

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY
**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA**

MARCH, 1921

VOLUME 2

AT
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



High Speed Dictaphone - Bell
Radio Corporation of America
New York, N. Y.
P-307

MR. WELKE RECEIVING HIGH SPEED TRANSMISSION ON
DICTAPHONE AT BELMAR FROM CARNARVON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

(WOOLWORTH BUILDING)

NEW YORK

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MOTHS AND WIRELESS

DO moths use wireless telegraphy? asks Hubert Stringer in the *Daily Mail*.

This query is not nearly so grotesque as it may at first appear. During the pairing season in the month of June moths of certain species are observed to communicate with each other over distances as great as one or two miles by some means unknown. A female Vapourer moth, for instance, enclosed in a wooden pillbox, will attract miles of its species from all directions.

Now, it is not by scent that the position of the female moth is discovered, since the males will approach down wind; neither can it be by a sound of some frequency inaudible to human ears, for a female may be enclosed in a sound-proof box and the males will still unerringly find her. Entomologists so far have shelved this mystery under the head of "communication by some means unknown," and there in the text-books the matter rests.

It is now high time that experiments were made upon the supposition that wireless telegraphy may afford a solution. If this should prove to be the fact it will undoubtedly be found that electromagnetic waves of exceedingly short wave-length are employed. Now, light is an electro-magnetic wave of very short wave-length: both glow-worms and fireflies emit light under similar conditions, so that there is nothing so very improbable in the emission of slightly longer, and hence invisible, waves by other insects.

Observed facts seem to lend color to the idea.

Moths have antennæ. These, besides acting as feelers, may serve another use—that of transmitting and receiving aërials. The antennæ of the female, who is the transmitter, differ in design from those of the male, who receives; that also agrees with wireless practice. Moreover, the male moth, when approaching the female, is seen to alight often in an uncertain manner swinging his antennæ, much as an operator swings a wireless direction-finding frame to discover from what direction signals emanate.

Tests could easily be carried out. The first would be to enclose the female in a box of metal or wire gauze, which would cut off any wireless waves. If then males consistently did not come to that box, this fact would tend to support the wireless theory. Definite proof, however, could only be obtained by making the moth's "signals" audible.

Assuming that the antennæ of the female are the transmitters, a rough idea of the length of the wave used could be obtained by calculation; a diminutive circuit could then be constructed to act on the moth-signals by "interference" and make them audible in a telephone receiver.

Many of the inventions brought out in connection with radio have proved of benefit in land-line methods of signaling, notably in wire telephony. We may confidently look forward in the next

ten years for a radical change in the present methods of electrical signaling. Among these radio signaling will play an important part.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

ONE of our prominent federal radio inspectors has said that the radio operators' profession has amongst its ranks, even at this present day, a number of operators who consider the radio station aboard ship of which they have charge a modern play toy. Truer words were never spoken. However, fortunately, the number of that class of operators is comparatively small.

Some little time past, the Shipping Board ruled that operators below the age of twenty years must not, except in cases of emergency, be employed on its ships. This ruling in itself will, to a considerable extent, prevent the entrance into the commercial radio game of many of the class of operators referred to by the federal radio inspector. However, this must not be taken to mean that all of the young entrants into the operating class has proven to be of this class. I recall one young fellow who took on assignment on a good-sized ship while he was still wearing knickerbockers—at the tender age of sixteen—and I know of no irregularity having been charged to his account from the date he was first assigned up to the time he came ashore. He is now employed by one of the radio operating companies as an inspector.

On the other hand, complaints, and not a few in number, are being received against the older heads—first grade ticketed operators who have been traveling the briny since "befo' the war." These fellows know better and should set the example for the newcomers. Some of them, however, don't realize this until they have been given time to think it over—during the suspension period of their license.

The best way to keep out of trouble is to always bear in mind that your unofficial chats, no matter how you camouflage them, are going to be copied by some fellow who is patiently waiting for you to clear out so that he can get his *business* through. Unlike the olden days, every complaint is being thoroughly investigated and those found guilty are made to pay. If you've been indulging in this unofficial pastime and haven't had it brought to your attention, chances are nine to one that you've got something coming. It sometimes takes these complaints five or six months to come through, especially if the reporting station happens to be under foreign jurisdiction. Of late some operators have been doing their rag-chewing in the guise of service messages.

There is so much radio *business*, bought and paid for, that must go through, that there is not time left in which rag-chewing is permissible.

When you've had some wonderful good time on your first visit to a new port, on your first sea-going assignment, don't trouble yourself to get your aerial radiation meter to read twenty-two amps, before you start telling it to some ship about four-fifty off. Chances are that the fellow who you are trying to tell your experience to made his first visit to that same port while you were still trying to see if you could copy twelve without flunking. Also remember that hundreds of other operators in your vicinity are made to listen to something which goes against the grain.

Be a good sport. When not actually engaged in getting your *business* out and in, play the part of "That Wise Old Owl," and when it comes time to get a renewal of your license you'll have no trouble in getting what you're after. Also, you'll always find the word "Welcome" on the mat in front of the Superintendent's door when you are looking for a reassignment or transference to a bigger ship or one on a better run.

J. A. P.

LONG DISTANCE WORK

OPERATOR H. A. COOKSON, of the *West Camargo*, which recently arrived at San Francisco, established communication with Eureka at a distance of 1,200 miles from that port, during bright daylight, on 600 meter 2 K. W. quenched spark set. He also worked Honolulu, 900 miles, in daytime, and copied Wellington, N. Z., and Melbourne, Australia, 600 meter spark, at night. The Eureka connection is believed to be a record for long distance working during daylight hours.

WIRELESS WITHSTANDS EFFECTS OF AURORA BOREALIS IN NEW YORK

The Aurora Borealis, or Northern lights, made a brilliant display in the heavens in New York recently and up to 2 o'clock in the morning the wonderful streamers danced, shivered and waved over nearly the whole visible sky. The display appeared more vivid and strong in the north and northwest, but the banners of mystic light repeatedly shot up to the zenith, or uppermost part of the celestial sphere, where they met in an apex or hub.

As usual, the effects of the aurora was promptly felt in the offices of cable, telephone and telegraph companies, communication being seriously interfered with. Wireless service was also affected, but in a less degree.

The aurora, which is seldom visible in New York skies, is a common spectacle in Arctic regions.

Scientists have little to say in explanation of its occurrence, except that it is the result of magnetic activity in the upper region of the earth's atmosphere, these disturbances, in turn, being mysteriously associated with the frequency of sun spots.

THE SINKING OF THE LAKE FRAMPTON

WITH a calm sea and a cloudless sky affording ideal conditions of navigation, the Southern Pacific Steel passenger steamship Comus crashed into the steel United States Shipping Board freighter Lake Frampton at 3.15 a. m., July 12th, about eight miles off Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The freighter sank in ten minutes, carrying to death an oiler and a fireman. The Comus's bow was slightly damaged, but the liner sustained no other marks of the impact. Few of her sixty-four passengers, most of them women, were panicky and several aided in rescuing the remaining thirty-two officers and men on board the Lake Frampton.

