten years ahead of the times. Scientific investigation must embody the spirit of Thomas Edison and Louis Pasteur. The deep pile rugs and artistic furnishings in the front office may mislead the uninitiated into believing this spirit is gone, and yet in their true light these furnishings are merely the visible evidence that big business has taken over the gamble that is always present when new ideas are being developed.

Business has come to realize that research, experimentation and invention can be profitable and that their root lies in the laboratory. A unique idea can give business an advantage that may result in a very profitable return on an investment. The concern of the financier for science has encouraged the idea man in the laboratory to engage in an exciting race with progress which may result in invention or in disappointment. Since the laboratory and business are so intimately tied together, successful organizations require a mutual sympathy in solving the problems of a frequently divergent science and business. The laboratory man must have a clear head for business and, at the same time, the businessman must have an appreciation of the persistence and patience requisite in the laboratory.

Eddie held the rate of Aviation Chief Radioman at the time of his discharge on September 18, 1945. He was awarded three Air Medals and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He also wears the Asiatic-Pacific and Philippine Liberation Ribbons. We are happy to have him back with us after such a distinguished Naval career.

William Linscott was inducted into the Army on January 13, 1942 and thereby hangs a tale. It seems that just prior to his induction, his deferment was requested. The draft board refused the request on the grounds that "radio was not destined to play a very important role in this war." Wonder what they think now?

Bill went overseas in February 1943 and was stationed at Casablanca and Algiers. In July 1944, he went to Naples and returned to Algiers in March 1945. Just prior to his discharge in November 1945, he was attached to the 3156 Signal Service Company at Algiers holding the rating of Corporal. We welcome Bill back after a long absence.

SQUIBS

Under the heading of post-war projects, we think that a chance remark overheard in the office the other day takes the prize. A man came in and inquired about excess tools, workbenches or other shop materials that might be for sale. There weren't any of the items that he was seeking, but in the course of the conversation it developed that he was expanding an aircraft repair business. He was looking for a partner—preferably a mortician!

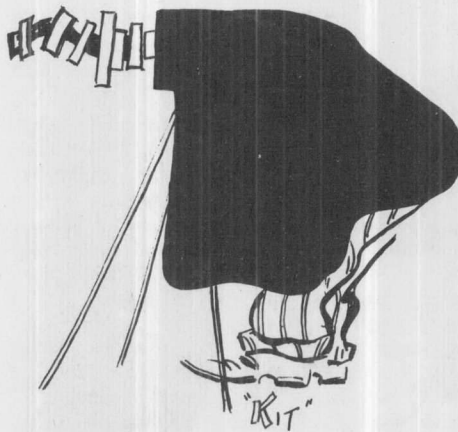
An illustration of this mutual cooperation, which produces results, is apparent in the story of the development of the moduplex system at Press Wireless. This idea had its inception as far back as 1938, but five years were required before all of the problems and difficulties were solved that stood in the way of perfection.

The idea was originally conceived as a means for improving the reliability of communications circuits. One of our engineers believed that, if some sort of signal could be maintained at the receiver all of the time with intelligence conveyed by a shift in frequency, a radical improvement would result. This was a unique idea at a time when most engineers were pretty well satisfied that code characters should be conveyed by turning the carrier on and off.

The idea was tried out at that time on our circuit between New York and San Francisco. The apparatus was very simple. Each time a code character was formed a small capacitance was connected across the crystal oscillator of the transmitter and as a consequence the transmitted frequency was shifted slightly. The idea was practical, but at that time the art was not sufficiently advanced to accept it. Receivers, for one, just were not as good in those days as they are now, and before Moduplex could get anywhere, a more stable and reliable receiver had to be developed.

DOWN THE OLD LAB ROAD

The Little Neck Lab sometimes does things the hard way. It has been said that the road to research is full of bumps and pitfalls. Ride up the road to the lab someday and you'll see how this idea is impressed on the lab staff each morning and evening. Caution—Be sure that your uppers are solidly in place before you turn in from the Parkway.



It was not until 1942 that frequency shift transmission came into its own. Press Wireless receivers had reached the stage in their development which made the success of frequency shift a certainty. As a matter of fact about that time, Moscow began making simultaneous transmissions of code and radio-photos to New York by shifting frequency. Peculiarly enough they could send Moduplex, but did not have a receiver developed for use on a two-way circuit. The art had advanced to the point where the idea could be perfected.

It was not long before various services were clamoring for some sort of frequency shift system. It is interesting to note that at one conference of engineers, twenty men from a competing company claimed that the idea was theoretically and practically impossible. Because of the foresightedness and pioneer work of Press Wireless men, we got in on the ground floor and have been there ever since.

It is this sort of Research and Development that keeps Press Wireless in business. There must be foresightedness, a sort of scientific clairvoyance, that can evaluate the worth of an idea and carry it through all of the stages of research and development until it reaches the point where it is either put into production or dropped. Conceivably, the latter is true in a great many cases, but if we can develop one idea that is unique and economically to the advantage of Press Wireless, then the expense of many failures that just did not work out has been worthwhile. Research is something like a puddle of water; it must branch out in all directions until it finally finds the path that will let it run out to sea.

ENGINEERS VISIT IRE SHOW

The engineering staff of the Little Neck Laboratory wishes to thank PW for making possible a most profitable and enjoyable time at the Winter Technical Meetings of the I. R. E. Highlights of the meeting was the opportunity to hear many leaders in the field of radio discuss the latest technical advances. It was a privilege that was greatly appreciated by Little Neck. Not to be overlooked, was the chance to meet old friends and acquaintances, and enjoy an excellent banquet. All were impressed with the promise of better things to come as we enter this era of reconversion. Hope to see the gang there next year.

