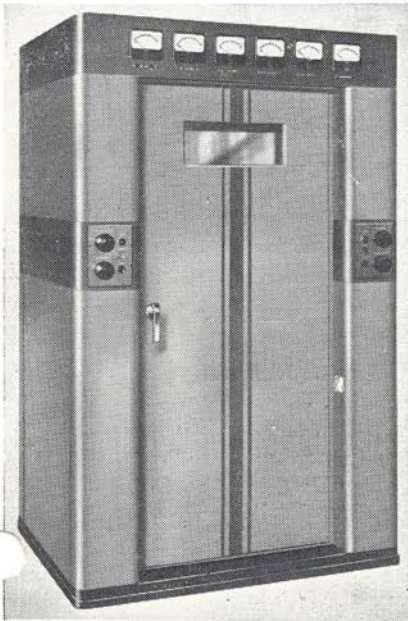


GATES

STUDIO REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1946

QUINCY, ILLINOIS



THE NEW GATES
BC 1E TRANSMITTER

"A GATES BABY"

Today I, a Gates BC 1E Transmitter, am packed and ready to be shipped to a Radio Station in Nebraska. Men have dismantled and packed me so the hustle and bustle of the train ride I am taking, will not disturb any of my mechanical features which have been tested and approved.

Approximately six months ago my form was slowly taking shape on the drafting table. The smaller pieces of my mechanical makeup were being fabricated, were then plated and made ready for the final assembly. Since then I have been the daily care and worry of my "stepdad," the Engineer who has charge of me until the day I "graduate" ready to leave the Gates Plant. After all the preliminary work is completed, my chassis, a beautiful forest green, streamlined, pressure proof metal frame is placed on the assembly line. Here day after day, radio men and my

"dad" work on me giving me body and power. After all my components, which number about 750 pieces, consisting of tubes, resistors, relays, condensers, transformers and miscellaneous hardware besides several hundred feet of wire, are placed, I slowly take shape as each deck, shelf and section is approved and then is fastened in its respective position. Now I am ready for testing. I am energized with voltage and if all my connections are correct, my reactions are normal and I am happy and produce Radio Frequency energy. However, I am still a bit sad as all my precious R. F. is being wasted in a dummy antenna. Oh, how I long for the day (not too distant) when this energy will be directed into a lofty, stately tower and then my capabilities will be demonstrated to their fullest extent. Thousands upon thousands of ears will be tuned to receivers which have picked up these minute radiations which originate from my very heart. During my long eighteen hour day I will get very warm and must be kept reasonably cool to efficiently do my work. Cooling fans have been

(Continued on Page 5)



JAMES MCKEOWN.....

A draftsman who in his own quiet way is working hard with Howard and Roger on Gates' models. Served with Uncle Sam in the States and overseas.

ROBERT SCHUTTE.....

A radio man down on the factory assembly line working with Francis and the boys on the Gates' 1KW babies.

FRED H. DAMM.....

A new Engineer from St. Joseph, Missouri, who has dabbled in and with radio for the last twelve years and now is going to work at building these items.



SOMETHING UNUSUAL

A combined electric fan and heater. You can turn it on for a hot or cool breeze, according to your requirements.

A new bathing suit, that is made of material nontransparent however it is translucent and conductive of ultraviolet rays permitting the wearer to get an all over sun-tan....Huba!!!!

A transcontinental television relay system made possible by transmitters and receivers in planes circling slowly over a certain point at 30,000 ft., is claimed can provide coverage for 78% of the nations population with only 14 stations instead of 100.

IN AND OUT

Mr. Gates returned from an eastern trip which took him to New York to the new Eastern office. He spent several days with Mr. Lacher while there. He was favorably impressed with the work these boys are doing since the office opened in November.



Mr. Pippenger made a quickie to Kentucky and also to Chicago just for the 'ride,' but also to sell the boys in both of those spots.



Among the visitors at the plant within the last month were Mr. E. C. Dunn and Major Lockhart from Corpus Christi, Texas. They came especially to see the new 5KW transmitter in operational tests.

Mr. E. J. Korsmeyer, Mr. Edge and Mr. G. J. Cassens from Station WLDS, Jacksonville, Ill., spent the day inspecting the new transmitter and getting a general idea how they are built.

Also Mr. Raymond Barnard and Mr. Goode of Knox College who are interested in equipment for the school.

Mr. Dick Weatherford, general manager of Radio Specialties of Los Angeles made a hurried trip to Quincy to get all the first hand information on these new transmitters and other equipment for their company—the West Coast distributors for Gates.



Enough would satisfy us. . if our neighbors didn't have any more.

No brain is stronger than its weakest think.

The most important part of the budget is the "get."

The main trouble with the straight and narrow is there's no place to park.

(“A GATES BABY” cont.)

ategically placed inside of me to keep my temperature on an even keel.

If my operators will give me reasonable care and good treatment I will faithfully work for them day in and day out for the years to come.

Goodbye “dad”—I will be a credit in my subsequent years—to you and to the Gates name, like two other Gates’ babes who left the plant for Canton, Ohio and Blytheville, Arkansas.

“NORFOLK NEBRASKA, HERE I COME!!!!!!!!!!”

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A RADIO ENGINEER

“A radio engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromatic precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly chimerical group of esoteric fanatics referred to all together too frequently as practical radiomen.”

(Submitted by Joe B. for the enlightening of all of us who have asked this question too, too often.)

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A visitor had taken a room at the hotel. As he was signing the hotel register, an insect hopped onto the page. The guest put down his pen and told the clerk he could not stay there. When asked the reason he answered pointing to the intruder: “Well, its bad enough when those little beggars attack you all night but when they come right out to see the number of the room you are going to be in, that’s too much.”