The story of the shipwreck is here described by H. L. McCeney, the Radio Operator of Lake Frampton:

I was asleep in my bunk on the morning of July 12th when a crash which occurred at 3:15 A. M. threw me out. Running to the deck I heard the alarm bells giving their signals. I tried to reach the captain to get orders as to the transmission of any possible message, but the only orders the captain issued were: "Abandon ship immediately." We were going down rapidly.

The Lake Frampton listed to port so much that it was impossible to launch the life boat on the starboard side. However, the life boat on the port side was rigged up and about fourteen of the crew got into it and the lines were cut to allow it to float away. There was no chance for me to reach the life boat so I climbed to the starboard side of the ship which was high in the air at the time, and when I thought the ship was settling, slid down the side into the water. It was quite dark and visibility was poor. After being in the water a while I swam toward the life boat, but it kept drifting away because the crew aboard had no oar-locks with which to control the direction of the boat. As it was impossible to reach it I swam toward the Comus, which lay off about one mile distant.

Reaching the Comus almost exhausted, I was hauled aboard in between decks through one of the square portholes, and from there carried to the baker's sleeping room, where warm drinks and dry clothing were given me. After being aboard an hour, the first



operator of the Comus, Louis J. Gallo, took me to the wireless room. I had been reported missing, though I was one of the first to be rescued, but being on the lower deck, no report had been made on my rescue.

The collision and sinking of the Lake Frampton happened so suddenly that there was no opportunity to use the wireless apparatus in securing aid. From the time of the collision to the settling of the boat, about 15 minutes elapsed. The second operator on the Comus, E. L. Chesbro, was on watch at the time.

STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY

By William Daniel

(A Student in Radio Institute)

From 1 to 5 we study code.
 (A harder row I've never hoed)
 We've got to practise to get by,
 And holy smoke, it sure is dry!

To copy mile-long strings of talk
 Would make old Job get up and balk.
 Good night! There's five long months of it.
 I often think I'd better quit.

But when the harbor whistles blow
 I think of places I could know,
 Had I the right to pitch my camp
 Aboard some roving deep-sea tramp.

O gee! To see before I die,
 The Cuban palms against the sky,
 Waikiki's beach, the Maelstrom's coil,
 Were worth a century of toil.

L'Envoi

And so, to gain the Open Road,
 I sit me down and—study code!

DAMPED UNDAUGHT

Upon a balmy summer day,
 A husky freighter sailed away;
 For the River Plate, without a stop,
 With Billy Jones as Radio Op.
 Not thinking that it might be wrong,
 A long-wave set he packed along;
 He figured he would make a noise,
 And buffalo the "Old Time Boys."
 As an Op young Bill could not be beat,

He made his meters overheat;
He never tired pounding brass,
Result: a never-ending jazz.
One night when many miles from shore,
He dragged his long wave to the fore;
He forgot about six hundred meters
As he started in to climb the ether.
He copied sigs from far and near,
From Russia, France and Germany,
And not forgetting quaint old Rome,
And the 106 was left alone.
Then without a bit of warning,
Overboard went the Captain's awning;
That freighter hit a wicked gale,
And the Old Man started raising cain.
He started in on poor old Sparks,
Who was tuning in amongst the arcs;
He hollered, "You had better mind,
We're just about to cross the line."
That eighty miler did the trick,
It made that operator sick;
He dove below in to his bunk,
And forgot about his long-wave junk.
The wind did blow, the sea did roar,
As Father Neptune climbed aboard;
He shook his salty tears aside,
And the door of the radio shack he sp'ied.
He knocked upon the door with vim,
And 106 said, "Step right in;"
"Well, well," said Nep, when he saw his friend,
"I'm very pleased that we meet again."
But 106 just heaved a sigh,
He didn't even bat an eye;
"Alas, my friend, I'm compromised,
By this usurper at my side."
Now this made Father Neptune sore,
"Usurper, have we met before?"
"Why no," replied the long wave set,
"I've never crossed the line as yet."
Then 106 looked up with glee,
As Undampt got the third degree;
That battle lasted thru the night,
'Twas enough to make one's ha'r turn white.
The following day broke bright and clear,
The sun came out and spread its cheer;
And Billy looked thru the radio door,
And saw the wreck upon the floor.
He saw the remains of his long-wave set,
A bunch of wire sopping wet;
And high and dry above the jinx,
Stood sturdy, modest 106.

Hugo Estberg.



FIFTY-FIFTY

ONE of the great assets of the American people is their ability to cheer up under the most adverse conditions. They have done it many times and they are going to do it now. What we need is to get down to the cheerful business of counting our blessings and boosting our friends, neighbors and fellow-workers. If we should put time and thought and energy into producing good cheer and good material such as is needed everywhere, this country would be a very different place to live in within the next few months. What we need is to play a real 50-50 game, taking a little less than 50 for ourselves and giving a little more than 50 to those about us.

This reminds me of a story I heard the other day particularly apropos to the situation we have been in. A certain substantial citizen in one of our midwest centers being very fond of sausage, had discovered a new kind to tickle his palate, called Rabbit Sausage. He partook of this with much relish for several months, when a raise in rent caused him to change his residence. He discovered on his morning walk to his office that he passed the factory where Rabbit Sausage was made, and on several mornings observed a stray horse or two being driven through the factory gates. Finally his curiosity got the better of him and he went in to call on the manager of the sausage factory, and asked him what he used in his wonderful product. The manager replied, Rabbit meat." "Anything else?" asked our friend. "A little," replied the manager. "A little what?" persisted our friend. "Oh, several things," replied the manager. "Any horse meat?" asked our friend. "Oh, a little," replied the manager. "What do you mean by a little?" demanded our friend. "Fifty-fifty," replied the manager. "Just what do you mean by 50-50?" then asked our friend. "Why I mean one horse to one rabbit," replied the manager.

The trouble with this old world just now is that we have all been playing the game 50-50, one horse to one rabbit, fifty knocks to one boost, fifty pessimistic prophecies to one word of enthusiasm and optimism, fifty sighs to one smile. Have you ever tried to gauge the tremendous h. p. of a smiling word? Let's turn on the lights!

GOOD MEDICINE

These are all good for what ails you.
Take them for anything and everything.
Only not too much of any one at any time.
Work. Play. Smile. Love. Live.

A RADIO-CORP MAN WINS DECORATION

H. C. Gawler tells how it happened



OUR editor has asked me why the Portuguese Government decorated me as a Knight of the *Ordem do Aviz*, and I am going to make the telling as painless as possible.

Commander S. C. Hooper, U. S. N., well known to radio men, exerted his good offices in my behalf with the result that I was detailed by the Navy Department as Communication Officer and Aide to the Naval Force Commander, Azores Detachment, in command of Rear Admiral Herbert O. Dunn, U. S. N.

The Azores had been used by the Central Powers as a base for their submarine activities, especially the Germans, and our principal job was to write finis on this Teutonic arrangement.