AGE CREEPS ON APACE

The Montgomery's, Dorothy and Pat, who are a vital part of the Little Neck office force, both celebrated birthdays since the last issue of the SIGNAL appeared. "Life began" for Dorothy on January 26th. A short celebration was held in the Lab, at which time the staff presented brass candelabra to enhance the decor of her Mineola apartment. Pat's birthday came nine days later on February 5th. The occasion was remembered by blows administered upon an appropriate portion of the anatomy and a small dinner in Little Neck during the lunch hour.

Philip Zurian, Director of Research, marked the passing of another year on February 3rd by staying at home and doing some much needed repair work around the house.

Fundamentals of Opens With

Classroom Jammed

The largest employee training class yet given by the Press Wireless Institute, a course in Fundamentals of Radio, began February 4 in the Institute classrooms in the farmhouse outside the Hicksville plant.

Twenty-seven employee students jammed the small classroom, and there was standing room only for the first two sessions. The course runs 24 weeks and meets each Monday from twelve noon until one p.m. and is taught by Dean Wessels, manufacturing instructor. Most of the employee students go without lunch to take the course.

The only Institute classes which have been larger were the courses in the theory and practice of Press Wireless transmitters and frequency shifters given approximately 2000 Army Signal Corps and Navy communications personnel during the war.

The Radio Fundamentals course covers DC theory, AC theory, circuit components, transmitters, receivers, antennas, and oscilloscope.

Members of the class include Bob Bailey, R. C. Blanthorn, William Deans, Estelle Felice, Ruth Goldstein, Harold Joyce, Catherine Heilig, Edna Holden, Gertrude Lindstadt, Eleanor L. Mayber, Ann Moeller, William Mullen, Bernice Pincus, Genevieve Rausch, Harry Szigals, Carmela Tafuro, Jo Taormina, Leo Trager, Rose Posillico, Ralph Van Nostrand, Dorothy Rettberg Bill Verity, William Ward, and Grace Wulfsen.

Other courses currently being given to PW employees at Hicksville include three classes in Fundamentals of Radio, two in Radio Mathematics, and a special radio class for inspectors and testers in the Small Parts production department.

Frequency shift is still so new that very little has actually been done in the laboratory to explore all of its potentialities. Many secrets still exist to be probed. To date most of the development has been of a practical rather than of a theoretical nature. Engineers learned how to use many of its advantages, but often have lacked the time to explore and find the true conditions existing.

Press Wireless has pioneered in research development, use and manufacture of frequency shifters. Airways, foreign governments, and nearly everyone interested in long distance communication recognize this fact and should become large consumers as we convert from war to peace-time production.



Students listen attentively as Dean Wessels explains a point in Fundamentals of Radio class. Left to right, Dean Wessels, Harry Szigals, Leo Trager, Eleanor Mayber, Bernice Tincus, and Estelle Felice.

FREQUENCY SHIFT

What is it?

By HARRY HOFFMAN

Radio-frequency carrier shift, or as we of Press Wireless call it, frequency shift, is an outstanding development project of our company. The use of the FS method is one of the important factors which makes the Press Wireless communications division world renowned.

Dots and dashes, similar to—if not actually—elements of the Morse code, still form the basic architecture for most systems employed in radio transmission of commercial message and press traffic. In amplitude keying, also called "C.W.," the transmitter is keyed rapidly on and off in accordance with the code. During the dot or dash interval the radio-frequency energy is radiated from the antenna. During all other times the transmitter is off the air. The frequency is, however, in an ideal transmitter, always constant. This type of keying is conventional and until the advent of frequency shift was considered the best for most services.

Frequency shift keying differs from amplitude keying in two important ways; the frequency of the carrier is caused to vary about a hypothetical center frequency (the assigned frequency) and the transmitter maintains full R-F radiation at all times. In a conventional transmitter, an oscillator, usually of

the crystal type, generates a stable radio frequency, which when multiplied (increased two, four or eight times in frequency) and amplified by the transmitter is the radio frequency carrier. In an FS transmitter, the oscillator is replaced by an FS keyer (FSTK-1), which generates the radio frequency, but a frequency that can be caused to vary within fixed limits. The higher frequency is referred to as "mark" and the lower as "space". These mark and space conditions represent two distinct radio frequencies, one above and one below, very near the assigned frequency.

The FS method is, therefore, somewhat similar to frequency modulation (FM) used in broadcast radio in that the carrier frequency is caused to vary; dissimilarly, the amount of shift is very small and is always a fixed, pre-set value. The usual Army-Navy shift is 850 cycles, but Press Wireless often uses a shift of only 300-400 cycles. At 20 megacycles (20,000,000 cycles) this represents a change of only one part in 50,000. As in FM the signal-to-noise ratio is considerably increased, but because in FS the amount of shift is small, the actual band width is no greater than that required for practical on-off keying. No special license is required as for FM because of this.

FACTURING

Radio Class Record Enrollment

A course in Fundamentals of Radio is given in the Hicksville Firehouse Friday noons and at the Research Laboratory at Little Neck each Thursday. Individual instruction courses in radio mathematics are also given at Little Neck on Thursday. There are about 100 students now enrolled in manufacturing training courses.

The three communications courses offered by the Institute are Communications Receiving Stations, New York Control Room, and Communications Transmitting Stations.

These courses are published in the form of technical bulletins written by Ed Steinberg. The bulletins are distributed to plant supervisors at Hicksville Communications, Baldwin Communications, and New York Communications. It is the responsibility of the supervisors to see that all in their section who are interested receive the bulletins.

The bulletins are also mailed to California, Cuba, Paris, Berlin, London, South America and throughout the world wherever Press Wireless has stations.

