

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

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**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA**

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AT
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



A RADIO CONTROLLED AUTOMOBILE—Exhibited at the Convention of the Executive Radio Council, New York. An electric motor furnishes the driving power, when directed by a radio outfit. The machine was controlled by an operator more than 100 feet away. The controlling outfit is capable of directing the automobile at a distance of 800 miles.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

(WOOLWORTH BUILDING)

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EXHIBITS SEEN AT THE CONVENTION

Second Amateur District very successful in its first annual convention and banquet

Reported by Pierre H. Boucheron

ON March 16, 17, 18, 19 there was held on the roof garden of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, the first annual convention and banquet of the Executive Radio Council, Second Amateur District. This affair aside from its great commercial success, was one of the most unique and spectacular radio displays ever held by any radio organization in the United States. Wireless manufacturers, Radio Clubs, government radio services and thousands of amateur radio men were represented. They came not only from the Second District, but from almost every part of the country.

On Saturday, March 19, which was the last day of the convention, there was held a banquet in the large Ball Room of this well-known hotel, which 591 radio bugs attended. Mighty interesting speeches and much repartee were delivered, having to do with the bright and rosy future of the amateur, and the important part it is destined to play in government and commercial circles.

The convention and banquet, and the progressive spirit of everyone who visited or partook in its success, forced the conviction that the little baby of a few years ago known as Amateur Radio has grown into a mighty formidable and powerful personality and the game itself has found a firm and permanent foothold in the everyday lives of many Americans. The more descriptive name of "Citizen Radio" will soon become a household word.

In all, there were fifty exhibitors, who all vied with each other in display and noise-making. As one gazed around, there was the impression that every spark coil, medical coil, static machine, had been gleaned from all corners of the United States, and there was a continuous round of amplification stunts where signals both near and far came pounding in from all corners of the hall.

The Radio Corporation of America had a tube display which was the envy of every deep-dyed-in-the-wool amateur. Many were seen casting copious glances at the 10 to 20 watts self-rectifying C.W. telegraph and telephone set which occupied a prominent place in the booth. The more advanced O.M.'s. wanted to see the complete 100 watt C.W. telegraph transmitter which is equipped with a Kenotron rectifying unit and which employs two 50-watt power tubes. Another interesting set was the 10-watt C.W. unit built especially for portable use, being enclosed in a small square case approximately one-half the size of an ordinary suitcase. This, too, is a self-rectifying set.

The Radiotron family included all tubes ranging from the U.V. 200 to the U.V. 204. Briefly, these are the detector tube, U.V. 200; the amplifier tube, U.V. 201; the 5-watt power tube, U.V. 202;

the 50-watt power tube, U.V. 203 and the 250-watt power tube, U.V. 204.

The Wireless Press was very much in evidence with stacks of books covering every phase of radio suitable for the instruction of the veriest beginner up to the engineer. Many thought Mr. Welker was Marconi himself, but that was probably due to the dignified effect produced by wearing tortoise shell glasses.

The A. H. Grebe Co. had everything along the amplifier and regenerative tuner line for amateur work. One particular interesting item was the universal receiver having a range from 150 to 20,000 meters and equipped with three stages of radio frequency amplification and one power amplifier employing Radiotron tubes exclusively. Signals from LY, POZ and MUU came loudly and could be heard all over the hall.

F. M. Doolittle, of New Haven, with his amplifone and unique direct reading decimeter, was doing big things by way of demonstration and explanation.

Wonder of wonders! The Glavin radio controlled torpedo pup was in excellent humor and never once did it fail to obey its masterful and jovial master. The pup talks, walks, eats like a real one, and it's all done with a very small amount of radiated energy. There is a little black box in the center of the car which attracted much attention. Mr. Glavin tells us the secret of the radio control principle is held in this box, but we think the 4-inch lock which securely locks the cover is only put there to awe and keep the gaze of inquiring hams from wandering to otherwise vital sections.

The U. S. A. Signal Corps had all sorts of transmitters and receivers including trench sets, airplane sets and field sets. General Edgar Russel, chief signal officer of the eastern district, opened the convention at 2 P. M. on Wednesday while seated in his office chair at Army Headquarters, and addressing his audience on the roof of the Pennsylvania Hotel through the medium of a radio telephone outfit. Incidentally, his address was heard as far as 100 miles outside of New York.

Something which attracted a great deal of attention at the Pacent Electric Company's booth was the Spangenberg self-rectifying C.W. transmitter with a record of 1,500 miles using two 50-watt Radiotron U.V. 203 power tubes and radiating from 4 to 5 amperes.

Other items here were the Armstrong Super-Autodyne receiver, a two-stage German amplifier with German tubes fresh from Berlin and the *Telefunken Zeitung* written in German which all amateurs did not seem to be able to read.

"Every time you read of a vessel in distress at sea calling for help, remember she did it by radio." So said a large sign over the booth of the Department of Commerce Radio Inspection Service. Incidentally, examinations for amateur grade licenses were



held at frequent intervals during the show. This Government radio service is doing much for the benefit of amateur radio.

The liveliest club in New Jersey, the Radio Club of Irvington, was very much in evidence with all manner of radio sets made by Jersey amateurs, including the Selva Receiver having a world receiving record. Amateur clubs all over the United States as well as prospective amateur clubs would do well to communicate with the president of this New Jersey organization for pointers on how to keep members interested and happy though they be radio bugs.

In the U. S. Navy booth where much amplification was constantly going on, we heard a chief electrician explaining to a fair damsel the qualities of high and low speed galena crystals. Finally, Vice-Admiral Dannals appeared and we heard something about a new detector circuit having been discovered employing two crystals, one on each side of the circuit, so designed and planned that each one was supposed to rectify one-half of the incoming cycle. The main trouble with this new hook-up, however, was the extreme difficulty of adjusting these two crystals to synchronism.

ANOTHER CHAMPION RADIO OPERATOR

A VERY interesting event took place as part of the Second District Amateur Convention on the roof of the Pennsylvania Hotel on March 18th, 1921, where Mr. B. G. Seutter, finished first in a speed contest employing the continental code at radio reception. His record was 48-3/5 words a minute with two typographical errors. Mr. Seutter is at present a receiving operator for the *Times* and was formerly in the U. S. Naval service, stationed at Otter Cliff, Bar Harbor, Me.

This event recalls a recent similar event at an amateur radio convention in San Francisco where a Radio Corporation operator stationed at the Marshall station, Mr. Tony Gerhart, carried off the first prize by receiving 49-1/3 words per minute with five errors. Incidentally, Mr. Gerhart also broke the wireless receiving record at the San Francisco Exposition telegraph contest. In view of the many extenuating circumstances which might occur in the matter of copy, five errors is not bad at a speed of almost 50 words a minute. It would perhaps prove an interesting event to have Mr. Seutter meet Mr. Gerhart in a similar contest.

Mr. Edward Sheehy, one of our T.O. operators at 64 Broad Street, finished the more recent contest third in spite of the fact that the nature of Mr. Sheehy's work during the past six months has not given him an opportunity to practice reception or transmission. Speaking of champion operators, Mr. Sheehy is probably one of the best in the country, for not only is he a good radio man, but is equally efficient and speedy in cable and telegraph operation, using either the continental or Morse codes.



B. G. SEUTTER

WHERE RICE GROWS

The biggest rice crop of the United States, of over 1,000,000,000 pounds, while the largest in the Occidental world, is a trifle when compared with that of some of the Oriental countries, where rice is the chief article of food for a very dense population. Siam, for example, produces over 5,000,000,000 pounds of rice a year against our 1,000,000,000 pounds; the Dutch East Indies, 7,000,000,000 pounds; Japan, 17,000,000,000 pounds, and India, 70,000,000,000 pounds, while China, which has no official figures of her crop, may equal or possibly exceed India in production, bringing the world's total crop to approximately 200,000,000,000 pounds a year.

In Bengal it requires the labor of one man eighty days and the use of a yoke of oxen twenty days to produce 1,000 pounds of rice; in Japan, without the use of any animal, 120 days to produce 3,000 pounds; in the Philippine Islands, practically the same as India; but in the rice-growing regions of Louisiana and Texas, with the aid of machinery, the maximum of expended time of human effort on one acre of rice is two days, and the use of a team for a day and a half, and the production is 64,800 pounds.