The task of the detachment was rather delicate because, to accomplish his mission, Admiral Dunn was compelled to be Naval Force Commander of the Azores, which made all other authorities, Portuguese and foreign, subordinate to his authority. Probably any one of our admirals could have done the same thing, but surely none could have done it any better, for Admiral Dunn and the Portuguese fitted together like ham and eggs. I was somewhat puffed up with my importance, being the only Reserve officer on the Admiral's staff, and the Admiral decided (or someone else decided for him), that my frame was a good thing upon which to hang additional duties.

In addition to my detail as Communication Officer and Aide, I thereupon became Mess Treasurer, Electrical Officer, Cable Officer, American Member of the Board of Censors, Assistant Naval Intelligence Officer, Naval Intelligence Officer, Assistant Public Works Officer, as well as American member of the Relief Commission. I could speak *Cape Cod Portuguese* even better than George Clark can speak *Schenectady Spanish* when I landed at the Azores, but it did not take long for me to get out of this bad habit.

On account of my many additional duties I succeeded in

getting in the line of vision of the High Commissioner of the Portuguese Government, General Simas Machado, so that whenever the General saw a busy "two-striper" he naturally thought it must be Lieutenant Gawler. Then too, the General had two daughters, but of course that is another story and Mrs. Gawler will certainly read this.

The Spanish Influenza hit the Island like a bolt out of a clear sky and it was no respecter of persons, especially the younger people.

It would not prove pleasant reading were I to tell you about the horrors of those weeks. The extreme poverty of the country people forced many persons to live in very small houses and it is against all that is holy in a Portuguese house to open windows, no matter how many are in a room. The natives were dying so rapidly they could not be buried properly and something had to be done promptly.

The High Commissioner of the Portuguese Government called in person on the Admiral for aid and the Admiral in turn sent me out to investigate and report. Within an hour I had been assigned as the American member of the Relief Commission and in three hours I was in complete charge, including the High Commissioner himself.

Some of the things we did will shock the surviving natives for years to come. We established hospitals in large private homes, warehouses, theatres, and even temporarily in fields. Sexes were frequently mixed, but not unnecessarily; the idea was to save lives, which we did.

Whole families were stricken in their homes, unable to prepare food even if they had it. We had to feed them first and then move them to hospitals, working day and night to bring them in, burying the dead and taking sanitary precautions. Our method was to enter a house, cut the garments from the victims, wrap them in blankets and take them to hospitals for bathing, clean clothes and medical treatment.

The Admiral gave me everything I asked for and the High Commissioner did likewise. There certainly were no slackers on that commission. Incidentally we requisitioned 113 automobiles, repaired some, rebuilt others, and we kept them on the go day and night. About this time, I recall one report, "Lagoa, six thousand cases, population seven thousand two hundred." The mortality was naturally higher than in the United States.

Finally, the High Commissioner, in expressing his gratitude to the people of the United States, decorated Rear Admiral Herbert O. Dunn; his Chief of Staff, Commander Louis Thibault, U. S. N., and while he was at it he remembered Lieutenant Henry C. Gawler, U. S. N. R. F.

SHIPLEY DIDN'T LIKE HIS SHIP

(The following request in rhyme for a transfer was received by Mr. Duffy last month:)

This ship's nothing but a sloop,
 There's not much I can hand'er;
 With the wireless room stuck on the poop,
 I'll swear I cannot stand'er.
 She rolls to starboard, then to port,
 The set, it starts a'leaping;
 The skipper comes asneaking 'round
 To try to catch me sleeping.

The wireless set is out of gear,
 But about this I do not worry;
 The thing that now is bothering me
 Is why don't the darn ship hurry.
 The bow goes up, the poop comes down,
 My detector does the shimmeey;
 I cuss aloud and jump around,
 And holler "Whoa there, Jenny."

The grub I mouch at eating time,
 Ten minutes later leaves me;
 When I get back I must resign
 From this ship, or quit the sea;
 She does a dive, and then a leap;
 My dinner goes a'flying.
 It's sure enough to make me weep;
 Believe me, I'm not lying.

So, adios to this old tub,
 Another ship I beg to try;
 Something better than a sub,
 For to stay here means to die,
 Then let'r roll and pitch and dive and leap,
 All she has a mind to,
 I'll still be on the briny deep,
 But amidships, on a real ship—
 And not on the poop
 Of an old sloop
 That's not a darn bit o'good,
 Never was any good,
 And never will be any good.

Executed (I mean the foregoing verses—not me or the ship)
 this black, angry night of January twenty-second, A. D. 1921, in
 between frequent trips to the rail.

Reid S. Shipley.

GOD BLESS THE MAN WHO DOES HIS BEST

God bless the man who does his best
And fill his life with cheer,
Let him find happiness and rest
And peace and comfort here!
May victory be his in time,
When he has proved his worth,
And may his days be sweet with rhyme
And fellowship and mirth.

God bless the man who does his best,
Wherever he may be,
Or North or South or East or West,
On land or on the sea!
May friends make glad his round of days,
Success reward his care,
And may he walk untroubled ways
'Neath sunny skies and fair.

God bless the man who does his best,
And guard him day and night,
Grant him the courage for the test
And let his heart be light!
Console him when he is distressed,
And when his hope grows dim,
God bless the man who does his best,
The World has need of him!

Edgar A. Guest.

BOLIVIA GETS BUSY

The Ministry of the Government of Bolivia recently accepted a bid made by the Bolivian engineer, Senor Humberto de Asin, to install three wireless stations in the country, to be located at Guayaramerin, Cachuela Esperanza and Trinidad. The Government will contribute the sum of 11,000 bolivianos (boliviano equal to \$0.3893 U. S.) for the first, 25,000 bolivianos for the second station, and 75,686 bolivianos for the Trinidad station. These three wireless plants will connect the outlying districts of the republic with the rest of the country.

CHINA ADOPTS RADIOPHONE

China, the land of oriental apathy, which has been asleep for centuries while other nations have moved forward in the march of progress, has beaten the world in the adoption of one modern idea. Guglielmo Marconi calls attention to the fact that China is first among the nations to adopt wireless telephones to carry on communication between cities and rural district. However, Marconi

predicts that wireless phones will within a year supplant the present kind in many lands and that they will be given the widest use in the United States, which, he says, heads the list of nations in wireless inventions.

The wireless telephone has limitless possibilities and should be a great advance step over the present system, which requires an enormous amount of work to keep up and at a tremendous expense.

CHINESE ACTIVITIES

It is reported that the English Marconi Company is making arrangements with the Chinese Government to establish high power stations in Peking, Urga, Urumohi and Kashgar, which will be able to communicate day and night with the Indian Government station at Simla. There also are to be subsidiary stations in Uliassutai, Kobda, Sianfu and Hami. It seems evident that well informed people feel that these trade routes are of very great importance. If a railway is to be constructed from Kalgan through Urga to connect with the Trans-Siberian and the old routes to India are to be reopened, the situation in eastern Asia will be materially affected.

RADIO RE-UNITES FAMILY

The filmy tentacles of the wireless were responsible for the reuniting of Cleo Archer, 15, with her mother and brother in this city to-day after a separation of thirteen years.

In that time Cleo Archer did not know her right name or have any knowledge that she was other than the rightful daughter of Ellis Williams and wife, with whom she lived as a daughter. But it was through the efforts of Lester Archer, 19, a student in Scott High School at Toledo, that the girl has been restored to him and his mother.

