

Peacock North

Fall 2000

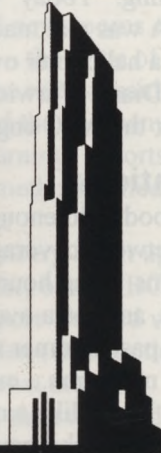


Volume 9 Edition III

at 30 rock



by Dan Grabel



Editor's personal note: Nice to be back in PN again after two rounds with debilitating surgery. Our thanks to Mort Hochstein for filling our usual space and to Joe Meehan for reporting on the Spring fling. Let's hear more from both. DG

Bookman

Well it probably won't be another Harry Potter publishing gem - those come once in a century. But GE's Jack Welch, who obviously turns everything into green stuff, got a \$7.1-million dollar advance on his life story when it was offered up to the publishing trade in June.

Seven mil? That's more than the Pope and also General Colin Powell got for their advances. How is Time Warner Trade publishing going to earn back the "nut?"

It is estimated the Welch tome will have to sell 1.6 million hard copies to earn back the advance - and more, beyond that, for a profit. Once or twice a year a hardcover book sells one million copies. Welch's break-even point will be fifty percent higher. And there ain't no movie rights!

For a comparison, Microsoft mogul Bill Gates' book sold 500,000 copies.

Welch, 65 this year, will retire after ten years at the helm of GE. When he started it was a company worth 12-billion and now it's worth \$500-billion. No wonder he used to walk home with annual takings of around \$30-million.

Incidentally, Welch will not be writing that book. He wisely selected Business Week Magazine writer John Byrne to do that. Byrne once spent six months researching a mag profile on Welch.

It is said Welch will contribute his profit to charity.

Exit

David Doss, "Nightly News" executive producer for the past five years, decided it was time to seek new challenges in July and departed the show. Next job? That info to come at this writing.

OJ

The "Juice," O.J. Simpson, presumably is still looking for the killer of his wife and her friend Ron Goldman. He surfaced big in July when Barbara Walters was all set to put him on her daytime talk piece, "The View." Then, a few days before the broadcast she cancelled, explaining a deluge of protests from the public and her staff. "Good Morning America" and Bryant Gumble's "Early Show" also took a pass. But not NBC.

"Today" thought otherwise. They scheduled him and broadcast him on Tuesday, July 25th. Matt Lauer was skedded to do the spot but after thinking it over said he couldn't and wouldn't. Katie Couric, maybe, has less scruples, and did 17 minutes with Simpson. Jeff Zucker rationalized, "It's certainly a newsworthy interview."

Yeah? How come the other biggies disagreed. CNN and the other cable stations, of course, had him all over the place. One of the several CNN spots was on "Burden of Proof," the show that usually looks into misdeeds.

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Fox's Paula Zahn ran him, as did Court TV.

For Simpson, the publicity was for his new Website — askoj.com. For \$9.95 you can ask Simpson a question. The profits, it is said, will go to 3 charities. Two of them already have rejected the idea of OJ contributions. The Website also will sell OJ memorabilia.

Conventions

Certainly we can all remember the days when the nets all put in a massive effort for the Dem and GOP conventions. They were coveted assignments for staffers. Nice trips out of town. Long hours, but there was overtime. Probably a rental car. And an opportunity to try out all the good restaurants in town, spending the per diem.

We covered our first presidential conventions in 1948 — repeat 1948 — when little WPIX, NY took news and engineering personnel to Philadelphia where both parties held their convention. That was a sensible idea — both parties in the same town — since there was all the expense of creating studios, etc. for both the politicians and the TV and radio stations.

And remember it was proudly “gavel to gavel” with NBC staying on the air an extra five minutes to make its coverage the longest.

For year 2000, NBC's prime time coverage plan was limited to 5 hours, primarily the acceptance speeches by the presidential and vice presidential candidates. Brokaw and Russett were the anchors. Remember when the parties tried to create suspense by not divulging the VP's name until Thursday evening?

Most of NBC's coverage this year was on MSNBC.

“Later Today” Goes

First there was “Today.” Then “Early Today,” starting at 5AM!! Ugh. And finally, “Later Today” following the basic show. Well, lack of audience interest forced NBC to pull the plug on that one in early August. There had been plans to extend the coverage with the 10AM program but now that's dead. Hosts included Florence Henderson, Jodi Applegate and Asha Blake.

Millionaire

A summer of re-runs did not hurt Regis Philbin's “Want to be a Millionaire?” show on ABC. After a couple of weeks of re-runs, the first fresh show drew 19-million. Good, but not as good as CBS' “Survivor” which attracted 24 million viewers 3 weeks straight in mid-summer, the low viewing period.

KA-KA-KA-KATIE

Well, the general impression of Katie Couric might be that “sweet girl next door,” but she showed herself to be an intrepid newswoman making sure she was first with the mostest during a July interview.

Remember that 83-year old Florida grandmother, Tilly Tooter? With a name like that, you gotta remember Tilly.

When she survived an auto accident, living 3 days in the overturned car which had gone off a bridge, everybody

wanted to interview her. A deal was worked out where the 3 nets would take turns, 6 minutes each, back to back switches, with NBC “Today” going first, to be followed by Diane Sawyer for Good Morning America, and Gumbel's Early Morning show completing it.

Katie started at 7:34AM but came 7:40 and time for the switch, she kept on going like that rabbit in the TV battery commercials. Sawyer waited, and waited, but finally went to a commercial.

The opposition said it was dirty pool, mean-spirited and bamboozling. “Today” offered no explanation.

GMA was real mad. They recalled a month earlier, NBC put a helicopter over a GMA live, outdoor concert featuring Diane Warwick. That didn't improve the sound pickup for the ABC engineers. And now toying with Tilly?

Conventions

Anybody old enough to belong to PN recalls the glory days of network coverage of the quadrennial political conventions. Long hours, yeah, but a nice change of scenery, per diems, and lotsa overtime.

This past summer was another story. Well, to start with there was no drama... everybody knew in advance who killed JR. It was like a murder mystery author telling the reader up front who gave it to whom. And the results showed in the number of viewers who tuned in.

The Neilsens showed an all-time low for network viewing, dating back to 1960 — and of course, the total audience was split since several cable outlets were also sharing the total viewership. One night, the NBC net didn't give the conventions any time, letting CNBC handle it. ABC was the most attentive.

NBC's Research Dept. reported the GOP received 756 minutes of all broadcast prime time and the Dems did better with 902.

We've seen various figures — one tally said the Democrats viewing was down 8 percent, the Republicans 5 percent. Another source put it at down 5 and down 2.

Bill Wheatley, our VP, said if the politicians program another 4-day fest in 2004, there will be further cutbacks on NBC coverage. Paul Friedman over at ABC said the gatherings got the coverage they deserved, and there will be less next time.

For the 4 days the Dems did better than the GOP, averaging 15.4 million homes, a 28 share. The GOP — 14 million homes, a 26 share.

The chairmen of the Democrat and Republican parties said that local stations took a lot of special feeds by satellite and that's where they are going to pitch their stuff in 2004.

You really had to be a camp follower to take it all in. The Democrats actually had 247 speakers on the podium — of course, that was at the live show in LA, not on the air.

The Web

A lot of computer watchers thought that the web addresses would be carrying a lot of convention material, but a report we saw said the predictions did not pan out.

Pseudo.com, for example, cut its convention staff in half after the Philadelphia GOP meeting.

Excuses: "Expenses high, viewers low," "The bridge hasn't yet been made between politics and the Internet," "The convention was not an exciting news event."

The convention organizers promised big names would come on chat rooms, but they didn't. Can you imagine big names sitting down to talk with some of the nuts who spend their time talking to other nuts? We can't.

Stox Hoax

When a fake news release reached newsrooms one day in August there were disastrous results — the price of Emulex Corporation plummeted 62 percent. The release said the company's chief executive had quit and the company was under government probe for inflated earnings reports. One intermediate source of the info was something called Internet Wire, an 18-month-old service.

Dow Jones picked it up first. Blumberg ran it up two minutes later, and again six minutes later, but CNBC held off. Stox editor Joe Kernen said the report "looked weird." An hour later CNBC interviewed Emulex (fiber optics) president Paul Folino, who knocked down the story. On the big day Emulex fell from \$113 to \$43, then rebounded the next day to nearly \$106, then dropped to around \$100.

The Washington Post quoted Dow Jones as saying it did not carry the story until after trading had stopped.

In reconstructing the story, the editors who were fooled said the item had not been run on the more-established private newswires such as PR Newswire and Business Wire. One might now wonder how long it will take Internet to refurbish any credibility.

The FBI could prosecute the culprits, if found. There's a law on the books barring fraudulent use of the Internet.

This One's True

NBC Internet, Inc., (NBCi) formed last year as a search engine is in shambles according to a report more reliable than the item above. Once traded publicly at \$106 a share, it is now about \$8. Operating losses are expected to reach \$220 million for the year and 170 people — 20 percent of the staff — have been laid off.

The official reason: dot.com advertising is down.

The inside reason: unwieldy corporate structure, poor strategy, dysfunctional.

Celebs

The Jay Leno show is a good campaign stop for candidates and so Hillary Clinton dropped in and spent 19 minutes with the NBC comic... Kathie Lee Gifford signed to make her first morning TV show appearance — other than with Regis — on "Today." She'll sing three numbers to promote her first pop album... A mini-series titled "Jackie, Ethel, Joan: The Women of Camelot," will be presented in February sweeps week on NBC... Al Roker got a lot of space in the tabs after the publication of his book, "Don't Make Me Stop This Car!" It's a personal tome about

experiences with his family.

Round Ball

We've been skeptical about how big a paying audience ladies' pro basketball draws — that's something the WNBA owners might not want to divulge. Anyway, I haven't seen the stats. This year's August championship game between the Houston Comets and the NY Liberty earned a 2.1 rating and a 6 share of the Nielsen audience. That's up from the 1.74 rating last year, a 24 percent increase.

In plain English, that's about 2-million households out of the estimated 100 million in the US.

Reality on NBC

The net will have at least two reality series this fall. The first, "Chains of Love," connects four men and one woman — by chain — together for one week. She discards them one at a time and picks the winner. The other is called "Sweet Revenge," and as the title says, it involved "getting even."

Black Rock

The long-time headquarters of CBS, just up the avenue from 30 Rock, was put on the sales block in August for \$370 mil. The black Vermont granite building built by William Paley in the 1960s is classified as a landmark.

Noisemakers

CBS's "Early Show," copying NBC and ABC by doing bits and concerts on the street outside the window, is getting in trouble with the neighbors at the swank Sherry-Netherlands apartment hotel across the street. Residents want to ban the noisy pop concerts that run from 7 to 9 in the morning.

Pop Goes the Weasel

David Westin, the ABC-TV president, admitted paying a Washington lawyer \$25,000 to help secure an interview with Monica Lewinsky on the "Barbara Walters Show."

Westin also admitted that ABC ceded international broadcast rights to Lewinsky, allowing her to pocket one million dollars. Westin said that did not conflict with the net's policy against paying for interviews since the payment was made to her lawyer.

Marv's Back

And full tilt! Madison Square Garden has switched Marv Albert from radio to back in front of the cameras at the NBA Knicks games, where he used to hold court.

On NBC, Albert returned to the NBA broadcast team in 1999. He'll be the net's number one play-by-play man this fall.



He has done two seasons of semi-penance after pleading guilty to assault and battery. He also got a suspended sentence for biting a girl friend.

Frankly, we always thought the cross-dressing would be the exposure that would bring him down. But Marv's back, so there's no accounting for what the proper dress code is these days.

Clutter Watch

A media service has watched the TV nets closer than most of us do, and has come up with this report on how much time is consumed by commercials, promos and public service.

In the first three months of 2000, ABC-TV consumed 15:16 minutes of each hour with clutter. NBC was ten seconds behind. Cable is not far behind. And although they did not report on it, I'll bet radio has much more.

People

There's been a John Gambling on the WOR radio lineup going back to the early 1930s, but not any more. In September the station decided not to renew the current John Gambling — they all had different middle initials. They wouldn't even let him be a guest on WEVD while he was off WOR's air, but still under their contract!

Truth or Fiction

The TV columns reported that Barbara Walters was unhappy at ABC and so when she flirted with CBS, ABC offered her \$12-million next year? That would make her, after Oprah, TV's highest paid female personality. I gotta see the paycheck before I believe it.

Other People

Some notes on people we didn't get into an earlier edition: EJ editors Bill Freeda and Otto Pfeffer retired after 42 and 39 years service... Joe Angotti, writer, producer and VP, is now at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism... Guy Pepper, who was a director on "Dateline," departed NBC to join a dot.com company... Director Julian Finklestein, long a fixture on Nightly in New York, has returned to Burbank and John Libretto, who was directing ABC's "Good Morning America," has joined "Dateline." Those musical chair notes from Marilyn Jacobs-Furey... When Russ Tornabene watched on TV and saw Willard Scott inducted in the NBC Walk of Fame, Russ recalled Willard was his copy boy when Russ joined WRC radio/TV news in 1951. Russ' spouse Audrey had a similar long-time memory recall when she watched Warren Beatty get the Thalberg award on Oscar night. Beatty was in her junior high school math class in 1950.

Olympix

The games are still going on as we write this, so the Neilsen figures may change. But the ratings are down by 8 percent from the 16.1 NBC had guaranteed advertisers. The net got even by running free-bee commercials..... Even so, the advertisers didn't do badly. NBC flew 800 of its most

important Olympic clients to Australia. Boy! That's what you call a junket!

It was reported that Dick Ebersol, the NBC Sports chairman, had a 20-hour work day in Australia. Okay...but for 17 days? Not likely.

Producer Mark Levy had an interesting assignment. For 2 1/2 years prior to the Sydney games he was in a helicopter with a cameraman shooting scenic shots which showed up during the NBC coverage. Levy clocked 75 hours in the air.

Grease Paint Guy

Rick Kelly, who worked for RCA corporate in his years at 30 Rock, is a frequent performer with the Greenville Community Theater group in Westchester. Over the years he has played roles in "On Golden Pond," "A Delicate Balance," "The Foreigner," "Noises Off," and "The Front Page," among others. His most recent show — "Picasso at the Lapin Agile."



A Few Good Men

After a dozen years of banging out "AT 30 Rock" and other pieces for the Peacock North Magazine, this writer feels it is time for a change. We think some fresh ideas from new people will keep the mag at peak performance. How about volunteering? Pete awaits your call, and I have my bag packed, and one foot out the door.

Baseball

Major league baseball seems to be getting greedier, demanding huge increases in fees paid by TV. NBC, for example, had been paying \$80-mil a year for some limited rights. One report we saw said baseball wanted to double that, another said it wanted to triple it. ESPN and ABC also demurred on the big package, but Fox has made a bid of 2 1/2 billion...that's with a "B"...for rights running six years. These baseball deals are complicated because they include, or exclude, regular season play, the All-Star game, playoff games, the World Series, etc. ESPN pulled back, but will still ante up \$810 mil for some regular season play. CBS is gun shy, remembering it lost over a billion on its baseball from 1990 to 1993. Sounds like a bloated figure, but that's what we saw in one wire story.

The Other Lucy

Producer Lucy Jarvis, that is. She who always wore hats — indoors. Lucy is currently teamed with a friend of ours, Audrey Ronning Topping (wife of Sy Topping, the former managing editor of the Times), working on a Chinese documentary jointly with Beijing TV. It will be a then-and-now doc.

Lucy is best remembered for those European coups she pulled off in the 60s and 70s, getting into places like St. Petersburg's Hermitage Museum for "specials."

Topping just published a book about the family pet, Charlie the cockatoo, she bought in Hong Kong.

NBC's Own "Survivor"

NBC has joined the virtual reality club. Can't miss out on the hottest programming in the industry. Starting in January look for "Destination Mir." It was created by Mark Burnett, the guy who produced "Survivor," the past season's hit.

"Mir" will select about a dozen American contestants and ship them to Star City, Russia for cosmonaut training. The contestant who is at the top of the class at graduation gets a 10-day trip to the Russian space station, which is partly owned by American investors. NASA nixed the idea but the Russians went for it, and so did NBC — \$35 mil's worth.

Another idea — European — which is looking for an American home is "The Big Diet." That one takes ten overweight people and puts them in a luxury spa. The one who loses the most weight gets a prize equal to the weight loss in gold! With gold at \$350, or so, an ounce, that could add up to serious money.

Call it "Welch!"

And they did. GE is establishing its largest research center in the world in Bangalore, India, at a cost of \$100 million and it has been named for Jack Welch. In 3 years it will have a staff of 2,300 scientists and engineers.

It is located in Bangalore because GE feels there is a good source of skilled labor, and because, at Indian wages, labor will be cheap.

They will do research in chemistry, engineering, metallurgy, e-business, etc, to develop new products and new processes.

"Today" Grows

After half a century, NBC has extended the "Today Show" by one hour to ten AM. The net did an experiment with "Later Today," with different personalities, but that did not work. This time it's the original cast — Couric, Lauer, etc. Newscaster Ann Curry and weatherman-jester Al Roker will preside over the final half hour, stressing life-style bits and interviews.

The Opposition

ABC's Peter Jennings was so miffed that NBC's Olympics coverage was delayed that he put the event results on his personal e-mail outlet and threatened to give a daily events summary at the top of his evening show.

ABC's "Millionaire" has a phantom audience among computer buffs. Some 125,000 people tune into each program and try to come up with the answers before the on-camera contestant. Even so, "Millionaire's" audience is down.

CBS did not get the hoped-for audience for its reruns

of "Survivor." Surprisingly, some people who missed episodes tune in, even though they may already know the outcome of the final program.

TV Clutter

NBC broadcast 11 and 1/2 minutes of commercials during the Olympics. It also has the dubious distinction, according to Electronic Media Co. that the net chews up 15 minutes, 6 seconds every hour with commercials, promos, public service and program credits.

We've seen criticism, and we agree, about those split screen credits run at the end of the show. If you wanted to read them, the print is too small. And the picture and action on the other side of the screen is overly distracting.

Farewell

Art Athens, newsman, who was a reporter for NBC News radio for two years, starting in 1972, and later spent 22 years at CBS radio, died of a heart attack on October 5.

Athens began his radio career at WRKL in Rockland county and was so popular he once ran for the state senate (and lost). At his retirement in 1996 he was managing editor of CBS radio news. In retirement he lived at Hudson, NY.

"Up in Lights"

Suzanne Werner, a Long Island co-ed, quit college 33 years ago to marry Bob Wright, a young lawyer. A typical scenario of that day.

Mr. Wright, as we all know, climbed the ladder at GE and 14 years ago, with experience in radio, but none in television, nevertheless was put at the helm of NBC radio and TV.

Probably, there were skeptics in the industry, but not GE chieftain Jack Welch. NBC flourished. Apparently, Bob Wright did, too.

Continuing the typical scenario: when the Wrights' youngest child was in high school, Mom went back to college — Sarah Lawrence, in Bronxville — as a continuing education student.

As a surprise to his conscientious spouse, Bob Wright recently gave one million dollars to the college which dedicated its new theater, The Suzanne Werner Wright Theater early in November.

A proud husband, Mr. Wright explained it simply to his wife, "I'm just so proud of what you have been able to do in going back to college."



Suzanne Wright

Make it a Bud

Bud Greenspan, the perennial producer of an Olympic documentary, is the official documentarian for the Sydney games. Everybody knows Bud - the guy who always wears his glasses on his forehead and never seems to look through them to read!

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Monitor Lives!

The NBC radio classic — 40 hours of consecutive news, sports, interviews, comedy, and remote pickups, has its own home on the Internet. The address is WWW.monitorbeacon.com. The show aired from 1955 to 1975 and has been described as “The last great network radio show.”

If you want to hear the sounds of rattlesnake roundups in Texas, alligator wrestling in the Everglades, Dave Garroway interviewing Marilyn Monroe and Eddie Cantor — its all there. “Monitor,” the brainchild of

Sylvester “Pat” Weaver — along with “Today,” “Tonight,” etc reincarnated in monitorbeacon.com is highly entertaining and has interesting comments in its guest book.

Payola

When Antonio Samaranch, the Olympic CEO got NBC to pony up \$208-billion for the Olympic rights through 2008, he gave each of the deal negotiators a Rolex watch!

Sicklist

Catherine Falconer Fariss, who spent a long time in NBC radio news, is ailing at her Manhattan home, 30 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10011. Colleagues can brighten her day with a card or phone call to 212-477-4523.

Dan, former NBC newswriter/producer and tireless PN scribe lives in Scarsdale with his wife, Pat.

Roy Silver

*An appreciation
by Dan Grabel*

Like many NBC news veterans, I knew Roy for nearly half a century. He was a professional, highly dedicated, and ethical in the approach to his work. Here at Peacock North, Roy was an invaluable behind-the-scenes contributor locating stories for my At 30 Rock column. For me, that was the toughest part of my job.

We have no AP, no UPI, no Reuters to supply us with material. Roy, however, was my “Yankee clipper.” He read numerous papers and magazines every day searching and clipping TV and NBC material. When the collection was mailed to my home, it was in huge bundles. I have been happy for the years that Roy had the time and energy to handle that onerous chore. Knowledgeable in many areas other than sports, Roy was low-key and pleasant company. Many will miss him.

Roy Jesse Silver was a writer who worked with legendary radio sports journalists Bill Stern, Mel Allen, Curt Gowdy and Dick Schaap. He passed away on October 5th of a bacterial infection at Hudson Valley Medical Center, Peekskill, New York. He lived at Mohegan Lake, New York. He was 71 years old.

He joined NBC News in 1952 and spent 36 years with NBC, retiring in 1988. For many years he was the only sports writer on the staff. As a writer in the early days of radio news, he did research and writing for Bill Stern and later in television he was a producer for Dick Schaap on



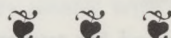
News Center Four, the daily local WNBC news program. He also wrote for Lindsay Nelson and Bud Palmer.

