

Exercising your rights as a dues paying member of Local 11 is the most important thing you can do for all of us.

News @ Eleven

"The Union is You!"

In Memoriam - Bill Steckman

By. Jeff Baker

William V. "Bill" Steckman was doing his job on the morning of September 11. Unfortunately, that placed him at ground zero when the terrorist-controlled American Airlines Flight 11 struck the North Tower of the World Trade Center.

I had known and worked with Bill for the last 11 years, but his time with NBC stretched back to 1967. Fresh out of the U.S. Coast Guard, at age 22 he was the youngest member of a specialized group of engineers that maintained NBC's television and radio transmitters in New York. Back then, that meant working a two-man watch on the 85th floor of the Empire State Building. Bill worked the midnight to 8 AM shift, probably because he was the junior man in the department back then. (Later on, he'd prefer the overnight, because it allowed him to spend more time with his growing family.) For many, this could be a lonely job, isolated from human contact, but not for Bill. Word of his engineering prowess spread among the "night people" at the Empire State Building, and he'd get visitors. Former colleagues talk about how the building's security guards, and even engineers from the other TV stations, would come by with broken electronic gear, which Bill would happily repair for them, gratis. An avid amateur radio operator, Bill (WA2ACW) set up one of New York City's first amateur television repeaters while at Empire. This made possible a whole new type of communication for his fellow hams to experiment with.



In the early 1980's, when WNBC-TV moved its transmitter to the 104th floor of One World Trade Center, the new, state of the art TV transmitters no longer required constant monitoring. The once large group of transmitter maintenance engineers was whittled down to just one man working the graveyard shift. Bill Steckman alone had the responsibility of keeping WNBC-TV's transmitters on the air. I know what that task implies, as I was assigned to the transmitters in the summer of 1995, when Bill successfully battled prostate cancer. No one was happier than I was to see Bill come back to World Trade that fall. The story is

told of how Bill, recovering from his cancer treatment, was advised by his doctor to limit his schedule when returning to work at NBC. Bill would have none of it, and instead jumped right back in. That's just the way he was. When NBC replaced its nearly 20 years old transmitters at World Trade last year, Bill was right there in the middle of it. On the heels of that project, came the installation of a brand new high definition television (HDTV) transmitter and antenna. Once again, Bill Steckman was the man for the job. Bill's former bosses will tell you that they felt very comfortable when he was around. If there was a problem with the transmitter, it was a relief when you called World Trade and Bill picked up the phone. "Confidence" was a word you'd hear in reference to Bill. "Reliable" was another. Even in adverse weather conditions, or when he himself wasn't feeling 100%, Bill would make it to work. Bill enjoyed what he did, and was enthusiastic about his work. Ask him about the latest project at the transmitter and he'd tell you all about it with a twinkle in his eye.

(Continued on page 4)



From The President's Desk

COURAGE AND FAITH vs. FEAR AND HATE

Tuesday, September 11, will be a date so entrenched in our memories that history will record it as the Day of Infamy for our generation. Our children and grandchildren will memorize the tragic events of that day. Although we cannot erase the deeds perpetrated upon our country, we do have the opportunity to change the future from that day forward. How we as a people and nation react to the terrorist activities will become the benchmark of how a civilized society deals with adversity. The attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon were carried out in a swift reign of terror. The instruments of war were hijacked American aircraft fueled to capacity. However, the main ingredient for the attack was hate. We are facing an enemy who hates our very way of life. Our democracy, ability to elect government and freedom of speech are basic rights guaranteed by our Constitution. These purveyors of evil cannot comprehend our way of life, so they choose to attack it. I am pleased to report that they grossly underestimated the will of the American people. Instead of fear and hate, the attacks were met with compassion, love and a basic community spirit of good will. In just the span of a few moments, people of all creeds and ethnic backgrounds put aside their differences and personal prejudices and worked tirelessly for the benefit of their fellow man.

Although we are a nation in mourning, we are also a nation of tremendous courage and resolve. Emerging from the ruins of the WTC and the Pentagon are many stories of heroism and unselfishness. Several passengers on board the hijacked jetliners called via cell phones to alert relatives and friends of the impending disaster. Brave passengers aboard flight 93 plotted to retake the aircraft and thwart the hijackers plans. They perished in a field in Pennsylvania. Likewise, amidst the rubble at WTC hundreds of uniformed police and firefighters risked personal safety and rushed to save the lives of strangers. Sadly, many of those heroes gave their lives in the process.