Young Archer is a wireless student at Scott High. Recently after talking with his mother about his long-lost sister he decided to try his home-made wireless outfit in an effort to find the girl. He augmented the battery service and the radio had an 800-mile radius. Each afternoon and evening he would pound hopefully at his key, sending out ether waves asking for information concerning Cleo Archer, who had been taken from the Allen County (Ohio) Children's Home thirteen years ago.

One evening Archer's wireless was caught by a youth in Rockfort, Ohio, 120 miles from his former home in Allen county. He got on the long distance telephone, with the result that the Archer girl, who believed her name to be Williams, arrived in Toledo.

Mrs. Archer will begin legal proceedings to regain the girl, who was given to the Williams family by the superintendent of the Allen

County Children's Home thirteen years ago, after Mr. and Mrs. Archer were separated.

At the time the child was taken away from the institution Mrs. Archer sued for information concerning her whereabouts, but the superintendent said he would go to prison rather than divulge her whereabouts.

THE WRECK OF THE MONTANA

By L. S. Parkin

WE left Philadelphia for Botwood, Newfoundland, with a cargo of coal. Fine weather was experienced until we arrived off the Newfoundland Banks when dense fog enveloped us and caused us to slow down. However, we made St. Johns, N. F., without mishap where we took on a pilot for Botwood, arriving there about 48 hours later. Botwood proved to be a small uninteresting place of about 500 inhabitants and all hands were relieved until we pulled up our anchor and left on August 9th.

Passing around the northernmost point of Newfoundland and through the straits of Belle Isle, we ran into dense fog which stayed with us practically up to the time of the wreck. On August 12th I sent a message to the Dominion Coal Co. at Louisburg, C. B., announcing our arrival off that port at 9 p. m. About this time we came within sight of Louisburg light, but as the pilot did not come out, after a wait of two or three hours, the master decided to pull away from shore and wait for daylight. About midnight I called the station at North Sydney, but received no answer to my QRU.

As there was no use me staying up longer, I turned in only to be awakened at 5.30 the next morning with the request that I see the master at once on the bridge. On seeing him, I was requested to send out the SOS and give our position as five miles east of Louisburg light. The ship was hard aground on a rock, known locally as Salmon Rock, in a locality called Gooseberry Cove. The whole fore part of the ship was aground right up to the boiler room. The after part was clear and was being lifted up and banged down again by each successive wave rolling shoreward. The beach was just discernible through the fog and was about 50 yards distant. The first ship to respond to my distress call was the Cunard liner Caronia, bound for Halifax, with whom I carried on all subsequent communications. I informed her that she could give us no material help in our present position, but could forward my messages on to Sydney at the first available opportunity. The dynamo then began to give out and it was not long before it was entirely stopped, as there was about eleven feet of water in the engine room by this time.

At 7.30 a. m. the order to abandon ship was given and the

whole ship's company, with the exception of the master, third mate, Bos'n and two sailors, took to the boats and landed about 15 minutes later. Eventually we were taken around to Louisburg after having watched the ship break in half at 10 a. m., owing to the fall of the tide. Three officers, including myself, and two sailors were kept in Louisburg about a week in order to sign a protest. We were then sent back to the States by easy stages.

FALSE S O S CALLS

RECENT newspaper and magazine articles refer to a false wireless SOS call which reported that the freighter *Cannonier* of the Lloyd Royal Belge Line needed immediate assistance, but upon investigation, it was found that the ship had not called for help. There was no mistaking the SOS call, so it is assumed that it was the work of a practical radio joker. It was not possible to tell where the false call came from, but it is assumed that it was sent out from a merchant vessel, for it was on 600 meters.

It is indeed unfortunate that a wireless man should have sunk to such depths and it is hoped that he will "lay off" should he have future playful impulses of such criminal nature.

The SOS signal is a sacred one and should ever be present in a radio operator's mind as one never to be used except as urgent necessity requires it.

P. H. B.

ALMOST FATAL

AFEW days ago one of the humble reporters who regularly attempts to gather news for this little paper, was sitting quietly at his desk pondering over what his income tax would be ten years hence, when suddenly and without warning there burst into the room an excited individual who in three leaps was behind the h. r.'s chair and the following discourse took place.

"Who wrote this article about the Radio Provident Club in last month's issue of *World Wide Wireless*?"

The h. r. winced slightly, took a deep breath in order to allay heavy heart beats, glanced around helplessly for a convenient weapon and without looking up meekly mumbled, "I, er—I guess I did it."

"Well," said the excited individual, "you did not mention my name. It was Gus. M. Heisel and myself who were the *whole cheese* during 1920. We sold candy, cigars and everythin'. I don't mind telling you that it was the first year that we employees ran the club ourselves, which is the reason it was so successful."

The h. r. "yes-sirred" everything and said he would speak to the editor about a suitable correction, after which the towering

giant mumbled something like "You'd better do it," and dashed out as hurriedly as he had dashed in.

A careful investigation as to who the man was revealed the fact that he was none other than Mr. Edward A. Kaminsky. It was hard to reconcile his usual pleasing personality and debonaire manner with this incident, but of course that only goes to show what happens when downtrodden scribblers are guilty of mis-statements.

By the way, Radio Provident sales are increasing daily, which shows the excellent quality of the goods sold. If you are near the main office or if you have occasion to visit it, buy something, even if it is only a 3-cent piece of peppermint candy for your best girl.

EXTENSION OF MARINE SERVICE

The company has opened a marine station on Cape Cod, equipped with both spark and continuous wave apparatus. The transmitting apparatus is located at the Marion high power station and is distantly controlled by operators stationed at the high power receiving station at Chatham. The call letters of the marine station are WCC. The coast station tax is 10 cents per word. The Chatham office is directly connected to our Broad Street, New York, traffic office by wire. The landline forwarding charges are the same as though the station were located in New York. Our uniformed messengers will deliver on our blanks messages destined to New York City. The spark transmitter has a range of approximately 300 miles and the range of the continuous wave equipment is about 2,000 miles.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

President Nally is now in Paris. He is accompanied by Mrs. Nally.

Honorable John W. Griggs, General Counsel, is spending a few weeks in Bermuda.

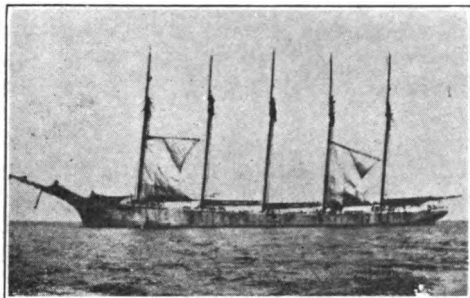
The Comptroller's and Treasurer's departments are now located in the north wing on the 18th floor of the Woolworth Building, occupying new space, recently leased to make additional room for the Engineering and Commercial Departments.

Mr. Roy Weagant, Consulting Engineer, accompanied by his family, is enjoying the tropical climate of Nassau, in the Bahamas.