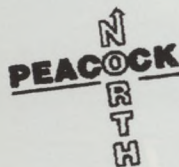
He was also a writer/producer for NBC's News & Information Service during the 1970s and “Monitor,” NBC's weekend radio production. He was later a producer and writer for NBC's Affiliate News Service. Because of his sports knowledge NBC assigned him to its coverage of the Olympics in Lake Placid, New York and Sapporo, Japan. He prepared the handbook and personal background information for the on-air sports-casters.

Roy co-authored The Encyclopedia of Jews in Sports in 1965 along with a cousin, Jesse Silver, and Bernard Postal.

He had an insatiable appetite for sports information dating back to the days after he graduated from New York University and worked for the Morning Telegraph and the Daily Racing Form.

Silver was born in Manhattan, and graduated from DeWitt Clinton high school and New York University. He is survived by his wife Elaine and his son Jonathan. Jonathan, who now works as a reporter for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, was a city editor in Madison, Wisconsin and earlier was an Associated Press reporter in Central America.





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July 28, 2000

Robert Wright, President NBC
30 Rockefeller Plaza
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Dear Bob,

On behalf of Peacock North, we congratulate you on your appointment as a Vice-Chairman of GE. Your achievements at NBC have proven to be the most successful of any NBC President.

Bob, the membership of Peacock North appreciates the support and cooperative relationship you have maintained with our group over the years. We have enjoyed the opportunities you made possible for us to address new candidates for membership in Peacock North.

We are confident of your professional abilities, and the expertise you will bring to the challenges ahead. We wish you every success in this new important appointment.

With fullest and highest, regards,

Pete

Peacock North is an organization of NBC retirees

BOB WRIGHT TAKES A STEP UP

General Electric gave NBC CEO Bob Wright a major boost in status last summer when it named him as one of two GE vice chairmen. This makes 57-year old Wright a GE corporate executive officer and will give him a greater voice in the operations.

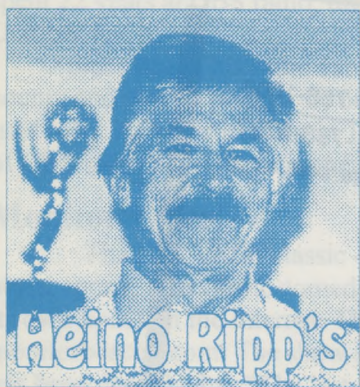
The Wall Street Journal said the new job – which is in addition to his one at 30 Rock – was designed to give GE

greater stability after Jack Welch retires as GE CEO next year.

Apparently, according to knowledgeable business affairs press people, Wright is not in the running for Welch's job. But since the nominees assumed by the press are only speculation, who knows.

WSJ said that the vice chairmen will serve as mentors to the next GE chairman.

Jack Welch said, "Bob Wright will oversee GE's media interests and will be a major force in guiding the company's future growth."



Dearly Beloved: I hope you all enjoy the fall (40 degrees) this summer in our area. Monsoons were here in August. Neighbors had 16 inches of water in their basements, my back yard had the Mississippi River running towards the house, and a Hudson River wending its way into the neighbor's cellar, flooding and roads washing away, dams bursting draining several lakes, trucks washed into 6-foot holes on a major highway, and scenes played on TV all over the world. This week we enjoyed some summer weather, but today (OCT, 1) 40 degrees!

The Internet is finally getting mail. Boy, I got an e-mail from Sydney Australia - from Jan Kasoff. Also Joe Nash sent me another after the last issue from Hawaii. Then Jon Burkhart came in with one from Maui (Hawaii). Others from California, Maureen Teller from Scottsdale, Aavo Koiv from his new home in Jupiter, FL. Now, if I can convince AOL to "Not cut me off" four times every time I get on - tried Juno, but once you get hooked up, you have to wait an eternity to clear all the ads, then finally they have you waiting while they download all the messages. It's cheap, zero \$, unless you want to get on the bigger, fancier, faster(?) costlier contract. To check out the FREE month, (you have to give them your credit card numbers to check it out). I actually read the 8-foot long set of the rules. Found out that the Svenska couldn't have a real estate site nor could she pile up any responses on Juno. Good-bye Juno. She has a Lake Hopatcong "site," and it has generated some responses from all over.

JAN KASOFF (snlcam@prodigy.net) headed back from the Olympics as soon as they faded to black to begin another season in 8H with Sat Nite Live. (Lorne of course accepted the Emmy for the show once

more).

JOE NASH (nashj@aloha.net) e-mailed from Hawaii way back in April. He too had a good experience with successful cataract surgery. He's 20/50, passed the driving test sans glasses.

By now, everyone knows that I made my first CD of inspirational music. All orchestral, played on an electronic Yamaha Keyboard by yours truly, (next one will be better) and they have found homes half way around the world. Well, Joe Nash is doing it like a pro that he is. By now he must have a BA in music composition from the University of Hawaii and he has set almost all the songs from Shakespeare's plays. Joe says, of course, there's always the problem of getting your compositions played. Yet, at times string quartets or trios come to Aloha land for a concert, they often do an afternoon of reading the students' compositions. A thrill, and fun for all. Joe also notes that it is a great pleasure to read about old friends in the old days - when it was a joy to go to work - and it's appreciated. He'd love to come to a reunion at La Mag, but it's a bit much of a commute.

"Talking about free-after-80, Joe says, I'm just four years away from that, and I bet a lot others are too. Muses that maybe we should raise free PN to 90? Can't give everyone a free ride!" (I apologize Joe, that it took so long to get this out to the rest of the folks. Miss a deadline, and we've blown 3 months. H.)

Now, back to John Burkhart (TD from Houston, TX) - burkhart@maui.net. Elizabeth and Jon returned from several weeks in Europe, mostly on a Renaissance Cruise of the Baltic, beginning in Stockholm. Then several stops in Norway, Estonia (Rah Rah), Latvia, Germany and St. Petersburg and ending in Copenhagen. They made all the museums their feet

could stand and ate themselves silly. The "Wurst" was the best!

Jon is also a computer freak, and he works at a Hawaii Media Center. He said that with his handful of equipment, doing digital video editing at home with many special effects, animation, adding audio & editing it, he can do things that would have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars just a few years ago. Music runs in the minds of a lot of retirees. Elizabeth, the Mrs. B, bought a Yamaha Keyboard several years ago, but she'll get to it on the rainy days. (Does it rain in Hawaii?). *(I also sent Jon my CD and it brought back memories for him of an Evangelical grandfather singer.)*

AAVO KOIV e-mails (aavo@adelphia.net) from Jupiter, FL that they have moved into their new home and are enjoying Florida's paradise. Aavo sent me a photo (*masthead*) Aavo, Pietro Fatovich, Richard Knapp, Joe Torino partying together. If all goes well it should appear at the top of this page. Peter is a snowbird neighbor, Rich was visiting from Vail, Colorado and Joe drove in from Orlando. Knapp made an offer on a condo in Jupiter, plans to move in late summer of 2001, after his daughter Sarah graduates from Colo. Univ. in June. Aavo just made contact with an old unit mgr. friend, John Ward, who's living just outside of Chicago. Ward and his wife, Joan, have two children. Their daughter just graduated from college while the son is a sophomore in college.

From Scottsdale, AZ (chazk1@aol.com) MAUREEN (TELLER) KAYE tells us about their weird wet weather. Her hubby goes on bicycle races all over, and sometimes Maureen goes along. She's somewhat into cooking and cooking and cooking. Yet managed to get to wonderful air conditioned San Francisco. *(I want to go back and do the convention all over again. In watching the Olympics from Sydney it brought back some nice memories from all the other events I was privied to work on. What a great job we had! - H)*

KEN FOUTS kfoutsjr@aol.com (not sure ab't the aol part). Guess who put Ken up to finding Peacock North? Our Irish wanderer Jim O'Gorman. Ken was a short-timer at 30 Rock, but he feels that those were extremely important years to him and his family. Scotty Connal hired Ken from a local station in Cincinnati to be the Director in Sports behind Harry

Coyle and Teddy Nathanson. He was very honored at the time and still feels very fortunate to have been selected to that position. After 7 years he was lured away to ABC, for the chance to work on the 1984 Olympics. "The disappointment all of us felt by the US boycott of Moscow in 1980 caused me to jump at that opportunity to move on and experience the Olympic challenge...." From there, Don Ellis helped Ken to move on to Turner. "ESPN (Scotty again) and I am finishing up my career with the Fox people." Ken says he's about half retired now, and in a year will qualify for the DGA retirement, and probably will accept it.

"Upon seeing all the pictures and reading the story of your "2000 year get-together" it was both nostalgic and heart warming. Dave Handler, Randy Wands, Don Ellis, (and Jean), Dick Auerbach, Jim Marooney, Billy Rose, Sal Benza, Enid Roth, Bob Van Ry, Ginny Seipt, Til Conal, Edith Nathanson, Jack Weir, you (Ripp) and the many other pictures brought back such wonderful memories of that all important time in my life. NBC was a big family, a wonderful place to work with hard working, talented, fun-loving and dedicated people. Being in Sports (joined in 1974), we were just turned into our own department (away from News). And my office (with Harry and Teddy) was on the fifth floor overlooking the skating rink. (Later moved to the other end and to 14th and 15th floors.)

I want to send a BIG THANK YOU to everyone there that played a part in helping this "farm boy" make a career out of television directing. My only regret in my years of covering sports is that I ever left NBC. Thanks to all." - I used to be in touch with Roy Hammerman after he retired, but have lost track of him. Does anyone know of his whereabouts? The last I knew (5 to 6 years ago) he was living in a retirement community near San Diego with his wife Kay. Sure would like to know how he is doing.

DON SHIRLEY wrote me a very nice letter. How delighted I was to hear from him. He was a great credit to the advancement of early color television with his innovative scenery, cooperation with the lighting group (Klages & Dick Feldman) and the IA lighting chief & crew at the Ziegfeld Theater on the Perry Como Show. Also worked on many spectaculars - Peter Pan, Sing Along with Mitch, and numerous others. Soon he left to "attend to Miss USA &

Universe," which provided him with some adventurous travel as well as a decent living. He emphasized - "No complaints." Don lives at 9108 W Red Hills Dr. in Dundee, Oregon - 97115. Send him a note.

CISSIE LINDEMANN writes from Portland, Maine. Back in the wilds, she says, "What a great time Edith (Nathanson) and I had at the luncheon, a lot more memories for the memory bank! Cissy thinks that some day she'll join Pete and Peg and swap wife stories on Ham Radio.

Sad hearing of Scott Schachter's passing. We did many shows together, Not only was he a great "sensitive audio mixer" but a very wonderful partner in the control room, always tuned to the same wavelength. Our recent jaunt to Disney World to a seminar of "TV Pioneers" added another facet to Scott's facade, a sense of humor. I shall miss him. Bless You, Scotty, H.

MARY LYNCH writes us from Punta Gorda, FL and enclosed a photo with MILDRED (KALBAC) BRACCO taken a few years ago at an NBC reunion

Rock - they were the best!" Mary has been out of NY for many years, 'cause her husband moved them to Maryland, Virginia and then retired to Florida. "My days at NBC are still in my heart and someday hope to get back to visit that wonderful place that employed so many wonderful people.

On a sad note — I was notified that JOE MILROY, with whom I had worked in Business Affairs and TV, passed away on May 22, 2000. Joe lived in the next town and I called and asked permission to attend their private service. They were gracious and delighted that someone from NBC was able to be there since Joe loved NBC so much. I was privileged to have worked with him and was able to pay my respects.

Someday I hope to attend a reunion in NYC. I'm sure Mildred has that thought too. God Bless you all."

JOHN D'ANGELO - Johnda1237@aol.com writes: "Tom Keevins was both AD and SM for many years on Soaps, then worked in edit rooms for news specials, but had to quit ten years ago when he got multiple sclerosis. I'm sure you remember him - thin, dark hair, always pleasant. I visited Tommy at the 30-30 Park facility in Bridgeport, CT. He was doing very well, in fact much better than I expected. He looked much better than the previous visit. Tom told me he had almost died from pneumonia in January. The Docs worked on him and he squeaked through with his advanced MS condition. If there are any folks at NBC who remember him, give him a call at 203.371.2842. His address: 30-30 Park at Fairfield Health Center, 118 Jefferson Street, Bridgeport, CT. 06432. Also Tom's e-mail addresses are:

tomck1@juno.co. as well as TCKDAD@aol.com" (Thanks John, for the info. I'll send this issue of PN to him. H)

From JAY ROPER - jroper@csun.edu - He'd like to let us know that "a bunch of us retired 'codgers' get together the last Tuesday of the month at noon in the San Fernando Valley (read Burbank), at Bilingsley's Restaurant, 6550 Odessa Ave. Van Nuys, Ca. - Phone 818.785.7457. The 'party' is usually about 15 to 20 strong and we'd surely like to invite any NBCers who aren't aware of this to join us. It's truly cheap date!" (Bob Hanna please take note. H.)

Joe Strauss's Newsletter (Peacock West) noted that there would be a Sept 30 reunion at the Burbank



with Mary (Ruiz)Lynch. Both NBC graduates. Mildred mostly in the Press Dept. while Mary went on to work with Leonard Hole and finally with Norman Racusin, head of Business Affairs. Mary left NBC after 20 years, but went to RCA Victor Records with Mr. Racusin. "It was difficult to leave NBC, but as an RCA employee, I was still a part of NBC." She remained close to her NBC buddies, especially Mildred, who was her bridesmaid, and both live in Punta Gorda.

"We talk a lot about our wonderful days at 30

Holiday Inn,

and their newsletter is taking shape - with a color Peacock and color photos! Joe, our reunions are usually in May the week after Mother's Day. Write Pete Peterson, @ Peacock North, 30 Ann Arbor Place, Closter, NJ. (*And Joe, thanks for sharing your news with us. Heino*)

Many times our news gets to us rather late. I regret that. We talked about it, but didn't get the info until after several unsuccessful down-loads. - Lighting Director ROBERT WARREN DAVIS, sometimes known as RWD for credits, was awarded the Silver Circle by the NY Chapter of NATAS on Oct. 25, 1999. Given only to a select few - and not every year - the award is presented to those who began their careers in Broadcasting at least 25 years ago and who have made significant contributions to both the industry and the community throughout their careers. Other recipients last year included Roger Ailes, Jackson Beck, Alvin Cooperman, Mary Alice Dwyer-Dobbin, Celeste Holm, Gene Rayburn, Chuck Scarborough, Alan Wagner and Ron Curtis.

LIZ DAVIS would also like to spread this notice around: "If there are any of you out there wondering what to do with your old scripts, papers, photos, television and radio memorabilia, THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BROADCASTING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND IS INTERESTED. Bob and Liz Davis have seen the collection which is most impressive. Contact Chuck Howell, Curator at Hornbake Library, College Park, Maryland 20742-7011 for further information. (*I worked with RWD for many years, and he surely deserves those accolades. Robert W. Davis, a technical person and also an artistic gentleman, whether it's the late news or a "Grande Produzioni" he gives his best. Congratulations, Bob. I apologize for not being able to get this in sooner. And, before you send those photos off to Maryland let's publish them in PN first. HHR.*)

Many do not know what an effort Frank Vierling puts into the Peacock North Newsletter. The time he spends on the publication is eternal and everlasting, beginning the day after current one is mailed, at times even before. This preamble is about Frank and Lois' daughter Elizabeth, a very talented and serious lady, a real chip off her Dad. This is a follow up on the bit in

the last PN:

Guggenheim fellow: Heat tolerance in plant life hot topic for Univ. of Arizona biochemist *By Jim Erickson. Arizona Daily Star*

"I could be doing this elsewhere," said Vierling, who last week learned she had been awarded a prestigious Guggenheim fellowship. "It's just a coincidence that I'm here in Tucson, where it's hot.

Vierling won \$34,000 from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation to map genes that could be used to improve agricultural productivity at high temperatures.

She will spend at least 10 months at a lab in the Netherlands, trying to locate Arabidopsis genes that become active when the plant is exposed to high temperatures. In the future, those genes could be inserted into crops such as corn, wheat or tomatoes to help them get through scorching summers.

"This is a very difficult thing to do, and I do not claim that it will be possible any time in the near future," she said. "We could get lucky, and it could be done within 10 years. Or it could turn out to be far more complicated, and it could take much longer."

Vierling, 47, came to the University of Arizona in 1985 after earning a doctorate from the University of Chicago. She was one of the first two UA women to be named full professors in the Biochemistry and Molecular & Cellular Biology departments. She is also a professor of plant sciences.

"She has basically been working most of her career on how plants deal with adapting to heat stress, and I'd say she's probably one of the top two or three people in this country that work in that area," said Brian Larkins, a UA plant sciences professor.

Vierling is one of 182 artists, scholars and scientists selected as 2000 Guggenheim fellows. They were picked from applicants and will share awards totaling \$6.3 million.

When Vierling read the list of winners, she noticed lots of women among the artists and scholars, but few in the sciences.

"I guess it says to me that women still have not taken an equal place in the natural sciences, especially in the physical sciences," she said. "They just haven't achieved equal stature, equal recognition, for whatever reason."



"I guess I would just like young women to know that it's possible."

Other recent UA Guggenheim winners include poet Steve Orlen, biologist Irene Pepperberg and planetary scientist H. Jay Melosh.

Vierling has been studying heat-shock proteins, substances produced in nearly all plants and animal cells, that protect plants from damage at high temperatures. In humans and animals, they are produced in response to various stresses and may prevent cell damage by shielding or repairing other proteins.

That protective role attracted the attention of the American Cancer Society and the National Institutes of Health, which have funded Vierling's effort to understand heat-shock proteins. Her lab has also been funded by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Proteins are long chain molecules built of hundreds of thousands of linked amino acids.

Some proteins fold themselves into compact coils. To do so, many require the assistance of other proteins called molecular chaperones.

Heat-shock proteins act as chaperones, and researchers wonder if that function could be exploited to develop therapies for diseases linked to damaged proteins - Alzheimer's and Huntington's for example.

"There is a great interest in understanding how HSPs (Heat-shock proteins) might act to be able to prevent or reverse this type of damage," Vierling said.

But if you ask if I am going to solve Alzheimer's, the answer is: That's even more remote than making heat-tolerant crops."

(Elizabeth was a National Merit Scholarship winner and sponsored by RCA. H.)

Howie & Ruth Atlas visited Marie & Vinnie DiPietro, who had moved back to Glendale, CA. They rent now, which Howie says allows them to move around a bit. "While sitting around, we were talking about the early days of Peacock North when Vince was part of the group that started the organization. He was PN's first President. Pete's name and other founders came up a number of times."

We sat down to dinner, which Vinny had prepared, quite good I might add, when the phone rang. Guess who? coincidentally, it was Peter. (He has powers you never heard of.)

Both Marie and Vince appeared well and in good spirits, despite the usual ailments us old folk have.

A somber sequel to Howie's story. Howie had spoken to Vince a few days ago, and since then, Vinny was in the hospital for 11 days due to a mild stroke. Fortunately it caused no major damage. However, the stroke did affect the portion of the brain that interprets the signals from his left eye. The eye itself though, is OK. Now a portion of what he sees with his left eye is blurred. The Doc says it's too early to determine just how long that will remain. Currently his biggest problem is that he is not allowed to drive. Quite a severe inconvenience in LA!

DON and SANDY LUFTIG bumped into folk singer Leon Bibb and his wife, Jerri Hass, while on a cruise on the Crystal Symphony. They reminisced about the days when Leon hosted the WNBC-TV show "Someone New." Appearing on that show during its one-year run was newcomer Barry Manilow and cellist Yo Yo Ma. Luftig later hired Barry to write original music and perform for some specials. For those jobs, Manilow earned a staggering four hundred dollars a show. Try and do that today!

ROSEMARY McPHILLIPS (rqmcp@webtv.net) dug into the PN Newsletter and smiled ear-to-ear at Ken Arber's theater program from Sept. 15 1951 "Olsen & Johnson Show" on the All Star Revue. "As Production Secretary I was too lowly to receive a printed credit, but I just beamed envisioning the great team I worked with: Pete Bamum, Leo Morgan, Jack Irving, Sid Smith, Milton DeLugg and of course, Ken, on audio. It goes into my scrapbook, and makes me wish I had saved such gems myself," she sez. Rosemary is still in Nyack, NY nine months and plans to appear at La Mag in Springtime. Pete, Rosemary says your work is soooo appreciated! Fondly Rosemary Quigley McPhillips. (Ken, send Rosemary an e-mail. - rqmcp@webtv.net- I TD'd the O & J Show at the International Theater and by the end of the day my side ached from laughing. One joke POW-ed into the next. What ever happened to the little "Hat Man"? My ears still ring from the shotgun blasts. A show that the audience laughed and enjoyed, without the cast having to take off their clothes, or using foul language. H)

AL BAEDER (abaed@aol.com) took a buyout at the age of 59 - he went to his management and said,

"It's time." They made him an offer and his last NBC day at traffic was on March 12th after 37 years and a week. Al notes that the wonderful people that he worked with threw a gala retirement party at Blakes with Jack Weir, Mike Meehan, Ken Fuller and John Aram and many others. 'Twas a Royal sendoff for me."

He keeps busy getting his Mineola house spiffed up for sale. They went to contract and on Sept 15 are moving to Scottsdale, Arizona into their new house. Hoping to get west when it's cooling down. These days one is never sure, if summer 2000 is any criterion.

New address: 11511 East Ranch Gate Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85255. (You mentioned Bob Zweck in your July e-mail, Al. Bob had left me two phone No's on his Senior Citizens Advisory Board business card- 702.22.6704 and 702.228.4714, located in Las Vegas, Nevada. He lives there and enjoys it. H)

BOB BADER (no relation to Al) received another letter from Don Shirley, art director *cum laude*, and gathers that Don still has a sense of humor. In August Bob had Gloria Settle and Stas Pyka and Clara Amend, Joseph and Casey Konopka, Al and Dolores Gallo, Clem and Johanna Bemardo over for a day of fun and reminiscing. If your pix come out OK, Don, expect a photo. I guess by now (Oct. 7) you might already have them. By now he could have painted one. Bader agrees that NBC days were some of the best times — with Perry Como when Bill & Dick F. were there — Wonderful memories at the Ziegfeld Theater. (Bill Klage, Don's address is: 910 SW Red Hills Dr.- Dundee, Oregon 97115-9647. I'm sure he'd love to hear from you. — and by the way, what is Feldman doing these days? H.)