All Press Wireless employees are eligible to take the courses offered by the Institute. All courses are free and are given during lunch hours and after working hours on the employee's own time. The Institute tries to provide a course wherever there are two or more employees interested in studying the same subject.

Inquiries regarding courses offered may be addressed to Arthur Kramer, Director, Press Wireless Institute, Drawer T, Hicksville, L. I.

Arthur Kramer, Director, PW Institute

By Dorothy Rettberg

On January 1st, the Press Wireless Institute was made a department of Press Wireless Manufacturing Corporation.

Arthur S. Kramer, the director, was graduated from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1933 with an Electrical Engineer's degree. He is a member of Alpha Kappa Pi fraternity.

Now in his eleventh year of service with Press Wireless, Mr. Kramer began in 1936 as a draftsman and was promoted to transmitter engineer after a year and one-half. For five years he worked on the Hicksville transmitting staff under Mr. Christie.

Continued in next Col.

Move Office To Long Island City

The entire Press Wireless Manufacturing Corporation sales and executive office staff moved to Long Island City March 15.

The Manufacturing Corp. staff is now located at Long Island City and Hicksville, L. I. and there are no longer any Manufacturing offices in New York.

The space on the 7th floor of the Times Building formerly occupied by the Personnel and Sales departments have been taken over by the Accounting department of Press Wireless, Inc.

In November, 1942 he was made assistant superintendent of schools for Press Wireless, and in October, 1943 he was made superintendent of schools.

In December of 1944 Mr. Norton created the Press Wireless Institute to be the training organization for the entire company and made Mr. Kramer director. Approximately 2,000 officers and enlisted men were trained for the Army and Navy. This military training was started April 1st, 1942 and the last class of Navy men was graduated August 25, 1945. Since that time, the Institute has specialized in employee training in both Communications and Manufacturing.

Continued on Page 22 Col. 3

PW Manufacturing Grants Ten Cents Per Hour Pay Raise

A pay increase of ten cents per hour, retroactive to February 4, has been granted to all production and clerical workers of the Press Wireless Manufacturing Corporation who are employed on an overtime basis, according to a joint announcement made March 4 by officials of the company and of Local B25 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

The pay increase applies to non-union as well as union workers and was given in line with the company's policy to offset increased living costs.

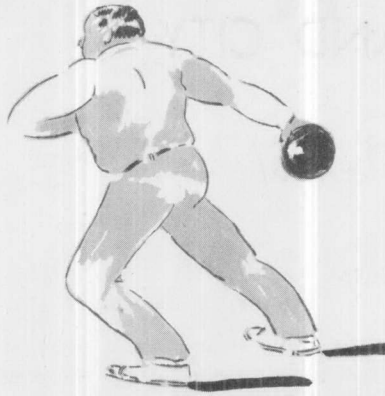
Charles Krause now occupies the office at the Hicksville plant which Sol Barone had before he moved to Long Island City.

ENGINEERS: The Signal needs technical articles on engineering subjects related to Press Wireless activities. How about writing one?



Students in the Radio class. Left to right in first row, Estelle Felice, Grace Wolfkin, Ann Taormina. Second row, Bob Bailey, Harold Joyce, Rose Posillico, Dorothy Rettberg, Josephine Toarmina. Third row Beatrice Shepero, and Edna Holden.

Bowling 'Em Over



By DOROTHY RETTBERG

Press Wireless has been asked to enter a team of five men in the Long Island Aircraft Bowling Tournament. Four rounds will be bowled at Heineman's on four consecutive Saturday nights, namely, March 16th, 23rd, 30th and April 6th. The awards will include the Swirbul Championship Trophy, a special individual award for the individual with the highest average and one for the individual with highest game. There are prizes for the first and second teams. The Hicksville gang has accepted this invitation and are getting a **team** ready that will really give a great deal of competition.

200 Club

We have two new members in the 200 club. Pat Vacchio came through with a score of 210 and a newcomer to the bowling league, Charlie Steck, in his second week of bowling with PW, came through with a score of 202.

Ben Curasi was left off the 200 club list in the last edition by mistake. He made 200. Leo Trager made the club again with 212. Roy Harrison made the club with a score of 200.

Leon Lundmark, recently appointed Controller of Press Wireless Manufacturing Corporation, joined the distinguished ranks of the 200 club on the evening of February 14 by hitting a 200 score squarely on the nose at the final ball of the last pitch, last frame, and received the congratulations of fellow HK kegglers.

As the bowling scores for the month of January are tallied, the girls' team, No. 5 the Shockers, is still way out in front with a total of 52 points. Their nearest opponent is the men's team No. 6, the Eightballs who have a total of 40 points. All of us have high hopes for our team's coming through in the last stretch.

Rita Rettberg's high game of 187 hasn't been touched, but Arnold Fricke's crown has been snatched away by his brother, Henry, who has also been added to the 200 club again with his 223 of last week. Reggie Sielski has

high average for the girls with 129, while Olga Koji follows with 123 and Rita Rettberg with 122. In the men's group, Arnold Fricke leads with an average of 162, with Gil Halliday following with 161 and Henry Fricke with 158.

The Inquiring Photographer went down to Heineman's bowling alleys to interview some of the Press Wireless champs but instead of asking the questions in his usual manner, he listened. The following was heard during the evening:

"If I don't bowl over 105 every game tonight, I'll eat one of your cigars." This remark was made by Helen Pidkameny to Leo Trager. Leo had a pious look on his face all night and the boys on his team said that he was praying that he wouldn't lose one of his precious cigars. Helen kept Leo happy by bowling her 105 in each game.

Heard a few groans from the girl's section, so the Inquiring Photographer went over to find out just what was what. The Fireballs had lost to the Shockers by one pin. Later in the evening, a cheer went up when the Fireballs beat the top bowlers, the Shockers, by two pins.