Lieut. Henry Gawler, U. S. N. R. F., of the Sales division, has received through the State and Navy departments the insignia of the grade of the Knight of the Order of Aviz, awarded him by the government of Portugal for distinguished service in the Azores, during the epidemic of influenza, a detailed account of which will be found in another column.

A DERELICT

By Robert C. Bradshaw



THE JANE PALMER

I SIGNED on in Newport News, July 8th.

We soon got under way for Buenos Aires. Several days out, we developed a leak, and turned back, finally arriving in Boston. We discharged our coal, and caulked our top sides. After lying in the stream for a couple of months, we went back to Newport News for more

coal, on the same charter. After loading, we towed out to Cape Henry and remained there a week on account of a calm. On December 13th, the second mate and I went to Norfolk in the stern boat for some supplies. The next day we weighed our hook and started again with a fair wind for Buenos Aires. We had fine weather, making good time until the 16th, when the glass dropped and it started to blow a bit. We passed a steamer blinking "8" but we could not reach them.

Lost some sail on the 17th. We turned and scudded before a northwest hurricane. We soon noticed she was working quite a bit; little ripples would run the whole length of her deck. Standing on the quarter, in back of the spanker, we could see the foremast: first on one side, then on the other. The Captain thought it would be best, so we ran in the trough, making her roll so I could hardly keep my seat. The second mate nailed a chair down for me and made it a great deal better.

I was listening in, sitting there peacefully and thinking we would soon run out of it and get down south where it is warm, when the messman dashed in and said, "Get a steamer!" I soon got an answer from SVL and felt a good deal better, for I did not know what was happening on deck and my battery was getting low. When I reached the *Colati* (KIQF) he said he had sighted us.

We hoisted a light aft and they followed us all night. Towards 4 o'clock in the morning, we lost their lights and thought they had abandoned us. I called several times, but got no answer. There was no radiation, and I did not know what had happened aloft. It was pitch black and we couldn't make out a thing. I went up a little ways, but couldn't do anything.

When I got back, I found that some salt water had leaked in

and soaked some of the apparatus. To make matters worse, a storage battery turned over and the electrolyte mixing with the salt water formed chlorine, which didn't make it very pleasant. My transformer burned out next, and it took me quite a while to repair it.

About 8 o'clock, after drying things as best I could, I got in touch with the steamer again. They said they did not want to stand by forever and asked us what we thought best. We told them to wait a little longer and we would try our own boats.

We didn't expect to save any luggage, but we packed a little and made the boats ready. At 1:30 in the afternoon we decided to go, and after launching the boats with great difficulty, we threw the baggage in, and taking a cat in each boat, we started.

At 3 o'clock, after a hard time in the open boats, we ran alongside of the *Cotati*. They had nets strung up on her lee side, so it was an easy matter to board her, although we were bobbing like corks. Coming around the stern of the steamer, one of the cats jumped overboard and was in the water nearly five minutes, when the chief engineer threw a heaving line, to which the cat clung until dragged aboard. The *Cotati* took us to Bermuda, where we were royally entertained by Mr. Robertson, the American consul. He put us aboard the S. S. *West Tacook*, and we finally arrived in Philadelphia, all hands safe and sound.

OPERATING ENGINEERS NOTES

S HIFT Engineer Francis Mandeville, Dynamo Tender Brown, Machinist Pitzner and LeRoy Smith, assistant machinist, all of New Brunswick, have been released.

At Tuckerton the staff has been reduced by the release of Shift Engineer Borelli, Dynamo Tenders W. H. Gale and P. Gale, and the steam plant staff, the station having been electrified.

Receiving Engineers Meecham of Belmar and Laverty of Chatham have been released.

NEW YORK

B ROAD STREET office has undergone extensive changes and anyone familiar with the old surroundings would not know the place. The walls have been torn down and it has been converted into one large room, Mr. Chadwick's space being separated by a glass-top partition, and it certainly looks good; but wait till we get the floor covered, then come and visit us and we dare you to comment on the improvement other than favorably. There's lots more room and gives Broad Street a very businesslike aspect.

Speaking of new stunts, Broad Street has been sending direct

to London by Wheatstone transmission, where it was printed direct on the Creed automatic printer.

On Saturday evening, January 22nd, the Broad Street staff held their first annual dinner at Murray's. Mr. Chadwick, Superintendent at Broad Street, took the chair. After we were all seated we were photographed by flashlight, followed by a short address by Mr. Chadwick, who read a letter from Mr. Nally, our President, who was at that time on the high seas. Mr. Nally expressed his regret at his absence but was with us in thought, and was looking forward to a very prosperous year. He also dwelt on the subject of making our every effort towards placing the corporation on a sound and efficient basis so that in after years the Company will be able to care for its old employees.

Dinner then followed, after which Mr. Chadwick called on Mr. Winterbottom, our Traffic Manager, to say a few words. Mr. Winterbottom referred to the wonderful progress we had made during the past year and also dwelt on the important subject of accuracy, emphasizing the responsibility of the man at the wire. Mr. Chadwick then asked Mr. Sarnoff, the Commercial Manager, to say a few words. Mr. Sarnoff expressed himself as feeling quite at home with the boys and gave a very good definition of the difference between man and modern mechanical appliances. Notwithstanding the adoption of many of these latter by the Radio Corporation, the staff was ever on the increase.

We finished up with a very pleasant evening at the Palace. The arrangements were entirely in the hands of Mr. Shea, of the Efficiency department, who deserves credit for everything going through without a hitch. Messrs. Lemon, Pillsbury and others from the head office were our guests.

Broad Street now has a lady operator, Miss Yelland, who has joined our corporation and is quite an efficient addition. She is at present on the branch section and is holding her own.

One noticeable fact is that the stations are not lacking attention, as the three chairs seem to be occupied all the time, some one or other always having an excuse of some sort to be near. Now, boys, watch your p's and q's.

We notice Eddie Sheehy is cultivating a moustache. Expect he wants to be fully decorated when he says farewell to single life, which we understand is not far off.

"Man overboard," went up the cry.

"Throw over two buoys," yelled the captain.

And the new Irish sailor promptly flung overboard two boys who were walking on the deck.

"You idiot," yelled the captain. "I meant the cork buoys."

"Bedad," said Pat, "how was Oi to know whether they came from Cork or Tipperary?"

The really important part of a rule is the exception to it. Some men are like posts—steady enough but they never get anywhere.

The following additions in January: J. Evroy, Manager, Woolworth Building; C. Thomas, Examiner, Broad Street; J. Tannenbaum, Check; T. F. Mullins, Service; J. Denice, Service.

Resignations: E. O. Bryan, E. M. Coughlin, F. Fisher, W. Leslie.

February changes: E. Webster, appointed Operator, Broad Street.

NEW YORK RADIO CENTRAL

RUMOR has it that New York Radio Central is being looked upon as a sort of Promised Land! If such be the case, listen then, all you aspiring ones.

Good progress is being made!

The clank of steel for the towers can be heard daily as it is being unloaded at the siding. Give us a few days of fine weather to dry up the muddy roads for hauling and you will be able to see the giant structures fairly grow before your eyes. Mud? we'll say there is mud! Even the pet Fords settle down on their mud pans and whimper pitifully.