Local 11 did not escape the attack unscathed. Long time member Bill Steckman was operating the transmitter at WTC at the time of the attack and is presumed lost. Bill leaves behind his wife Barbara and five children. He is also survived by four grandchildren. Local 11 member and long time MAP counselor George Hug suffered a heart attack and died during this tragedy and will be missed by all of us. Likewise Local 16 lost member Don DiFranco, who was on duty at the transmitter for WABC-TV and Local 53 lost member Tom Pecorelli, who was on one of the aircraft used by the suicidal attackers. We would be remiss if we didn't recognize the courage and skills of the scores of NABET-CWA-represented camera crews who spent endless hours at ground zero and who witnessed many unspeakable events during the rescue and recovery effort. It was through their eyes that the horror at the Pentagon and WTC was broadcast to the entire globe.

President Bush has described these barbaric attacks as acts of war. Certainly those responsible must be held accountable for their actions. Our government has decided that the appropriate response to the terrorist attacks is to launch a military offensive. The American people must support this decision. We

elect people in government to make these decisions for us. I do not make my decision to support such an action in a vacuum. Two of my own sons are in the military and could be part of a military operation. My oldest son is a Major on active duty and my youngest son is just starting his career in the profession of arms, as a student at The United States Military Academy at West Point. Generations before us had to make sacrifices to ensure our liberty and we must secure the same for future generations of Americans.

The courage shown by individuals is exactly opposite the spirit of fear generated by our enemies. I profess to be a person of faith. My beliefs assure me that I wasn't given a spirit of fear, but rather one of courage and a sound mind being able to overcome life's challenges and difficulties. It is that collective spirit of courage and faith by the American people that will ultimately defeat those who seek to destroy our liberty and the very fabric of all we hold dear in this great democracy. If one needs to rally around a symbol, what could be more appropriate than our flag. The Stars and Stripes symbolize freedom and democracy the world over. The next time you see the flag raised, pause for a moment and reflect on those whose sacrifices gave us all we enjoy today. The same holds true now as we defeat fear and hate. Stand tall and straight when you see the nation's banner and boldly proclaim:

I AM PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN. GOD BLESS THE USA

Fraternally,
Lou Fallot

Autumn in New York

by Scott Robblee

For as long as I can remember, I've always thought of autumn as the scariest of seasons. But unlike so many other deep-seated anxieties that first emerged in childhood, this particular one never threatened to swallow my entire mental health deductible for the year or require much quality couch time with a trained professional. The notion of returning to school after an always too short summer vacation was undoubtedly the catalyst to trigger my trauma.

It would always rear its ugly head the same way, with me lying awake at night, counting down the dwindling last days of summer. I don't remember when it finally dawned on me, that conspiracy theories aside, my trepidation with the change of season was actually part of a much larger scheme. It started with a certain crispness in the air that had finally cut through a suffocating humidity, which had hung like a fresh hot towel over the city throughout July and August. That chill alone could give you goosebumps. Then came those long shadows, which inevitably appeared a little bit earlier every day. They shrouded the most familiar of places in darkness by late afternoon and transformed even the most recognizable of friendly faces into little more than silhouettes off in the distance. And as time passed, marked first by the leaves changing color and then withering before falling to the ground, it all led to Halloween. That particular day was dedicated specifically to ghouls, goblins, ghosts and a plethora of other really scary things that didn't necessarily start with the letter "g".

Don't get me wrong, Halloween had a heck of an upside. Forget about the streets of the city being paved in gold. For my money, when you make going door to door in search of free candy a legitimate pursuit, you have clearly identified why this country is the greatest in the world... especially for a kid with an insatiable appetite for all the things sugar-laced. Sure you had to deal with the inevitable post-Halloween stomach ache that accompanied three solid days of feasting on Nestle Crunches, Three Musketeers, M&M's and candy corn, but that seemed a small price to pay. In the end, the bloated belly would pay additional dividends by getting me out of eating at least one well-balanced meal that my mother had slaved over in the kitchen, one that I never particularly cared for anyway in the first place. When you can trade Good & Plenty for zucchini, it's win-win.