"Stinky Swanberg just missed being a member of the 200 club by 52 pins," the voice over the mike reported.

"Muff Himmel hasn't bowled 200 yet this evening because he hasn't arrived yet," the voice also reported as the 200's for the evening were announced.

Dot Rettberg went half way down the alleys when she lost her balance. Val Rausch and Bill Mullens showed what their lungs were made of when they started calling her back. Understand that Rita tried the same thing too. That's what you call a sister act.

"Those %&* pin boys. I'm so mad I could kick this ball." This was a remark made by John Dutweiler. After receiving a little encouragement from his team and their opponents, he proceeded to kick the ball down the alley. A scream was heard as the ball made a clean sweep of all the pins.

HICKSVILLE

"Spend Your Overtime" Party at Inn

By Dorothy Rettberg

That well-known phrase, "a good time was had by all" certainly held true on Wednesday night, February 6th when members of the Hicksville group got together at the Hicksville Inn for their "spend your overtime" party. A very delicious chicken dinner was served and was enjoyed by all. Our friends from the Receiving group were represented as well as a number from Accounting, and the gang from the main office.

Our old friend Cecile Tvrdik and her husband Lou joined the bunch and everyone was glad to see them both again. H. R. Lewis, alias the "Celery Kid" was given two Army-Navy E's for his good sportsmanship. These two E's were pasted on his lapels during the early part of the evening, unknown to him and he wore them all evening. After dancing every dance for the first time in eight years, he was presented with a pair of crutches for the "morning after".

What young lady from Production Control wore the most unique service decoration?*

This impromptu party was decided on Friday, acted upon on Monday and scheduled for Wednesday. Short notice made it impossible to contact everyone individually. Every effort was made to have all departments notified. If anyone was left out, it was unintentional. The party was a howling success and comments the next day indicated there will be more parties in the future.

*Door prizes given by the proprietor of the Inn were two bottles of port wine. One was won by Mrs. Duane Elmore, the wife of the Chief Inspector, and the other was won by Lou Tvrdik.

Did you ever hear about a birthday party without the guest of honor? Well, that almost happened. On February 7th a birthday party was planned for Ray Greene of the inspection department and a birthday cake was ordered for just that occasion. On the 7th, Ray was ill and didn't come to work. After much deliberation and wondering as to whether the "butter cream icing" would keep, the party was held over until the next day. The butter cream icing did keep and the customary best wishes and "Happy Birthdays" were extended Ray on the 8th.

Birthday greetings were in order for Grace Wulfken of production control on January 22nd and Rose Posillico of the production department on January 26th. On Thursday January 24th, some of the members of the Kilowatts bowling team of which Rose is a member feted her with a birthday dinner before going bowling.

John Warren, engineer has returned to Press Wireless after working at Raytheon for 7 months. He is in the new Long Island City engineering laboratory.

LONG ISLAND CITY

Strictly Personal

By Ann Gullo

J. Conway, G. Davis and S. Horbach are a few losses to the department and Sales department's gain. It seems we are to lose a few more of our associates. T. Pryor of Bill of Materials Department will say her farewells February 21. Sorry to see you go, Terry. G. Casper and P. Fuller of Mechanical Design are also leaving, and although they haven't been with us too long, they will be missed.

Although we are losing some of our friends, we have a grand array of new members to welcome to our abode. Lillian Coyle, our pretty new switchboard operator, Albert Jensen, Herbert Wong, Leonard Morsch, Andrew Zervoulei, Paydon Whitfield, John Trottie, Thomas Reed, Paul Lester, George O'Connell, Daniel Murray, Anna Gleason, Edward Greer (the boy with the sailor's swagger), Thomas Munson, William Galione, Getrude Herzog and Louis Barbara. Here is a slight tip, folks—the people of Press Wireless aren't crazy—they just act that way and pretty soon you'll all feel right at home.

Borden's Milk Bar is becoming the meeting place of the aristocracy of Press Wireless Engineering department. The staff has petitioned Borden's to change the name to the "Engineer's Club." Don't tell me the engineering employees are changing their liquid diet!!

Every afternoon you invariably find R. Seiter, W. Ulbrand, B. Rapp, A. Zervoulet and N. Van Gelder deeply engrossed in an interesting game of poker. (At least they claim it's interesting.)

What fellows (or shall I say what Wolves) in the Engineering Purchasing department were trying to obtain certain info about the new switchboard operator before she was hired. Sorry fellows, that girl is already accounted for.

Several of the girls have been trying to lure uncooperative male employees to join in their dancing at lunch time. Come on, fellows—let's see how well you can trip—oops—correction!!—trip the light fantastic—or were we right the first time.

Birthday greetings to Rita Troccoli, Irene Petersen and Dorothy Fischer.

George "Toots And" Casper is a happy little taxi driver these days. Who are the passengers Georgie?

Peggy Gleckler of Bill of Materials department has finally succeeded in catching herself a date with a certain "Flat-foot." Although Peggy has gotten herself a date with "The Copper," Elsa Straub of the same department has gotten herself a man. Yep, she's engaged. Better look out, Roy Little, you may lose all your girls. The cause? MATRIMONY!!

Just heard that Norman Van Gelder has joined our Early Birds Club.

F. Patterson heard the chic way of wearing

one's hair is a shingle bob. He immediately took off for the barber's and lo and behold his hair-do is really beautiful. It looks as though someone used a lawn mower. Anyway, it's better than the long bob he was sporting. We expected him to begin carrying a violin case under his arm.

The arrival of the Lab and Model Shop certainly helped to fill the Long Island City plant. The moves were made slowly but surely and our next arrivals were none other than Kit Hallock and V. Gordon. Norma Anderson feels right at home. Anyway she looks happy.