BOB & DIANE JUNCOSA are up and around again, Gracias a Dios. They were finishing up their European trip and, got off an e-mail, "It's a different world." Lots of surprises. Bob had trouble with his e-mail at first, but with some luck managed to get out a note. By quite a coincidence, they managed to have a good visit with Frank Merklien in Edinburgh, Scotland. Also lots of experiences through Spain. Manana it will be Segovia, then back to the USA. Bob hopes to put together a better description of the trip when he gets home. One thing they suffered from was lack of time, but the food there has been unbelievable. Anybody need some pounds? Driving in Europe has been great,

but forget the cities. Nothing is marked except you can't make a turn where you want to!

(Chris & I flew to Madrid, couldn't find the hotel, we seemed to be good at going in circles. The main highways were OK, but only two lanes and there always was a race to pass the one in front of you before the oncoming car reached you head on! No public toilets anywhere. Generally drove to Sevilla arriving at nightfall, and yes, no street signs. Eventually getting to Costa del Sol where we both got ill from a very fancy dinner. More time - Bob is right. We always needed more time to stop and visit all the gems. Everything became so rushed. H.)

BETTY M. MERRELL, Larchmont, NY writes She was absolutely bowled over by the GREAT courtesy copy of "Peacock North" for Summer 2000. "I had no idea there was a group of those of us who have 'retired' whether by choice or not, after 25 years at NBC. I started working in October 1958 in the Stations Relations Dept. as a secretary (now Administrative Ass't) and had various escalating jobs until May, 1987, when I was asked to take an early retirement!"

Betty worked in International Sales, for WRC-TV in Washington as secretary to the VP and General Manager, then back to NY to work for NBC-TV Sales VP's as secretary; then when the woman's movement started, was promoted to a regional Manager in Co-op Sales. It was all a lot of fun.

"Many wonderful memories! And I was so pleased to see the photos of so many I had worked with in the past. Congratulations on all PN is doing ! I am sure it gives a lift to a lot of people.

"I went on to become a Substance Abuse Counselor and worked for the Salvation Army in rehab counseling for over 12 years. Now working part time locally. Still, most of my very good friends were found at NBC, and at a recent wedding we had to take a photo of the NBC Group. Hope to join you-all at he next get-together."

JIM KNEELAND (jskneeland@juno.com -- the Mrs. writes (e-mail) from Cocoa, FL. Jim went to work at NBC at the WNBC Transmitter on Nov 5, 1950, then to the 67th Street studios early 1960. Because of a severe disabling spinal injury in studio 3A in Jan '61 he was retired on a disability. That was after 20

years at NBC.

Jim adds: "I look at the pictures of those I used to work with and I think, my gosh, look how old they look - THEN I look in the mirror and say to myself - "NO, I'm the one who looks older!"

"I am doing OK. 14 1/2 years ago, I was diagnosed as having prostate cancer. I went through radiation 5 days a week for 8 weeks and it stopped the cancer from growing. Then later the PSA reading went up to 16, so ever since, I get a Lipron Dejsot (? not sure I got that right, Jim) shot in the shoulder every 32 days. My PSA is now down to 0.15 - Only one thing, the Lipron shot contains a female hormone and the result is that I should write a book on 'Hot Flashes,' but it is doing its work. And NO, I do not have a squeaky voice!"

"I am no longer on Ham Radio because Florida Power & Light installed towers that carry really high voltage along US 1, a block from our house. The interference is really overpowering. Phone calls didn't help." *(Jim, as much as you seem to enjoy the Newsletter, we're happy to have you amongst the ranks of PN.) (Give Jim a call folks, it's been a long time since 67th Street. H.)*

JACK KEEGAN writes to let us all know that he and Irene are alive and well in Long Island and that he's looking forward to celebrating his 80th birthday. I believe they have changed their home to a condo, and have made good use of their spare time. No more cutting the lawn etc.

Several weeks in Palm Beach, FL in March, visiting daughter and son-in-law. In June, visiting the White House (but Clinton wasn't home again) so visited Museums and Arlington Cemetery. He encountered strange weather there also, 90's. Too hot for June! Then he sent that heat up to Jersey!

In early Sept. Jack attended services for Scott Schachter. Said goodbye to a great person and close friend. Remembering those great days and nights on Sat Nite Live. He will be missed.

FRANK VIERLING (fvierling@aol.com) is not just a figment of your imagination, but is a real person who enjoys things that you too enjoy. So, in the late spring he packed up his family and computer and took off for a summer lake house in Maine. We have to let him enjoy the cool, clean air and quiet, only at times disturbed by birds and geese. Being in Maine, he looked

up Cissie Lindemann and she, being a museum docent accompanied Frank on a full treatment tour of the Portland Museum of Art. This summer they featured an N. C. Wyeth exhibit of his paintings and illustrations. Besides the art, every morning he got in a swim before breakfast. He says that was the sum of his lake activity, Except aweing (if that's a word) at the beautiful sunsets and watching the loons. (you city folk, that's a water fowl.)

Daughter Elizabeth, the Tucson scientist, and granddaughter, Elena and son Don were there the first week of July. Frank's son, Don, took all the great photos of you all during our La Mag spring reunion. Later Elizabeth and family got to Holland for her year's sabbatical. Elena will be going to a Dutch school and husband John will be writing a book about the Tucson housing development he's been working on for the past several years.

Bill Howard writes: In June, Opal and I celebrated our 60th anniversary. Since then I have been going through a lot of junk and updating a scrapbook on some of the things that happened at NBC. These two items (next page) are about the NBC move from Cleveland to Philadelphia.

We are doing fine and enjoying retirement and staying out of this 100 degree plus heat (mid-August). Now I agree with the old statement: "In summer, if I owned Texas and hell, I would sell Texas."

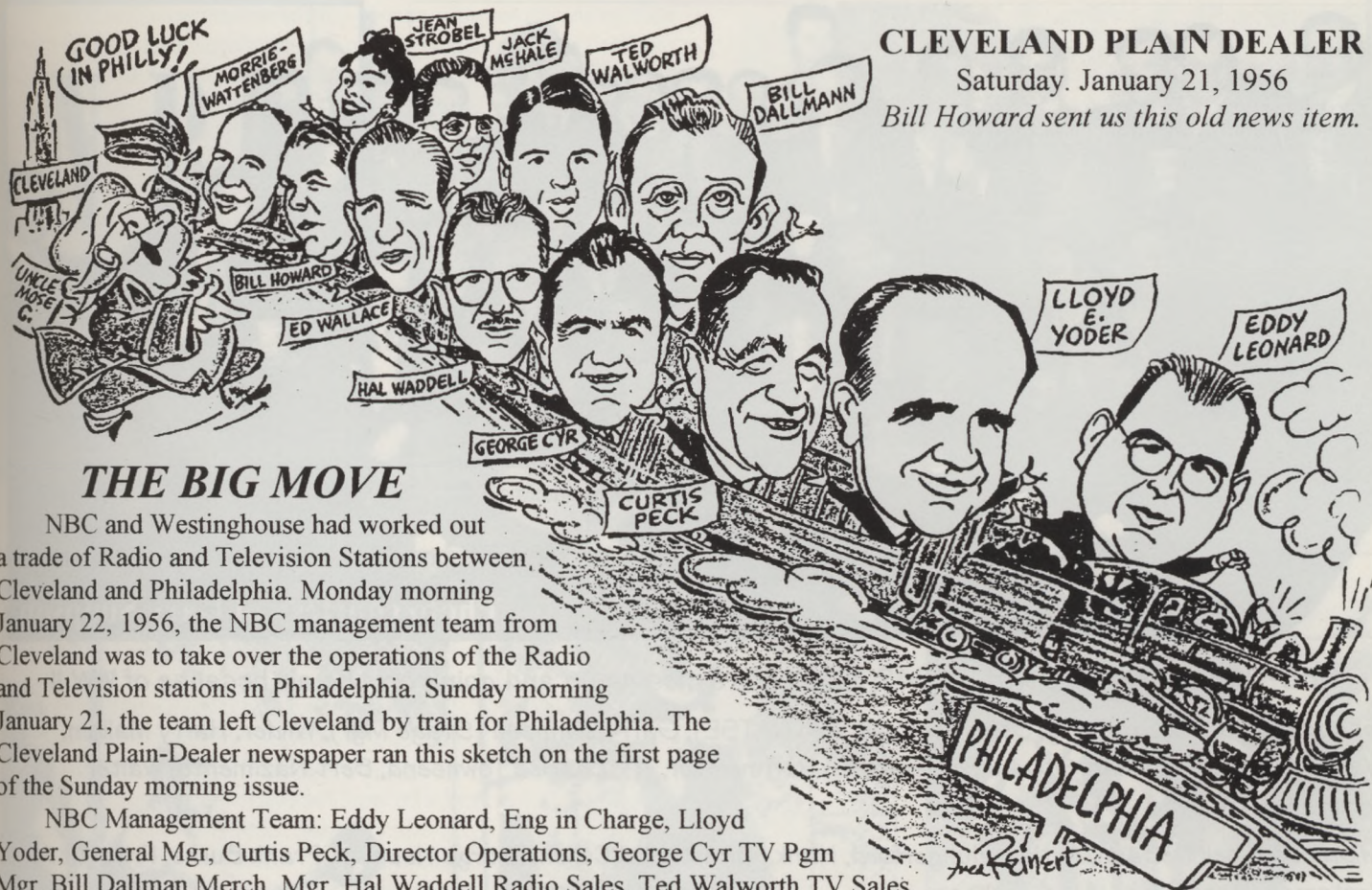
(Thanks, Bill)

And, on page 16 are pictures sent in by Garry Simpson and Rick Berman. On page 17 a selection of NBC baseball pictures from an old "NBC Chimes" sent to me by Jim Schaeffer. Besides the baseball pictures there are others that will appear in a future issue.

Also, clipped to the copy of "Chimes," was this short newspaper item: — "Jim Schaeffer, of TV Broadcast Operations on 45th Street, was the first employee of the NY Office of the Network to be called up. Jim, who was with the Signal Corp National Guard, entered active duty on Aug 19."

(Bless you all, as always, H.)

Our "PN People" columnist is H. Ripp, retired TD. He and wife Christina live in Lake Hopatcong, NJ. (The town of — they don't live in the lake.)



CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

Saturday, January 21, 1956

Bill Howard sent us this old news item.

THE BIG MOVE

NBC and Westinghouse had worked out a trade of Radio and Television Stations between Cleveland and Philadelphia. Monday morning January 22, 1956, the NBC management team from Cleveland was to take over the operations of the Radio and Television stations in Philadelphia. Sunday morning January 21, the team left Cleveland by train for Philadelphia. The Cleveland Plain-Dealer newspaper ran this sketch on the first page of the Sunday morning issue.

NBC Management Team: Eddy Leonard, Eng in Charge, Lloyd Yoder, General Mgr, Curtis Peck, Director Operations, George Cyr TV Pgm Mgr, Bill Dallman Merch. Mgr, Hal Waddell Radio Sales, Ted Walworth TV Sales, Ed Wallace News, Jack McHale Business Mgr. Bill Howard Director Technical Operations, Jean Strobel head Secretary and Morrie Wattenberg Advertising Mgr.

INSTALLING COLOR CAMERAS AT WRCV-TV PHILADELPHIA

On taking over the stations in Philadelphia; WRCV and WRCV-TV, one of the big problems that Bill Howard faced was to colorize the entire station which included replacing all live and film cameras and equipment with color cameras. This equipment was very expensive, \$70,000 to \$80,000 per camera chain. Everyone knew that Bill was working closely with Management to save money on the project.

Early one morning Bill found this sketch on his desk.





Photo courtesy of Gary Simpson

NBC-TV Engineering Staff in 1942, just before closing up and going off the air because of WW II

Standing: Harold Gronberg, Stan Peck, Bill Weil (IATSE), Garry Simpson (Stage Mgr), Wilder, Harry Mallam, Walter Clark, Ed Nathan, Stoddard Dentz, Ed Hoffmeister, --, Charles Townsend, Bert Nazimento, Walter O'Hara, Dick ? --.

Middle: Russell DeBaun, Arthur Hungerford, Hank Folkerts, Ed Cullen, George Neuman, Frank Burns, Fritz--. Al Protzman, Harold See, Alfie Jackson.

On Floor: Ray Monfort, Harry Hodgins (IATSE) Reid Davis, Ed Stolzenberger, Joe Conn.

(Missing from picture: Herb DeGroot & Jack Burrell



Photo courtesy of Rick Berman

Len Basil

Rick Berman

Bud Wilds

Frank Kennedy

Henry Kissinger

NBC

CHIMES

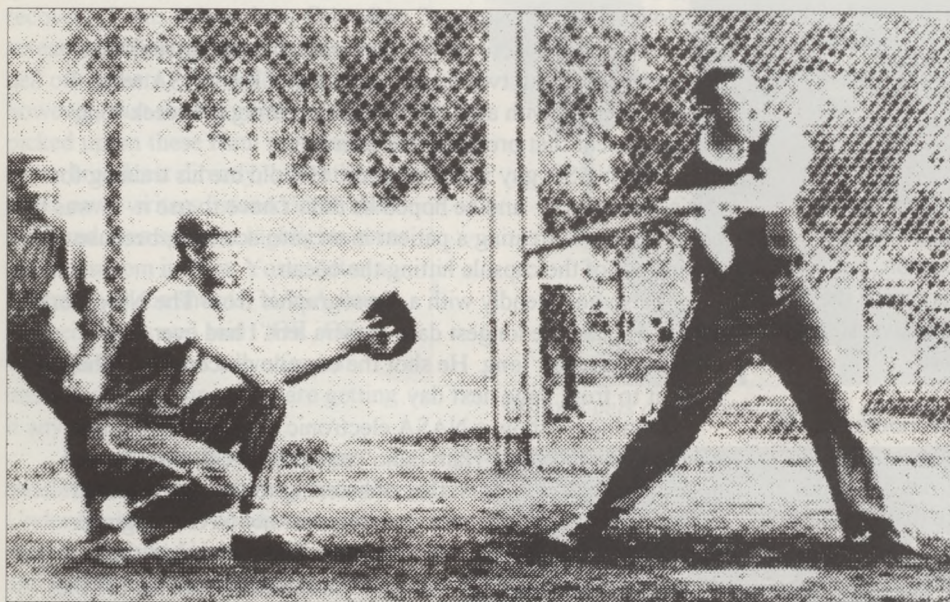
AUGUST • 1954



NBC's pitching hero Gary Iorio



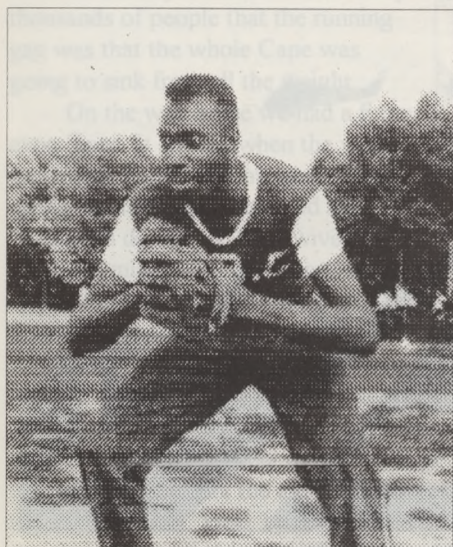
Joe Lazzao, Bob Hanretty, Bill Redmond



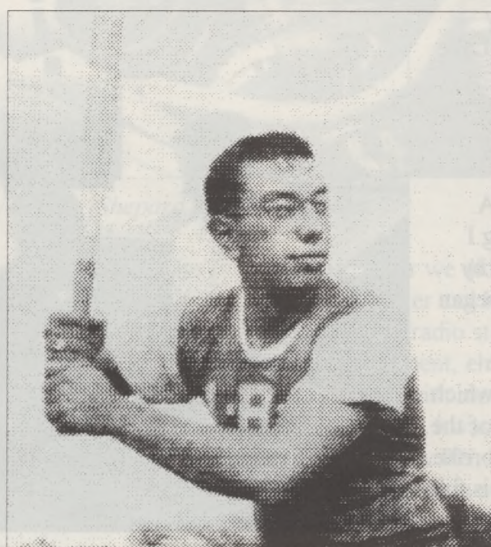
Jim Schaefer at bat against Continental Can Company team, July 22, 1954.



Lee Kramer on base: Scotty Connel, coach:
Continental Can Co. 1st baseman.



Joe Lazaro



Lee Kramer, shortstop/second base

Unfold Tales from the Golden Sixties: Television, Ham Radio and Project Mercury

By Bob Higgins, W2IXU

Prologue:

"You got a ticket?" Paul Gallant asked me back in 1951. He was referring, of course, to an FCC license to operate a radio transmitter in the United States. Yes, I told him, I had two. One, a First Class ticket, and, two, a Ham ticket. The First Class license was necessary to work in NBC engineering or with any other radio or television transmitter, and the Ham ticket was almost as important because it told the world you were in the Ham fraternity, which included just about everyone working in this new field of television. I was hired on the spot.

1961 — Ten Years Later:

"...5-4-3-2-1. We have ignition." I heard this now familiar countdown for the first time aboard aircraft carrier USS Lake Champlain in May of 1961. I didn't hear it on television, but crackling through a U.S. Navy radio receiver. I also heard the voice of Commander Alan Shepard and the Cape Canaveral mission control officer. At the time this was a secret communication, so I felt very privileged.

This adventure aboard the carrier began a few months earlier when I was called to a top secret meeting in an office at NBC. I was asked, "Can we broadcast from an aircraft carrier 500 miles at sea?" Yes! was my immediate answer, and just like that, I was on board, so to speak.

We were a few years after the Sputnik launches and NASA was feverishly preparing for the first U.S. astronaut in space. They asked NBC to handle broadcasting for the radio/television network pool, wanting the whole world to witness the launch and recovery of the Mercury capsule, Freedom 7. We were stationed on the Lake Champlain, one of three Navy ships positioned downrange of the Cape.

An NBC news reporter interviewed me by telephone shortly after our carrier docked and delivered the historic Mercury capsule to NASA. Here's what I remember saying: "The first thing I saw was a puff of white smoke---the flare fired by Comdr. Shepard as the parachute opened and began its descent into the ocean. I then spotted the parachute and took a picture of a red and white chute coming down. Suddenly the whole ship, which had been absolutely still except for the purring of the engines and the sound of the radar equipment, broke into a huge 'HURRAH', the kind of cheer that is full of pride and respect. It was, I told the interviewer, one of the greatest moments of my life.

After the capsule hit the water a Marine

helicopter with frogmen carried out the rescue operation. First they airlifted Commander Shepard to our ship, then a second helicopter retrieved the capsule and brought it to the deck. When the first helicopter landed I remember seeing Shepard in a shiny silver suit jump out onto the deck where he was hustled away by the NASA crew. I managed to snap a few pictures of that scene. They're not very good I'm afraid, but they're great to show the grandkids.

Right after the chute opened, I remember pounding the shoulder of Robert Lodge, the ABC pool newscaster, and telling him to start talking. Except for a few seconds to get his breath he talked non-stop for about a half hour. The non-stop talking was critical because the feedback circuit from Cape Canaveral was our Ham radio receiver, an off-the-shelf Collins KWM2 SSB transceiver which switched to receive mode whenever Lodge stopped talking. I remember the director at the Cape yelling into my headset: "Keep talking! This is your show!" And while Lodge talked, TV showed slides and stills of the shoot with his live voiceover from "downrange" radio.

Lodge and I were on the ship with about [a dozen] other newsmen and about two dozen members of the NASA team. I became friendly with a lot of these guys during the week-long postponement that preceded the launch.

One NASA guy was a surgeon. He told me his training for this assignment — and he hoped he didn't have to use it — was to be prepared for treating a patient in an auto accident, because of the impact of the capsule hitting the ocean.

I also got friendly with a photographer from The New York Times. He had the longest darn camera lens I had ever seen, probably four feet long. He shot the capsule descent and I think it made it to front page next day.

Getting to know a NASA electronic engineer during that week led me to other "Ham radio" assignments during the next dozen or so space shoots: that of listening to the astronauts in space. It started when I was standing near my NASA engineer friend during the launch, the 15-minute flight, and then the descent. I was hearing all the radio transmissions (all on off-the-



Pool announcer Robert Lodge and Bob Higgins aboard
the rescue aircraft carrier USS Lake Champlain

shelf Navy radios) when I suddenly asked, "Hey, what frequency are you guys using?" When told what it was, I thought, "Hey, that's not far from the 1296 band that fellow Ham Arnie Proner and I were experimenting with." Well, with that cat out of the bag I went right to work with surplus equipment from Canal Street. With the cooperation of producer Jim Kitchel, and Roy Neal, a fellow Ham and anchor newsman for these news specials, I was able to eavesdrop on Mission Control conversations with the astronauts.

On the second Mercury flight and recovery, the one where Gus Grissom had a near miss during recovery, I was able to hear Grissom scream to the frogmen: "Get me the hell out of here." I should say, however, that the information we picked up on these Ham rigs was never broadcast directly, but rather NBC news writers listened in on the ship, and then sent the highlights on to the newsroom in New York. After a few more space shoots, NASA threw up their hands and said: "OK, OK, we'll give you guys a live feed of mission control, since you are getting it anyway."

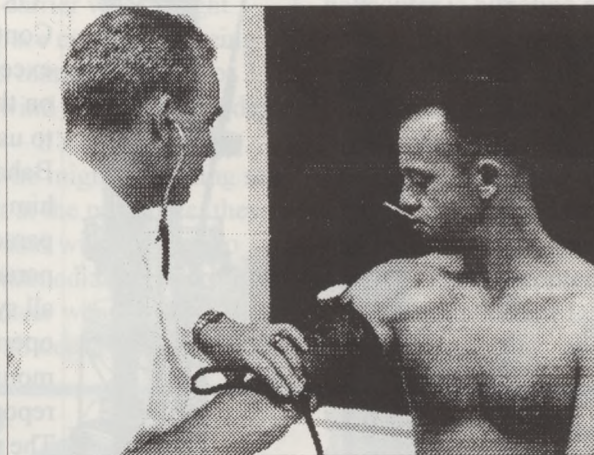
I mentioned this was a secret mission, that is until it was a success. Under "hush-hush" conditions we were transported by Air Force planes and trucks from New York to the Cape. But that all became something of a joke when we finally arrived. Once at the Cape, there were so many thousands of people that the running gag was that the whole Cape was going to sink from all the weight.