But I still had to overcome a few of the scarier elements of the season to partake in the orgy of confectionery delights and that may have been my point before I went off on my latest tangent. You had those masks with the elastic string around back. They severely limited your peripheral vision to about zero, which made crossing the street pretty dicey. Forget about fresh underwear. Who wanted to be brought by ambulance to a hospital wearing a Spiderman costume? Talk about embarrassing. Every year we were told to be on the look out for apples with razor blades. How horrifying...not the razors, but the thought of receiving fruit instead of candy. If that wasn't enough, bubbling just under my consciousness was the knowledge that a local band of marauding teenagers was lurking with shaving cream, eggs and designs on my recently acquired bounty.

Back in the day, we just ran and hid. The kids who tried to strike a deal when captured learned the hard

way that none of their negotiations ever really had a happy ending. Once bags had been picked over, all that was left was the crappy candy that nobody wanted in the first place. It was hard enough to peddle to our unsuspecting younger siblings when it was surrounded by the good stuff. Alone at the bottom of the bag, it really stuck out. Nowadays, society now expects us to try to understand our tormenter's point of view. In retrospect, I guess they were just as hungry as we were but not nearly as cute. In the end, it was easier to threaten and bully us than it was to forage.

It became more apparent how those thugs felt as I got a little older. It actually was much easier to get candy by taking it from babies. The neighbors just weren't that keen on handing over the goodies to kids dressed as disenfranchised youth. Maybe they did have a grievance after all. But putting shaving cream all over the cars and toilet paper in the trees never proved to be an effective method to air it.

Years passed before Halloween became fun again. Having my own children converted me from the ranks of the disenfranchised to owning a franchise! I anxiously look forward to sending my own offspring out for me again. They love this time of year. As it turns out, my irrational fears about autumn weren't necessarily encrypted in the DNA I passed on. But evolution aside, it will not stop me imparting some of the same warnings I got from my folks.

It is a scary time of year for a variety of reasons. But if you keep your eyes open for the ne'er-do-wells lurking in the bushes, think twice about eating any unwrapped candy and remember that there is always safety when travelling in numbers, there's no reason why you can't look past your fears and relish the fruits of your labor.... as long as it isn't those damn apples again!

(Continued from page 1)

On the Friday in 1993 when the World Trade Center was bombed, Bill was on his way home, ready to begin his weekend. He turned around and came back into the city, and waited down on the street with a handful of others from NBC. Channel 4 was off the air, and Bill would be the one to get it back on, ASAP. Around 10:30 that evening, police and fire officials escorted the broadcasters back in the building. Elevator service only went as far as the 78th floor, so the group walked up over 20 flights of stairs to reach the transmitter room. Bill led the entourage inside, started warming up the transmitters, and then discovered that computers had set the antenna switches in a kind of ass-backward configuration before power went out earlier in the day. They'd never work in that mode. He quickly figured out which switches he'd have to turn by hand to get the station's signal back on the air, and did just that.

On September 26, Bill's friends, colleagues, and family filled St. Thomas the Apostle Church in West Hempstead, New York. This man who was so admired by those of us who knew him from his work at NBC, was highly regarded in his own community as well. A neighbor spoke about how one stormy night during a hurricane, when the power had gone out, "Mr. Bill" escorted her family back to the Steckman home, where they all watched the latest weather updates on a television set Bill had rigged to run off of a car battery. There was the friend who told a story dating back to when NABET was on strike against NBC, putting Bill temporarily out of work. He asked Bill if he could do a little wallpapering at his new office. He had never done that before, but he'd give it a try. In no time Bill was papering that office like a professional. His five children spoke lovingly of their father when they talked about him flooding the back yard to make a skating rink; teaching them to drive in the local shopping center's parking lot; fixing their friends' broken VCRs and TVs; meeting them in New York City for lunch and some shopping; taking his grandchildren out fishing on his boat; and so many other special memories they have of their Dad.

Speaking for his extended family at NBC, we will all miss the quiet man who worked in the middle of the night and could reassure you with just a few words. When you knew that that man was on the case, you had no reason to worry - things would be all right. His wife, four daughters, a son, and four grandchildren survive him. He was just 56 years old.

In Memoriam - George Hug

by Angelo Vigorito

The September 11th Attack on America has indirectly claimed the life of another Local 11 member. George Hug, my colleague on the Member Assistance Program for nearly 20 years, suffered a heart attack while watching News reports that morning. He passed away several days later without regaining consciousness. George was union-minded in every way, especially in service to all members who were troubled by Substance Abuse.