S. A. Barone's cigars look a little more chewed (if that is possible) than ever. Could it be nervous tension?

P. Howard, has taken to riding the milk train from his Long Island Estate to the L. I. City plant. Buddy Rapp, once thought to be a permanent fixture at the Hicksville Inn, has packed his belongings to join the social set around and about Astoria. The Hicksville Inn will not be the same without him.

Bob "Apple" Seiter is sporting a sharp pair of suspenders these days. "Doc" Paynter is exhibiting a set of spectacles with windshield wipers. Some Class!! L. Kung's wife is heading for the Pineapple Country. Frank "Steel Beam" Janik is complaining about the height of the ceiling, for lo and behold he misses touching it each morning during his setting-up exercises.

The staff has been very much concerned over the health of our friend L. Crandon, since his once pearly white teeth have changed to a vivid pink. Upon investigation we find it is not a rare disease but only a craving for red candy balls.

Among our rugged individuals we have two hearty folks (perhaps fool-hardy) who ride in Walter Mruz's chariot rumble seat. No doubt, Anne Gullo and "Happy Boy Bliss" are the first to arrive in such a breezy manner at our Long Island City plant.

Speaking of cases, M. Poschmann of Mechanical Design has a bad case over a certain sailor. I understand wedding bells will ring a familiar tune soon.

At rest period on Friday, January 11th, the inspection department of the Hicksville plant held a joint birthday party to celebrate Ann Nussbaum's birthday on January 14th and Charlie Wood's birthday on January 13th. Ann brought in a birthday cake with "Happy Birthday Ann and Charlie" on it and Charlie treated to a round of drinks, (coffee and tea). After the customary "Happy Birthday" song and blowing out of candles, the inspection department went back to pushing those monitors, couplers and test equipment through in a hurry.

Louise Haugen of purchasing and Estelle Felice of production control celebrated their

The Boys in the Lab Say

By Ben Curasi

The lab is now located in the new building at Long Island City and the boys are working to the tune of the "Anvil Chorus".

Ask "Chris Columbus" Calamita about the "short cut" he discovered to the new plant.

Walter Mruz is back in the harness at his old bench again. Joe Toman now has his own private instrument office.

Phil Hillman and Bob Kansas have been inducted into Eta Kappa Nu. Congratulations boys!

Birthday greetings to Val Rutkowski on February 14.

Wally Bliss really enjoys his bowling.

Anyone interested in learning how to dance apply to Variano's School of Modern Dancing.

Marvin "Pop" Klein enjoys plenty of Capacity and Resistance every time he drives his Super Six.

It is rumored from a reliable source that Larry Tubby Adler is on a diet. He aims to get down to 300 lbs. or bust.

Charles Lax is giving "free" pinochle lessons to Phil Yaffe these days.

That's all . . . that's plenty.

Muriel Valentine, of the instruction book department at Hicksville took a month's leave of absence when her brother Ed returned from overseas. During her absence, her work as secretary to Arthur Kramer was taken over by Miss Annalean Wallen.

Lost, Stolen or Borrowed:

One beautiful piece of "art" missing from the Inspection department. Would the person who has the picture now please return same for the boys miss it very much?

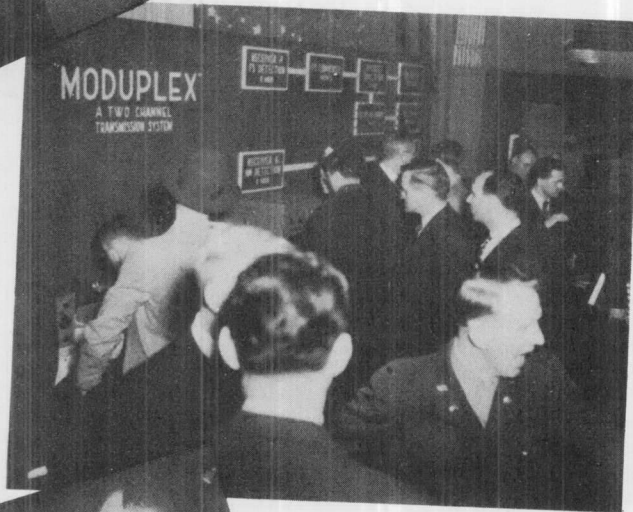
wedding anniversaries on Wednesday, January 16th. Each girl was presented with a corsage of talisman roses from the members of their departments to celebrate the date. Louise celebrated her first and Estelle her second anniversary.



Talking things over at the new Long Island City plant are left to right Rita Troccoli, Inge Meith, Margaret Gleckler, Roy Little, and Ann Gullo.

IRE WINTER MEETING

Left: Roy Guy and Sal Barone.



Dr. George Kao, Phil Zurek and Phil Bernstein.



Left to right: John Conway, Sal Barone, Commander Allen, and Lester Hatfield.

With the 1946 Winter Meeting of the Institute of Radio Engineers now passed into history, Press Wireless is measuring the results of participation in the exhibit.

Inquiries regarding Press Wireless production and services are being received from many sources. The meeting gave Press Wireless personnel in communications and manufacturing an opportunity to meet for the first time many key men with whom the company had been dealing during the war. Leading radio engineers, executives of fellow companies, radio authorities from foreign countries and a large number of men active in today's radio research and development visited the Press Wireless exhibit, which was attended by more than 6,000 during the slightly more than two days showing.