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

She dashed into the office, with a minute yet to go,
Before the bell would ring, and the whistles ’gan to blow.
Her coat was hanging open, her hair was all astru
Her stockings in her pocket, with her dressin’ she’s not thru,
The cab is outside steamin’ from the mad dash into town
She was out of breath and couldn’t make a sound.

GUESS WHO!!!!!!!!!!

STATIC ALONG THE LINE

We don't know why but the song "It Might As Well Be Spring" seem to be the theme song up and down the corridors and in the office lately....we wonder why Bob just had to sit on the floor at a recent basketball game, right in front of the cheer leader—a worms eye view of the.....game, did you say....Ivan's heavy Thursday night socials, at least that is what we are in doubt about....Becky is grandma this month, her Son who is in the Army is the proud Papa of a bouncing baby girl....Howard has acquired a bad case of sinus trouble, just so it doesn't develop into that good olde souther' kindClarence Moritz's smiling face and black mustachio is back downstairs on the 1KW assembly line....Wanted—1 case of Wheaties for the Bowling Team....wanted the lowdown on Frankie and Johnnie's Monday nite at the Casino....Johnnie Bowers and Al Gooding have developed a case of RAM-PITIS from so many trips up and down the ramp from one stockroom to another....Sally's new cost file in the stockroom is really snazzy or at least she thinks so....Ida Taylor's husband is on his way home from the South Pacific....Neva Mitts had the good fortune to meet her husband this month and bring him back to Quincy where he is going to stay, and not on just a furlough this time....Maxie is waiting out the Army and V. A. for her big day, might take six months Maxie for the Army to decide....we wonder what the Gals upstairs have, that Joe B. will doff his hat to them, they were so sure he was bald, but now they know....(is he?)....ask Art Myers what Dottie said when he took up the receiver the other day, whose face was the reddest?.....That's all, folks.



RADIO TERMS AND.....	OUR MEANINGS
Is a coupling.....	a juvenile couple?
Is a grid leak.....	a weak spot on a football team?
Is a harmonic.....	a mouth organ?
Is a plate.....	a level dish for our victuals?
Is a service band.....	some G. I. Jive Jumpers who give out?
Is a super het reception.....	a super shindig of hep cats?
Is a continuous wave.....	one that goes clear around the head?
Is a diode.....	something to reduce the waist?
Is an anode.....	that little thing in your nose ..that makes you sniffle?
Is a moving armature speaker.....	one who believes in talking .. with his hands

We don't know.....we ask you IS IT???????????



Just to give you a glimpse of some of the boys who work in the factory. Of course, there were those who were too, too bashful and hid behind the folding doors.

The gentleman with the HAT, by the way, is none other than our plant foreman, Mr. Joe Branham.



SIMPLICITY

With all this talk of world confusion and disturbances we read this little article and would like to pass it on to you for what its worth.....

Oh, its just the little simple things, the unobtrusive friendly things the 'on't-you-let-me-help-you' things that make your pathway light; and its just the jolly joking things, the 'never-mind-the-trouble' things, the 'laugh-with-me-its-funny' things that make the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record breaking things, those 'never-can-be-equalled' things that all the papers write, are not like little human things, the 'every-day-encountered' things, the 'just-because-I-like you' things that make us happy quite. So, here's to all the little things, the 'done-and-then-forgotten' things, the 'oh-its-simply-nothing' things that make life worth the fight.



THITH ITH AWFUL

The editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "s" from his composing room.

"Lath night thome thneaking thcoundrel thtole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabineth of all the etheth. Therefore we would like to take thith opportunity to apoligize to our readerth for the general inthipid appearance of your paper. We would altho like to thtate that if we thhould thee thith dirty thnake in the grathth around the place, it will be our complete and thorough thathithfaction to thoot him. Thank you.



After one of the best starts in the New Year--winning several weeks in a row--the bowlers had to take a romping from the Grotto and came out on the bottom, one out of three.

DEDICATED

Life would be so sweet to me
 If bowling I could master:
 So many blows cause all my woes
 The score is a disaster.
 I just would like a sweeping
 strike
 Or, second best, a spare
 No railroads, splits, or gutterballs
 To cause me such despair.
 I'd ask no more than just to score
 Like those of bowling fame
 And till I die I know I'll try
 To roll a decent game.

Selected.



A young man, a deacon in his church was going to New York on a business trip and while there was to purchase a new sign to be hung in front of the church. He copied the motto and dimensions, but when he arrived in New York he discovered that he had left the paper behind. So he wired his wife: "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the new lady clerk, who knew nothing of the previous wire read it and fainted. The message said "Unto us a child is born. Six feet long and two feet wide."

BOWLING FOR EXERCISE

This is not an article for the who bowl, but is just an idea of the exercise you would get if you were at the other end of the alley some night.

Do you know that a pin boy juggles nearly 11 tons of miscellaneous weight for a set of three games between two five men teams. It figures this way: The pins weigh 42½ lbs. per set, the boy handles 425 lbs. per player per game. For 10 players that's 4250 pounds per game, or for three games 12,750 lbs. He handles a 16 lb. ball an average of 18 times per game per player....That's 288 lbs. per player per game or 8640 lbs. for 10 players for three games....that's a total of 21,300 lbs., if we haven't forgotten anything. The bowlers would have to roll the pin boys down the alley to anywhere equal that.



A very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day school.

"Ain't goin' tomorra'" he said.

"And why not," his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read and I can't write and they won't let me talk, so what's the use."



In the good old days a fellow would wed when he found the girl; now it's when he finds an apartment.



Plumber: "I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen."

Pa: "Hey, Ma, here's the doc to see ya'."