He was tireless in his efforts to save a person's job and to ensure that they would receive the necessary

rehabilitation. My memories of working with George include many trips to treatment centers and working with family members to encourage the employee toward the recovery process and a return to work. Many of those, whose lives he touched, remain employed at NBC today. And he was determined. The same determination that inspired him in the MAP helped him to complete the New York Marathon. George even hit a hole-in-one while golfing just a few months ago. He was also an avid fisherman who enjoyed “the good life” on many long weekends and vacations at his place in Pennsylvania. He was funny too... groaningly so. I’m sure that every co-worker of George can remember his daily onslaught of corny jokes delivered with a sly smile and ended with a laugh that was his alone; the jokes were rarely the point--- getting the laugh (or the groan) was all that mattered. Sometimes, it seemed like he was the joke messenger between Video Tape and the rest of 30 Rock. I will miss him for all of the above. His wife, daughter and granddaughter survive him. Another grandchild is on the way. May George bring a smile to Bill Steckman, and may they share in the lasting peace that this world cannot give.



NABET Local 11 Holds General Membership Meet

On Wednesday, October 17th the NABET –CWA Local 11 offices hosted a pair of General Membership meetings. With start times staggered at 12:00 noon and 7:00 PM to accommodate the many varied work schedules of our membership, the informal question and answer sessions provided an opportunity for updates on a wide array of Union related topics.

In addition to LP Lou Fallot, LVP Bill Freeh, LT Frank Snell and LS Gene Garnes, several members of the Local Executive Board were also in attendance. Among those available to field questions and address the attendees concerns were Liz Fulton, Chair of the Daily Hire Advisory Committee, Attorney Lowell Peterson representing our outside counsel, Meyer, Suozzi, English and Klein, Joe Salvaggio, Chair of the Local 11 Training Committee and Sean Dugan, Administrator of the entertainment industry “Flex Plan”.

The sparse attendance did not accurately reflect the nature or magnitude of the subjects covered. The status of the ongoing NBC negotiations was a central issue. While not on the original agenda, the introduction of the Anthrax virus into the facilities at 30 Rock and its ramifications were discussed at length.



It Still Towers

by Peter Sullivan

If you told me that WNBC someday would be broadcasting from the Edwin Armstrong Tower in Alpine NJ, I would have said “ yeah when hell freezes over”. Well as a result of attacks on America on September 11th, frostbite may indeed be nipping at the devil’s appendages, leaving David Sarnoff spinning in his final resting place. Mr. Armstrong (a former RCA employee) built the Alpine tower in 1937 for research into experimental static free radio transmissions. He also had another reason for the tower’s location. The tower has line of sight visibility with the very top floors of the RCA Building. On a clear day a large banner was hung on the tower that had a string of numbers. It was Armstrong’s US Patent number for the FM (Frequency Modulation) method of radio transmission. And Edwin wanted to be sure that Mr. Sarnoff could see it from his office. A long battle raged over decades over the patent and RCA’s payment of royalties for its use. Both sides eventually lost that war.

The first time I set sight on the World Trade Center was in April of 1974. This was my first visit to New York and I thought to myself “What a crazy place this is” and “I never want to work here!” The buildings were finished and installation of the master TV transmission tower was being done by RCA. Broadcasters from all FM and TV stations in the area were assembled on this tallest point on the planet. I was only up there once (suffering from acrophobia) but what a terrific view! I do not wish to remember my last view of the towers. They were made of concrete and steel, flesh and blood. Out of that horror what we have now still towers. All the people who lost their lives did not die in vain. They gave to us a new sense of patriotism, togetherness and appreciation of the mundane tasks in daily life.

It is in towering accomplishments that all working people share in the swagger and sense of invulnerability that is New York. Especially when confronted by daily obstacles ... to face the daily trials of getting to and from work in overcrowded subways, busses and streets; to having lunch in places where the waiter greets you with “what’ll you have”; to asking the police officer “Can you help me?” When Frank Sinatra called New York “the city that never sleeps” he had in mind something quite different than the round the clock recovery operation currently underway at Ground Zero. But our efforts wouldn’t surprise him because New Yorkers can work as well as play at night. We are a tough bunch with a soft inside. And one thing we know how to do; survive. And prevail!