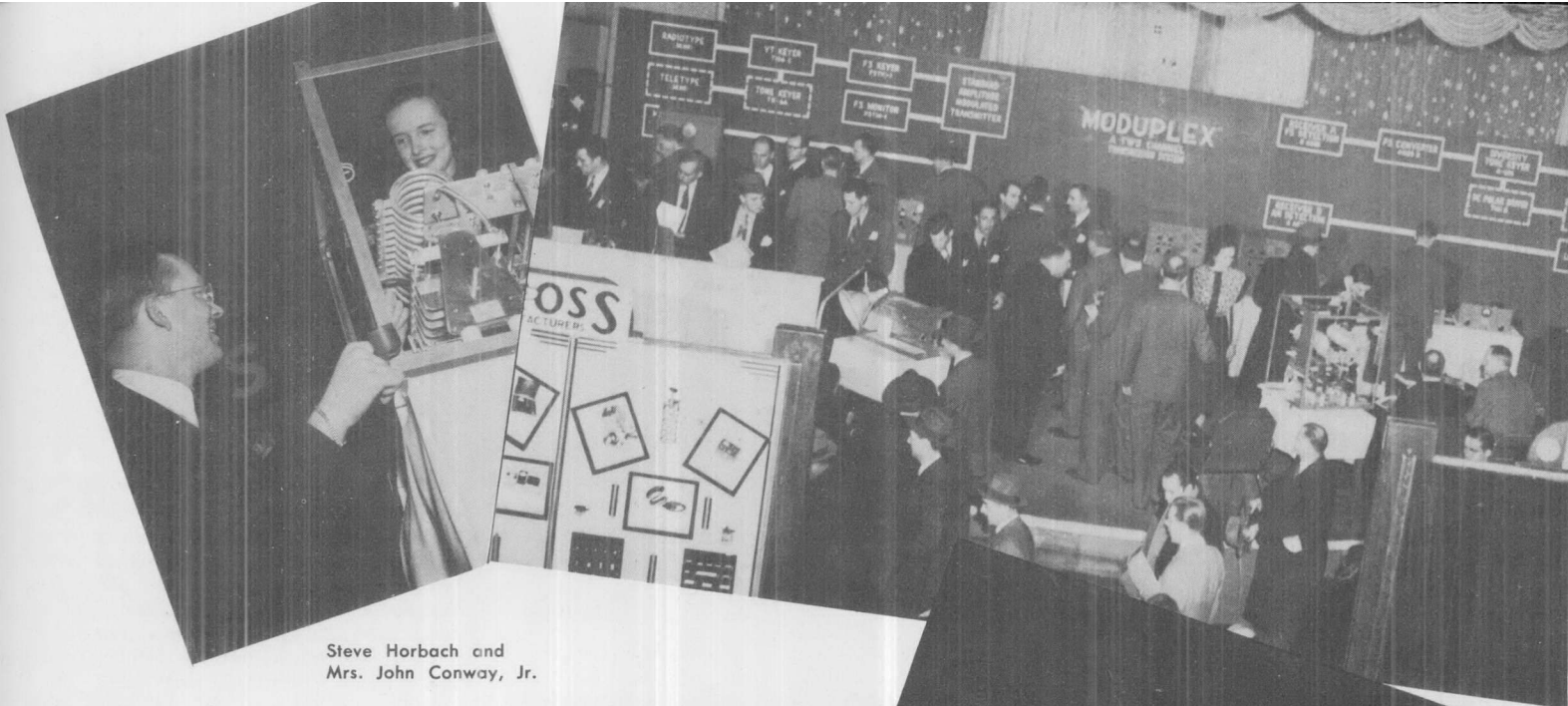
The meeting gave Press Wireless personnel a splendid opportunity to compare notes and review the program now going forward in manufacturing and in communications. Distribution of thousands of sheets of technical data paved the way for the forthcoming Press Wireless manufacturing catalog. Over 2,000 booklets describing Press Wireless in general were distributed. The meeting stimulated the editorial interest of leading radio and allied magazines in Press Wireless and a number of inquiries for special articles already have been received.

Press Wireless took full advantage of the fact that the meeting was attended by a considerable number of radio engineers representing foreign countries. These visitors were especially interested in the international character of Press Wireless and it was a pleasure to meet gentlemen from China, Poland, Russia, England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, South America and other countries.

The exhibit showed the results of weeks of planning which had begun as early as last fall. Every Press Wireless person who participated in producing the show, setting it up, demonstrating and dismantling, deserves great credit. Summerfield did the "impossible" in hanging the huge Press Wireless sign at the top of the exhibit as well as accomplishing many other details in connection with supervisory and other work. Clyde Geist took charge of the radiophoto and facsimile department with skill and thoroughness. Bob Seigle, Harry Hoffman, Limin Kung, Chris Buff, Jack Conway, Bob Milos and the whole crew of demonstrating engineers were always on hand to take care of visitors. Messrs. dePasquale, Barone, Hatfield and Matson shook hundreds of hands and were busy every moment when not meeting friends and explaining highlights of Press Wireless equipment. The booth was a drawing card for some of our attractive young women, including Mrs. John Conway, Jr., daughter-in-law of Jack. Behind the scene were receptionists Francine Sheridan, Mrs. Clara Schroeder and Norma Anderson.