It would be possible right now to hold a dance in the Community House such as they have at Marion and New Brunswick, if the carpenters, plumbers, steamfitters, electricians and plasterers would not keep getting in our and each other's way.

The power house foundations await the arrival of steel. All you amphibious mortals, hasten to Radio Central. We plan to have a regular swimming pool in the cooling pond. It will be the only large body of water in Rocky Point.

This quiet little hamlet is so dry and has been for so many years that it does not even know about the 18th Amendment. The inhabitants all live on stored rainwater and cider in season. We are on the wagon also, hauling water over a mile from the driven well at the power house. This well is six inches in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet deep.

Everyone in radio believes in having a good earth connection or ground as it is commonly termed. The greater part of our ground system of over one hundred miles of wire is planted twenty inches under the surface. Quite a large order, you think. We thought so too, but it is now going in at the rate of over a mile of wire a day. How is it done? We'll tell you in the next issue.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The children on the farms at Rocky Point are anxious that

all the kind folks in the big New York Office should know how delighted they are with their Christmas presents.

For some it was the first real Christmas they had ever had.

The boys' caps are much in evidence these cold days. At school they are known as "the Radio Caps."

One mother of five could not understand how it was possible for people in New York to select so appropriately the many gifts for each youngster. The dolls and toys were "just what they wanted" and the caps, sweaters, etc., not only came in very opportunely but were even correct as to size.

How thankful we should be that we could help make these little folks happy at Christmas time.

MARION

OLD Man Kill Joy Economy poked his head into Marion, same as he did elsewhere, and the net result to date is that we are running the works with three shifts instead of four. Of course we are tactful, so we will say it suits us, but it might also be mentioned in the same breath, we lie once in a while too, when it's necessary.

Economy went through the ole oscillating work and when he went out, he took F. B. Stock, who was one of our shift engineers, and a very popular one indeed. We hated to see him go, The old boy also took R. W. Dexter and T. Morse, two of our alternator men.

By the new order of things, Mr. Sam Campbell, our machinist, is breaking in on the switchboard, and will furnish relief to the regular shift engineers on different days throughout the week. Mr. Harold Higgins, one of the staff of riggers, has been elected to serve inside as an alternator man during such times as it is not necessary for him to be out holding up one or more of the four hundred foot towers.

Frank Kremp, our star alternator man, has a bona fide kick to make. His girl has left Marion, and of course he is working more hours since old man Economy's visit. Not knowing what else to do, he talks of moving his stove, bed 'n everything right up here to the station and setting up housekeeping in the General Electric room.

The men at the hotel (single men, bless 'em) gave a dance on January 20th, which was in the nature of a farewell party to F. B. Stock. There were about twenty-five young folks present, and Marion put one more notch in her social status for which she has been the noted pioneer. Mrs. Eva Higgins, our famous cook, served up some home brew punch, which the writer had a taste of. He can vouch for the kick it contained, but hastens to add, before we are swamped with applications for membership, 'n visits

from the prohibition sleuths, that it is believed this kick came from nothing more dangerous than ginger ale mixed with grape juice. It reminded you, however, and caused a smile.

Mr. John Danker, who has served as clerk to the Engineer, has left the employ of the Company. His place is being filled by Royal Vermilya, who is a brother of one of the Shift Engineers.

A new two-kilowatt panel set has arrived at this station, and at this writing construction is being rushed to have it working in very short order. It is understood that a bulb as well as a spark set is to be distantly controlled here from Chatham. All are anxious to see her work. We suppose this means another control line, and scratch our honorable domes as we contemplate it.

About the first thing Harold Higgins, the new Alternator man did (and who by the way is an old Marconi man from the Wellfleet station) when he started on the job was to challenge Speedo Vermilya to a nice quiet little game of POKER, NO LIMIT. He said he was just figuring on getting some of his Wellfleet money back, and seeing if the light was good enough in Marion to see how it was that Speedo held so many straight flushes in the old days.

One of the members of the staff met Aleck Patten, who was formerly an Alternator man here at Marion. It might be explained that Aleck attended a Bolshevik meeting, and believed all he heard, and as a result was sentenced to six months at Tuckerton. When Aleck was last seen, he was riding in a New Bedford trolley car (evidently on leave) and he was darn homesick, to put it mildly. Of course there's a reason, and she was sleeping on Aleck's manly shoulder, as the trolley car gaily sped towards home. It was O. K. though, boys, 'cause Ma and Pa were in the seat right behind them.

The new heating system is at last a reality, and glad to say when one of those cold northwesterners come sweeping down the pike all that's necessary is to step on the gas, and give her the coal. It sure does make this glass shed resemble a hot house. This high tension blast furnace is being ably run by Senior SIFT Engineer Snell.

The Farmers' Exchange, which is the name of the village grocery store, reports that they are expecting an order for some cigars from Jim Rossi, our chief rigger.

RIVERHEAD

WELL, dear readers, we come before you again. We have about given up the name of Eastport for that of Riverhead—the latter being on the map. Having read about Rocky Point and their flivvers we see that the pace is a rapid one and we will admit that we are having a time to keep up. That was

SOME story. Since reading it we have put our truck and touring car into cold storage. WALKING'S GOOD HERE.

Riverhead, a town of 2500, is situated at the head of Peconic Bay—four miles from the Sound and six from the Ocean. The Peconic River flows right through the town and sometimes over it, as Engineer Olesen can well testify. (He, yawning and wishing the night was a lot longer, hit the deck one morning to find the river swishing over his front door steps and the back yard three feet under. Since that time we note that the flivver has been adorned with sails and an anchor. Why not a RADIO set, Olesen, to get your bearings?) Riverhead is the county seat of Suffolk County and boasts of a lot of things that the Radio Corporation gang have not as yet been able to locate. The only thing of importance is the movies—don't go, expecting to see passable vaudeville—???. Trains are scarce articles at best and Sundays are no exceptions—ask Chief Weagant, he KNOWS. During the summer and when everyone is at home Eastport lies eight miles southwest of Riverhead.

What is at Riverhead? Many things—a big shack—the north-east ends of two nine-mile aerials—a telegraph line to Broad Street—a large cranberry bog to skate on—and OUR Mr. Greenman. Said shack may some day give way to a very nice station that will be the receiving station for the great New York Radio Central—until then the present shack will do the trick all O. K.

Some of the men at Chatham and Belmar know we are on the map now. They did not until we shot them POZ and MUU on the sounder and showed up their reception. Audio and sounder signals from POZ, MUU, LCM, WGG and WII to Broad Street are getting as common as static eliminators out here.

At present Beverage, with the assistance of Moulton and OUR Mr. Greenman, is holding forth at Riverhead. McDonald and Leuteritz hold forth at the Eastport shack when they can persuade the mud that they ought to get on the job. Olesen has an ION commission which, translated from Greek, means roaming—he spending part of his time at Eastport and part at Riverhead.

All work at present is experimental and if you have any ideas on how static is to be eliminated send 'em out and we will tell you how bad they are. Greenman has become so expert at this difficult task that he can and will tell you at a glance.