On the way home we had a funny experience. It started when the week-long delay in the mission caused many of the media to call home and say, "Come on down!" to their wives.

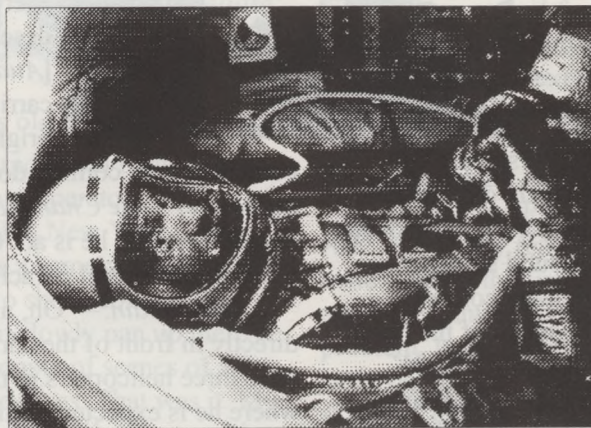
After the mission the Air Force arranged for a C-46 DC3 to take us back to New York. Well, at departure time at Patrick Air Force Base the atmosphere was festive, a far cry from the hush-hush start of the trip. To board the plane, one needed no tickets, there was no head count. It was: show a little credential and hop on. "Oh, this is my wife," worked as a credential as well as anything. One enterprising local resident even sold large 100-pound sacks of oranges right outside the gate. "Wow, wouldn't the kids love that!" we all said. Well, we loaded the oranges and the wives onto the plane. The oranges filled the aisles and there were no stewardesses to complain. The engines revved up and we taxied



Bob checks out his antenna at his Cape motel.



Shepard gets a pre flight medical checkup.



Shepard aboard Freedom 7.

toward the runway, got up some more revs, and then suddenly stopped. At which point a well-dressed uniformed Air Force pilot stepped out of the cockpit and announced in polite but firm words: "We are overweight and this junk has to be dumped!" Meaning, we hoped, just the oranges, not the wives. So dozens of orange sacks were unceremoniously tossed overboard before we could take off.

During subsequent missions we had to use commercial transportation, which wasn't that great since we had to fly into Orlando. Incidentally a few of the guys, not all, at the Cape doing the pickup were Warren Philips, Stodard Dentz, and Neal Smith.

After the landing and recovery Comdr. Shepard, most of the NASA team, and the media flew off the carrier back to the Cape. I stayed aboard and we headed back to Jacksonville with the space capsule for NASA's inspection. The captain ran FULL SPEED all the way. WOW, what a ride. I'll never forget it.

The capsule was stowed on deck and I was permitted to inspect it. It was pretty well scorched on the outside but an interesting sight to me was the cockpit. I had expected to see a state of the art control panel; instead what I saw was a WW II type complete with toggle switches and handwritten instructions taped to the panel with masking tape. The tape also was used to mark up the various switches and meters for easy reading — much like we Hams do on audio consoles. This capsule, by the way, is now in the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.

And that's how the United States space program was launched — with primarily off-the-shelf radio gear and not a little masking tape. This was all before we could get pictures via

satellite. Later we did get pictures from an aircraft carrier, thanks to Arnie Proner and his microwave oven transmitter, but that's another Ham radio story he can tell himself. Boy, this was one tough assignment, eh?

PS: As with most of the field jobs that spanned my 33-year career at NBC, I was not alone. I would love to mention all the names of fellow PN, but I am not very good at names. But Hank Gerling and I are in some snapshots I took down at the Cape — NBC's new listening station for the later and far longer space shots.

Epilog — by Frank Vierling. I worked all of the Freedom 7 missions, but missed Glenn's actual launch. We were to have our third child. I sweated out weeks of rain delays. Finally I could wait no longer and left for home. Son, Donald, was born February 19, 1962 the day before Glenn's launch. (La Maganette reunioners know him as our roving photographer.) Don had the distinction of having Frank MaGee launch his name nationally during the 8H coverage.

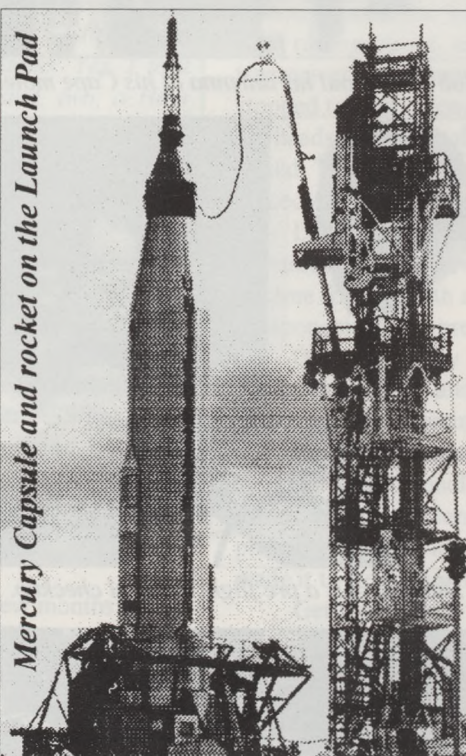
During the Shepard flight I was able to record launch control (but not Shepard) Out of my archives comes this transcription of Capsule Communications during Alan B. Shaper's historic flight into space. The recording, with the long pauses edited out, only lasts about 2 of the actual 15 minute flight:

The voice of the capsule communicator:

"T" minus 10 - 9 - 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 - 0 - ignition, (engine roar in background) lift-off, lift off at 34 minutes after the hour... pilot reports 'GO,' system go, 1.2 G, cabin 14 pounds per square inch, oxygen system go, all A-OK.... Freedom 7 is still GO, the trajectory is A-OK... Freedom 7 reports the mission is still A-OK, full GO... (engine roar fading)... Freedom 7 in voice communication with the Mercury Control Center reports, 3.5 G, cabin pressure holding fine, cabin pressure holding 5.5 pounds per square inch... The flight trajectory is still A-OK... The pilot is in good voice communication with the Mercury Control Center... Freedom 7 with astronaut Allan B. Shepard reports the fuel system is GO, forward G... cabin 5.5 pound per square inch, oxygen GO, all systems GO.... Pilot reports tower jettisoned... Astronaut A-OK... Periscope coming out... Turn-around started, assuming orbital attitude... He's going to hand control movements now... Switching to manual control of the pitch attitude... Trajectory looks A-OK... Pitch control A-OK ... Switching to manual yaw... Medical monitor in Mercury Control reports pilot's condition appears to be excellent... Taking over the manual control of the roll attitude... Roll is OK... Working now... **"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIEW"** is a quote... Pilot reports 3 to 4 tenths cloud cover along the eastern coast of the United States obscuring the eastern coast up through Cape Hatteras... Pilot reports assuming retro attitude initiating retro firing sequence... Pilot reports mission very smooth... Retro rocket number 1 has fired... Retro number 2 has fired... Retro number 3 has fired... Preparing to jettison the retro rocket pod... We are still receiving excellent voice communication from the pilot... Medical monitor reports everything A-OK in the cockpit... The retro

rocket packet has jettisoned, the retro rocket packet has been jettisoned... The mission is now 6 minutes and 40 seconds old. Astronaut Alan B. Shepard is still talking to us, working like a test pilot reporting facts and figures, reporting procedures in the precise engineering manner of a test pilot... Beginning to roll into reentry attitude... Automatic control system operating properly... The Mercury space craft is beginning to enter the earth's atmosphere. We have a registration in the Control Center indicating 500 hundredths of a G indicating the beginning of penetration... We are still in voice communication with

the pilot... 9G coming down... His words are, "OK"... Going through peak G now he is still talking saying "OK"... All data here at the Mercury Control Center at this time is excellent... Pilot reports 30,000 feet on the way down... Pilot now talking to us via a link, radio link, at Grand Bahamas Island and we are reading him loud and clear... Drogue parachute has deployed, the drogue parachute has deployed... Pilot reports all systems in the cockpit A-OK and operating properly... The medical monitor in the Mercury Control Center reports the pilot A-OK all the way... The main parachute has deployed, the main parachute has deployed. The Mercury space craft Freedom 7 is now descending on its main parachute. [Audio cut in -- This is the aircraft carrier Lake Champlain; we see a bright orange or red and white



Mercury Capsule and rocket on the Launch Pad

parachute now coming down.] {Mercury Control double audio over Lake Champlain} Mercury astronaut Alan B. Shepard reports he is at 7000 feet descending on the main 63 foot marine sail parachute coming in for a landing.

Champlain: — Oh, a distance of about 4 or 5 miles directly in front of the carrier as we steam forward. We have three helicopters in the air heading toward the point where he is expected to hit the water. We do see the bright parachute up above. Just a few moments ago, almost directly above us we saw the vapor trail from the space capsule shortly after he had reentered the atmosphere. It is now becoming harder and harder to see the parachute that comes down all level with the clouds on the horizon. This is Robert Lodge aboard the Carrier Lake Champlain.

Mercury Control: — As was expected at about this time, in fact, rather, we expected it sooner than this time, our communication with Mercury astronaut Alan Shepard is getting a little rough. We did report deployment of the main parachute, the last reported altitude as 7000 feet descending. The Mercury recovery force down range report a visual

sighting of the space craft descending in the parachute or hanging from the parachute.

Champlain: — Hello, this is the aircraft carrier Lake Champlain. The parachute and the capsule are still coming down on the horizon; they are about even with the clouds now on the horizon. We are about 4 miles away from the space craft now. It has still not made its impact with the water. The helicopters are about — I would estimate are about half way to the point of impact and, as we say, the capsule has not yet made impact with the water. In that lead helicopter ready to pick up astronaut are First Lieutenant Wayne Coone the pilot and Marine copilot George Cox. We are now probably no more than 3 miles away from the parachute it's coming into our — ah — it's becoming very clear now. It's very possible that the carrier will be right close to the — ah space capsule, the space craft as it's being recovered from the water. It will be a matter of only 2 or 3 more minutes swaying gently in the wind from side to side, first one side and then the other. Ah — it's a good thing there is a naval commander inside or he might be getting sea sick. The lead helicopter is now right at the parachute, they are now hovering over the parachute and will be ready to pick him up out of the water almost immediately. It just hit the water a moment ago; (cheers) a cheer went up from the ships' company watching here from all decks from the

aircraft carrier. The parachute is now flattened against the water and from this point we are unable to tell, ah, how the capsule is riding in the water, but there are 4 or 5 helicopters in the near vicinity. The lead helicopter, number 44, is now right over the capsule. The capsule is up out of the water they have... the helicopter has hooked on to the capsule, correction, the capsule is still floating in the water as the helicopter hovers overhead to hook onto the capsule. It's still too early to tell whether the astronaut, Alan Shepard, has tried to remove himself through the top escape hatch of the capsule. He may elect to stay in the capsule and ride back to the carrier in the capsule. Then again if he has removed himself from the capsule he can be lifted into the helicopter to ride back probably a little more comfortably. The helicopter is hovering right over the space craft and, ah, of course first they must strip off the antenna from the space craft — the radio, and then it will be a matter of hooking onto the capsule and lifting it up out of the water to return it here to the deck of the carrier Lake Champlain. The helicopter is lowering the slings. The astronaut is out of the capsule. So far we cannot tell whether the astronaut inflated his life raft, but he does appear to have gotten out of the capsule. The helicopter has lowered a sling to pick him up.

"This is Robert Lodge

aboard the carrier Lake Champlain." □

Panic

By
Dale
Applegate

It was 1950, and I was 24 years old. I had just transferred from WRC, Washington radio and I was assigned to be a TV microphone boom operator.

About a week after I had arrived in New York, I was called in to do the Christmas show as a cameraman! My job was quite simple. My first shot was to shoot down at the skaters on the Plaza ice rink, and then slowly pan up the huge Christmas tree. Then, shoot a couple of scenes of a vocal group on top of the roof, where I was. That was it. My first shot was to be at the very beginning of the show, with six other cameras working their tails off, down in the studio.

The problem was, I had only seen a television camera from across the stage, and had never even touched one. No one knew this, of course, except me! Prior to the show, by fooling around with the camera, I knew how to take off the lens cap, and flip from one lens to another. I did notice that the pictures were quite fuzzy and I couldn't see anything very clearly.

The rehearsal down in the main studio was going on, in its usual frantic pace. I did hear, on my headphones, the director saying every now and then: "Let's take a look at the first shot on the roof," but then the control booth would get

busy with some crisis, and they would forget about me. In the meantime, the vocal group with me would be rehearsing, yet I couldn't really see them because my picture in the viewfinder was real fuzzy. One of the singers came over to me at the camera, and asked if he could look in my viewfinder, as the experience was new to him, too. I said "Sure, you can see the outline of your group, but everything is quite fuzzy. The problem is downstairs in the studio, and the engineers are working on it."

All of a sudden, it was: "Three minutes to ON THE AIR, everybody ready!" Again, the director said: "We'd better look at the first shot — camera seven." And once again the control booth would be distracted by some problem. It got down to one minute to "network air time," and even though I was pointing my camera down at the skaters, I couldn't really see them. We were running out of time! "Coming to camera seven, everybody ready — four, three, two," At that exact moment, my hand touched a knob on the side of the camera. I realized in panic, "That's the focus knob!" I immediately turned it. Wham, — we were "On the Air." The picture of the skaters on the ice-rink was clear and beautiful. I slowly panned up the gigantic Christmas tree. After that, for me, the show was uneventful.

The director thanked the crew and cast for a good show, and that was that! □

Dale transferred to Burbank many years ago and is now retired in California.

Retired – Again

By
Perry
Massey

and
Again

When GE helped me 'early retire' in '91, I figured my workdays were over. WRONG! Thanks to a producer buddy I got a SAG card and went on "cattle calls" for a couple of years. Did one commercial about a surprise party for a retiree...guess who was the retiree? Did a bunch of "voice over" announcements. Spent the money earned on voice coaches. Pam was happy, it got me out of the house. But it wasn't like a real job.

By '93 I was into volunteer stuff and that led to a real job. Here's how that happened. I took the minutes for our homeowners association. The prez, Mike Brockman, asked me for names of people who could do a job for Mark Goodson Productions, where he was a Veep. Several months later he explained the job was just for a year and asked me to take it. After working for all kinds of bosses, the opportunity to be a "client" won me over.

After 41 years at NBC doing all sorts of jobs and three years of retirement doing all sorts of volunteering, I went back to work as a client supervising a project at CBS! The job was to transfer all thirty thousand Goodson-Todman Game Shows to Digital Beta for the Sony Game Show Cable Net. CBS brought back retirees to run the 2-inch and kine machines. We had three shifts a day, seven days a week. The project took two years since we actually did sixty thousand dubs, one set for the Sony Game Show Net and one set for Goodson Productions.

Some of the old 2-inch tapes gave us fits. Ampex saved many by baking them in convection ovens. Out of 60,000 shows only about 7 were lost. Getting rid of the old tapes was a problem at first, but we ended up donating them to the NY Museum of Radio and Television. Ron Simon, the Director reminded me that I gave him his first job out of college. In the beginning one of the hottest shows being watched in CBS offices was "What's My Line" in glorious black & white.

So I was retired again. '96 we went to Scotland, '97 it was Alaska, '98 I forget, '99 it was Canada, and 2000...I got another job!

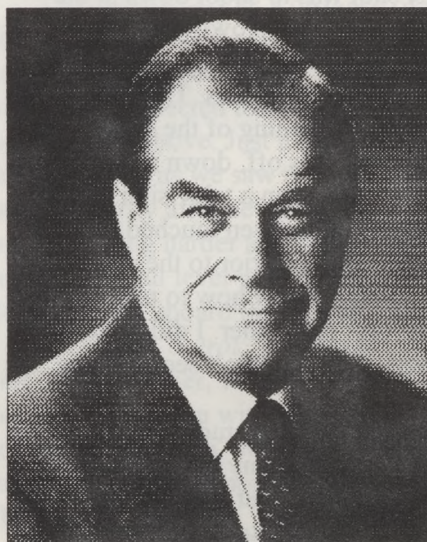
One Friday evening this February my friend Jim Potter called and asked for help. A key person in the Cameo Stock Film Library had just gone into the hospital

with leukemia. He was looking for someone to fill in for her until she could come back to work. Twenty years ago as Senior Veep at Tristar Pictures, Jim put the little company in business to handle his company's feature films.

He explained the job was to keep the books, handle the money, the royalties, taxes, run the place. When I said I would like to help out, but didn't know how to do books, etc. Jim said it was more important to have someone he trusted and I'd learn the job.

It wasn't much fun learning to do the books and figure out tax payments. Guys like Don Carswell would have gotten a kick out of peering over my shoulder. Cameo's accounting firm gave me some carefully worded notes after they checked the books my first month.

Unfortunately the lady I was filling in for died after five weeks of treatment. I stayed on until a replacement was hired. So, I'm retired again. Maybe this time it will stick! Or maybe I'll get a shot at ABC just to complete the hat trick!



Perry, not yet retired, lives in Calabas, CA with his wife, Pam.

In all my years in television, I have always recognized the importance of what is known in the industry as the Closing Credits. That long list of names fly by so quickly at the end of every program that it's virtually impossible to read any of them. But it wasn't until fairly recently that I came to realize just how important these credits really are. In order to explain what I mean, I must give you some of the back story.

During World War II, I served as a tail-gunner on a B-24 Liberator Bomber as part of the 8th Air Force stationed in war-torn England. On January 7, 1944 our bomber crashed into a mountain in Northern Wales. Half of the 10 man crew were killed outright. All of the survivors, myself included, were separated and placed in different hospitals throughout Great Britain.

Prior to the crash, our navigator, Julian Ertz and I often talked about what we planned to do if and when we returned to civilian life. Julian often spoke of his desire to study law and I mentioned that I intended to pursue a career in the theatre and motion pictures. There was no such thing as television back in the early 40's.

I was finally released from the 30th General Hospital in the spring of 1944 and was returned to active duty. However due to the complexities of war and all the shuffling about, I found I had completely lost track of any of the surviving crew members. That is, until 1991 some 47 years later.

It seems that one night Julian, my former navigator, was relaxing at home with his family enjoying an evening of television when my name suddenly appeared on the screen. He had seen it several times before but now he got to wondering. Could this be the same Hal Alexander he had flown with nearly 50 years earlier? He was determined to find out.

Closing Credits

By
*Hal
Alexander*

As luck would have it, Julian belonged to a civilian organization known as the 2nd Air Division and another member of that group just happened to be Academy Award winning director Delbert Mann. Working on the hunch that this name on the screen might indeed be his long lost tail-gunner, Julian asked Del if he would help track him down. Del immediately looked up my name in the DGA Directory and gave Julian my home telephone number.

Because it was such a long shot, my navigator put off calling for several weeks and then had his daughter Beth call for him.

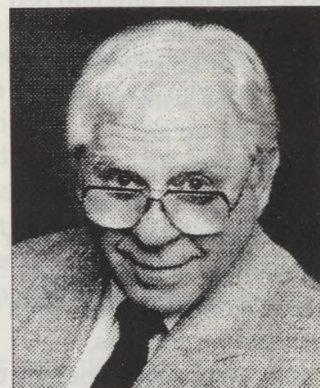
My wife Pat answered the telephone that evening and was absolutely shocked to hear a strange woman ask if anyone at this number had ever been a tail-gunner on a B-24 Bomber that crashed in Wales some 50 years ago. Stunned, Pat simply handed me the phone saying, "Here Hal, it's for you."

As it turned out, Julian and his family live in Newport Beach, California about an hour and a half drive from my home in Woodland Hills.

Needless to say, my navigator and I see each other quite often now, trying to make up for the lost 50 years.

So please keep reading those closing credits, you never know when you're going to crash into a mountain. □

Hal, a retired stage manager, writes to us from Woodland Hills, California



New Members

Jerry Berenzweig — Newton, NJ
Frank Bourgholtzer — Santa Monica, CA
Joyce Campbell — Deer Park, NY
Terri Collum — Burbank, CA
Howard Davis — New York, NY
Leon Dobbin — Great Neck, NY
Maurie Goodman — Granada Hills, CA
Sam Goodman — Rockville, MD
Howard Ialberg — Burbank, CA
Jim Kneeland — Cocoa, FL

Malcolm Laing — Greenwich, CT
Betty Merrell — Larchmont, NY
Bob Rizzo — Kingston, NY
Jerry Schmotolocha — Livingston, NJ
Bruce Shachat — West New York, NJ
Lloyd Siegel, Hon. — New York, NY
Joseph Strauss — Del Mar, CA
George Wagener — Tuckerton, NJ
Leon Wynn — Brooklyn, NY



Snapshot

Part one of two

by Cissie Lindemann

Carl Lindemann, like many of us, had his feet planted firmly in a lot of worlds. One of his first and most enduring loves was ... yep ... you've got it ... ham radio. Long before I had any clear understanding of what "ham" radio entailed I recall being somewhat curious about the strange wires and equipment that had to be negotiated when getting into his car. It was not until we were getting married and he asked if he could bring his radio into my apartment that it started to dawn on me. His "radio" took up half the living room. I remember his mother telling me, "When he was a little boy I would pry off his headset and tuck him into bed for the night. He laughingly told me later how he would drink a lot of water so that he would wake up and listen to the radio under the covers for hours. Typical ... he always found a way ... later no matter where he was in the world he always managed to strike up a relationship with hams.