ON RECEIVING PRESS

Receiving press is a delicate operation. For instance, you must not slumber while it is being transmitted, else the "Ocean Times" will not, on the morrow, be able to go to press, or if it does, it will contain large vacant areas, as if the Censor had been at work. Providing always that the musical signals do not lull you to sleep, it is not a very difficult task if you can see the transmitting station's aerial through the porthole.

Some authors aver that they find inspiration to come more freely when there is much noise going on around them. Noise, too, is liable to make the "Ocean Times" more spicy. One is in the middle of an important item and the foghorn goes at a critical point. "Count Baltic, Prime Minister of Ruritania, was yesterday a ———." The dash represents the foghorn, and it is a toss up whether we shall, in to-morrow's issue, assassinate the Count or appoint him Secretary to the Executive of the League of Nations.

But too much noise can be fatal. Arlington has just begun to get into his stride and you are congratulating yourself on readable, albeit weak, signals. Just at this point you are nearly deafened by a station, apparently right alongside, starting up with about two score of preliminaries. Then the following is transmitted six times at about ten words a minute with only some fifty erasures: "QRA steamship with two stacks and four sticks bound east?" You happen to be the unhappy ship with two stacks and four sticks, and it is with humility you realize that the transmitting operator has not a great opinion of your qualities as an operator, since when only a few yards away he uses full power (which you judge to be about ten kilowatts), sends at his slowest speed and repeats till you wish the war wasn't over and there were still such things as torpedoes. When finally he finishes you send him an A requesting him to stand by. He responds: "Orders is orders when received from the Old Man." You retire at length from the unequal contest beaten at all points, and it is with sadness that you realize that Arlington has finished.

Some operators have performed marvellous feats in the way of receiving press. It is even stated that one night Poldhu's entire programme was duly received, each saloon passenger finding the "Ocean Times" next morning on his breakfast table. Yet it appears that on the particular night in question Poldhu had broken down and transmission of press was not effected. A distinguished novelist has alleged that when we are able to fly freely to the uttermost stars we shall be able to fly back into the past and see, for instance, the spacious times of Queen Bess mirrored before our astonished eyes. It may be surmised that our operator was able to reverse the process, thereby taking to-morrow night's press. Pass the salt!

(*The Aerial*)

THE WIRELESS STATION AT COCOS

RECENT light shed on the circumstances immediately preceding the destruction of the German raiding cruiser *Emden*, Captain Muller, at the Cocos, or Keeling Islands, show that a "heathen Chinese" had a good deal to do with the luring of the wily, though very much overrated, Hun captain, to his doom when he landed his party to destroy the all-important wireless station there, on that 9th of November, 1914. The station is on Direction Island, the most northly of the southern Keelings. A boat-load of Germans was sent from the *Emden* to destroy the station, and after landing they commandeered a Chinaman to lead the way, which he did by a circuitous route, having in the interim "given the tip" to a countryman to get there first, which he did, with the happy result that just in the nick of time the operator got through a message which was picked up by H. M. A. S. *Sydney* and the *Melbourne*. "Strange warship off entrance," it read, and "Full speed ahead," was the order to the cruisers, and the fate of the *Emden* was settled. Her party had lost a valuable hour in blowing up the wireless station and cutting the cable—the dummy one—for the genuine cable was never touched; the staff having rigged up a decoy cable. The Huns overlooked the fact that there was a duplicate set of instruments very cleverly concealed, with which the service was restored shortly after the raider fled to his doom. The Chinaman, who was a servant of the Cable Company, was suitably rewarded.—*Electricity*, London.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

By A Stenographer

IN these days of reconstruction volumes are being written on the subject of Conservation, and from my study of it I have learned at least two things: First, the definition of the word itself, and second, how to apply it in my daily work. I have been unconsciously guilty of many wasteful habits, and will confess a few of them in the hope that others may profit by my experience.

One day, while making eight copies of a report, my keys piled up, making an unsightly error. (My fellow key punchers can appreciate this.) Well, it is true I had three hard erasers and two soft ones in my desk (the company furnishes them, you know) and the error could have been corrected by erasing, but it is such a bother to erase, and—I might just as well own it—I was so peeved that I "chucked the whole eight" into the wastebasket and started all over with a fresh eight. Of course, I did not realize at the time that eight sheets of paper made of 40-cent cotton, the use of seven sheets of carbon, which chemists tell us is diamonds, and twenty or thirty golden minutes of time for which the company was paying, had been consigned to the dump heap.

Just then the boss called me for dictation, and although I had four good pencils in my desk that morning, only one could be found, and the point of it broke before I had written half a dozen lines, so I was forced to stop and repoint my pencil; then it took ever so long for the boss to reconnect the line of thought I had broken; in fact, he never seemed to be able to frame the sentence as he wanted it, all of which was chargeable to my carelessness.

It was my impression that in order to make legible copies carbon should be changed frequently. This I did, destroying many sheets of carbon daily that could have been used further; but it occurred to me that if I were paying for carbon I would make the most economical use of it, and I am now getting splendid results with practically double the use I formerly made of my carbon.

As for pins and gem clips, were not such trifles furnished us in gross lots, the former to be carelessly strewn over the floor and the latter to be shot at the poor simp who consciously tried to work while the boss was out of the office? Well, I am now practicing the conversation of *Pins* and *gem* clips also, and—really, my dear fellow stenogs., whether or not the boss has observed any change in my habits, I have grown in self-respect since becoming an honest employee, and that alone is well worth trying out.

SUCCESS

It's doing your job the best you can,
 And being just to your fellow man;
 It's making money, but holding friends,
 And staying true to your aims and ends;
 It's figuring how and learning why,
 And looking forward and thinking high,
 And dreaming a little and doing much;
 It's keeping always in closest touch
 With what is finest in word and deed;
 It's being thorough, yet making speed;
 It's daring blithely the field of chance
 While making labor a brave romance;
 It's going onward despite defeat
 And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet,
 It's being clean and it's playing fair;
 It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
 It's looking up at the stars above,
 And drinking deeply of life and love;
 It's struggling on with the will to win,
 But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
 It's sharing sorrow, and work, and mirth,
 And making better this good old earth.
 It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
 It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

A MISSIONARY

IT was a very battered automobile of the humblest and most familiar make. Its fender was dented, one of the tires was crudely bandaged, it was covered with rust and mud, and inside there was a collection of miscellaneous and rather disreputable looking baggage and camp equipment. But the traffic policemen on the crowded roads leading down toward Manhattan Island looked at it with respect and hailed its driver with a friendly wave of the hand. Passing motorists in expensive cars glanced carelessly at first, then turned their heads with excited comments. The battered little car left a perceptible ripple of interest in its wake. At one stop a group of newsboys crowded round with wide-open eyes, for once awed almost into silence. "Gee!" said one of them, "did you really come from there?" And another broke in: "Say, mister, won't you take us back with you?"

The cause of it all was a simple combination of ten letters on the number-plate. For all these varied people it spelled romance, escape, Utopia, the fulfillment of dreams. Something wistful and pathetic was in the eyes of some of them. Out of their grey environment they looked westward, beyond the plains, beyond the mountains, and saw a region of luxurious ease, of oranges, of snow-elad peaks, of wonderful nights, of golden gates and a clean city on a hill—an impossible vision. But the word was—*California*.

KOKOHEAD

"PKX PKX PKX that's what I call some receiving," exclaimed Corey the other day, and in wonderment we agreed. Corey has a ham set hooked up in his room and was quite a faithful night-watcher listening to NPM 5 miles away and KHK a few more. Signals didn't come fast enough and a few of us thought we'd make things more exciting for friend Corey; so we tiptoed to an upper room, where we hooked up a buzzer set and the rest is obvious. We managed to keep him guessing for three weeks, but the night we had our big dance, Corey filled with the enthusiasm of it all, wandered toward no man's land and the secret was out. Good natured as he is, he took it as quite a joke, and now one can find cobwebs around the once famous set.