Through My Sisters and Brothers Eyes

You know who I am. I have worked alongside you for many years now. I have been a Cameraperson, Studio-field technician, a News Writer; in fact I have performed virtually every NABET job function during my tenure at NBC. I was with you when you lost that close family member and mourned that loss with you. I sent you a card wishing you a speedy recovery when you were out ill last year. You might even think that I am your shadow.

I am now facing a similar tragedy in my own family, but must limit my time away from work because I

don't get paid for personal leave. I recently had a bout with the flu, but had to report to work sick, since I don't get paid sick leave. I think you know by now that I am a perma-temp. In case you haven't noticed, I have worked at NBC for the last nine or ten years, averaging more than two hundred days of work each year. For the most part, I am greatly misunderstood. I am not after your job or your overtime. I do desire to have my own staff position with the same benefits that you enjoy. The Company isn't prepared to grant me those privileges, but I remain loyal both to you and the Union.

OUR Union is currently engaged in contract negotiations with NBC and is diligently seeking to bargain to improve my lot. Please don't take out your frustration against me or OUR Union. Remember, it is the Company that refuses to grant you your desires, not me or the Union. Should it come down to us standing together as members of the same Union, kindly do so with a positive resolve, that only in Solidarity can we achieve common victories. I am asking you to support me the same way that I have stood beside you the last ten years.

In Solidarity

Notes from the Daily Hires

The Daily Hire Advisory Committee, also known as the DHAC, will hold an open house Tuesday, November 13th --- 10 am to 4 pm --- at NABET 11 headquarters on 57th and 7th. Please try and come whenever you can . . . after your night shift, during your lunch break, or before your start time. Lots to talk about.

The Caucus, not to be confused with the DHAC, is a group of activist Daily Hires at 30 Rock, who met October 11th to vent some wrath at the union and the company over long term D.H. issues like why they have no staff jobs, no benefits, vacation or sick days, after ten years or so of working full-time. The group also talked about Flex-Plan problems, the upcoming shop steward and union E-Board elections and higher pay scales at other companies.

Twenty people gathered with lots of questions and ideas including folks from Conan, Today, graphics, news writers, sports, editors, net EJ, and audio. It was a lively mix of long term Daily Hires and those who are struggling to make ends meet because shows have gone dark, or days have been cut back.

Visiting were Mark Peach from ABC, an Executive Board member and Daily Hire from local 31 in Washington, and Steve Mitnick from NBC Washington. Mark, Steve and Daily Hire Advisory Committee Chairperson Liz Fulton, have been observers during recent NBC contract negotiations, arguing on behalf of Daily Hires.

The NABET-CWA Flex Plan has a new troubleshooter for its problems. Jennifer Stearns, a NABET staff editor who is studying for her master's in health policy has volunteered to help identify and attempt to fix problems with the health plan. Find her top of screen (login: Stearns), or on the NBC's fourth floor editing area.

Studio camera operator Rich Carter talked about disparities in pay around town. Editor Mark Hollis urged people to sign petitions, choose their favorite Daily Hires for shop stewards. Those petitions will be going up on bulletin boards as soon as the E-Board sets a deadline for nominations. All you need are twenty signatures! And be aware that six E-Board seats come up for election early in 2002. The rallying cry at The Caucus meeting and from the Daily Hire Advisory Committee is RUN FOR ELECTION. If you really want some power, these are the seats to go for. Remember, it's politics, plain and simple, nobody is going to lift you magically onto the E-Board, so start showing your face and shaking hands right now. And please keep talking!

The Disgruntled Employer

By Vinnie Novak

We have all read about the disgruntled employees who, for various reasons, have gone “postal” on the job with horrible and disastrous results. But what about an employer, who creates an atmosphere of ruthlessness and hostility towards its workers?

In 1996, a Daily Hire at NBC DATELINE requested a weekend off because she was exhausted. The DH explained that she has asthma and needed a rest. She was told by her manager “If you do not show up on the weekend, don’t bother coming in on Monday”. She had worked several weeks with out a break after the 1996 fire that put the network off the air. The air in 30 Rock, (or rather lack of it), seemed toxic. It was difficult for anyone to breath for weeks later. The DH felt intimidated and did not want to be labeled a troublemaker. She continued to work through the following weekend and week. She left work at the end of that week and had an asthma attack on her way home. Lorie Desina died in a taxi.