The big Press Wireless exhibit, occupying the full stage, was a focal point of the entire show. From designs and plans carefully prepared by PW engineers, Phil Schaaf and his men made the major props. They fitted with

Continued on Page 22, Col. 2

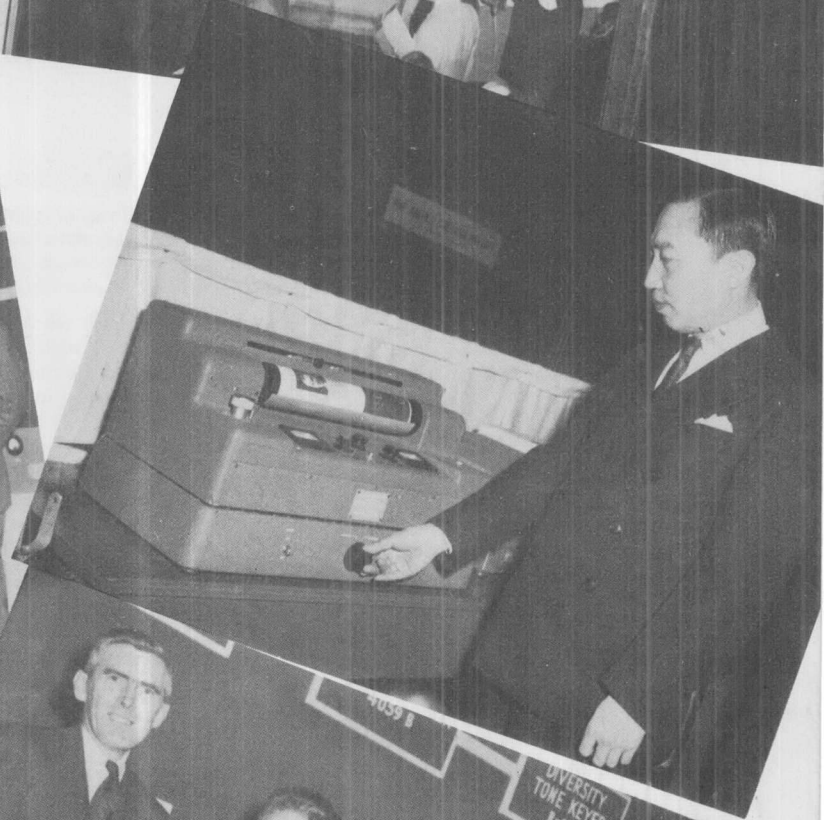


Steve Horbach and Mrs. John Conway, Jr.



Left to right: Harry Hoffman, Francine Sheridan, Norma Anderson, Bob Milos, Lester Hatfield.

Right: Dr. George Kao inspects Press Wireless radio photo machine.



Left to right: James Millen, Sal Barone, John Di Blasi, Ray de Pasquale.



Bernie Vagnier (seated) blows out the candle on his birthday cake. Left to right Richard Standinger, Larry Huttle, Tom Cleland, Rose Posillico, Catherine Schlick, Fred Winscher, Helen Tidkameny, William Linscott, and Howard Olson.

The Firehouse Gang

By Rita Rettberg

The Firehouse Gang recently bade farewell to the engineering department which moved to Long Island City. We certainly miss the "Whistling Draftsmen". Good luck in your new surroundings.

The welcome mat was put out for Eleanor Jung, Marjorie Thomas, Mae Collins, Doris Rumens and Arthur Woolsey.

Birthdays celebrated during the past few weeks were: Lena Corbo's on January 3rd, Eleanor Jung's on January 8th, Anne Hawrysh's on January 14th, Rita Rettberg's on January 20th and George Batjer's on January 30th. The Birthday Paddle received quite a beating this past month and so did the recipients.

Kay Giese's months of anxious waiting for the return of her husband, Henry, ended on January 14th. Kay is back at work again and will remain until she can find an apartment, and from the looks of the housing situation, she will be with us for a while yet.

When a dog bites man that's not news, but when a girl bites dog, that is definitely news. Therefore, Bernice Diaz should have her name in the headlines. One night while her dog was lying in her lap, she couldn't fight off the desire to bite her dog, so she did just that.

George (Baldy) Batjer related an incident that happened to him at the bowling alley one Thursday evening. He was bending over fixing his shoes when Gil Halliday grabbed his head and remarked, "Pardon me, I thought you were my bowling ball."

Wedding

Wedding bells are ringing for Tess Brigandi of Communications and Bob Neder of Hicksville on March 3rd. Bob just returned from duty in the E.T.O.

The general office group is happy to have Alice Ludwig with them. Alice was formerly with the instruction book department. Alice chose Hicksville in preference to moving to the "big city" with the other members of that department.

The General Office welcomes Catherine Heilig to its ranks. Kay is the sister of Mary Ann Heilig.

IRE continued from page 20
razor-edge precision and will be useful for other displays. Mike Martino and his maintenance crew did a superb job setting up the stage. Norma's skill showed itself in her lettering on the block diagram units. Kit Hallock covered the show from A to Z with superb photographs, and Press Wireless won additional commendation by supplying the only music heard on the tenth floor. Among the selections was Wes Summerfield's song "Press Wireless Is On the Air".

Press Wireless had a special gathering at the Presidents' Luncheon, at which Paul Porter, head of the Federal Communications Commission was the principal speaker.

What the public never saw but what all in the know will all remember was the swift assembly of the huge Press Wireless display and its equally, if not more swift dismantlement. This was the second time Press Wireless had been showman at an IRE meeting. We are now looking forward to the third production.

A quick desk census through Hicksville main office Valentine's Day showed Clyde Rush an easy winner with four fetching expressions of affection proudly enscrening the usual catalogs, etc. on the Purchasing Agent's desk.

Harry Hoffman of the Sales Research department has been riding his horse so much lately that now when he gets on the Long Island railroad, he forgets himself and starts posting.

Dean Wessels Teaches Radio

Dean Wessels was born and raised in Wisconsin and is a real mid-westerner at heart. He majored in science and education at Wisconsin State Teachers' College, River Falls, Wisconsin, graduating in May, 1942, with a Bachelor of Science degree.

In June, 1942 he entered War Department service in the Army Air Corps Technical Training Command at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin. He was transferred to the Cadet School at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, February, 1944 as an instructor in radio engineering. From there he was transferred to the Officers' Communication School, Chanute Field, Illinois, in September, 1944 and remained there until June, 1945.