Now when cell phones are de rigueur, seeing a man with a hand held radio calling "CQ" is not an oddity ... then it was. I kind of wonder now what innovation he would have found to satisfy his adventuresome spirit. Recently, I had kind of imagined that the ham's position in rescue missions might have been no longer necessary. I was kind of pleased to note in a national publication how important a role a ham had played in the rescue of an injured boy at sea. Certainly Carl played that role often. Through hurricanes and floods, earthquakes and fires, he often maintained a control position. I particularly remember Thor Hyerdahl's trip in the papyrus boat "Rah" where Carl served as a control. We would stagger up the stairs in the early hours of the morning to his "ham shack" to be sure he could raise the crew and

that they were safe. When they appeared to be foundering he mounted a rescue mission. Another funny ham "snapshot" ... not too long ago I bumped into someone who had interviewed Carl for some reason or other and she told me how excited he was that he had just raised the Shah of Iran on his radio. She asked him what they talked about and Carl said they discussed business ... both the "sports" business and the "king" business.

Back to other "snapshots" ... early on ... when our oldest daughter was an infant he had gone over a holiday weekend to a remote location to help with the Kate Smith Show. I had gone to spend the weekend with my sister and had hardly arrived when he was back in town in a rage at what he considered inappropriate behavior toward some of the dancers. When he registered his concerns and they were not addressed he went back to New York to quit.

Fortunately, it was a holiday weekend and there was no one to quit to. One of the senior members of the staff cooled him down by saying, "Don't take on the little guys, Carl." Good advice, but with Carl's particular nature not always easy.

As time went on he moved to other areas. One of them was with Arlene Francis and the "Home Show." It traveled all over the country and as usually happens with a tight knit staff there were high jinks on the road. One of the particularly adventuresome writers, Jack Fuller, would contrive to greet Arlene dressed as a hotel doorman ... he would sweep down to open the door with a flourish and in front of crowds of people would accidentally trip her up, sending her sprawling as she made her grand entrance. Jack was finally forbidden to be on her welcoming committee. I



Elizabeth (Cissie) Lindeman has her feet in many worlds. One of them is being a docent at the Portland Museum of Art. During the summer of 2000 the museum is featuring an exhibit of N.C. Wyeth illustrations and paintings. Here, Cissie is standing in front of a photo mural of N.C. Wyeth working on a painting of his Maine summer home.

heard he wrote her a note saying, "Princess ... forgive me for not being there ... they have locked me in a tower." One other elaborate scheme. They were in a secluded cabin owned by Fuller working on a script. Things were going along peacefully when out of the woods marched a brass band in full regalia blaring forth mightily and marching out as swiftly as they arrived to the amazement of everybody. Jack, completely ignoring it, acted as though they were seeing and hearing things. In response some of the group sneaked out during the following night and somehow got some flats and theatrical staging and constructed an extra room on the house. When the owner came down the next morning ... Voila! Try to ignore that! They did have hilarious times. I can only say I do think it added to the innovativeness of the show.

Carl later went on to have the administrative responsibility for the "Today Show." Dave Garroway, a giant in the early days, was an interesting man. Carl was to take him up for a meeting with the President of NBC, Bob Kintner. On the way up in the elevator Garroway explained to Carl that he was often beset with poltergeists and that just that morning they had turned around his underpants. Carl suggested urgently that he not get on this conversational tack with Kintner. They arrived and exchanged cordialities when suddenly Garroway, explaining his poltergeist problems, dropped his pants to show his turned around underpants. Only the underpants were in the appropriate mode ... Garroway's response "They've done it again!" It wasn't too long after that Jack Chancellor was hired. Carl struggled with him for a while ... but Chancellor, a bona fide newsman, would not involve himself with any commercial aspects of the show. Chancellor finally elected to move on to areas that were more conducive to the newsman's code of ethics. A code strictly adhered to by news community members such as Chet Huntley. Chet vigorously protested the presence of a commercial logo on his desk. In a boardroom meeting with a Midwestern client, his elegant wife Tipi announced in final exasperation, "Gentlemen, in New York we have a word for it ... schlock!"

Speaking of the news ... we were at an affiliate meeting in Hawaii. Bill McAndrew, President of NBC News, was cooling off late at night in the living room of his suite. His wife had gone to bed. Reading the newspapers carefully he got up to go to the bathroom. Absentmindedly he went out the wrong door. He heard the click and realized he was locked out in the hall stark naked. Efforts to rouse his wife were fruitless. He kept alternately banging on the door and hiding behind a palm tree waiting for the elevator man to come up. After quite a while he banged desperately enough and his wife finally opened the door. She looked at him and said "You damn fool, where have you been?" We really laughed at that. Another "Bill" story. During the Bay of Pigs fiasco I had come in to go to the theatre and Bill warned us that there was serious trouble afoot. We went right home

and Carl on his radio could monitor our pilots until there was a blackout. Interesting. Incidentally, Bill McAndrew was one of the nicest men I ever knew.

There were many other instances, but here is one other snapshot I overheard. Carl was responsible for auditioning the Today "girls." He had an appointment one day with an elegantly beautiful "international call girl" for whom he'd had many recommendations. She came in swathed in mink and sat down. As Carl prepared to conduct the interview she dropped the coat to reveal her nakedly voluptuous body. The man who I heard Carl telling the story to said "Oops, what did you do?" Carl laughed and said "I went over and turned up the heat."

At one point Carl was appointed head of Daytime. It was during this assignment that the quiz show scandals were slung all over the headlines. I can only tell you that we honestly were not aware of the duplicity. The innocent, idealistic man on the Kate Smith Show was growing up fast. He also had the administrative responsibility for the early moon shots. One part of the assignment was representing the network in case of national disaster. It was his job in case of such a catastrophe to get the President of the United States on the air to the American public as quickly as possible. He was given top security clearance. During the security check they interviewed random people. One of our neighbors laughed later in recalling the incident. She thought it was Bloomingdale's trying to find out why she hadn't paid her bill. There was much about this assignment that was right up Carl's alley. In surveying all the security measures that are constantly in place (and I assume still are) he got to fly in a security surveillance airplane piloted by General Curtis LeMay, a fellow ham. In addition he had many disparate assignments ... he spent a lot of time in California developing new programs and red eyeing it back East on weekends. Exciting indeed ... one show dealing with early flying was of great interest to him ... he flew in some of the early barnstorming planes that were used in a show about World War I. He also had the opportunity to fly with the Blue Angels.

Quick segue to much later. We were driving back to Maine after treatments for a cancer that eventually took his life. We pulled over to the side of the road to watch the Blue Angels do their stuff in the air over Boston. I looked back at Carl standing on a mound above me ... tears streaming down his face. Startled, I said "Carl, what is it?" His response "I'll never have a chance to do that again!" The only time I ever saw him acknowledge the seriousness of his illness.

It was during the daytime stint that ABC tried to lure Carl into their camp. I recalled recently, upon reading Leonard Goldenson's obituary, attending a dinner party at the Goldenson home. It was a very pleasant evening ... but ... Carl ... ever loyal could not countenance going to a rival network. It was a time when NBC had a strong and

loyal cadre of foot soldiers who were in it for keeps and felt confident that the feeling was mutual.

Carl often recalled that one of his first assignments at the network as an engineer, aside from doing the audio on Howdy Dowdy, was at the tennis matches at Forest Hills. He got all dressed up hoping to impress his friends in attendance that he was a network executive. Suddenly, he was ordered to crawl on his hands and knees onto center court to hook up a cable. So much for vanity. Ironically, as many of you all know ... Carl eventually headed up the fledgling sports department. Kintner called him in to offer him the assignment. Ever thoughtful Carl said, "Bob, I don't know a lot about sports!" Kintner's response "I'm not asking you to suit up ... I'm asking you to run the department." And he did for the next sixteen years. These were truly exciting times.

His MIT engineering background stood him in good stead in helping to develop the sports unit. He was able to focus and negotiate many of the events that we are seeing today and at the same time technically understanding what it took to bring the events of the burgeoning industry into American ... indeed the world's ... living rooms. As you can imagine the events of the next few years were many and varied. At the core of their success was a cohesive and loyal department that worked together as a family. As well as a department head whose integrity was such that many of the deals were made on a handshake.

A wonderful tribute to him in the Boston Globe after he died was: "... apparently no one had a bad word to say about him." It went on to say that perhaps part of his niceness was due to the time when he was in operation. A sad testimony to the world of today, but I don't buy it anyway ... Carl was Carl. Strong, sometimes stubborn, childishly gleeful but basically a very decent person. It's fun to recall going to meet the group at the airport coming back from Japan after a successful Olympics with their warm, identical sheepskin coats yelling the Japanese equivalent of "Hooray!" Carl rather incredulously telling me how strange it was for him to be on a Japanese destroyer with a Nikon camera around his

neck ... he who had been in the Pacific in World War II when Japan was an evil empire. Once when we were in Japan during negotiations I met a wonderful Buddhist priest at a reception. I mentioned him to John Rich, NBC's bureau chief. John grinned and said "You know where he was during the war?" I allowed as how I didn't. He told me that he had headed up the Japanese troops at Iwo Jima. John had been sent to Japan as a Marine ... stayed on as a stringer for NBC and later went back, after stints in Germany and France, to head up the NBC bureau there. What an interesting man John is ... and what stories he and his wife, D. Lee have to tell. Another snapshot ... we were staying in an ex-geisha's house in Kyoto. Many of you know in Japanese houses the tatami mats are rolled out at night for sleeping. One night two young people, a brother and sister, were to give us a massage and then, blowing out the candle, leave us to a peaceful sleep. For whatever reason we couldn't stop laughing ... the poor kids fled in horror thinking we must be insane. I still wish I'd gotten a Japanese massage. Aside from that we were treated with great courtesy ... except for the driver who Carl said was the only man he ever knew who accelerated going down hill. I don't know whether the Japanese still exclude their wives but in those days I never met a Japanese wife. One trip to Washington for a golf match, when our guest was the head of NHK visiting from Japan, we went to a cocktail party with him and one of his staff members. Mr. Matsui was very much of a gentleman but his underling was another story. He got royally plastered at the party. It was at a time when NHK was very interested in having NBC put up a satellite for the Olympics (which I think was done) and this man in his inebriated state was ranting and raving about that, as well as being a little too familiar with one of our cohort's blonde wife. We finally got him out of there much to the relief of our host, Sandy Vanocur. Piling into a convertible with the top down we went barreling down the street with Mr. Matsui screaming "Mr. Lindemann, he does not speak for the Japanese people." □

To be continued in the next edition.

NABET DENTAL PLAN

In June, NABET was to have sent brochures to all members announcing the first Union sponsored voluntary dental program, with coverage available exclusively to NABET members (INCLUDING RETIRED MEMBERS) and their dependents. Due to a computer problem this information was not sent to retired members who had been retired more than two years. Another mailing to all retirees is scheduled be made late in October.

Under this program NABET offers two plans for members seeking the dental coverage they need at an affordable price:

Choice ONE — Is a Dental HMO that, much like a Medical HMO, lets NABET members pick a network dentist who provides them with free routine preventive services

(exams, x-rays, and cleanings). More complex procedures will require a pre-set co-payment. With this choice, plan participants will have no waiting periods, deductibles, or annual or lifetime dollar maximums.

Choice TWO — Is a more traditional plan that allows participating NABET members to pick either a network or non-network dentist. Under this plan, network dentists accept plan allowances as full payment, while non-network dentists may charge more, with the member paying the difference.

Membership in both plans require the payment of monthly premiums. If for any reason you have not received your Dental Program information call the NABET Dental Program, toll free, at 1-800-995-7667.

*Howie Atlas, NABET National Retiree Coordinator
800-928-5279 which is 800-9-ATLAS-9*

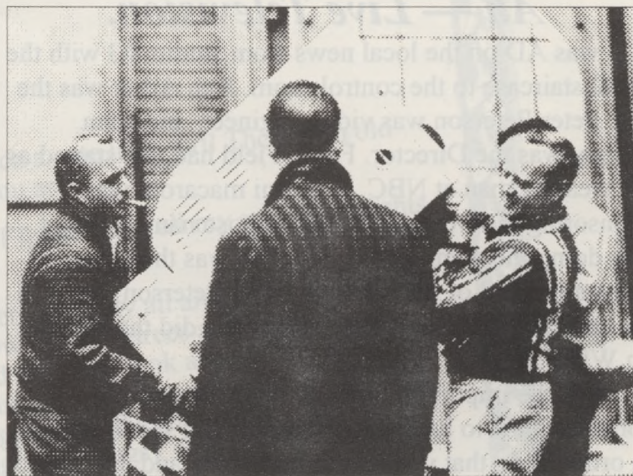
WE GET PICTURES

Sal Benza sent us these pictures of some early days of Color TV.

Tony Nelle, a member of the color crew, writes:

These pictures were taken on the color tour during the summer of 1954. We were the first "Color Crew." Our assignment was to show off COLOR to the few people who happened to own a color set. I'm not even sure if our pickups were aired by the "TODAY SHOW" If I remember correctly, we toured nine cities coast-to-coast showing off what Color TV looked like.

We were a novelty in all the cities we went to and were treated royally everywhere. The picture (below) of the fire truck was at a fire station somewhere in Ohio where we showed the rigorous training of the fire department personnel.



Al Aebig and Arnold Rand wrestle a color camera supervised by an unknown bystander..



Wally Serafin hoists a color camera on his shoulders.

(Special note to Frank Gaeta: Lest you feel extra weak, the camera was a mockup with no inner guts!)



Somewhere in Ohio

- 1 John Norell
- 2 Wally Serafin
- 3 Warren Phillips (TD)
- 4 Howie Dumell
- 5 Ed Huston
- 6 Deen Reed
- 7 Red McKinnon
- 8 ?
- 9 John Aram
- 10 Tony Nelle
- 11 Dick Sneider (Director)
- 12 Chuck Smith
- 13 ?
- 14 Sal Benza



AND MORE PICTURES

Along with the picture on the right, Pete Fatovich sent this little vignette:

Ah — Live Television.

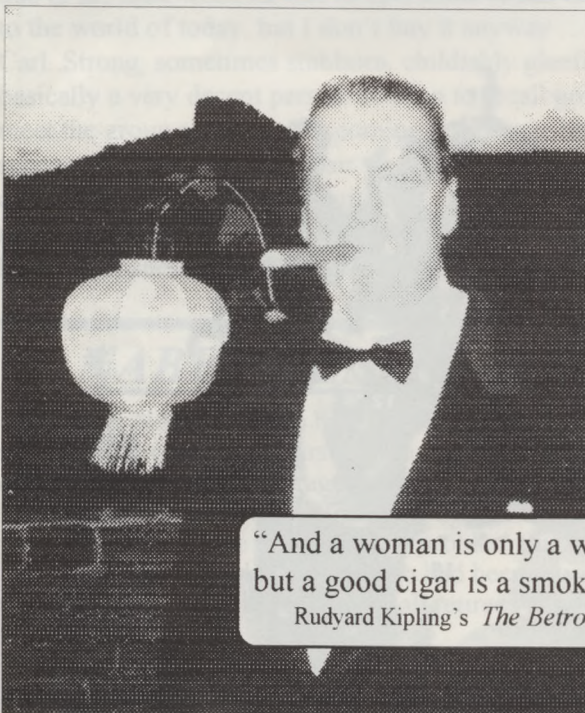
I was AD on the local news from studio 8G with the spiral staircase to the control room. Ken Arber was the TD, Peter Peterson was video engineer, and John Dorsey was the Director. Frank Field had just started as the weather man at NBC. Ronzoni macaroni was sponsoring the weather. A lady, whose name I forget, was doing the commercial. She also was the color girl and sat in front of the cameras while Peterson matched the cameras for "skin tones." Later she did the weather on WPIX.

Now the important thing about this macaroni commercial is to have the water boil and see the steam. In order to do that you had to back-time and cue stage hand Matty Krognac to turn on the hot plate. Well, I forgot to cue Matty — and so, no steam! Mr. Ronzoni was very upset. The question was — what happened to the water — I got called in to see my boss. "Fatovich, they want to know what happened to the water!" I said, "I forgot to cue Matty."

Ah — live TV — don't forget to Q the water!



Producer Dan Landsbury, Victor Borge & Peter Fatovich.



"And a woman is only a woman,
but a good cigar is a smoke."

Rudyard Kipling's *The Betrothed*

Jim O'Gorman partying on the Great Wall of China — Champagne & cigars.



"Ole Jim with the only convicted deserter to win the Congressional Medal of Honor and make full Colonel. — I'll bet no one believes it..."

(What's the story, Jim?)

OK Guys and Gals, there are lots of pictures out there. Send them in, share them with your PN friends!

A Grandma's Letter

May 7, 2000

Dearest Nicole:

You don't know how happy I am you're here! God sent us such a cute little girl! There's an old song, "You Are My Special Angel," and that's what I think you are!

Someday, you will be able to read this message from me, so I'll put down all my special thoughts for you - especially for the future.

Never cease to be amazed at the world God made for us. There's beauty all around us, if we only stop, look, and listen. Some winter day, you might notice how dead the trees and bushes look - only to find, come the spring, that blossoms will abound and they will look absolutely beautiful again! Look up at the moon and the twinkling stars! Sometimes it will seem that you could reach them, if only you could find a ladder tall enough! Don't forget about the chipmunks, rabbits and squirrels, and even the tiniest of insects (like lady bugs or lightning bugs). Each of them has a little tiny beating heart! Big things or little thing - God made them all!

The world would have you believe that self-gratification is of the utmost importance. Not true! You will find that if you always think of yourself first, you will be sorely disappointed and will always be seeking more and more - be it wealth or pleasure - only to find an emptiness inside instead of the happiness you thought these things would bring you. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and then all these things will be given unto you." In other words, first love God and your neighbor as you love yourself and then you will find the peace and happiness for which you are searching.

Sometimes you will find people with whom you come in contact who are not very nice. In spite of this, secretly say a little prayer for them, and do not wish ill of them. Usually, they are disrespectful to their fellow human beings because they are very insecure people who do not themselves feel loved. Simply said, they don't know how to love because they have never experienced it, so they lash out at others who they feel are more secure than they are.

Your mother is my daughter. She's very pretty, but that's not her most important attribute. No! The fact that she is a compassionate human being is what endears her to me. To look beautiful is wonderful, but, more importantly, to be a nice person is what counts! (Do you know, she told me, when she saw you for the first time, that giving birth to you was the most wonderful experience she had in her whole life!)

How proud you're going to be of your father, too! You're his little girl, and, oh, how he loves you! Did you know that your Dad is very smart? Maybe you'll be smart too, if you study hard and try to do your very best.

But, here I am, rushing your life away, and you're still a wee little one whom I just want to love and cuddle and kiss and sing to - i.e., until you tell me not to sing!

(I'm going to ask God to teach me how to be a wonderful grandparent. Maybe, as time goes by, you can teach me, too!)

All my love,

Grandma Nicole

Our letter writer is Helen Rachel Nicole who was Joe Milroy's secretary. She shared space in room 688 with Marie Finnegan who, she says, "helped show me the ropes." Helen left NBC way back in 1966 when her daughter, Mary, was born. Helen lives in Nutley, NJ.

Steve (Steверino) Allen, 78, Comedian, playwright, composer, pianist, actor, author, columnist died October 30 at his sons California home of an apparent heart attack. He was an NBC Super Star who affected all our NBC careers whether we worked directly with him or not. (Please turn to page 46.)



Ray Scherer, former chief White House correspondent for NBC News and RCA Corp. executive, died July 1, 2000 of cancer home in Washington. He was 81.

Ray was a newspaper feature writer in his native Fort Wayne, Indiana before joining NBC as a news writer in 1947. He shortly became an on-air reporter. He was among the first to report live from the White House and from the floor of both 1956 political conventions. From 1969 to 1973 he was NBC's London correspondent. Returning to Washington he was NBC's senior reporter until he became vice president of RCA's Washington office in 1975. He retired in 1986.

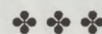
Ray leaves his wife of 49 years, Barbara, two children, and two grandsons.



Christie Basham, News Exec. Christy, a long-time Washington news exec, died in July of brain cancer at age 68. Over the years she had held important news posts with NBC's capital office, starting in 1957 as an aide to David Brinkley. She was one of the first women to work as an executive in the television news industry.

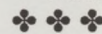
Christy's jobs included: executive producer of "Meet

the Press," and assistant vice president for News. In 1976 she left NBC. After stints at CBS and PBS she returned to NBC in 1982.

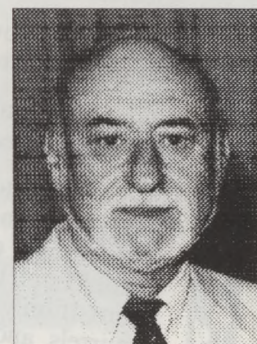


Charles (Chuck) Corcoran, 77, Engineering VP, died December 8, 1999. Chuck joined NBC in 1950 and left the company as a vice-president in 1972. He returned to broadcasting as an executive vice-president and CEO for WNYC Communications Group until retirement in 1992. Chuck served in WWII as a bombardier in the Air Corps.

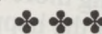
Thank you Judy Hench for this report.



Scotty Schachter, Engineering, died August 31. His death was due to cancer. He was 74. Scott joined NBC in 1949. He left NBC in 1952 to work with his father in the millinery business. He returned to NBC from 1953 to 1960 when he left to work in the recording industry. He returned again to NBC in 1974 and was the audio man on Saturday Night Live from 1975 until he retired in 1986. He was a two time Emmy Award recipient for his distinguished work in live television.



He is survived by his wife of 51 years, Justine (Judy), 2 daughters, 2 sons and 4 grandchildren.



Frank McKiernan, Engineering, died on July 22nd.

Bill Monroe writes:

Ray Scherer's funeral just about filled the Navy chapel. Only a few seats empty here and there. Julian and Betty Goodman were on hand, both looking good. Lee Valeriani, Carl Stern and Joy, Max Schindler, Betty Dukert, Hugh Sidey, Haynes Johnson, Kaplows, Asmans, Sid Davises, Henrietta Young, Big Willard, Scherer friends (Bob Donovan and Congressman Sid Yates, for example), Scherer relatives, Hetzner relatives (first time I knew what Barbara's maiden name was), and a few hundred others.