Talking about dances, say, we had the prize one of them all. Those affairs that Belmarconi and the rest have pulled off are mere trifles alongside ours. We got hold of the best jazz bunch in town, five pieces, and they all are noted musicians, piano, saxophone, banjo, banjo-guitar and a whole shoobang of traps; and, boy, how they rendered that music is hard to explain. We had about thirty couples and when the wee hours of the morning came around all found it hard to leave. It was voted by all the best ever, and we hope in the near future to have another. Street was master of

ceremonies and with the aid of some very competent judges the various prizes for the best and worst dancers were given. The ladies' prize was a wonderful toy snake, that kept time for all while we danced the shimmy. All the other prizes gave much joy to the recipients and also the many unfortunate ones who were not on the good side of the judges.

Kokohead is fast taking on the appearance of an automobile club, and plans are in order for the incorporation of said club. First comes the grand and faithful station FORD. Next comes Bobbie Burns in his STUTZ (mind you) cut down. He claims he can skin anything on four wheels, but as yet hasn't had much opportunity to demonstrate. Bailey, our worthy engineer and automobile doctor, still has his Dodge and it runs fine. Mc Ness got rid of his Nash and came out here one day in something that's called "Overland" cut down. We agree with that, cause we all are pretty certain that's about all it will do, go overland, and it might be over that dilapidated bridge that's about due to cave in. Good luck to you Mac. He says look for me when I come, but we don't have to look; as soon as Mac leaves home we hear him and 35 minutes later we see him. Wonderful car, we'll say. Street has his Chalmers and it gives him lots of service. He and Bailey had the job of pulling a big Hudson out of the sands the other day, and it was some job. Wilhelm has a Buick roadster and his troubles have begun. When you see the car, you see two shoes sticking out from underneath and you wonder what they are, and you're told that's Bill fixing his Doohick. Oh it's a great life. Corey (again we must speak of this popular gent) has just *obtained* himself a Buick; that is, he says it's a Buick, and now Wilhelm has decided to sell his, cause he don't like the idea of Corey calling his wagon a Buick. It's of an ancient vintage, so long ago that the nameplate has worn off, but Corey says it's fine dope and soon hopes to have a dandy cut down made from it. Bill Anderson still makes his Overland perform, and as yet we have to see the time when Bill gets late to work. Baldwin still rides his faithful Indian and Burke, our power house assistant, has one too.

Motorbikes are all right, when it don't rain, but when it does— Say folks, you've heard of Denver mud, eh? well, that's mere mush to what we have here. It's very common to see a car come sideways up the road, slide, wow! it's like trying to dance on a polished floor with a pair of roller skates.

The roads we have here are really not roads, just trails, you might say; and punctures and blowouts have been our worries from it. We hope in the year 1950 to see a half way decent road out this way, so going to and from town will be a pleasure instead of a task.

Receiving Engineer Reid and Mrs. Reid joined our crowd a few months ago and we sure do appreciate having them both and we hope that their stay with us will be a joyous one.

Receiving Engineer Dean has left us and we hear that he is now at Bolinas, having transferred to the transmitting side of the game. Good luck to you, Win.

Bobbie Burns, Receiving Engineer, transferred from Marshall, joined our staff and now is quite at home enjoying a daily swim at Wykickkee, as he calls it.

Pontius has purchased a half interest in the taxi stand at Kaimuki. After careful investigation we found that he can save money by doing that and still go to town every day to visit 11th avenue. Better buy a wagon of your own, Ponty, and life will be worth while. ??????

Ben Hamilton joined us recently. Ben is an old timer in the game having been on the Astoria-Ketchikan circuit for a number of years. He says these Hawaiian moonlights are supoib, but when it comes to mosquitos, ask him to repeat, please. You folks back there in Joisey may rave about your mosquitos, but I bet we have you all beat. They call this the Paradise of the Pacific, but we're pretty sure they mean a mosquitos paradise.

A. M. Quasdorf just arrived and is quite an addition to the staff. Hope you like the life AU, and that your stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Superintendent Oxenham is still with us, and a better one can't be found. Mrs. Oxenham, with her very likeable personality, helps to make the evenings go, by having card games and the like.

Our Japan circuit is fast becoming a work house, and soon the new station at JAA will be in operation and our own alternators are scheduled to start shortly after. With all this new apparatus we hope to make the HAWAII-JAPAN circuit the most profitable one for the corporation.

Stirred by the world's record sending and receiving performances which were put up recently, we hooked up our own old Wheatstone and painfully punched up some miles of tape or rather miles of some tape, and tried our modest hands at putting it down, and all world's records went by the board.

What we should like to see is for the Corporation to lay out a series of tests so that each station could have a cut at them. For code transmission and reception say, make up twenty-five messages and use them as a standard. In a test, ten or more could be picked out and different ones used each time so no one could familiarize himself with them. Also a bunch of plain messages to be handled in standard form, and a few hundred words of plain stuff. Then everyone would have the same chance and we would see where the speed merchants habitated. We think some of our old shellbacks would finish in the money. We don't need any static tests thank you, they are held daily.

KAHUKU

IT has been quite a while since Kahuku has appeared in these columns, but we are still very much alive, and in a short time you will all be hearing from us in a more direct manner. By the time this issue is out, if not before, you on the east coast can listen in for K I E. Our first two alternators are very near completion, as we have only a few of the finishing odd jobs to do. The Hawaiian Electric Company is speeding up the power line installation, and all that remains is to get the wire strung through, after which we will be ready for the first electrons to come floating into our transformers.



POWER HOUSE—OCEAN, IN BACKGROUND

Well, we can go back a ways with Kahuku's history. Some time ago the station saw a change in Engineer-in-charge. Mr. Dean left this station to take up temporary duties at Koko Head before returning to the States. Shortly before he left us he disappeared and returned all married up, and of course it was necessary to have a little party on the station, so each had his lady out, and all set out on the chase of old man Pessimism.

Dean was relieved by W. H. Graff, who returned to this station again from Bolinas. He and his wife are responsible for a great deal of social life on the station. Quite often we have what is termed Ladies night. Also we have all become enthusiastic over tennis and swimming. In fact it has become necessary to postpone

the evening meal half an hour later, to allow time enough between knock-off and chow, for a romp on the beach. (All eastern stations please copy). Quite often the party includes the entire station. Then after dinner the racquet rules supreme, and the court is lively till darkness makes it impossible to lob the pill over the net. We cannot brag of being world champions, of course, but we have hopes of getting enough team work to show Kahuku Plantation up, who, to date, are a little ahead of us in the Sunday tournaments.

Suppose you have all heard of our late storm down here, if the saying "Ill winds travel fast," is true. You would never know that hip-boots were in fashion, by the weather now. The last week's log has registered nothing less than clear and calm. We make good use of it too, as the sports we mention prove. But for further convincing, here is another one: A moon-light picnic on the beach. Can't beat that in the States now, can you? A victrola supplied the music, weenies and marshmallows were roasted and toasted, and everyone had a dandy time.

There is a new Henrietta on the station and its master's name is Slewing. He drove into Honolulu and three cars picked on him all at once. But of course he says the other cars got the worst of it.

Morris didn't even get to the county road before he gave up the idea of riding a Harley-Davidson, and took to crutches. He brought it down with him in November with good intentions, but it has a FOR SALE sign on it now.

Brownie is thinking of deserting us, and moving over to Koko-head. He says he is getting the key fever again. Well, as long as he buys a round trip ticket, we might let him try it.

Here is some real news. Take notice Bolinas. W. A. Flanigan, or better known as Pat, has really decided to make the big dive, and his lady in Honolulu, who hails from Petaluma, has all the necessary ornaments to prove it. Give us the date early Pat, we all believe in preparedness.

Riddle is on the job, most of his time being spent on mast maintenance work. He and his wife are looking forward to the day when the new cottages will be completed.

We would like to hear oftener from Bolinas, as the majority of this crew formerly inhaled fog at that place, and always have a thought to lend there.

Mr. Eshleman, of the Engineering department, is taking on more education through a post-graduate course at the Kahuku Primary School. His teacher states that she thinks he is somewhat backward, but is improving under her watchful eye. The happy pair will receive the best wishes and all that sort of thing, as soon as the final step is pau.

