

Dear Gato -

Sunday 1993
November 14th

On second thought I'll use the typewriter since you cast aspersions on my ability to use it in comparison with Jean's-----and she's here right now not making any caustic remarks so I must be all right.

Your last letter was very interesting, and from what you say you have made considerable progress in the shrinking process---from the size of a six room house down to the size of a grand piano. Something of that size would be no obstacle on the larger ships even though space is at a premium provided the device does the job you think it will.

As you must realize my job down here is pretty demanding from the aspect of time, and this past week I haven't had a chance to buzz up the right person (or let me say the first person I want to approach) about this matter. However, be assured that I will take care of it and give you a report just as soon as is possible.

Whether you know it or not our office has really been jammed up with respect to physical space. When I originally took over the section it had five people. It's now up to thirteen with one more coming in, and we have been confined to one bay which is about 300 square feet. The result was bedlam, and difficulty of getting the work done efficiently. Last Saturday (yesterday) we moved to larger quarters and now have three times as much space as before. We sure needed it. Since space is at such a terrific premium within the Bureau, and particularly the step-child radio division, it took a good deal of political maneuvering to swing that deal. Now, tomorrow morning when I go in I'll have the unpleasant job of telling Gertie Wilch that I don't give a damn if she doesn't like to face the window, that's the way it's going to be. (Not in so many words of course.)

The troubleshooting job is coming along fairly well

though the ramifications of the problem of tube distribution within the Navy are terrific. Progress should be much faster from here on out for several reasons.

Our apartment is coming along in fine shape, and is very much of a place we like to come home to. The odd hours are still a goddam bother, and Jean just came off a solid week of night work at 7:30 this morning. We're managing OK in spite of that plus my hours which are long and tedious. She is exceptional in the way she finds time to work, shop for our food, cook it, and the million and one other things that have to be done in taking care of a home.

You mentioned that you might be coming on down here before Christmas, and I certainly hope that isn't professional conversation. Dream yourself up a trip down here, and then after you're down here take a couple of days off just to sit---and occasionally eat and sleep.

The last time you were down here you mentioned the possibility that you might move out of Stewart Warner. Accordingly, I talked to a pal of mine at Zenith (Mr. John Lott Brown of the Dayton Sales Office---and as of a couple of days ago a Lt. Cdr. in the Navy) who took the matter up with Mr. Gustafson, Chief Engineer and Vice President of Zenith. I quote from his letter # "Talked with Gustafson in Chi. yesterday about your brother and it turns out that they are already acquainted. Gus had your brother prepare a paper on his electronic-

astronomical researches and read it to the local chapter of the IRE. Some time ago, and he remembered your brother very well. Gus has a gentlemen's agreement with the Chief Engineer of Stewart Warner not to raid each other's personnel, but he said that if your brother wrote to him or called on him, it would possibly let the gates down, and he would be in a position to discuss the possibilities of employment with Zenith. So pass the word along"..... There you have it, and apparently a tailor made entree to the man you want to see at Zenith. You've got nothing to lose by following it up---the telephone conversation between John and Gustafson took place about the end of October. As you so neatly put it before----the ball is in your hands.....

All the best,

Selvey