By the way, Greenman wins the "Medal of Forget-me-nots"—he having acquired it as follows:—At Mr. Winterbottom's request, a set was hooked up to copy GB's traffic report. Greenman, being an ex-marine operator, was given the job of copying the service each night. All went well for several nights and then—! Greenman sallied forth one cold night and sat for two hours with the set turned on and the phones on his head but with BOTH THE

AERIAL AND GROUND LEADS DISCONNECTED. What kind of a FIELD ENGINEER are you, Greenman?

Beverage also wins mention—he having tried to charge a six and a twenty-six volt battery in parallel. Said six went through all the evolutions of the shimmy and finally lay exhausted foaming at the mouth.

Moulton and Greenman are at outs. The latter was calling NY on the wire when the former slipped an extra key in the circuit and answered for NY. M took G's message after many breaks due to Greenman's poor sending and then sent a few to RD from NY. The message "Ranger NY Greenman RD—Is the shack painted yet?" caused the receiver of said message to turn white and send back "YES" several times. We ask you, Greenman, "Is the shack *all painted YET?*"

It seems that all of the poles of Aerial No. 1 are set too close to the road. McDonald has massaged all of them between the Eastport shack and the Eastport Inn with our new flivver. Said treatment does not seem to agree with the flivver, "Mac." Leuteritz takes a child's delight in playing in the mud. He gets the flivver in a mudpuddle and then gets it stuck there. We are not mentioning any names but someone got the flivver stuck in the middle of the worst puddle at 1 A. M. and after getting well covered with mud had to leave it there and hoof it in.

Beverage's daily cry is, "I am hungry." MORAL—don't live at the Long Island House.

CHATHAM

WELL! here we are again after missing the last edition. Sorry not to have had an opportunity to tell our little story last month, but between the year-end inventory and static we were as busy as the one-armed paper hanger with the hives. Don't know how Belmar and other receiving stations have fared during the last two months, but old man Static has sure played an active part around Chatham.

Weather conditions have been most changeable, and even our old time weather prophets who judged the coming weather conditions by the sound of the static have been baffled.

Jim Maresca has just returned to Rockport, Mass., after a few weeks in the hospital where he was operated on for hernia. When last heard from he was convalescing rapidly and expected soon to return to Chatham.

E. A. Strong sprained his ankle a few days ago while walking through the fields on his way to town. Evidently his thoughts were far away when he made the misstep.

Billie Moore, who recently broke his arm, has again returned to duty.

Lots of accidents during the month.

For about a week skating was in order. A very enjoyable skating party at one of the nearby lakes served to bring out much skating talent. A. L. Roberts, one of Canada's finest hockey players, exhibited his skill. A fire was built and roasted hotdogs were served.

The boys at the station are certainly falling for the local girls. H. M. Batchelder and his charming dancing partner won the gold prize recently in a dancing contest at the Chatham Pavilion. Joe Lynch was a close second and received the consolation prize—sympathy.

Our staff and friends have grown so large that the monthly dances in the hotel have been discontinued on account of insufficient room. We regret that we have not a spacious hotel like Belmar's and have to rent the Chatham pavilion for our dancing parties.

For general activity, sports, social affairs, etc., we wish to challenge any station to show more interest. Don't know if you have read in the leading Boston papers about our basketball team. After losing the first game to the undefeated Naval Air Station basketball five, we tackled the Barnstable High School quintet and defeated them to the tune of 16 to 14. It was necessary to play a five minute overtime period to defeat them on account of a tie existing at the end of the two halves.

These basketball teams draw well at the pavilion and generally four or five hundred people from Chatham and surrounding towns witness the games.

Much enthusiasm has been aroused here and even the fat men of the station are playing basketball on our newly-constructed court, and one or two have reduced as much as ten pounds already. How about our neighboring stations? Do you play basketball? If you have already achieved a reputation in this sport, we will let our first team play you. If not, we will let you play our old married men's team. Everyone here plays the game.

We wish to thank the Chatham girls who invited members of the Static Club to attend the whist party and dance held at Red Men's Hall in Chatham recently. Those who attended passed a fine evening. The refreshments were excellent. Virginia reels were popular with those who did not care to dance the modern dances.

A house party at Billie Moore's cottage recently was attended by over twenty-five couples. A good time was enjoyed until the wee hours of the morning. Space will not permit us to elaborate on the quality and quantity of the refreshments served. Rigby's capacity for assimilating food on that night was simply enormous. We saw him sitting on the couch surrounded by food with a harem

of girls continually making trips to the kitchen for more good things for his seemingly unfillable bread basket.

Our popular mess president, Doc Flood, is spending some of his hard-earned salary on trips to Hyannis.

Mrs. Coffman recently arrived in Chatham. Scott now wears the smile that never comes off, and which is more noticeable on account of his having dispensed with his delicate soup-strainer. His moustache never appeared strong or vigorous, but as it had only been cultivated a few months one could not expect much. Mrs. Coffman has now joined the full-fledged female rooters for the station basketball team.

We extend a hearty welcome to Messrs. Higgins, E. A. and L. H. Strong and G. R. Best.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to J. J. Francis, who recently lost both his parents in an accident. He is now on an indefinite leave of absence.

No engagements, marriages, or births during the month at the station.

EASTERN DIVISION

WE very much regret to announce the death of Operator Harold Phelan at the Santa Flores Hospital, San Juan, Porto Rico, following an operation for appendicitis. He had been in the service of the Radio Corporation for a considerable length of time, and was well-known in both the Boston and New York offices through his services on the steamships of the Metropolitan and Savannah Lines, where he was well thought of for his unfailing pleasant disposition and courteous manner. He had been assigned to the S. S. *Porto Rico* and was going out on his second trip to San Juan and while on the way down to Porto Rico was taken very ill and was ordered into the ship's hospital. Upon the arrival of the vessel at San Juan, he was conveyed to the Santa Flores Hospital and an operation found necessary. According to all reports the operation was successful and a radio-gram to this office had reported that he would be with us again in a couple of months and then came the report that he had died. This came as a considerable shock to this office, as he was personally well-known to us here. His remains were brought north and sent to his home in Wakefield, Mass., for burial. We extend our sincere sympathy to his family in their loss.

Several changes have taken place during the past month personnel of the W. N. Y. Station. Operator George McEwen has been transferred from the station staff to the Traffic Extension Department, his watch being filled by the transfer of Operator Darlington from third to second trick. And, by the way, Darlington says he is now going to do his sleeping in the night time,

instead of starting it at the time that other folks are just getting up. The third trick is being held down by another old-timer, B. J. Harvey, who first entered the service of this Company back in 1912.

The second one of the U. S. Mail Steamship Company's passenger ships, the *Princess Matoika*, has just been put into commission to inaugurate the Italian service of that company and sailed on the 20th of January for Genoa and Naples with Milton O. Green, who transferred from the *Old North State* to that ship as chief operator, and James Foreman, formerly senior of the *Maracaibo*, as second, with Joseph F. Maresca as the third trick operator. The *Princess Matoika* is licensed to carry approximately 2,800 passengers, so if she carries a full passenger list, it would seem that the operators will be kept fairly busy handling traffic.