James Murakami, station clerk, slipped one over on the various nearly-married ones of the local staff, by going through the neces-

sary civil ceremony of acknowledging future subjection to a charming Honolulu girl. The staff presented Mr. and Mrs. Joe with a set of hand-painted dishes, and a beautiful clock.

BOLINAS

AFTER months of silence we once more wish to add our few words of greeting to the rest of the family. Things have been rushing along in fine shape and the work on the new alternators is coming along fast and furious. And then when we do get started, oh boy! watch the Pacific coast come into its own.

M. A. (Barney) Snyder of G.E. fame is stopping at the hotel with us, also Sachse of the G.E. Company and I. H. Hill of the J. G. White Company. Barney reports California sure hasn't anything on New York. We agree with you Barney, but, like the rest of us, you will learn to love the old state before you leave.

Did we tell you that Bransch bought a new Ford? But just between us, we think that he got stung, as he has been walking to work for the past three weeks. How about it Bransch, what's your opinion of a Ford? Speaking about Fords, if Henry could see the roads that we put his little namesake over he would get out an injunction for prevention of cruelty to animals. However, summer will soon be here and we are hoping for the best.

Mr. Dean, formerly of Kahuku, and wife, recently arrived here. Mr. Dean is now our new Assistant Engineer.

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Bollinger we have a new cover for our pool table, a new set of balls and some new cues; so we are ready for all comers for money, chalk or marbles. Come on, you Kelly Sharks.

Baker feels fully qualified to hold down the job of glass eater with a circus after rebuilding condensers for a month.

SAN FRANCISCO

THE ever-increasing volume of traffic passing through this office keeps us moving around so swiftly that we came near slipping up on the monthly news again.

It is a fact that for the past two months co-operation has been such a necessity that, were we unable to secure it, we should have gone to pieces long ago. When the service load becomes too great for Peterson, you'll find Bob Malcolm answering the S. O. S. and rendering all the assistance necessary. As soon as the traffic starts stacking at Marshall, or here, the Boss or Shecklen roll up their sleeves and "dux." When we get 'em coming two ways from Marshall and grease the skids to the delivery, we all jump in and give Louie Fazzio or Dutch Hood a hand. In other words, we always keep the decks cleared for action and we carry no excess baggage.

No cry for help has come from Bill Conway and his harem for assistance in the accounting department,—Bill's crew evidently being able to take care of the present quantity of business. However, they consume a lot of 3-in-1 oil which indicates they are keeping their mills well lubricated for high speed work.

We hear some funny ones here at 300 California Street occasionally. One large banking house customer of ours wanted to know if it was true that "we could not work Japan while the Japanese fleet surrounded either of the stations." Another—"Ask the Captain of the Shinyo Maru (due here two weeks later) if my brother is aboard. I'll wait here for the answer." "Do you really get messages from Mars?" (Elderly lady spiritualist asked that one.) "Japon! How much wan word? How long San Franceesco go, Yokohama come?"

It's a crime the kind of money Pete accepts over the counter. We have to make him come through on lead nickels, copper washer pennies, German 10 Pfennig pieces, etc.—and today he slipped us a trade dollar. The teller at the bank valued it at sixty cents, so Pete stood to lose forty, but you can imagine how lucky that bird is, for a coin enthusiast popped around and offered a buck for it.

The delivery department has been re-arranged with a new desk and everything. A lot of unnecessary partitions have been removed, which allows much more light to penetrate to that section of the office.

Mr. W. A. Winterbottom dropped in to give us the once over recently. He remained on the Coast for several days, visiting the Company's several locations in and about San Francisco.

We had a letter from Honolulu recently, which quotes this rich story:

"A gentleman called up our City Office at Honolulu from the Country Club and asked the clerk to take a message and send him a due bill. You can imagine the clerk's consternation when he was told to write the following message:

'Official word from Washington war to be declared against Japan tomorrow. Sell accounts and go short.'

Mr. Hawk took charge of the affair and immediately telephoned the Country Club gentleman and told him he would have to call at the office and pay for the message since he had no charge account. A little later the man came in with his traveling physician, who wrote out another message, had him sign it and handed it in to be sent. Then getting Mr. Hawk to one side he whispered 'He thinks he is Morganfeller. Cancel the message when we get outside.'"

We are offered enough excuses and reasons why would-be privileged parties should not be compelled to pay the Federal tax of 10 cents on messages, to go into competition with the Exemption bureau of the Income tax department.

Radio Corporation service is very popular here in San Francisco and it might be said that almost all of the business houses here that have any foreign connections other than in Hawaii and Japan are very impatiently awaiting the extension of our service. Even though we do not get the results that will be possible when the new apparatus at Bolinas and Kahuku begins to spout, our patrons say they feel a satisfaction heretofore unknown to them in the knowledge that some real effort is made to care for their business. We give service. Hence the fellows that are doing business in China, India, Australia, Central and South America, and Europe, hearing from the more lucky ones trading in Japan and Hawaii, where our lines are available, are asking daily: "When will your service be available to other points?" "Why don't you open a service to such and such place?" "I have cables for Germany, why won't you take them?" This is the dope from the Golden State, and although it is not known how the folks in other cities feel, we presume to state that the good feeling toward our service exists in no less a degree elsewhere.

Every bit of added territory and each additional country will materially boost the volume of traffic to the points we reach now. In other words, each new service not only advertises itself but our system as a whole. The most frequent question asked our solicitor when out gunning for Jap and Hawaiian traffic is:—

"Where else do you go?"

MARION

ON the morning of March thirtieth, Jim Rossi came running hot food over to the skippers house. He was dressed as though he had partaken of little or no sleep the night before, wearing no collar, and what is commonly known as an iron hat, or derby. Ah! ha! thought the writer of this column, as he spied Jim, something big has happened in that family outfit of Jim's; and sure enough, Jim had just placed that order for cigars, which celebrated the arrival into the world and Jim's little family of an eight and a half pound baby girl. Rumor has it that the little stranger is a miniature copy of "OUR NELL." At this writing, both are reported as doing nicely, and as is usual in all such cases, Jim is getting all the congratulations, whereas in reality, the writer, at least, thinks that a few of these should be wirelessly to Mrs. Rossi.

One of our engineers, Mr. MacGeorge, recently paid a visit to Chatham in company with our lineman, Mr. Wixon. Mac walked into Chatham quite unannounced and unknown. After wandering around for quite a spell, it dawned on one or two of the Chatham operators to discover who this bird was, so upon asking Wixon, and receiving his reply that Mac was one of the men from the New York office, immediately there was a near riot and panic. Cigarettes, cigar butts, pipes and all kinds of such appliances went out of the

window or under the table or wherever was the handiest place, and Mac never batted an eyelash. You see, here at Marion, we refer to all visiting officials as strays. This may in one way account for the uproar caused, as it is generally understood that strays are bothersome in long-wave receiving tuners.

W. H. McCollom, from Mr. Pillsbury's office is at present stationed in Marion, and is stringing two number nine copper conductors between here and Chatham.

To date, nothing further has been heard about the new Marine six hundred metre set that we had in commercial operation here according to last month's issue of this magazine. We're not exactly from Missouri, but we would like to know the when and whereabouts of this set, and also the why. Vermilya seems to worry about it more than the rest of us, and it is hinted that he wants to see it set up apart by itself somewhere in between here and Chatham along the path of the leased wires to New York, and he makes no secret about wanting a job as manager and operator of it.

Marion was visited by Mr. Graham of the Engineers office. Mr. Graham had as his guest, Commander I. Tokuda of the Imperial Japanese Navy. Marion's signals have been read in Japan.

We enclose with this copy, a small snapshot of our housekeeper, Mrs. Harold Higgins, of whom we have raved considerably of late. Indeed though, we have mighty good reason to do so, for she sure has made the place famous for its meals, and specially so by her skill at making punch which is served during our dances. No healthy person ever drinks one glass and stops. There's always an encore. Mrs. Higgins has quite a record to be proud of. She has that stick-to-it-iveness too, having served at the old Wellfleet wireless station for many years and had the honor to cook meals for Marconi himself, while he was there. Recently one of the men brought two little playmates in to see the station and a visit was made to the hotel. Mrs. Higgins is quite small in build, being scarcely five feet tall, while the little playmates, by name, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, friends of MacGeorge and Vermilya, are six feet five and six feet two. When Mrs. Higgins got mixed up with these two, and Vermilya who is also six feet one, it was hard work to find out just where she was half the time.