That was five years ago. I did not know Lori well and the only conversation that I had with her was about this situation. She was upset and didn’t understand why she would be treated this way. Perhaps it was just a manager interpreting the corporate policy towards its employees. Perhaps this manager saw an opportunity to show how tough and ruthless she could be. Perhaps this would help the manager’s evaluation and keep her out of Jack Welch’s “bottom 10% club”... the 10% that is fired. Why else would someone treat another person this way?

Forget about employer/employee relations. Forget about the bottom line. Is GE or NBC or DATELINE more important than the real health and welfare of any person? Don’t get me wrong, I also want to make money and want to work for financially strong, (but responsible), company. Many of us have placed ourselves in harms way on the job. We have taken calculated risks of life and limb. But obvious and blatant disregard for anyone’s health and safety is pure hostility and violence against the employee. Has corporate greed created a corporate insanity? I call it a disgruntled employer.

Part of the moral here is that intimidation works if we let it. Intimidation can effect more than your pocket book. The only way to counter intimidation is with unity. No manager could threaten any member if that member has the backing of all of his or her co-workers. With 20/20 hindsight, what if all of Lori’s DH co-workers refused to work weekends on DATELINE? Would that manager tell everyone to not show up on Monday? This show of unity would at very least get the attention of labor relations and hopefully a more reasonable and rational solution. One solution that could prevent this type of intimidation would be to include all “full time” DH employees in the company’s sick leave policy; over and above any monetary compensation for benefits.

Union Families in Crisis

The following members of our CWA union families were killed as a result of the 9-11-01 terrorist attacks on America.

Donna Bowen 42, member CWA Local 2336 at the Pentagon

Patricia Cushing 69, member CWA Local 1023 on United Flight 93

Donald DiFranco 42, member NABET CWA Local 16 at World Trade Center North

Mary Jones 72, member CWA Local 1032 at World Trade Center North

Alfred Marchand 45, member CWA Local 7911 on American Flight 175

Jane Orth 49, member CWA Local 1365 on American Flight 11

Thomas Pecorelli 31, member NABET CWA Local 53 on American Flight 11

William Steckman 56, member NABET CWA Local 11 at World Trade Center North

Lisa Treretola 36, member CWA Local 1032 at World Trade Center North

The CWA has established a fund to provide assistance to all union families affected by the tragic events of September 11th. Contributions to this fund should be sent to:

CWA Disaster Relief Fund
CWA National Headquarters
501 Third St. NW
Washington DC 20001-2797
Attention Janice Brown

A fund for William Steckman has been established in his memory for his family. Anyone wishing to make donations should forward contributions to:

The William V. Steckman Sr. Memorial Fund
P.O. Box 671
Baldwin New York, 11510

NABET CWA Local 16 has set up a new scholarship fund in memory of Donald DiFranco. Funds collected will be used to support a new scholarship for the children of Local 16 members. Please mail to:

The Donald DiFranco Scholarship Fund
NABET CWA Local 16
80 West End Ave.
New York, NY. 10023

Update on the Wedeking Children

by Steve Gonzalez

I was informed by Neil Goetz , NBC Video Tape, that the couple who adopted the children of Richard and Dorean Wedeking, have had a baby boy of their own. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rabinowitz named their new son Benjamin Wedeking Rabinowitz, to honor the memory of Richard and Dorean. Local 11 wishes them the best of luck with their newborn son and for the love and guidance that they have shown to Daniel and Erica Wedeking. We will never forget our departed friends Richard and Dorean.

Editorial Board

Thomas Cappo
Tim Gorry
Scott Robblee
Joe Salvaggio
Peter Sullivan

NEWS @ 11

NABET-CWA Local 11 Newsletter

Long winded disclaimer

The opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the writers of the individual articles or of the NABET-CWA Newsletter Committee Editorial Board. All material contained herein is for the sole use of NABET-CWA members and may not be used for any purpose by any other person or organization without the express permission of NABET-CWA Local #11.

National Association of Broadcast
Employees and Technicians-
Communications Workers of America,
AFL-CIO

Local 11

President - Louis Fallot

Vice President - William Freeh

Secretary - Gene Garnes

Treasurer - Frank Snell

Writers Wanted

If you are interested in writing, reporting or submitting editorial comments to this newsletter, contact the editors through the NABET Local 11 office. We particularly need news from non-NBC locations. Articles can also be submitted electronically to newsateleven@nabetlocal11.org.



NABET-CWA Local 11

888 Seventh Avenue

Suite 911

New York, New York 10106