Jim Scherer spoke. Dick Johnson, old Washington friend, spoke. I spoke. I tried to get across what a thoroughly decent, friendly, warm, straight, wholesome guy and first-class journalist Ray was. I had forgotten that Ray used to be a specialist in covering presidential news conferences, then getting to a telephone and (within 15 seconds in one case) rattling off verbatim quotes for a live newscast.

One of the stories I included, the one I personally like best, was about the time, after sending film to London from North Ireland, Ray and his NBC crew went to a pub to unwind. After a couple of ales they found themselves in

conversation with the locals at the next table. Eventually one of them asked, "Tell me, Mr. Scherer, are you a Catholic or a Protestant?"

Slight pause on Ray's part.

Then: "To tell you the truth, I'm an agnostic."

Slight pause on the Irishman's part.

Then: "Well, tell me, are you a Catholic agnostic or a Protestant agnostic?"

When Ray first told me the story years ago, I asked him what happened next. He couldn't remember.

The day after the Navy chapel service, they buried him out in Woodville, Virginia, near their Sperryville place, in a beautiful little rural cemetery beside a country road, with a couple of trees and green pastures flowing upward toward some friendly-size mountains.

Ray may be the best combination of journalist and nice guy of our time, up at the top of both categories.

Bill Monroe, 24 years with NBC news, was Washington Bureau Chief and Washington Editor of the Today Show. Bill succeeded Lawrence E. Spivak as moderator of "Meet the Press." In retirement, he and his wife, Libby, live in Bethesda MD.

He was 87 years old. Frank was born in Scotland and came to this country in 1929.

He and his wife, Rose, were living in a convalescent home in Manchester, Connecticut at the time of his death from cancer.

Frank spent most of his NBC career in the Radio Electronic Maintenance Department.



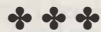
John Rice, Engineering, passed away on June 5th. Cause of death was a heart attack. John was 69.



Florence Ring, sister of Marie DePietro and sister-in-law of Vincent DePietro, former Peacock North President, died in July at her home in Florida. Florence was Albert Protzman's secretary (Engineering Scheduling) in the 1950s.



Judd Rose, a reporter and anchor for network and cable TV shows, died at 45 of cancer. Most of Rose's TV years were spent with ABC, but he did work for NBC radio prior to the 1980s. He had won an EMMY and a Peabody.



Shad Northshield, "Shad," — Robert J. Northshield, one of the outstanding producers at NBC News, and a veteran, too, of CBS and ABC, died at age 78 in August after a lingering illness in a metro area nursing home.

His most enduring creation was CBS' "Sunday Morning Show," first produced in 1979 with Charles Kuralt, now with Charles Osgood, and still running strong.

At NBC, Shad was executive producer of "Today," and "Huntley-Brinkley," and numerous presidential elections and space shot missions. Among his awards: an Emmy, the George Foster Peabody, and the du Pont-Columbia University Award.

During WWII he served as a lieutenant in the army in Europe, and was awarded the Purple Heart after being wounded in combat.

His post-war journalism career began at the Sun-Times in Chicago where he was a reporter, photo editor and columnist. Shad entered TV at CBS in 1953 as an associate producer and returned there in 1977 after his NBC days. He retired from CBS in 1995.

He had a great interest in nature and that interest continues in the closing minutes of "Sunday Morning," which is always devoted to a minute or two of a nature scene with only ambient sound as the audio. (DG)

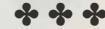


Robert McFarland, 62, a former correspondent, producer and Washington bureau chief of NBC News, died at his Austin, Texas home of lymphoma in late August.

McFarland joined NBC in 1966, became a "Huntley-Brinkley" producer in '69, and London bureau chief in 1973 before returning to the states and "Nightly News."

He was named a vice president in 1982 and the principal planning executive at network headquarters in New York.

He spent 28 years at NBC, retiring a few years ago.

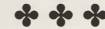


Vincent Kane, Engineering, passed away on Aug 26th. He was 77. The cause of death was cancer. He had worked for NBC for 31 years. He is survived by his wife, Dolores, a son, a daughter and three grandchildren.



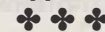
Roy J. Silver, 71, Newsman, worked with legendary radio sports journalist Bill Stern, and later with Dick Schapp; for many years past, a sports reporter on television, died October 5.

Silver was newsman at NBC television for more than a quarter century when he retired in 1988. (See page 6.)

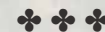


Alan Courtney, 79, TV and entertainment industry executive died in early May. The San Francisco-born Courtney left a position as a bank executive in 1940 to join Metropolitan Theatres as a manager of two Newsreel theaters.

After Army service during World War II began his career at NBC. Starting as a page in 1947 on the West Coast, he was later transferred to New York to be director of station relations. In 1953 he became director of daytime and night-time programming, and the following year network executive in charge of production for "The Steve Allen Show." In 1960 he had a two-year stint as VP of program development and network sales. He left NBC in 1962 to be VP of programming at CBS. In 1963 he joined MGM Television in California as vice president and was executive in charge of productions such as "Dr. Kildare," "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," and "Flipper."



William (Bill) Flood, Jr., son of NBC's Bill Flood, died October 12th of a heart attack, he was 42. Bill Jr. worked as the TD at Martha Stewart's home in Connecticut where she does her TV show. He also worked as a TD at Channel 13, the New York PBS station.



*The sun has set, its cycle ends.
No more to light the faces of our friends.
Their toils are over, they've no more to give.
But in our memory they will always live.
Now they sleep in endless night.
Only to waken to eternal light.*

We Get Letters

**John Deeg
Writes:**

I always was a radio bug and played around building radios when I was a kid. I got my ham license when I was 17 (W2KPA) which I still hold today at age 80.

When the war started in Europe and things were getting hot in 1941, the U.S. Government was looking for amateurs to be trained to be ship operators. The training was done under the direction of the US Maritime Service and administered by the Coast Guard on Gallups Island in Boston Harbor. I joined sometime in the middle of 1941.

We got into the war in December 1941 and I shipped out from New York in January 1942 on a banana boat. We brought war materials to Jamaica and brought back bananas from various ports in the Indies (Caribbean). The German subs were knocking off ships on the Atlantic coast and we soon changed our home port to Baltimore and then to New Orleans. (Over 400 ships were lost on the Atlantic coast in 1942/43).

I sailed on the ship, SS Gatun, until sometime in the beginning of 1943 when the Army took over the ship for a



John & Doris Deeg, Christmas Day 1999.

troop transport and I got kicked off. By that time, the subs had gotten into the Gulf of Mexico and were knocking off ships all over the place. I must have heard close to a hundred SOS calls of ships torpedoed or 5555 calls of ships being chased by subs.

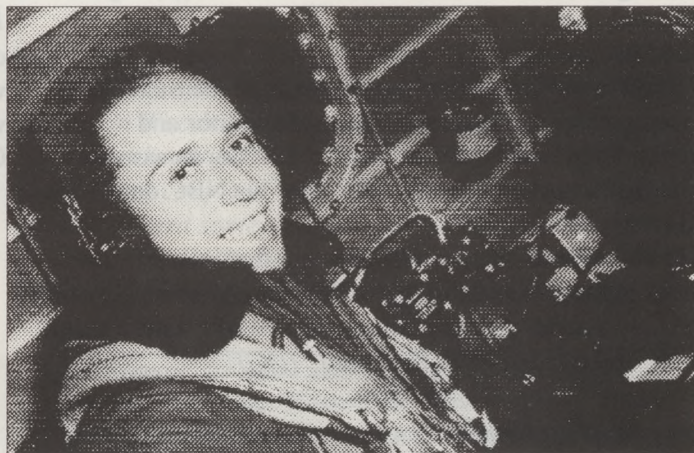
After my army service I joined Pan-American Airways as a radio operator at their ground station in Brownsville, Texas. I worked as a point to point operator with various places in Central America and then later with the planes en route for safety checks.

After a few months, my draft board threatened to draft me because I left the sea but I beat them to it by joining the Army in New Orleans. Since I had all the top commercial radio licenses they indicated I would go to radio school. Lo and behold, I end up in gunnery school and then they made me a gunnery instructor. After getting my ears practically flattened on the gunnery ranges, I asked to go overseas (that automatically made me a sergeant).

After arriving at a the Eighth Air Force base in Eng-



At sea — In the radio shack aboard the S.S. Gatun where he served from January 1942 until about April 1943.



In the air — Returning from a raid over Erfurt, Germany, his seventh combat flight. (Army Air Force photograph)

land as a gunnery instructor, I find that they don't need them, but they sure could use good radio operators. So I make a deal with them to train myself on army gear and procedure. (I took three weeks).

I then started flying missions on the B-17 bombers as a radio operator. (February 1945). After a few missions, I flew as squadron lead operator and then flew my last missions as group lead operator on the lead plane of the group of 36 planes. The lead operator does the handling of messages with the home base in England. (check points, bombs away, etc.) I got in ten missions and the war ended.

After the war ended, I did not have enough points to go home and I spent almost a year in France where we set up a base near Marseilles. We started a program called the "Green Project;" we flew high point men to Casablanca on their way home to the U.S.

By that time I was heavily involved with the radio school on the base. I set up radio facilities to communicate with our bases in Germany. I was offered a field commission as a lieutenant if I would stay another year. I declined the offer and went home in early 1946 as a Technical Sergeant.

In the fall of 1946, I went to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn under the G.I. bill, got my E.E. in 1950 and joined NBC two days after graduating.

I started as a studio engineer for WNBC radio in Paul Gallant's group. I used to sign on the station and then put on Skitch Henderson at the piano at times.

Well, things shifted to radio maintenance and then to TV maintenance where I spent most of my time in NBC.

In 1951, Doris and I got married and lived in Kew Garden Hills for a few years and then moved to East Meadow, Long Island. We had three children: Jeffrey, Susan and Nancy, all of whom are now happily married and living on Long Island and raising their own children.

After I retired in 1980, we moved from East Meadow to our former summer house in Sag Harbor, NY. It is a great

place and we love it. I got a boat immediately and do a lot of fishing. Our house is only a few blocks from Noyac

Bay. I have a small 15 foot boat that I keep at the local marina. If I decide to go fishing, I can be out and doing it in 15 minutes.

Well, I guess that is it for now. Thanks for the opportunity to have some input to Peacock North. You fellows are doing a great job — it must take a lot of dedication and work and I salute you.

John Deeg



On the bay—Spring 2000, John Deeg (on left with fish) and his fishing buddy.

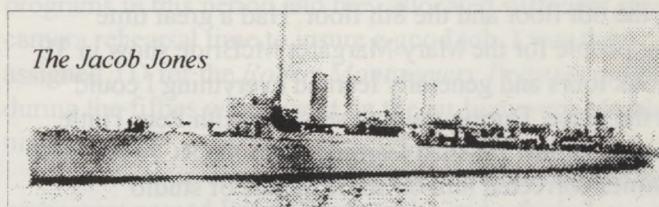
Publisher's note: One ship lost along the New Jersey shore, early in the war, was the US destroyer "Jacob Jones," Lt. Comdr. Hugh Black in command. Black was from my home town of Oradell, NJ. He had been home to see his father on Washington's Birthday. As a departing gift, the Girl Scouts presented him with hand knitted gloves, hats and scarves made by the girls and their mothers.

The Jacob Jones left New York harbor on February 22, 1943 and made a possible sub contact near Ambrose Light Ship. For 5 hours they ran 12 attack patterns dropping some 57 depth charges. Oil slicks appeared during the last six attacks but no other debris was detected. Having expended all her charges Jacob Jones returned to New York to rearm.

Six days later, February 28, 1943, while on patrol the Jacob Jones took a spread of German torpedoes. The first torpedo struck just aft of the bridge and apparently it set off the ship's magazine. Black was probably killed in that initial blast. There were only 11 survivors.

That brought the war very close to home

Frank Vierling



The Jacob Jones

ed leddy remembers

I was very sorry to hear of Dick Dudley's passing. He was a great friend of mine. I'll tell you how I met him.

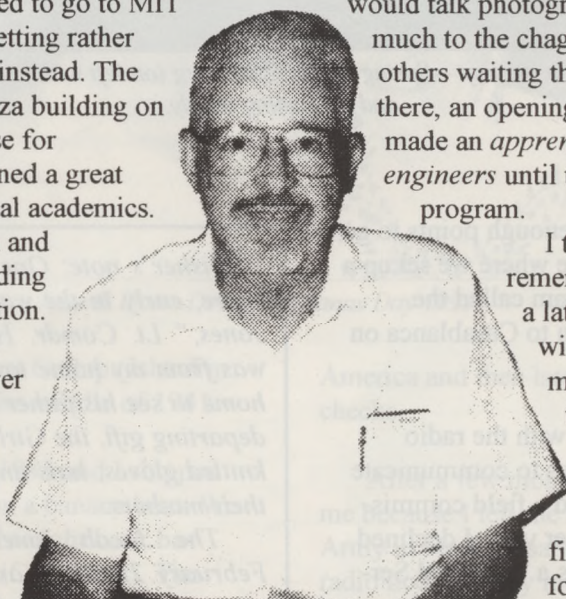
I graduated from Tenafly, NJ High School in 1940. All through the thirties, I was an avid radio listener and after sending for some tickets to see a live show, I decided that was what I wanted to do. I had intended to go to MIT first, but the war storm clouds were getting rather heavy, so I decided on RCA Institute instead. The school was located in the Holland Plaza building on Canal Street. It was a very good course for electronics and broadcasting. One gained a great deal of information other than the usual academics. There was a very complete discussion and description of the NBC studios, including a bit about the 711 Fifth Avenue location. In my file I still have a very complete manual of the operation there. However most of the studio information was about 30 Rock.

A friend of mine and I visited several stations in the city, including WOR, NBC and others. We concentrated on NBC and inasmuch as there was no security, as there is today, we managed to make our own tour of the place. One day I was going past studio 5A, as I remember, and Dick was doing his thing. I got to talking to him and he spent a lot of time showing me the place. He showed me the 3rd floor studio control rooms, explained the Announcers Delight consoles, the Master Control Room, and just about everything else. He sort of took a shine to me and we remained great friends.

When I finished the RCA course in '42, I rushed up to 30 Rock and put in my application for a job. The only openings were in Guest Relations, so I became a Page and then a Guide for the next four months. Worked the 3rd floor, the 6th floor and the 8th floor. Had a great time seating people for the Mary Margaret McBride show in 3E (?). Took tours and generally learned everything I could about the place. During training sessions with Pete Tintle, because I had just finished learning from the RCA course, I sometimes corrected him on some details of studio construction and the shadowless lighting. Surprisingly he didn't get mad when I overstepped my bounds.

Finally an engineering opening came along, and I was

assigned as gofer in O.B. Hanson's office on the fifth floor office section. I got to know all the engineers and others there and had a great time playing jokes on Margaret Primont, OB's secretary. Sometimes when OB strolled in about 9:10, and some of his men were waiting in his outer office to see him, he would bring me in with him and we would talk photography and compare recent pictures, much to the chagrin of Chester Rackey, Ray Guy and others waiting there to see him. After six months there, an opening came up in operations and I was made an *apprentice*. I had to watch and follow the engineers until they were sure I could handle a live program.



I then got to do some of Dick's shows, I remember particularly, **Rockabye Dudley**, a late evening show. He had a great way with words and had some real neat music to go along with it. I ran the turntables and sometimes he had me introduce a number. As I remember that was in 8E, the studio that was designed as a living room and had a fireplace and all. It was originally used for Lowell Thomas.

I had to take a year out for Uncle Sam. While in the hospital in London, I heard Dick on the BBC Armed Forces Radio. I managed to get into London for a visit and he told me I could get an assignment there if I wanted. I was scheduled to be returned to a US hospital, so I thanked him, but went home instead. I was back to work at NBC before the war was over. I took a picture of him at the BBC microphone which was printed in the NBC Chimes and in a Peacock.

During the fifteen years I was there, I moved between Studio, Audio Maintenance, Field, Master Control and when I left in 1957, I was in the engineering lab building video equipment. My favorite job was one the regular field engineers did not like to do, local big band remotes. Having grown up on big band music, I enjoyed meeting and talking to the band leaders. Did remotes all over Manhattan, the Bronx and New Jersey. The Rustic Cabin was a favorite, I lived about ten minutes away and inasmuch as we kept the equipment there, I was home an hour before my shift was over. Because we had a sliding pay scale (10 years to make grade level; reduced somewhat after I started) I got assigned to the United Nations in Lake Success. I had to check in at

9:00 am and didn't leave until after the 11 O'clock news. I lived in NJ and left home at 7 in the morning and got back home at 1 AM. The OT and short turn around, even at my low level, were great.

Near the end of my stay, I was in the Lab and had worked on the first hand-held TV camera. Four of us loaded the NBC station wagon with equipment and being the low man on the NBC totem pole, I was elected as driver to Atlantic City for the Governors' Convention, I was the one who walked around televising the governors and guests using the so-called Creepie Peepie; had a ball. We were there a total of three days, setting up and breaking down.

Sometime during the mid-50's, when old time radio was completely dead and the only thing left was News, Sports and DJ's, I decided to take a leave of absence and try my luck in Florida. I got a job with General Electric in Largo and when my leave was up, I kindly thanked NBC for 15 great years and stayed with GE for 30 years until I retired in 1987. Not too long before I retired, GE bought NBC so in effect I worked for the same company for 45 years.

GE was a prime contractor for the Atomic Energy Commission. The job was very interesting and for many

years my responsibility was to determine the Security Classification, either Secret, Confidential or Unclassified, of all documents in the plant. The job entailed visiting all seven AEC manufacturing sites from Florida to California. As a side line, I built (literally) a recording studio in our Photographic Lab, and prepared many tape recorded recruiting programs and other in-house productions. I did the entire production: the recording, editing, voice and some of the writing, everything except the photography.

I have left out a lot of things I remember, but I'll save them for another time. I read every issue of Peacock North and have saved them all. When I was in Florida I attended the reunions whenever I could. I don't see or recognize many people any more, most of the radio guys are gone, and I didn't get to know very many of the TVers.

Thanks for listening, 73's

Ed Ledy

Ed now lives in Brevard, North Carolina

Frank McArdle Recalls

FIRST PAPAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

Pope Paul VI visited New York City in 1965 to address the UN and later a gathering at Yankee Stadium. The visit was a historical event since he was the first Pope to visit the United States. As a news event all the TV networks covered the Yankee Stadium gathering. Following a previous arrangement, the three television networks set up a pool operation. Each network contributed equipment and personnel to the joint effort. In addition each network had one camera coverage under its own control.

NBC assigned me as TD of this single camera operation and Pete Peterson as video control engineer. Pete's task was to set up and adjust the difficult and unstable first generation color camera, the TK41. With Pete in the joint control room were the engineers and equipment of the other two networks. As it turned out, Pete was the only experienced video engineer in the control room and he setup the other two network cameras in addition to his own NBC camera.

In the meanwhile in the camera cage where I was located, I discovered that the cameraman assigned to the job was a new fellow and had only been with the company a week. I decided that I would be the cameraman and told the new man to relax. The program went well and I learned later that NBC News was pleased with Pete's and my efforts.

(Publisher's note: A week before the Pope's visit I was assigned to Yankee Stadium to supervise the installation, by the stadium electricians, of the camera and audio cables for the 3 networks and pool cameras.

After the Pope left I was able to take a piece of the carpet from the stage. I framed commemorative medals that were sold during this historic event using pieces of the carpet as backgrounds. I made several for my Catholic friends — now they are treasured possessions. FV)

ROBERT MONTGOMERY PROGRAM FOUL-UP

The years from 1950 to 1956 were the golden years of live television. This was true because there was no satisfactory recording of video in place during this period, and also because the NBC radio network that preceded the television network was nearly all live. Continuing this mode of operation in television was natural for NBC.

Most live studio productions were rehearsed and hopefully everybody knew his job by the time the show went on the air. The unwritten rule was: "Get it right the first time because there is no second time."

The big expensive live dramatic shows were important programs in this period and they allocated sufficient studio camera rehearsal time to insure a good job. I was the assigned TD for the *Robert Montgomery Presents* program during the fifties which went on the air live every Monday night at 9 PM.

The foul-up concerns a show in the fifties and an actor participant named Ralph Bunker who had a fairly large part in the play. I knew of Ralph Bunker from my Uncle Martin who as a performer worked under Bunker as producer

at the Eastman Theater in Rochester, N.Y. in the early thirties. Now I had a chance to meet him in the rehearsal of the play he was acting in for *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

Unfortunately, it was my new friend Ralph Bunker who brought the on-air presentation to a sudden halt during the second act.

The show was going very smoothly under the excellent direction of Norman Felton who had planned it very well when, in a key scene, Bunker forgot his lines. He completely blanked out and muttered, "Will somebody please help me." Somehow the other actors got things moving again but the play was ruined. Poor Ralph Bunker, and poor everybody else who had worked so hard and precisely on the production. But that was live television.

A Civil Rights Incident circa 1963

James Meredith, a civil rights leader, was completing his protest march on Jackson, Mississippi. During the last three-mile leg of the journey he was joined by Martin Luther King, Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson and other leaders of the civil rights movement. The leaders headed a parade of fellow protestors. NBC assigned me (and others) to cover the parade for television news from a one-camera Cadillac mobile unit. The unit had been designed ten years earlier for use in the Eisenhower inaugural parade. Usually the Caddy used a compact microwave transmitter to send the video to a base station and then on to the network. Here in this parade there was no possibility of doing that. A new small two-inch video tape recorder was assigned to record the event.

At the beginning of the parade the Cadillac was directly in front of the leaders to get the best camera shot. There were some cars preceding the Cadillac. The parade got under way. The temperature was 102 degrees F, and inside the Cadillac it was much hotter than that. Within a mile of the start the temperature got to the tape machine and it stopped.

Another half mile and the Cadillac motor overheated and it stopped. The parade gracefully stepped past and left us alone on the road. The five people of the crew got out and ignominiously pushed the car to the roadside. We went to a nearby store to find a telephone to communicate our disaster to NBC control. The black storeowners had closed the store, drawn the curtains, and were anxiously peering out and hoping for no rioting. They cordially let us in and offered us coffee and food.