Add one more buzz wagon to the Marion station, for Harold Higgins has just bought an Overland. The problem of garage space

for this abundance of cars is getting mighty acute, and it is feared ere long that we will have to have a visit from Mr. Edwards, our architect, to draw up plans for a real garage.

During the short shutdowns which we seldom get, it is one of the duties of the shift engineer to test out the sleet melting apparatus. MacGeorge has found a new way to work this sleet melter, but owing to certain electrical characteristics which developed, instead of sending the juice out in the field along the wires, Mac jammed it all up in a heap on the rack and excepting a shower of hot brass, copper, sparks, lead and a lot of smoke and putting all the lights out nothing else happened, except Mac's hair stood up straight. Mac opines there must be some kind of a dynamo on the other end of our feeder line down New Bedford way.

Our Engineer-in-charge, Mr. Clifton, is anxiously awaiting tennis weather when he expects to take us out on the court and trim us one after the other. The worst of it is, we know he can do it.

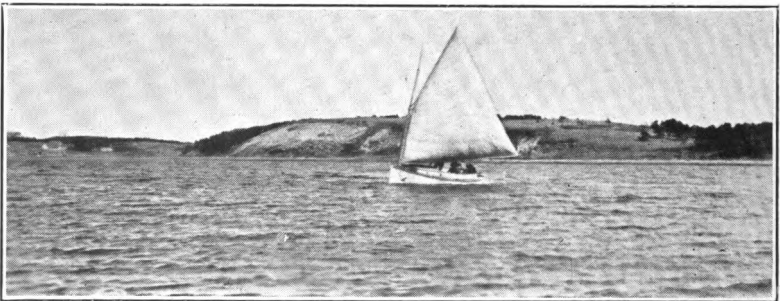
Will those Chatham boys please tell us what this wild rumor is we hear about some of them being fished out of the Wareham creek?

Walter Wagner, has been assigned to this station as rigger. Walter is well liked, and is one of the boys.

CHATHAM

WELL, boys, we ketched 'em!" was the greeting of Freddy Johnston to his wife upon his return from a fishing trip the other day. Mr. Johnston and the Heisers seemed to have had a great time judging by their happy expressions. They caught 101 flatfish, one cod and four skates.

The automobile fever still increases. New additions to the car owner's list are W. F. Webster with his Rusty Tin Can, B. F. Hoard with his Buick Six roadster. Billy Moore has sold his flivver and purchased a new Buick Six Touring Car. Surely looks prosperous. It is quite an ordinary sight nowadays to see four or five cars parked in front of the station.



Some of the boys are becoming experts in the handling of our

newly-acquired toy, the sailboat. Take Roberts for instance. He can sure put her on the beach as neat as a pin. He claims that in case of fire he could beach her and walk home. Of course we all must be drilled in safety first. Eskridge is good also. Took the old *Wampus* out in a snow storm and succeeded in getting nearly a hundred feet before he grounded. However, the boys are having lots of fun.

Work on the tennis courts is well under way. Someone will get a real trimming when they come to our anticipated Lawn Tennis Carnival on or about July 4th. Before passing on we would like to invite our Marion friends to play some real tennis. We all know Mr. Clifton's rep, but it doesn't scare us now 'cause we heard some stories like this about our basketball rivals and we came home with the bacon. We just wanna inform you that as tennis players we have a few that's some peanuts and are waiting for a swat at some of the stars. We are going to take on all comers this season.

Also, Marion, you remember that little sign you wrote about in the last issue of our famous little magazine, the one that was pinned on that ship set over there? Well! we will buy the set. I think we can make good use of it.

We have finished up our basketball season, and although we won some good games, our last game was a defeat, as we lost to the Naval Air Station, who by the way are champions of Cape Cod. We were unfortunate in losing the services of our star player.

NEW YORK

THE engineers at Riverhead are no doubt looking forward to getting started, as at present their time on duty is so uncertain, we having had to hold them till close on midnight frequently. When Belmar reports MUU unreadable it is very noticeable, the broad grin that appears on our Assistant Superintendent's face, when he makes a dash to get Riverhead on the wire to ask to have MUU signals put through. It is almost a certainty that the engineers at Riverhead have made it very unpleasant there for old man static.

Mr. Callahan is quite a busy man here these days. Has constructed a portable loop and erected a receiving set in a very small space in the testing room.

A passer-by noticing the name Radio Corporation, took a good look at the building, then crossing over the street looked up at the roof, then crossed over to the office and enquired how it was possible to receive messages in the building without any visible indication of aerials.

At the recent radio exhibition held at the Pennsylvania Hotel, we were represented by Messrs. Sheehy, Tannenbaum, Gallagher and L. Brown, who took part in the speed test and did very well, taking into consideration the short time they have had of fast working.

We were quite enthusiastic about it and were thinking of buying a glass case for the cup and had almost decided what to fill it with. But better luck at the next one.

Our lady operator, Miss Yelland, is now quite expert with the typewriter and has therefore eliminated a great deal of pencil sharpening and the "let me do it for you." We noticed particularly a young man who was assisting her for a few weeks had taken to face massages and silk socks. However, we do not think Dan Cupid is in the vicinity, as it is quite evident Miss Yelland intends to continue her single bliss for quite some time. As we understand she is particularly fond of turkey and seems to be a good judge of birds. She went into a restaurant and thinking the bill was a little steep called the waiter over and asked him how old the turkey was she had just had. It is possible that it came from a tough neighborhood.

Suppose the sun is not inclined to shine,
The day is dull; it rains or snows—

Who knows?

Don't let the weather worry you at all,
Tomorrow may be fine!

What matter if the road is rough and long,
The fields around of wheat or tares—

Who cares?

Brave company you'll find along the way,
To help the weak be strong.

But if the worried world destroys your creed
And downcast you depart beyond its ken—

What then?

Be satisfied with what you find out there,
'Tis all you'll get indeed!

Old Simon Skinflint boarded a train one day. As the train was full, it took some time before the conductor reached his end. Simon fumbled in his pants pockets. It wasn't there. The conductor smiled pleasantly and waited. Simon felt in his vest pocket and it wasn't there. Then he searched his coat pockets. They didn't produce the tickets either. After a search everywhere the ticket was not produced and the conductor with a menacing attitude rolled up his sleeves and reached over to grab old Simon by the back of the collar and the seat of his pants. Then was it when the old man found the ticket. "Dear me! Why here it is," he cried, as though he had just found it. "I had it in my mouth all the time," and he handed it up. "Bother it," he muttered angrily, "it took me a long time to suck last month's date off that ticket anyway." And the old miser walked on his toes when he left the train to save his heels from wearing down.

A pessimist would test with acid the lining in every cloud to see if it's real silver.

Often conscience is given us as an excuse for not doing what we want to do.

New appointments: Operators Seron, Chaplin and Tucker.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Chaplin, mother of our new operator.

A COMING SOCIAL EVENT

RADIOCORP folks will soon be given another opportunity to get together, thanks to the forethought and progressiveness shown by officers and members of the Radio Provident Club and the present committee on entertainment. The members are: Mr. W. D. Grimes, Chairman; Mr. R. C. Hock, Mr. E. Kaminsky, Miss A. M. Bassett, Miss J. Burnes, Miss A. Wishart, Mr. G. Heisel, Mr. W. Eberle.

Hark ye all! that an informal dance will be held at the Telephone Social Club, at 353 West 17th Street, New York City, on May 3d. Everyone in the World Wide Wireless organization who can possibly attend is invited. The price of admission is 50 cents. Tickets may be obtained at the main office, 233 Broadway, from the committee. Employees located at outlying points should 'phone or write to any of the above, and order the number of tickets required.

Remember the date, May 3d—it's on a Tuesday. Come prepared to *dance* and enjoy yourself.

RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB

By the Newsy Reporter

WHAT'S the matter with this gang here anyway? Do none of the girls at the main office eat candy any more and what has happened to the smoking men?

There is something wrong and if you don't know or have forgotten about it, you are again reminded that the profits of the Radio Provident Club are primarily dependent upon its sales activities.

We repeat, the Radio Provident Club maintains a sort of small stores, commissary, slopchest, or canteen service, (whatever you want to call it) for the benefit of Radiocorp folks. Here are the things which are on sale every day and which may be had from Messrs. Kaminsky, Hock, Eberle and Heisel. Visit them at noon or at any moment when you can leave your work, and for goodness sake buy something.

Boxes of fancy candy, and they are excellent candies too, sell from 65c. to \$1.25 a pound. This is exactly 1/3 less than outside prices. Come on, you single fellows and buy your girl at least one box a week; as for the married men bring home a box to the wife, even if it is only the 65c. kind.

Concerning cigarettes, the Radio Provident Club handles all brands, so no matter what brand you smoke you may secure any quantity you wish at a reduction.

The same applies to cigars. Whether you buy cigars singly or by the box of 25, 50 or 100, you again enjoy a reduction.

Some of the Radiocorp people who are located at remote centers, far from the main office, may send their orders by mail. They will be given immediate attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

Sales are not strictly confined to candies and cigars. You may purchase any article whether it be dry goods or otherwise.

Remember one thing, the Radio Provident Club is an organization strictly designed to help *you*, and not any one set of individuals. The profit made on sales is paid out in the form of dividends to members of the Radio Provident Club at the end of each year, or shortly before Christmas.

Come now, show a little action. There are many of you who would be glad to collect a large block of interest at the end of the year, so why not boost this thing along *now*? Fourteen per cent on depositor's money was paid last year. Isn't that enough of an inducement?

RADIO AT THE UNVEILING OF THE SIMON BOLIVAR MONUMENT, NEW YORK

LONG distance radio played an interesting and unique role when the monument to the South American Liberator, Simon Bolivar, was unveiled in Central Park on April 19. Arrangements were made for the transmission of two messages of felicitation from President Harding and from Doctor Dominici, Venezuelan minister, to General Juan V. Gomez, Chief of the Army and President-elect of Venezuela. A special telegraph key for the occasion was installed and Lieutenant Antonio Toro-Key of the Venezuelan Navy, by the manipulation of this key, directly operated the high power station of the Radio Corporation located at Tuckerton, N. J. The message was received at Maracay, the residence of General Gomez in Venezuela. Thus, by the use of radio telegraphy the two countries were placed in instantaneous communication, and the people of Venezuela received notice of this historic event at the actual moment that the ceremonies were in progress in Central Park.

A BALLY LOT OF NERVE

LLOYD-GEORGE certainly is a daring person. If anything was necessary to prove it he has furnished the evidence by raising the telephone rates in Great Britain.

Ever have a bout with a British telephone? If you haven't you cannot appreciate how blessed you are with the 'phone you have here in the U. S. A.

Anyone in London who, without a long wait or a violent struggle, gets the party with whom he wishes to converse over a telephone wire, brags about it for days.

If New York or Philadelphia or Chicago had British telephone service the people would go forth in their fury and pull up the telephone conduits by the roots.—*Commerce and Finance* (N. Y.).

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

C. J. Ross, Comptroller, accompanied by Mrs. Ross, arrived home from Cuba per S.S. *Tolosa*, April eleventh.

George W. Hayes of the Commercial department has returned from a business trip to Mexico City.

E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent, recently spent a week in Boston, renewing old friendships.

W. H. Barsby, Superintendent, Belmar, N. J. station, returned from England recently by S.S. *Adriatic* after visiting his old home.

THE ART OF LIFE.—RULES OF LIFE.

THE following propositions and rules suggested to young men for making the most of such talents as each possessed are found in a little book of essays published many years ago with the title of "A Bundle of Papers," under the pseudonym of Paul Siegvolk. The author was Albert Matthews, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of New York City, who lived to be well above eighty years of age. Whether the rules were original with him it is impossible to say. They are introduced with the remark that they are in the language of a distinguished man of wide experience in life to his son. Mr. Matthews was a Christian and in his essays urged the necessity of the Christian faith ruling a man's life.

The whole art of life could be embraced in four propositions:

First—To find out what things you can do.

Second—To choose from among these what things in particular you should do.

Third—To resolve deliberately and unalterably to do this singly, and

Fourth—To do it unflinchingly and unceasingly.

His rules of life were also positive.

First—Cultivate self-sacrifice.

Second—Exercise a determined will.

Third—Preserve equanimity.

Fourth—Lead an active life.

Fifth—Be well known among your fellow men.

Sixth—Look always beyond the present.

Seventh—Nourish an abiding faith in your own future.

Eighth—Aim at every object by direct means.

Ninth—Seek for knowledge always from the highest sources.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 138

On or about April 10, 1921, the Radio Corporation's Cape Cod marine station will be opened for general public service. Continuous watch will be maintained on 600 and 2200 meters.

Continuous and interrupted continuous wave tube transmitters will be used. (Interrupted continuous wave signals are similar in character to those emitted by spark stations).

The receiving apparatus for all wave lengths is located at Chatham, Mass., as is likewise the 300-450-600 meter transmitter. The 1800-2200-2800 meter transmitter is located at Marion, Mass., same being distantly controlled from Chatham.

Wave Lengths—300-450-600-1800-2200-2800 meters.

Call Letters—WCC.

Coastal station charge ten cents per word, no minimum. Land line charges—same as those applying through our present New York (WNY) station.

Geographical location—

Chatham:	Longitude	70.00.00 West.
	Latitude	41.42.00 North.
Marion:	Longitude	70.46.30 West.
	Latitude	41.42.45 North.

On or about the same date, we shall open to general public service a spark station, receiving apparatus for which will be located at Belmar, N. J., and the transmitter at New Brunswick, N. J.

Wave lengths—300-450-600 meters.

Call Letters—WNY.

Coastal station charge ten cents per word, no minimum. Land line charges—same as those applying through our present WNY station.

Geographical location—

Belmar:	Longitude	74.03.00 West.
	Latitude	40.11.00 North.
New Brunswick:	Longitude	74.29.15 West.
	Latitude	40.30.10 North.

Upon the opening of this station, our present WNY station will be discontinued.

Operators attached to vessels on which the radio stations are operated by the Radio Corporation under rental or service contracts are hereby directed, so far as may be feasible and unless otherwise instructed by the sender, to transmit their shore bound traffic through either of the stations above referred to.

Chatham and Belmar receiving stations are directly connected with our Broad Street office in New York City by special land lines, thus assuring speedy service. Land line rates will be uniform for both stations and will be the same as those applying to a station located in New York City.

Effective May 1, 1921 the ship station rate will be increased to 8c. per word, no minimum, for all vessels controlled by the Radio Corporation of America, except ships operated under contract with the United States Shipping Board and ships on the Great Lakes.

Vessels operated under contract with the United States Shipping Board will continue to apply the 4c. rate.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
By David Sarnoff,
Commercial Manager.

233 Broadway,
New York, N. Y., April 4, 1921.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

MR. DUFFY'S secretary has resigned. Ordinarily the resignation of a stenographer is followed by a mere announcement in our journal, but with Florence Stewart it must be different. She is a different type from the ordinary girl. Aside from being highly efficient, she was everybody's friend, and was admired and liked by every official and employee at 326 Broadway.

Mrs. Stewart was in the Radio Corporation employ about two years, and the great popularity she attained among her co-workers was evidenced at an elaborate surprise party held in her honor on the evening of April first. The affair was arranged by a committee of girls headed by Miss Mary Duffy, of the Wireless Press, and was so secretly planned that Mrs. Stewart had not a hint of what was to happen, when, at 7 o'clock she arrived at the office in answer to a clever ruse of a close girl-friend. Upon stepping out of the elevator she found herself surrounded by scores of girls and men proclaiming the surprise that was surely hers.