After fifteen days of roaming around his beloved mid-west, he came to Hicksville and Press Wireless. He is employed as an employee training instructor at present assigned to the Manufacturing group. He has been playing the trumpet for about twelve years, and plays the French horn, on rare occasions. Interested in all sports and music, he is a member of the Press Wireless Chorus and sings bass.

Dean is a member of the IRE, has a radio telephone operator's license second class, and is still a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Wisconsin. He is most interested in telling people about his wonderful vacation land, Wisconsin.

Continued from Page 17, Col. 3

Mr. Kramer is interested in radio experimental work and the study of management and all its phases. In 1933 he worked for ten months with General Instrument Corporation, manufacturers of condensers, as laboratory assistant, and fourteen months with Airplane & Marine Direction Finder Corporation as draftsman and laboratory assistant. He spent seven months with the American District Telegraph Company as draftsman. Then in 1936 he joined the ranks of Press Wireless and has been here ever since.

Here is a member of the IRE, has a radio telephone first class operator's license and radio telegraph second class operator's license.

Mr. Kramer has great plans for the Press Wireless Institute and we all wish him the best of luck in realizing these plans.

Ed Steinberg hails from the State of Wisconsin, where he graduated from Prairie-du-Chien High School, in Prairie-du-Chien. He then attended the Wausau, Wisconsin Vocational School, where he completed a course in house and industrial wiring. Interested in radio at the age of ten, he did his first radio repair job at the age of thirteen. After working for eighteen months at house and industrial wiring he started out with radio.

In 1942, Ed worked as a radio repair man for a coin machine company. Quoting Ed, "When you wanted Harry James and you didn't get Harry James for your nickel, I came in and got you Harry James." In September, 1942 he started working for the Army as a radio instructor at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, where he first met Dean Wessels. He spent three months in the radio instructors' school at St. Louis University before instructing in the radio operation and mechanics divisions at Truax Field. In February, 1944 he was transferred to Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

Continued on Page 23 Col. 2

THE SIGNAL STAFF

Josephine E. Mack.....Editor
 Tony Hilferty.....Baldwin
 A. Ph. Vos.....Berne
 R. C. Barnes.....Buenos Aires
 Adalberto Calderon.....Guyaquil
 Edgar H. Grimsley.....Havana
 Dorothy Rettberg.....Hicksville
 Rita Rettberg.....Hicksville
 David Haimbach.....Little Neck
 Stanley F. Grammer.....London
 Ann Gullo.....Long Island City
 C. W. Chute.....Montevideo
 Kitty Fowler, Wanda Robinson,
 Ed Cykewick.....New York
 D. M. de Souza.....Rio de Janeiro
 Mary Cushman.....San Francisco
 Elias Rebodello.....Santiago de Chile

Photographers

Kit Hallock.....Long Island City
 Harry J. Pearce.....New York
 Naomi Howell.....San Francisco

Artists

Charles Ryner.....Hicksville, L. I.
 Norma Anderson.....Long Island City
 Arthur Welch.....New York
 Maggie Larsen.....San Francisco

Address all communications for THE SIGNAL to The Press Wireless Signal, 1475 Broadway, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

Out on the Production Floor

By Joseph Bermel

We of the Hicksville Plant bid farewell this month to Bill Brumby, who in the course of his employment at Hicksville endeared himself to everyone that knew him. Bill, who did a grand job as chairman of our local union, and as leadman and later tester for PW, has seen fit to branch out in business for himself. You'll find him selling and repairing electrical appliances in Mineola. Lots of luck, Bill.

We don't want this column to become a bugle for plant romances, therefore, we won't say anything about having seen Jean Kappauf and Chris Curry spending their free time together around the plant, looking like they were walking on clouds. The girls that were loaned to Small Parts came back recently and now with almost a full crew we're all set to knock the daylights out of the new Navy contract. You know, we're proud of our production records here at Hicksville and justly so. But we won't stay put on our laurels. The best is still to come.

Congratulations and best wishes are in order to Blanche Schaal of small parts and Joe Miller of the sheet metal department, who were married recently. Being a newlywed didn't help Joe's bowling average any. The bowling season is at its height right

now. No more fooling around. Everyone seems to be taking it seriously. Especially Larry Huttie, Pat Vacchio, John Yarsinske, John Caruso, Tom Cleland and Bob Beckwith. This is the highest average team in the league which somehow slipped into last place. They're actually fighting for every point to get back in the running. As hard as they try to bowl well each week, the saying at the end of the night usually is, "Well, wait until next week."

All available space at Hicksville transmitting station is now practically filled with busy transmitters. Both corridor floors are at the peak in activity. Work is being rapidly completed on the huge 50KW job.

The Sheet Metal department is establishing itself in the quarters formerly occupied by engineering in the garage.

Continued from Page 22, Col. 3

He resigned from Army teaching in May and started work at Press Wireless in June, 1944. From that time until December, 1944 he worked for the Signal Corps School. In January, 1945, Ed started employee training in both Manufacturing and Communications. He is now employed in employee training in Communications and takes a "bus man's holiday" by spending most of his time working on radio for pleasure. He is very interested in science in general. Steinberg is a member of the IRE and has a radio telephone first class operator's license.



Solving the Housing Problem at Hickville



PREWI at UNITED NATIONS



Lillian Draluck and Alice Sawicki receiving dispatches at the Press Wireless booth in press headquarters at Hunter College.



Catherine Considine punching tape on the first radioteletype dispatch sent from the Security Council Meeting, Monday morning, March 25. It was filed by M. R. Werner for the Yorkshire Post, Yorkshire, England.



T. C. Basmajian receiving first photograph of the United Nations Security Council Meeting via Prewi to London and Paris from Press Wireless booth at Hunter College. Below, J. C. Corcoran has the photo on the transceiver.