That night, I was finishing dinner in the motel where I was staying when a stranger came to my table. He introduced himself as an FBI agent and said that he had been in a car with others in front of the Cadillac at the start of the parade. They were there to protect the NBC mobile unit against potential expected violence.

Technologically, this was a flaky endeavor. Microwave was not feasible and the tape machine was unreliable. NBC was only there, I believe, because they were warned there would be trouble if we appeared; it would be a good story.

I did not suspect this at the time. □



Frank McArdle is a retired TD now living in Roxbury, New York

LITTLE NIPPER

John Aram spotted this in a 1950 reprint of an earlier Pennsylvania newspaper.

John comments: "The 'His Master's Voice' mystique seems to have grown over the years."

From the *Eagle & Citizen-Times*:

"According to the reports old-time natives of Bohemia and environs, it was Sweatnam's fox terrier 'Spin' who has graced the Victor Talking Machine records as a trademark down through the years. Sweatnam was making a recording one day, and his dog 'Spin,' listening intently and

peering into the big horn of the music box, barked fervently, for he knew it was his Master's Voice.

Bohemia, in Pike County, owes its name to the Sweatnams. The Post Office Department, seeking a name for the locality, called on the townspeople for suggestions. Lucy James, attending school there at the time, forwarded the name 'Lodge Bohemia,' the name of the Sweatnams' home. The Post Office accepted the name Bohemia, but discarded the Lodge."

Willis P. Sweatman was a noted entertainer in the early 1900s and had a country home with 500 feet on Lake Teedyuskung. W. C. Fields rated Sweatman as a prodigious performer. ED



Travel with Don & Sandy

By the Luftig's

We had never been to Barcelona, Spain. Everyone told us this city of ole's, hola's and pesetas was someplace special to visit, so, we made it our next port of call. We scheduled a week there followed by a week in Jordan.

Barcelona, Spain's second largest city, with a population of over a million and a half people, is a bustling, growing center that still retains many attractive open plazas. Concrete architecture in Barcelona is ogled almost as much as the sidewalk lotharios view the local senioritas. The man responsible for most of this architectural action is the design icon of Spain whose name is Antoni Gaudi. His buildings attract tourists like viewers to the final episode of "Survivor."

Towering over the city is his design of the most famous of the many churches in the city. It is called the Sagrada Familia. Its four towers collectively representing the 12



Like rockets ready to be launched

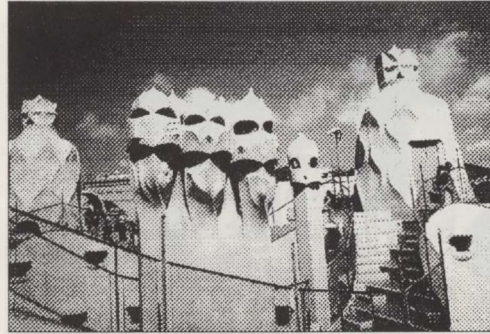


La Casa Mila

apostles, soar into the sky like rockets ready to be launched. Meticulously carved, the effect is dynamic.

On the bustling main street, Passeig de Gracia, you cannot help but notice a building whose facade undulates like a gentle wave. It is La Casa Mila, another of Gaudi's works. Built between 1906 and 1912, it stands out like an oasis in the desert. Inside the

building is an apartment filled with furniture, desks, telephones, typewriters, lamps, just as it was in that period. Walking through the large rooms, with their high



Rooftop Aliens

ceilings, was a back to the future event. Most rooftops in Barcelona are similar to those in our country, a forest of television antennae. The rooftop on this building is unlike any we have ever seen. It is a sculpture sensation. The chimneys are concealed in what look like vast concrete perfume bottles. Other chimneys are masked by what appear to be alien or extraterrestrial faces.

At the time, and even today, these sculptures are considered to be prime examples of modernism.

A visit to Barcelona isn't complete unless you've spent a major amount of time in a section of town called Las Ramblas. It is an area equivalent to 4th Street on Fifth Avenue to 23rd Street. Traffic is banned in the center lane that is filled with outdoor cafes, flower stands and a great variety of vendors. It has a Greenwich Village flavor with artists hawking their oils and watercolor paintings. Musicians entertain visitors sitting in outdoor cafes. Mimes hold their poses and your attention. Wearing distinctive costumes these still artists change their position when you drop a few pesetas in the container in front of them. Acrobats and jugglers create a festive atmosphere. It is a fun place to visit and the warm weather brought us back a few times. It was easy and fun to ramble in Las Ramblas.



Still artists of Las Ramblas

We found Barcelona to be friendly and clean. The subway system was easy to use. Outdoor cafes were pleasant but don't try to have dinner before 8 PM. The tables aren't even set up before then.

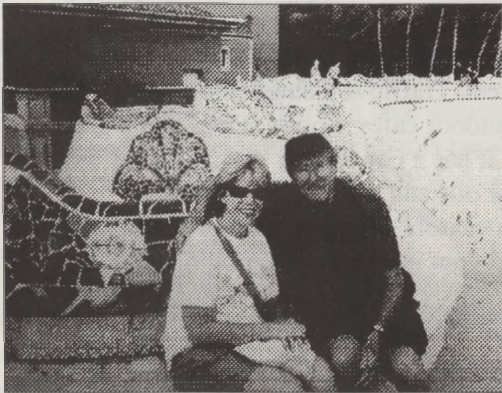
The Joan Miro museum in Barcelona is a unique place.



Rooftop Miro

It displays a collection of tapestries, sculptures and paintings that were different from Miro's we had seen in other galleries. The rooftop was an open-air gallery for some of his unique and smile-provoking sculptures.

The Guell Park at the northern edge of Barcelona is minutes away from the museum. It is an open-air sculptural Disneyland that seemed to be favored by families. Designed by Gaudi, it covers several



Guell Park bench

acres. The mosaic covered bench we're seated on stretches for over 220 feet.

Salvatore Dali has a museum dedicated to his work in the small village of Figueres. It

was a two and a half hour train ride from Barcelona.

Located on a small side street, it is a magnet for tourists and the entrance line was stretched out like one of his painted clocks. The Dali works of art were huge, different and entertaining. The Dali was a dilly!

If you go to the Guggenheim Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York, you will see a



The Guggenheim in Bilbao

model of the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Designed by Frank Gehry, it is an exciting building. Smoothly rounded, asymmetrical, it is an amalgam of limestone, glass and titanium. It has more curves than the corniche in Monte Carlo. To reach this museum, we took a half-hour flight from Barcelona to Bilbao. Yes, it was expensive and indulgent, but we had heard so much about it, seen the model, and doubted that we would be in this area again for who knows how long, so we splurged. Was it worth it? Yes. The exterior and interiors were unusual. Large rooms are dwarfed by enormous canvases by Lichtenstein, Pollack, Picasso and others. Unusual LED displays ran up and down a thirty foot area in constantly changing designs. In its first year, almost a million and a half people have visited the museum. Should you see it? If you have the opportunity, do so. It is the largest gallery in the world.

On to Jordan

Landing in Amman, Jordan, the first thing that hits you is the heat. The temperature was close to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

The people were very friendly and the city is in the process of a massive building boom. Before we left the U. S., the State Department had posted a travel advisory about Jordan. It said that US citizens should not go there and to stay away from the American Embassy which might be the subject of a terrorist attack.

As we toured Amman, we passed the building and found it surrounded with troops and police. Other than that, we found the city open and felt safe wherever we went.

The extreme heat makes it important to bring water with you wherever you go, and drink a lot of it. This is especially true when you visit open places like ancient fortresses and Roman ruins. One of the most impressive archeological sites we saw was at Jarash, known as the



The Pompeii of the Middle East

Pompeii of the Middle East. Uncovered in 1806, it has the best-preserved Roman temples, forums and streets in

the country.

Other sites to see include a Franciscan chapel atop Mount Nebo. It is marked by a memorial stone erected to Moses who is said to have stood there and gazed into the Promised Land after his forty years of wandering in the desert.

Nearby additional Roman ruins held the remains



Temple of Hercules ruins



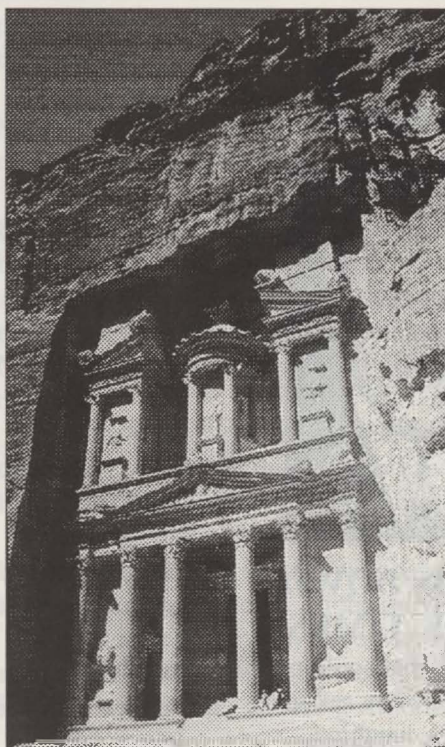
Trail to Petra

of the Temple of Hercules. This temple was destroyed in an earthquake. From a high point in the ruins, we looked down at an ancient amphitheater. Seating thousands, it is now surrounded by modern suburbs.

The highlight of our trip and the main reason for our going to Jordan was to visit Petra. Petra is incredible. If you saw Harrison Ford in "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" you saw this remarkable place settled by Arabs

more than two thousand years ago; it dominated the trade routes of ancient Arabia.

Petra's most famous monument is the Treasury. The facade is 30 meters wide and 43 meters high. Carved in the first century BC. as a tomb for a king, it was later used as a temple. The urn at the top of the monument was believed to hold gold and precious jewels and that's how it acquired the name as the Treasury. After a twenty-minute walk through the mountain (cut apart by an earthquake) you reach the open area and your mouth opens as well. The first thing you see is that Treasury building. Carved out of the limestone cliff, it is a fabulous sight and is remarkably preserved. Four of its six pillars are original. The colors are natural and beautiful. There are many royal tombs and cave-filled streets. Sandy and the guide climbed into the hills to explore some of the royal caves while I stayed below and took



The Treasury

planned to go to Aqaba and enjoy two days of relaxation at the seashore. Unfortunately, Aqaba was having a heat wave and the 120 degree temperature was just too much to take. We decided to head back home early.



Caves in Petra

We arrived safely. Eight days later, our luggage arrived. Oh well, that's slow biz.

As always, it was good to get away but great to get home. □

pictures.

There is also a 7,000 seat theater from the time of Jesus, a Palace Tomb in the Roman style, a gigantic monastery and what was believed to be the shrine of Aaron, brother of Moses, high atop Mount Aaron.

Pictures cannot match the excitement of being there and seeing the area. If you can, go to Petra. It's a show stopper.

The heat throughout all of Jordan was oppressive and we

Don and Sandy are at home in North Caldwell, NJ, writing a tale for our next issue of their latest cruise adventure — Rome, Monte Carlo, Portofino, Sorrento, Taormina, Malta, Corfu in Greece and ending in Venice.

KEN'S

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by
Ken Arber

FROM MAUREEN DOWD, of the NEW YORK TIMES

I asked Jack Welch what could possibly make his book worth \$7.1 million. Is there any sex in it?

"Very little," he says, laughing.

Authors used to be lavished with money for writing love scenes. But the Valley of the Dolls has been replaced by the Silicon Valley of the dot-coms. The sexiest thing in America is no longer sex, it's money.

Last week, Harry Potter had to make room for some adult fantasies: not about conjuring up pin cushions from hedgehogs but about conjuring up cash — lots and lots of cash.

Call it the literature of lucre, the Bildungsroman of the bottom line. First Random House gave Robert Rubin, the investment banker and former treasury secretary who masterminded the new culture of wealth, \$3.3 million for his story. Then Time Warner ponied up \$7.1 million to Mr. Welch, the chairman of GE, who has been described by Fortune magazine as "the leading management revolutionary of the century."

Mr. Welch's book auction broke the record for a non-fiction book. It was \$4 million more than Paula Barbieri got for describing life with O.J., and half million or so more than either Colin Powell got for his heroic saga or the Pope got for writing about spirituality.

Mr. Welch, raised in a good Irish Catholic family in Salem, Mass., was a little embarrassed that he trumped the Pope. Calling Friday night from the locker room after a golf tournament, he confided: I got an e-mail from a friend about the bidding that said, "You should have cut it short at the Pope. Now you are dead. Didn't your altar-boy days teach you that?"

Then again, Mr. Welch — who says he will give all the earnings from his book to charity — did have the same agent as the Pope. His literary agent was Mark Reiter at Mark McCormack's International Management Group. Mr.

McCormack, a prominent sports agent, handled the promotion of some of the Pope's trips abroad.

We may have a numbing presidential contest between a couple of beta males, two pampered scions of famous families whose paths were laid out for them.

But "Neutron Jack" is ready to spill all his alpha secrets. "This guy is the Vince Lombardi of business," says John Huey, the Fortune editor. The stock price of GE from the time the 64-year old took over the company 20 years ago is a vertiginous vertical line that has made him the most widely aped and studied executive in the land.

Publishers, who see the pilots of the new turbo-charged economy as the hot celebrities, are clearly hoping for another Lee Iacocca.

Mr. Welch says he hopes his Scout's-oath style of advice will be uplifting — Be true to yourself, be honest with others, say what you think, go with your instincts, teach people that you can stretch and grow in ways you never thought possible.

"It's like a dinner party with 12 people. You bring as many intellects together as you can and then take the best ideas out of each. The leader who gets the most ideas from the most sources will have the most success."

Just as Bob Rubin has been mentioned as a Democratic vice presidential prospect, Donald Trump use to say he might have chosen Jack Welch.

But Mr. Welch, who says he is a "Republican fiscally but a Democrat on many social issues," demurs. "I don't touch politics," he says.

"In government, the best ideas don't always win. The president has to deal with Congress. In government, you're always compromising. You sell out on some principle and get something else for it. In business, you're not. You can be totally free. In a company, we have the luxury of being able to remove values we don't like."

He's not worried about the dot-com bubble bursting. "I think we've handled the shakeout quite well," he says. "There's no new economy, it's the same old economy with new technology. We get rid of some of the numbing, boring jobs and make society better and more creative."

He rejects the notion that our national fixation on money and easy millions is unhealthy. He thinks America has grown more like the earnest '50s — when housewives were snapping up GE's new fangled appliances — than the greed-is-good '80s.

"The young kids we're hiring today are focused and excited," he says. "They believe in hard work and giving back to the community and in having balanced lives. I don't see more greed or less greed now. A lot of people have participated in this market." It's not confined to a narrow group of fat cats. The boats have risen everywhere.

After working for NBC, RCA and GE, for over 42 years, I feel we shall miss Jack Welch, because, since I have been retired, over 26 years, I have appreciated, the two

increases in my retirement payments, and thank Jack Welch for his interest in doing that.

Looking Back at History

When I first started working at NBC in April 1934, I think the President of NBC was Merlin Aylesworth, followed by Major Lenox Lohr, and then Niles Trammell, and so on. NBC had just left 711 Fifth Avenue, and moved to Rockefeller Center.

Around 1936 a telephone message came to the engineer's lounge for me. One of the engineers answered and left a message on the bulletin board. When I came in, several called my attention to the note. It read, "Ken, Major Lenox Lohr called, and wants you to call him back."

They were all sitting there waiting for me to make the call. It appeared like the old April fool trick, where one gets a message to call a certain number, and asks for a Mr. Fish, and it turns out that the number is for the New York City aquarium, and then everyone would have a big laugh.

I surprised them when I made the call to Mr. Lohr's office and had a long conversation with him. Little did they know that I knew Major Lenox Lohr and had many conversations with him during my early morning duties of checking his electronic equipment and the self contained air conditioning units in his office.

Over the years, he learned that I was quite experienced with 8 mm movie film, and he had become interested in movie film. He called me to ask if I would come to his home, on the Fourth of July, where he was going to have a party for all of the employees of NBC, and he wanted me to operate his film studio using two 16 mm film projectors. Of course I was thrilled to be able to do this, but informed him, that I had no experience with 16 mm projectors and he said he would help and instruct me in the operation.

I arrived at his home, early in the morning of the Fourth of July, and he took me around, and showed me his home which, I think, was rented for him by NBC. It was a palatial home in, I believe, Tarrytown, New York.

Arriving at the home, one would drive around a circular driveway, where there were many trees, and each of the trees had a bronze plaque, describing the kind of tree, and the approximate age. Between the trees were lights on tall poles, to illuminate the driveway.

There was a small lake, with a boat capable of seating about eight or so persons. I believe it was powered by a battery powered electric motor. There was a swimming pool and a small hothouse. One side of the building had a bowling alley. There was also an enclosed aviary with exotic birds.

As one entered the house there was a reception area, with a three-manual pipe organ. I had hoped to try the organ out. I had taken lessons on a Hammond Electronic Organ. But I was unable to get to the console because a famous announcer, Graham MacNamee, spent a couple of hours playing on the instrument. Having no talent he was just

pushing down the floor bass keys, and hitting any keys on the console.

In the basement was a full shop for wood working. Major Lohr was in the process of making a small copy of a motor boat, about two feet long.

Below the shop was a small a movie theatre with about fifty theatre seats. There were two projection booths, each had a 16 mm projector, so that the movie could be shown by switching from one projector to the other. I remember the movie we were showing was Jeanette McDonald, and Nelson Eddy, where he played the part of a Canadian mountie.

There was a large ceiling chandelier with a switch that could dim or shut off the light, and switch to the wall pocket lights, just like a professional theatre.

This is where I operated the projectors for the employees, but after one showing very few people appeared to waste the time indoors, so the movie was cancelled.

As darkness came on there was a display of fireworks around the lake, set up by professional pyrotechnicians, and it ended with a large sparkling American Flag.

This explains why I was able to answer the phone, and the group in the lounge were disappointed, not having a great laugh, about my calling and speaking with Major Lenox Lohr, the president of NBC.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recently I had the pleasure of receiving a long message from my old friend Ray Glendon, radio engineer in the old days, when we were both working on "soap operas."

He mentioned a story he watched on "60 minutes" by Andy Rooney. It was something I encountered many years ago. It was when you buy a new car, they put their dealer name on the rear of the car. In my case, I objected to this free advertising. I told the dealer I would not accept the car if it had their name on it. The salesman could not understand my feelings and asked why I did not want the dealer's name on the car. I said that it was free advertising for their company and I don't get anything free from your company.

I asked what is it going to do for me? He replied that their mechanics would recognize it as a car from their sales office. I asked what that did for me? He had to admit nothing. He finally got the message, and asked me what it would take for me to allow the name on the car? I saw that I had broken him down, and said, "A free electric clock," which amounted to \$18.50.

Ray also mentioned that when he was playing golf, during a tournament, he met a gentleman who knew Louise Fogarty. Ray remembered her name was now Louise Malcolm. I well remember Louise, from way back, and would see her every time I went to Audio Recording, where she worked for Charley Bennins. As I remember it she and Mary Bell were the first female engineers with NBC.



Ken Arber's Archives

ED WYNN

(THE PERFECT FOOL)

Today, after 49 years in show business, Ed Wynn continues doing what he knows best and loves most - entertaining people.

The 65 year old comedian, whose comedy is so vastly visual, was born Issaih Edwin Leopold, November 9, 1886, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. At 18 he was headliner in big-time vaudeville, and in 1914 scored a smash on Broadway in "The Follies of 1914." From then on, it was a succession of hits on Broadway:

"The Ziegfeld Follies" (1915), "The Passing Show of 1916" (in which he became sole star), then starred in "Over The Top," "Doing Our Bit," "The Shubert Gaieties" (1919). He further distinguished himself in 1919, when he wrote the book, music and lyrics for "Ed Wynn's Carnival," in which he starred and which he owned. After the 116 week run of "Carnival." Wynn continued this amazing display of versatility, authoring and

NBC
PET MILK
KELLOGG'S
and
SNOW CROP
PRESENT



ED WYNN

In the great new Saturday night series

THE ALL STAR REVUE

JACK CARSON • JIMMY DURANTE • OLSEN & JOHNSON
DANNY THOMAS • ED WYNN • AND FIVE OTHER GREAT STARS

CENTER THEATRE • NEW YORK • SEPTEMBER 22, 1951

NBC

**PET MILK
KELLOGG'S**
and
SNOW CROP

PRESENT

ED WYNN

THE PERFECT FOOL

Starring his guests

JOAN BLONDELL
ANNE JEFFREYS
and
VALERIE BETTIS

Produced and Directed by EZRA STONE

NBC Production Supervisor
PETE BARNUM

Written by
LEO SOLOMON
JOE SPIN
BOB PEARSON
SI ROSE
STAN BURNS
HERB SARGENT

Assistant to the Producer
HOL BAYWIN

Choreography by
VALERIE BETTIS

Technical Director
JACK IRVING

Television Director
GREY LOCKWOOD

Musical Director
MERLE KENDRICK

Settings by
THEODORE COOPER

Audio by
KENNETH ARBER

Lighting by
JOHN FITZPATRICK

Costumes by
SAL ANTHONY

starring in "The Perfect Fool" (1922) and then "The Grab Bag." These were the beginning of a series of Broadway triumphs, such as "Simple Simon" and "The Laugh Parade." to name but two of many.

In 1922 the United States government asked Wynn to star in their first government broadcast. It was his introduction to a medium that was to catapult him to fame as "The Fire Chief," and to establish him as a national institution.

"Hurrah For What" had Broadway rollicking in '37, then "Boys and Girls Together" in 1940. He was the first actor to be called on by the government to entertain troops at the beginning of World War II. For Ed Wynn this was one of the greatest tributes ever accorded him, for he had accepted the same mission when called on by the government at the beginning of World War I, entertaining troops at Camp Yaphank. World War II saw Wynn organizing the first troop of entertainers to cover the country entertaining hospitalized servicemen.

He returned briefly to the air in 1944, and in 1949 launched his TV career via kinescope. Aware that TV, for him, is the theater, Wynn feels at home on a "live" telecast.