The place was beautifully decorated and the floor well waxed for dancing. One of the best sights, however, aside from the charming appearance of the dozen, or more, pretty girls, was the big table in the side room laden with good things to eat. Everybody enjoyed the supper and then, after a short social time, the dancing started to the tune of a phonograph and continued until close to midnight.

Mrs. Stewart felt so regretful over leaving the position to which she had become attached, and the good friends she made here, that during the week previous, her eyes were frequently seen to show the effect of tears. However great was her regret, she will be able to look back with pleasure and pride upon the honor bestowed upon her that evening.

Oscar Foy represented this division in the speed receiving contest at the recent radio convention at New York. Mr. Foy copied 44 words a minute and during the entire contest made but three errors, which, even though it did not beat the world's record, is greatly to Foy's credit.

Mr. Foy has worked at every branch of the telegraph industry. He has been with the Western Union and the Postal on bonus wires; railroads on tower and station positions; the A. P., and other press associations, stock wires, race horse wires, cable work and high power radio. On his last trip to sea he attained much publicity upon arrival, over a radio telephone feat he had accomplished.

BOSTON

THE *Camden* is in service again, with H. T. Munroe engineering the QMS set.

The *Malden* has returned from Europe. Fred Salim retains an affection for Marseilles.

R. W. Rice and R. G. Philbrook each turned up in time to be honored with a Form 69 to the *George Washington* for a trip to New York.

G. G. MacIntosh's hopes were running high when he left for Savannah to join the *City of Rome*, only to have his hopes dashed to the ground when the *Rome* laid up again at Savannah. He returned on the *City of Columbus* as a supernumerary, which sounds like next thing to stowaway.

J. M. Paynter scouted all over the *Nelson* to locate an open circuit and eventually found the war-time switch in the captain's room open. Paynter says one such experience on that ship sufficed for him, and Paul Platt got the job.

General Superintendent Pillsbury stopped in at Boston office recently and we were glad to see him. In local telegraphic circles the story goes that Mr. Pillsbury, then superintendent at Boston of one of the telegraph companies, observed one of the crack operators experiencing some difficulty receiving, and stepping over asked, "Can't you get that?" The operator, crestfallen, admitted he could not. He was much relieved when Mr. Pillsbury said, "Neither can I."

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

WE have installed a new aerial and re-wired the equipment at the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute for the City of Baltimore.

Operator R. G. Curry recently arrived at this port on the *Corvus* and reported his set as being in excellent working condition although he informed us the motor generator bearings were frozen to the shaft. You win the glass golf ball, Roland.

Thomas M. Stevens dropped in to see us on Good Friday, but was quite convinced that said day was a legal holiday in the state of Maryland.

Twenty-six ships operated by the Radio Corporation are laid up at the port of Baltimore. Semi-monthly inspections keep Inspector Richwein going these days.

H. C. Gawler of the Head office with his family of Radiotrons paid us a visit recently. He gave a lantern slide lecture to the Maryland Radio Association at the Central Y. M. C. A. which was enjoyed by over 100 members.

E. B. Foote was detached from the *Clavarack* when she laid up and was assigned to the *Palisades* as junior.

After waiting two months for an assignment John M. Paynter was attached to the *Nelson*. One trip to Mexico was enough and he quit cold at Boston. He said he could not stand seeing the deck buckle a few inches midships. The fate of the sister ships got on his mind also.

GULF DIVISION

VESSELS continue to lay up and as a result A. R. Hamilton is on the unassigned list, having been removed from the *Owego*.

Ray S. Hood is in charge on the *Dauperata*.

James C. Shaw has been taken off the *Cecil County* due to the vessel laying up. Operator Shaw is proceeding to Baltimore and will try to obtain re-assignment out of that port.

Harry N. Misenheimer has been removed from the *Lake Franconia* which has laid up at Orange.

The *Watertown* has been laid up at New Orleans and Operator Richard W. Pritchard has gone to Boston where he will await re-assignment.

A. P. Arlington has gone on leave of absence from the *West Imboden* which will remain at Galveston for several weeks.

Richard W. Henson has been assigned to the *Lake Lansing* vice Diomedé Brillon who has gone on leave of absence.

Thomas Bowen was taken off the *Sapinero* but did not remain on the beach very long due to the fact that he was in the office at the psychological moment when a rush call came for an operator for the *Liberty Land*.

Harold P. Folsom is in charge on the *West Shore*, a Shipping Board vessel recently put back into commission.

William L. Jones has been taken off the *Lake Florian* due to the vessel laying up.

Otto E. Curtis has been replaced on the *Kaweah* by Fred D. McCoy. Curtis has returned to his home in New York on account of ill health. McCoy came off the *Lake Gardner*.

Merton Hatfield has been assigned to the *Lake Gardner*.

L. Guillet has been removed from the *Phoenix Bridge*, due to the vessel laying up.

Louis H. Boizelle has been assigned as junior to the *Coahuila*, replacing George W. Schuman.

Lawrence S. Cusick has been taken off the *Lake Frenchton*, due to the vessel laying up.

John E. Spetzman has been taken off the *Albert E. Watts*, due to the vessel laying up.

John E. McMillan has been taken off the *Western Chief* which is laying up at Mobile.

Harry Hatterman has been assigned to the *Northwestern Bridge* at Galveston.

Carmen E. Call recently proceeded to his home in California from the *Cuyamaca*, which laid up at Mobile.

Walter S. DuBridge recently was taken off the *Derbyline* at Mobile, due to the vessel laying up.

Rex G. Bettis is going out on the *Fairfield City*, a new vessel recently completed at Mobile.

Inspector Elkins has just returned from Galveston where he and District Manager Ellsworth completed the installation of a type SE-1060 set on the *Westland* of the Shipping Board. We have also installed an Audion Receiver on this vessel.

We notice that Inspector Huber appears to be in rather good spirits lately, no doubt due to the fact that there have been a number of calls for repair work on foreign vessels.

THE CRADLE

Born at New Orleans, March 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. Pohl, a son, Julius A., Junior, 8 pounds.

Born at New Orleans, March 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. N. DuTreil, a girl, Lucy Emma Louise, 7 pounds.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

CONSTRUCTOR ELLIOTT has been kept busy inspecting, tuning and repairing equipment aboard vessels laid up during the winter months; which vessels have already (or are about to) commenced their 1921 race for tonnage.

Constructor S. E. Leonard has changed the equipment aboard the four Harvey H. Brown & Company vessels, installing a revised type Q. M. S. aboard each ship. Leonard has also installed a C-296-B set aboard the *Chas. L. Hutchinson*, one of the new rental contract ships in this division.

Mr. Hayes of the New York office, recently spent a day in Cleveland, visiting at our new offices, during his stay.

Mr. Nicholas, Divisional Superintendent, has recently returned from a business trip which took in Eastern Lake Erie shipping ports.

A. Thomas, District Manager at Chicago, has made several re-installations, also is busily engaged changing the apparatus aboard the whale-back passenger steamer *Christopher Columbus*, installing a C-296-B set in place of the old Q. M. S.

Geo. Noack, who took the *Lakeland* out, opened our bulk freighter season of navigation and started things a-rolling for another busy season.

Old Reliable Bill Kunner is back again aboard the *Carl D. Bradley* as conveyor engineer and operator. This makes Bill's fourth year aboard the *Carl D.* and let's hope it won't be the last—although he thinks differently.

Henry R. Grossman, after rather a strenuous winter in the amateur radio field, has again taken out the stone carrier *Alpena*. Henry has a brand new first-grade license, and looks forward to holding on to it in preference to working long distance on 200 meters.

D. G. McDaniels, purser-operator of the carferry *Ashtabula* during 1920, has again returned to this berth for the present season.

R. W. Eling, who recently laid up the *Alabama*, an all-winter boat, has taken out the *Carolina*, advising he doesn't believe in vacations during seasons of business depression. There's a reason!

Leroy Bremmer, who has been sailing out of the Eastern division, is awaiting the initial start of the *Harvey H. Brown*, to which vessel he was attached during 1918 and part of '19. Bremmer had quite a siege of sickness in Europe about a year ago, but physically at least, is looking very fit at the present time.