*Retired NBC TD Ken Arber and wife
Jaye live in Boynton Beach, FL.*

Radio Roundup

By
Lauren Krug-Grant

One of the nicest aspects of being a member of Peacock North is receiving the newsletter (which could actually be called a magazine because it has grown to what it is today!) Always a pleasure catching up on the comings and goings of people with whom we spent a great deal of time at one point in our lives. Every now and then, as you hop from page to page in the newsletter, there is mention of the place and people with whom it all began...that's right, Radio! Let's face it, without good old radio, none of us would be where we are today.

With that in mind, I mentioned the idea of a radio column to Pete Peterson and Frank Vierling at the May luncheon. They too thought it was a great idea, but needed someone to oversee the column. I spoke to several ex-radio people at the luncheon and all agreed it was a great idea, but no one volunteered to make it happen. Rather than see the idea go down the tubes (an old radio saying), I told them I would do it.

Since that day, I have sent numerous e-mails inviting former radio people to contribute stories, reminiscences, people-information, anything pertaining to their days in radio, be it network or local! The response has been terrific!

The following is the first "memorabilia piece" received from Peter Flynn, recollecting one of the many calls he received from the radio news desk when he was Operations Manager for the Radio Network.

Peter writes: One thing that comes to mind when I was Ops Manager — and you'll remember it, too — was when Bobby Kennedy was assassinated. I got the call at 3AM (12Mid LA time) from Jim Harper on the news desk — very cryptic: "Pete? You better get in here, Kennedy's been shot." And in my sleepiness I said: "That's already happened." (Meaning JFK of course five years earlier). And Jim said, "No, Bobby...Bobby Kennedy's been shot in LA." And that started that horrendous non-stop three or four days until the funeral at St. Pat's. The train cortège from D.C. to New York. I remember weeping in the control room. Awful. But everyone did a wonderful job of coverage.

Thanks, Pete, I remember it all too well, as I am sure

many of us do.

And from Phil Harper, former ROD and later, TV Tech, memories of a New England exchange: Jeff Osias and I were sent to New Hampshire to be part of the engineering team for the NBC Radio network coverage of the 1976 NH primary. We drove up in a rented station wagon and were driving around the NH countryside and of course got lost. We stopped and asked a farmer for directions in a brash New York way. The farmer replied, "Back up fellers; first of all, good afternoon. Kind of a gray day ain't it?" Then he gave us our directions after putting us in our place! Sometimes we all have to be reminded to slow down and say hello first!

Ray Weiss, former Director of the Radio Network Engineering Department sent in this recollection: October 1980, word came through to NBC News that the hostages being held in Iran might be released. Our London office proceeded to order a Hertz van to be located on a grass strip outside the military hospital in Wiesbaden, Germany. The van would be our main studio for broadcasting events back to the U.S. The hospital was where the hostages would be taken after being flown from Teheran. On November 1, Producer Jim Farley and I left for Frankfurt to join the crew from London to wait for the released hostages. When we arrived it was decided that a small vehicle should be parked at the Rhein-Mein Airbase to act as a terminating point for a four-wire circuit to the van in Wiesbaden. An Opel Cadet was added to the Hertz rental order and parked at the Rhein-Mein Airbase. As we all know, the hostages were not released in November 1980.

Jim Farley and I returned to New York after one week, leaving the van parked in Wiesbaden and the Cadet parked at the airbase. Our London correspondent, Phil Till, remained a while longer to keep the vigil and see that the equipment was ready for anything that might happen.

In January '81, Producer, Alan Walden, correspondent Cameron Swayze and I went back to Germany. The election of Ronald Reagan as President of the United States hastened the release of the hostages. Now there was snow on the ground. It was bitter cold. Most of our time was spent in the van and keeping warm became a major problem. The hospital had put out an electric circuit for the use of the

five news services that were parked on the grass. The line was daisy-chained through the vehicles with NBC Radio at the end of the line. We purchased an electric heater and wired it in. Turned on the switch and blew the circuit breaker. A better means of staying comfortable had to be found. I recalled seeing a fan-like device that fit on top of a butane tank that would project heat over a wide area. I took our interpreter and drove into Frankfurt to find a hardware store. This being winter time, butane devices were packed away on a high shelf. We located the fan-like attachment but had to go to the outskirts of the city, here hothouses were growing flowers, in order to rent butane tanks. Success: the van was now warm as toast. What we did not know at the time, there is a by-product, moisture. When we returned the next morning and turned on the heater, condensation that had formed ice on the ceiling now began to melt and rain down on us. A quick trip to the hotel provided us with enough towels to take care of that emergency. The Opel Cadet was another story. I was there throughout most of the night waiting for word that the plane carrying the hostages had left Teheran. Wearing heavy woolen ski socks and moon boots were not enough to keep my feet warm. When word arrived that they were airborne I drove back to my hotel in Wiesbaden and soaked myself in a hot tub for twenty minutes, then drove back to the airbase to await the arrival of the released hostages. Ex-President Jimmy Carter also arrived to greet the freed hostages. When all was over and we were to leave for home we returned the two vehicles to Hertz. That afternoon we received a call asking if there were problems with the vehicles. They had been rented for three months, the gas tanks were empty but they had only been driven 9 kilometers. After explaining that they were parked during the three months and that the engines were used to produce heat for warmth in January, we were

permitted to leave Germany.

Thanks, Ray. One thing always leads to another!

One final contribution to our new column is to say how saddened I was to hear of the death of Jim Cordon, a former Radio Network Maintenance Technician who was probably one of the nicest people I or anyone else had ever worked with. In reading about Jim's death, the one thing that came across from the writings of former coworkers, Jay Schneider and Andy Morris, was the fact that Jim did everything with a smile and a positive attitude. And, he never had a bad word to say about anyone or anything! He was involved in many an important project for NBC, always did them well and never, ever complained. Some of Jim's major accomplishments were his involvement in the installation and maintenance of a new Radio Network facility in the early 1980's, the introduction of the McCurdy Matrix Intercom System to NBC Television Rockefeller Center Headquarters in the 1990's, and the design and installation of NBC's broadcast communication systems for the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta. Jim was the kindest and nicest person a good many of us ever had the pleasure of working with. His co-workers and friends will sorely miss him.

As I said earlier, e-mails have gone out to a small number of former coworkers in Radio. So far I have heard from Russ Tornabene, Gene Garnes, Alan Walden and, of course, Ray Weiss, Peter Flynn and Phil Harper. That is our initial "writing staff" and my sincere thanks to them for their willingness to be part of this fun endeavor. You will be seeing their contributions, as well as others, in future issues of Peacock North.

If you would like to contribute to the column, your input would be most welcomed! Feel free to e-mail your prose and poetry to me at: lgrant@optonline.net.

Thanks and happy reading.

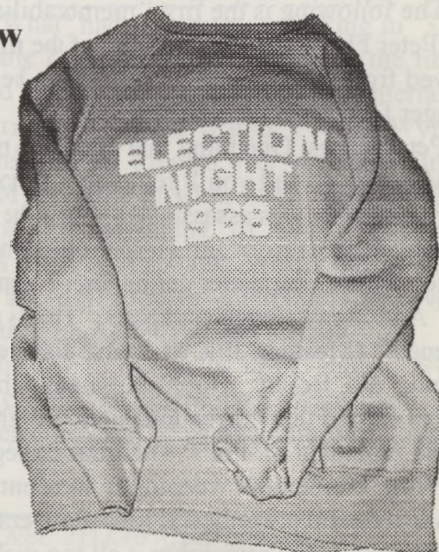


Ready for the Antiques Road Show

Remember when political conventions and elections were a big deal for the networks?

This sweat shirt turned up at our lakeside summer home in Maine, which incidentally we purchased that same year. What's hidden away in your closets that you can share with our readers?

Frank Vierling



A Message from

Pete Peterson



Technically speaking the new millennium starts January 1, 2001. So we're off to the races for the next 1000 years. What an opportunity this was for all of us to have been able to witness the miracle of this time frame change, and then be able to say, "BEEN THERE, DONE

THAT." And how about the Y2K hullabaloo last year forecasting a catastrophic technical and financial crash that never happened. That was a DUD! But what happened to us at Peacock North was real adversity. Suddenly losing the services of Dan Grabel to his health problems was a near tragedy for us. We're glad to report that Dan has undergone extensive repair and improvement through medical help and is returning to us for a brief period to continue writing his enjoyable column "At 30 Rock" along with other material in the newsletter.

That was really quite a jolt. Now, we learn that we have lost our good friend Roy Silver. He was Dan's very able "COLOR" background news researcher. Roy was a star in our eyes. Many have praised his excellent work. It was done in a quiet unassuming efficient and professional manner. I really liked the guy! And, he loved all PN'ers! We're sorry Roy Silver is gone. We will all miss him.

After Roy's death I looked into his background, and remembered that we had both attended and graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School (4000 students, all boys), in the Bronx, at nearly the same time. DeWitt Clinton was and is still a beautiful high school. Built on grounds that had the appearance of a college campus, not too far from Woodlawn Cemetery, the sight of the famous Lindbergh case. That was the Bronx of yesteryear! To me, it was the greatest learning center in America, with outstanding credentials and concentrated on high academic standards, especially in the 30's and 40's.

Among those who attended DeWitt Clinton High School were the following: Don Adams, James Caan, Martin Balsam, Paddy Chayevsky, George Cukor, Avery Fisher, Judd Hirsch, Stubby Kaye, Al Kelly, Theodore Kheel, Burt Lancaster, Jan Murray, Basil Patterson, Charles Rangel, Richard Rogers, Daniel Schorr, Neil Simon, Jimmie Walker, Fats Waller, Wm. Zeckendorf, and from NBC, Phil Falcone, and our own Dan Grabel. Across the way, we had Evander Childs High School where Carl Reiner, Red Buttons and James CoCo would be found. Near where I

lived was Cardinal Hayes High School with George Carlin and Regis Philbin. At Morris High School there was Gabe Pressman and Colin Powell. At Wm. Howard Taft High School, there was Sanford Brown, Eydie Gorme and Stanley Kubrick, and NBC member Ray Weiss. All of these high schools were in "The Bronx." I remember getting Saturday football scores on a small radio while working on "Your Show of Shows" at the International Theater at Columbus Circle. When DeWitt Clinton played football games against Evander Childs, Carl Reiner, and I would take gentlemen's bets during the afternoon rehearsals as to whose school would win the football game that day. Boy, what memories, and what great days!

As one of those Bronx kids, I remember during high school days, seeing a pretty gal on the local bus that went to the shopping centers near the various high schools. She was a smiley-faced gal with friendly brown eyes. She always got off the bus near Taft H.S. The next time I remembered seeing those eyes was on stage at the Hudson Theater on 44th Street near Broadway, some years later. It was at a rehearsal on the Steve Allen show, where he introduced his new singing star discovery, Eydie Gorme. The news recently of Steve Allen's passing was another one of those memory jolts we really don't enjoy. Scores of our PN group knew Steve Allen. Just about everyone in studio operations worked on the show at one time or another. The show rehearsals were better than the "On Air" performances. Imagine those afternoons with Andy Williams singing, Steve Lawrence and Eydie doing songs and shtick with Steve Allen. Great singing and dancing by Sammy Davis Jr. and dozens of stars day after day running through their songs, comedy bits and routines. It was a pleasure to come to work. Steve Allen was a very talented performer, and made crews often laugh at his zany comedy. Steve Allen successfully put the "Tonight Show" format into play, and it has been a viable profitable vehicle for NBC ever since. Others have been copycatting over the years, but only with questionable success. One day, during rehearsal I went up to the balcony to check the theaters electronic projection system. I was pleasantly surprised to find Steve and Eydie up in the darkened balcony in cozy chat during the rehearsal. Their marriage has been a great example of success in show biz marriages, a tribute not easily earned. Her voice was and is always a treat. Steve Lawrence accompanied her in song and marriage very nicely. Some of our internal NBC personnel were used in some of the comedy skits, among them, was Associate Director Marilyn Jacobs and others. (Names are slipping by often in my senior moments, sorry). Reflecting on those days re-enforces my feeling that "LIVE TV" had a dimension that cannot be equaled by the canned material in the present state of the art. I'll say it once again..... We PN'ers had TV at its best!

In this issue of our newsletter there are some special interest articles that once again relate to "The Greatest

PN HONORS ONE OF TV'S GREATS

Steve Allen, who died October 30th, might best be described, as he was by his friend of 40 years, Art Linkletter, "One of the great Renaissance figures of today."

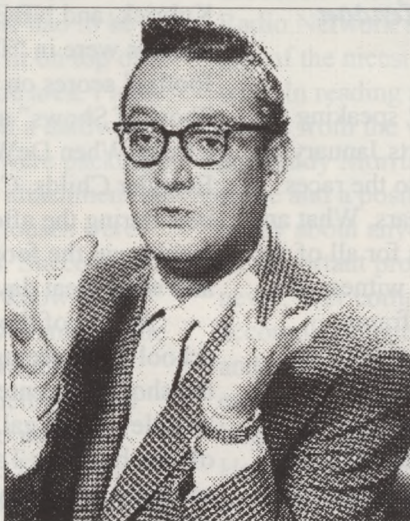
Allen died peacefully and suddenly at 78 at his son Bill's Encino, CA home.

He did it all – ALL! Performer. Composer, Lyricist. Actor. MC. Pianist. Author. A man of superb talent in every area. And, with good taste and morality.

Perhaps his first big break came in 1947 when he was hired by KNX radio in LA to be a disc jockey. But his chatter was more interesting than others' music and he performed before a studio audience of 1,000.

Allen wrote 4,000 songs in his lifetime – 350 in one week after he had a bet with singer Frankie Laine, boasting he (Allen) could create 50 songs a day for one week. He sat in the window of a Hollywood music store and wrote 50 a day! His biggest song — "This Could Be the Start of Something Big."

In 1953 NBC's Pat Weaver hired him to host the new "Tonight Show" – the first of the late night talk and entertainment shows. That went so well, NBC put him against CBS's Ed Sullivan in "The Steve Allen Show."



Steve in a 1959 photo

Later he MC'd "I've Got a Secret," and "What's My Line."

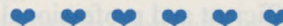
He went cerebral to create "Meeting of the Minds" for PBS, in which he brought together great thinkers of other eras – Galileo, Darwin, Freud — to recreate their conversations with Allen as host.

Allen acted in movies ("The Benny Goodman Story"), on stage (the title role in "The Mikado" in 1995), wrote music and lyrics for the Broadway musical ("Sophie") —which lasted a mere 8 performances, performed on 49 record albums, and wrote 53 books ranging from philosophy to mystery — with 2 still to

be published. — Renaissance man? Undoubtedly.

He was unhappy about the low taste portrayed on television and was an active campaigner to clean it up. "Tabloid TV shows," said Allen, "have taken television to the garbage dump." Ironically, one of his ads in that campaign appeared in an LA newspaper the day after he died.

Allen was married to actress Jayne Meadows for 48 years.



Generation." I enjoyed all of them! John Deeg's story hits close to home for me, as I was a Merchant Marine Radio Officer during the war too. Hal Alexander's finding his old Air Force buddy was a rejoicer story, that makes you feel good inside. The NASA adventures described by Bob Higgins revealed the inner working of news and government secrecy's. Perry Massey continues the retirement working free lance tribulations, Don Luftig takes us to paradise places again, Peter Fatovich bends the spaghetti before it breaks, and Frank McArdle jolts me with the remembrance of the pope's visit in 1965. Yes, his story has more to it and sometime I'll write about it. (Frank Vierling, I have a piece of the carpeting here at my house that the POPE stood on delivering the MASS at Yankee Stadium). Ed Leddy takes us down radio memory lane, and also from the radio world, we have a new writer Laurie Grant giving us the "Radio Roundup." Thanks Laurie for joining our PN staff. Cissie Lindemann's snapshot story comes to us in two parts; the remainder will be in the spring edition. I find it fascinating reading, and I think many will enjoy her story. Ken Arber's senior moments are always a soothing trip to when "time

was," Thanks to all of them and others who contribute to all the columns: Rippy, Danny and to Frank for his excellent continued works.

GE Chairman Jack Welch has done one of his miracle moves again. He has brought the gigantic Honeywell Corporation into the GE family of companies. It is his greatest purchase, dwarfing the purchase of RCA by many billions. He is a dynamo of six sigma's himself as he approaches his 65th birthday in the Spring of 2001. A positive approach to life, and example for all to take notice, especially as our groups average age elevates to still higher numbers. We wish Jack the best as the Captain of American industry leading the country and the world with the greatest financial business corporation in the world's history!

In early November, Dan Grabel and I attended the annual service awards ceremony for those who had achieved 25 or more years at NBC. More than 60 employees were honored. Among them was Jane Pauley, who has been a star of NBC's News and Programming Departments. Jane, whose excellence at her job was underscored, gave an informative and complementary talk to everyone's delight.

We heard from several honorees that their productivity was at a very high level, and multi functions are required for their job descriptions. A six-sigma level has kept NBC at the forefront of the industry. It is however a continuing challenge as new innovations in technology, digitalization, programming and such, brings the competition running ceaselessly close behind.



Pete & Jane

Bob Wright addressed and praised the recipients for their long dedicated service records. Bob invited me to speak "briefly." I made my usual pitch to invite them to join our PN group. The difference this year was that I accentuated the fact that we needed more than just new members, we need a new set of leaders. We are getting to the point of "phasing out or discontinuing" PN's existence.

I invite any regular or new member at this point to step forward and assume three driver's seats. Dan Grabel and I are hopeful we can find a suitable set of replacements **FOR US**. Also, Heino Ripp is willing to give assistance to someone who can assume his PN People column. Frank Vierling, our publisher, will continue on. Our hope is that by our anniversary get-together this spring, a new administration can be in place. It would be a disappointment to have to close up shop. Here is a great opportunity for you to serve! Just think of the personal satisfaction you can get by participating in the effort to keep Peacock North alive and put a smile on someone's face!

As the year draws to an end, and holidays arrive, the Peacock North staff wishes you all the best in 2001.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
and
HAPPY NEW YEAR
to everyone!

Love you all,

Regards, Pete

P.S. The tentative date for our annual get-together at LaMaganette is Sunday, May 20, 2001.

In the next issue of PN we'd like to do a montage of Steve Allen at NBC. Anyone who has photos of Allen working at 30 Rock, kindly lend them. Send to our publisher, Frank Vierling.

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With special thanks to Peg Peterson

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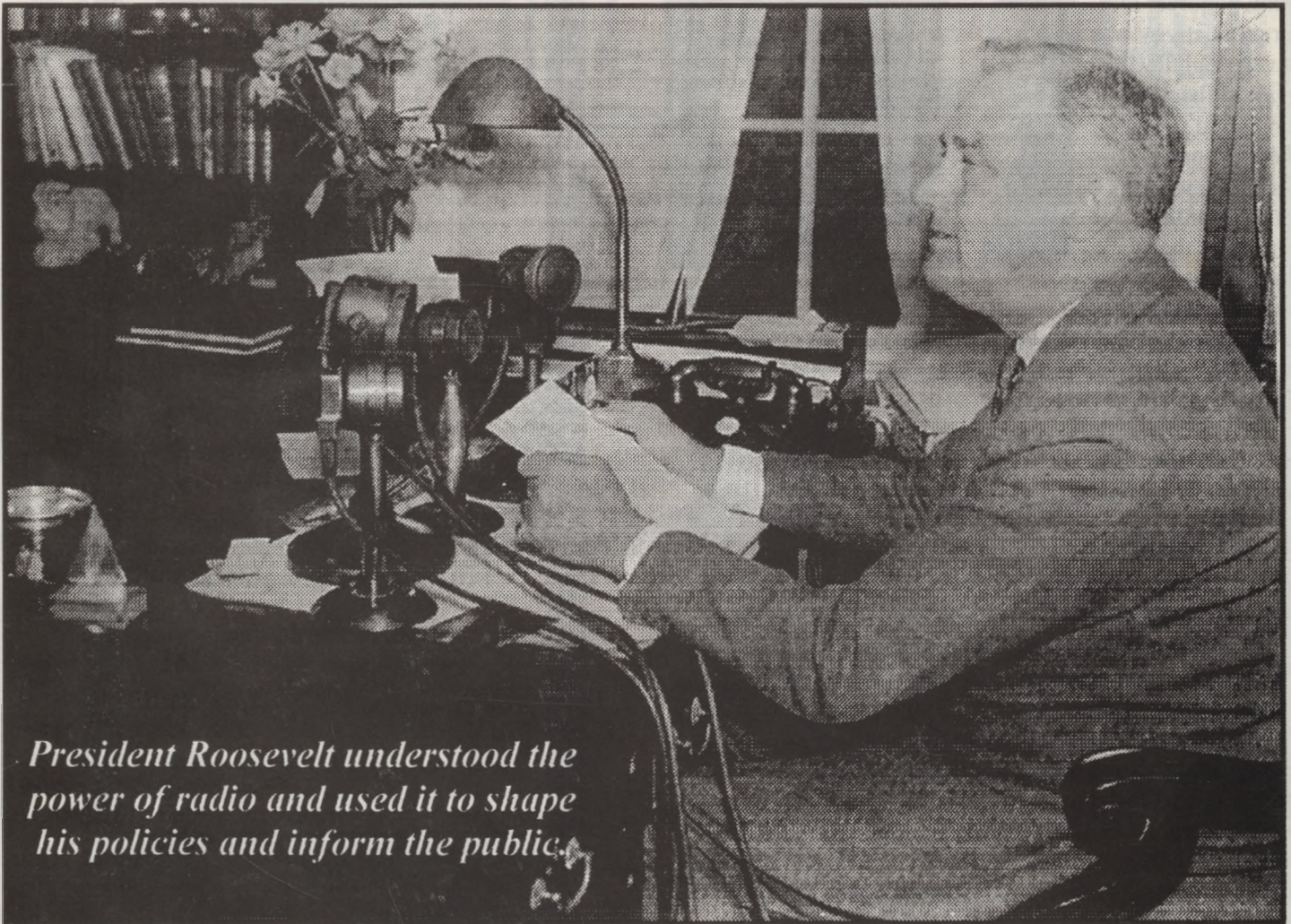
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