N. B. Watson is with us again, having recently taken the *J. L. Reiss* out on her initial trip of the season.

Roy C. Wenning opened the passenger run between Detroit and Cleveland aboard the *Eastern States*, while J. H. Mitchell took out the *Western States*. The two vessels run against each other making it possible for daily sailings between the fourth and fifth cities of the country.

J. E. MacDonald writes in, "Everything fine aboard the *Illinois*."

Wilde Sheets has again returned to our Chicago district, having been recently assigned to the *Indiana*. Wilde spent a few months in the south during the past winter.

Wilber R. Williams has been assigned to the *C. O. Jenkins*, having taken one of the first cargoes of coal from a Lake port this year.

The carferry *Maitland No. 1* is once again honored with the services of Geo. M. Commerford as purser-operator, the vessel's initial trip having recently been made.

Carl Eisenhauser is again aboard the *Samuel Mitchell*, once more plying her trade with *Alpena* as her main port of call.

H. J. Buckley, W. R. Williams, Elmer W. Prenzel and J. A. Goorisich, are still holding down the purser-operator berths aboard the *Pere Marquette* Nos. 17, 18, 19 and 20, respectively.

E. F. Brede started out the 1921 season aboard the *Clemens Reiss*, a one-man ship.

Thos. B. Dancey, after accepting several different assignments that did not materialize, finally landed aboard the *John P. Reiss*.

G. Lyle Stevenson is back aboard the *Otto Reiss*, he having laid the *Otto* up last December.

J. A. Esch, a radio man par excellence, has been assigned to the *Peter Reiss*.

John E. Lind, who claims much service on the Pacific, is now on the *William Reiss*, trading in coal and ore.

Willard J. Ferris, who spent all of 1917 and '18 aboard the *Sir Thos. Shaughnessy*, has again fitted out and sailed on the same vessel.

Enthusiastic Joseph Angsten is contemplating an exceptionally busy season aboard the *A. M. Byers*, this being his second season on this vessel. Joe has recently submitted for approval *existence-sketches* which we hope to have printed in our little pamphlet in the course of a month or so. These sketches uncommonly named, should be of world-wide interest to operators, especially those who have never sailed the quiet waters of the Great Lakes.

PACIFIC DIVISION

SAN FRANCISCO

WE notice a slight improvement in the slack conditions this month from the fact that all the Standard Oil boats have been put back into commission after short lay-ups. Business in general is still quiet.

Ship building is quite brisk but the yards have been given extensions on time on most of the ships, resulting in less activity.

The new Standard tanker *K. R. Kingsbury* was equipped with a P8A outfit and will sail shortly for Tampico. Operator Paul Nesbit, formerly junior on the *Mau*, will endeavor to break some distance records.

A P8A panel set was installed on the *R. J. Hannah*, a 10,000-ton tanker built for the Standard Oil Company of California at the Union Construction yards in Oakland. The *Hannah* is equipped with an inverted L aerial having a natural period of 280 meters. It is probable that Operator Cookson of the *Manoa* will sail on the new vessel about the first week in April.

The tug *Sea Monarch*, second of the Ship Owners and Merchant fleet to be equipped with a 1/2 KW 500 cycle submarine type set, is now returning from Santa Rosalia on her initial trip. Operator Goldsmith is evidently obtaining good results, as her position reports appear regularly in the daily papers.

Two 1/2 KW submarine type sets were purchased by the Alaska packers Association to be installed on their steamers *Kvichak* and *Nushagak* in place of the Kilbourne Clark apparatus previously installed. The fleet is late in going north this year on account of labor troubles.

No new assignments were made during the month, but transfers were plentiful.

C. C. White was transferred from the *Richmond* to the *Santa Rita* and Louis Acton of the *Rita* took the *Richmond*.

Chas. Yankey of the *Brave Coeur* went out on the *China Arrow* in place of Chas. Colby, who returned east.

M. H. Mears returned from the Orient on the *Royal Arrow*. On account of sickness, Wm. Cheesebrough, an old-timer, relieved Mears.

Paul Riese transferred from the *West Keene* to the *Atlas* and Golden Greene from the *Pomona* to the *West Keene*.

R. H. Horn, who went across with the *Asuncion* is now on *Barge 93* and R. J. Cossar of *Barge 93* is operating *Barge 91*. Both barges have been laid up for several weeks.

Charlie Morenus will go out as junior on the *Maui*, relieving Phil Thorne, who sailed on the *Manoa* as senior 24 hours after he arrived on the former vessel. Pretty tough on the little blonde one, Phil?

F. W. Hill returned from a two weeks' leave to junior's place on the *Wapama*. G. E. VanOrder, who took Hill's place during the leave, was promoted to first when Paul Kessler resigned to go east. VanOrder had the same assignment over two years ago, but on account of slack conditions was well pleased to return.

SEATTLE

A CONTRACT was signed during the month for the installation of a 2-KW set at the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company's property on the Kuskokwim River, Alaska. Roy Massey will go north sometime in May, to make the installation. In the meantime, Mr. Barker is adjusting the set for long wave transmission.

J. A. Johnson, ex the *Elkridge*, recently arrived from San Francisco. About two weeks after his arrival we tried to send him to Europe, along with the *Orani*, but Johnson couldn't see signing up for a year, as he said he thought a number of things might happen in that length of time. It being necessary to have a good operator, we assigned William Cook. Cook said he would sign anything, even our re-inventory.

The sub sets we recently installed on the *Admiral Dewey* and *Admiral Schley* are giving excellent results. Bill Nottingham, formerly at the Harbor Department Radio Station, is first on the *Schley*.

The *Admiral Goodrich* went into commission this week. G. C. Hallett is first operator and freight clerk. D. O. Bircher is assistant.

Several changes this month amongst our junior operators: George Hillman is now on the *Admiral Watson*. Elmer Thureson is on the *President* and J. Belling left on the *City of Seattle*.

A good many sour-dough operators are on our waiting list, as

the Alaskan stations are not opening up this year as early as formerly.

PORTLAND

I NSTALLATION of a P-5 panel set on S.S. *Swiftscout*, the latest Swiftsure Oil Transport Co. vessel, has just been completed. This vessel made her trial trip of 4 hours' run at sea, March 29th. Ernest Helvogt made the trip as radio operator and had several important radiograms to transmit, one being from the Chief of Police of Portland, who was a guest aboard the vessel. Three more vessels for this line are now on the ways and will soon be launched. Operator R. J. Sharp recently returned from the Orient on S.S. *West Nomentum*, and is visiting his sister while the vessel is laid up for repairs.

H. Y. Ballou of the S.S. *Curacao* had to have his jaw fixed up by a dentist, when last in this port. We sympathize with him for we know the inconveniences of trying to eat pork and beans with a jaw all puffed out as the result of an ulcerated tooth. Better luck next time H. Y.

The District Manager invited operators Hammell and Bidwell, of S. S. *Rose City*, to his home to play bridge, but the invitation was not accepted on the ground that neither of them play bridge, and that they would not feel at home unless the place had sawdust on the floor. However, the invitation is still open.

We had the pleasure of a visit from P. W. Thomas, operator on S.S. *Ernest H. Meyer*, recently.

We think that the climate at Portland is the best on the Pacific Coast.

PORT OF LOS ANGELES

A NOTHER Union Oil tanker, *La Placentia*, is to be equipped with our 2 KW 500 cycle P8A sets within two weeks. This is the second Union Oil tanker to be equipped with our equipment, and from reports received at this office, the installation on the *Montebello* is more than coming up to the expectations of those most vitally concerned in up-to-the-minute service.

Our optimistic prediction relative to the service rendered on the *Montebello*, we feel, has been a dream come true, and we will now return to the placid state of normalcy.

Our City Fathers have requested the writer to label our news column "Port of Los Angeles," instead of "San Pedro," and we just incorporate this suggestion to our amiable editor in a spirit of meekness, thinking perhaps, it might not be amiss to comply with the request, if his type isn't too scarce to make the correction.

News at this port is scarce. We might write some town gossip, but if we did, we would be dubbed a bucolic correspondent, and if we don't write enough, we will be considered lazy.

We have written 175 words by actual count and that should suffice from the PORT OF LOS ANGELES.

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