We are pleased to be able to announce that the moving picture world is not the only sphere in which there are a "Douglas and Mary," as we can now claim that distinction owing to the marriage on January 30th of Mr. Douglas C. Smith, Manager of the Wanamaker's New York Station. His wife's given name being Mary. we now have a "Douglas and Mary taking a leap" and we wish them all happiness.

We are in receipt of a letter from the office of the Radio Section of the U. S. Shipping Board, Washington, which is quoted as follows:

Subject: S. S. *Eastern Crown*.

"Of all the ships that I have seen and inspected, this last one was the cleanest and in the best shape of all. All the apparatus was in excellent condition. Every bit of brass in the room was polished to a gold hue. These men certainly deserve special mention. Mr. Pohlman was the senior operator."

Note: The operators aboard this ship were J. V. Pohlman, senior, and J. L. Savick, junior. This is the kind of a letter that it gives us great pleasure to receive, and we would like to get a lot more of them.

Operator Carl J. Koegel transferred from the S. S. *Steel Worker* of the Isthmian Line to the tanker *Bessemer* in the early part of January, and on the 16th of the month the ship was towed to Charleston in distress with her steering gear out of commission, after having radioed for assistance. With the present frequency of occurrences of this kind, this would hardly attract passing notice, but it is only another case where radio was of great assistance in bringing the ship to a port where she could be repaired and sent on her way with a minimum loss of time.

It has come to the attention of this office several times within the last few weeks that operators are altogether too prone to leave the ship and carry the key of the radio room ashore with them;

and as this is strictly against the U. S. Government regulations and also against the regulations of this Company, we consider it advisable to call the attention of the operators to the fact that it would not be at all surprising if it resulted in the suspension of licenses, and even if it does not come before the Government Inspector's office that it will be taken cognizance of by this office.

An item received several days ago concerning one of our operators who is now in college, is interesting in that it states that he has been elected to the honorary college scholastic society, the Phi Kappa Phi. It is interesting in that it is an award that is only made to those who have shown exceptional standing in their studies, and very few elections are made during the course of the year. The recipient of this honor is Howard Dodge, who left us last fall after having returned from Belgium when the control of the radio of the S. S. *Grenadier*, of the Lloyd Royal Belge, was taken over by the Belgian Company.

Operator G. L. Barry, who re-entered the service of this Company in July, 1920, and sailed for Sweden and Denmark on the S. S. *Eastern Maid*, reported in on February 8th after having had a rather eventful trip. The ship caught on fire just after passing Land's End bound for the United States, and it became necessary for the Captain to turn his vessel around and head for Falmouth, England, in somewhat of a hurry. Before the ship got in near enough for tugs to reach her and pump water into the holds it was necessary for the officers to remove all their belongings, as it was thought that the whole ship would be consumed. Barry says that when the fire was finally put out the decks resembled the Witching Waves at Coney Island.

After being repaired the ship got under way and found it necessary to stop in the Azores and Bermuda for supplies. The *Eastern Maid* was reported six days overdue and a broadcast was sent from NAA, but assurance was quickly received from the ship that all was well and that she would be in New York in a few days. Barry says he will be content to remain in the United States for a few days.

The S. S. *Lake Marion* sailed for Cuba on January 19th with H. G. Helgeson, who transferred from the High Power division to the Marine division, in place of Operator F. G. Flowers, who was placed on the unassigned list.

Albert E. Bloss relieved Thomas D. Entz as junior on the Polish-American Line passenger steamship, *Gdansk*.

BOSTON

HOWARD WALTER is on the *Norman Bridge*.

The apparatus on the *Arlington* and *Brandon* has been dismantled. H. J. DeCelles, of the *Arlington*, went to the

Hampden, and Fred Lakewitz, of the *Brandon*, is on the farm.

Arthur Curtis, of the *Jonancy*, recently had the time of his life receiving amateurs, 600-meter traffic and NAA all on one setting. In comparison with the radio QRM, the captain's QRM was nothing at all.

Fred F. Goerner has retired, and will tour Europe this summer.

B. P. Sloane is in dutch again. Left the *Wm. Green* at New York, to come home, without reporting at Mr. Duffy's office. Result is he's now in considerable doubt as to where he gets off.

H. M. Baier is ashore paying the dentist a few visits.

J. F. Valente relieved Bier on the *Sunshine*.

Carl Sellman is on the *C. A. Canfield*.

It was with deep regret that all at Boston learned of the death of Harold Phelan at San Juan.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

THE two ice breakers, *F. C. Latrobe* and *Annapolis*, owned by the City of Baltimore, have been fitted with $\frac{1}{2}$ -KW sets which the City purchased from the Navy Department. Constructor Grantlin and Richwein officiated.

Clair Herbert (Shorty) Warner is back with us again after a short visit to Detroit. He is enroute for the Far East on the *Loretta*.

The new tug *Volant* of the Davison Chemical was recently equipped at this port with a standard $\frac{1}{2}$ -kilowatt set. Constructor Grantlin effected the installation. B. P. Fonda took the assignment.

Mr. G. Harold Porter was a recent visitor at this office while enroute from Washington for New York.

James F. Larrimore, recently with the Coast Guard depot's electrical department, has been temporarily employed as constructor.

Installation of equipment on the new Standard Transportation Company's steamer *Alladin* has been started.

Frank R. Smith, Chief Operator of the new passenger steamer *Wolverine State*, recently paid us a visit. F. R. tells us he may leave the ship at 'Frisco where Mrs. Smith will join him.

A dear friend operator of Lew Richwein's recently brought him some nerve tonic from abroad. Tonic arrived at 5:30 P. M. Lew arrived ten minutes later but couldn't find said tonic. Who got it?

One would judge from the looks of Phil Grantlin's machine nowadays that he is in the general hauling business. The light six is always full of insulators, wire, distilled water, etc. Phil says he has to do it, as gas is very high.

We recently installed a super-sensitive receiving set in the storeroom but signals from the Pratt Street cars and autos came in so strong we couldn't hear any radio. When traffic came to a standstill, as it does in this town at midnight, someone faintly heard Baltimore Naval station sending CQ. Friend set is now dismantled.

GULF DIVISION

HAROLD A. CROWE has been transferred from the Inspection department, New Orleans, to the Shipping Board steamer *Bavington*.

James B. Hinson, after an extended assignment on the beach, is out on the *Danville*, having relieved Carl B. Hanna. Hanna came ashore looking for something better and as a result is still busily engaged in looking for another assignment, vowing all along that when he does get another ship he is going to hang tight.

John Brunette, late of the Great Lakes division, has re-entered the service through the Gulf division and been placed in charge of the *Maiden Creek* at Galveston, relieving Lawrence P. Williams. Williams is now awaiting re-assignment.

With the dismantling of the *James Timpson*, Joel R. Cornett has been transferred to the Pacific Coast steamer *Asuncion*, relieving Reuben H. Horn, who has returned to the Golden West for re-assignment.

Claude W. Sheets has been assigned to the tug *Edgar F. Coney*.

Operators on the beach at Gulf division ports, as a result of the laying up of their vessels, include B. S. Scherrer, Alex E. Ermatinger, Louis W. Fish and James Bondi.

Walter O. Casten has been assigned to the newly-commissioned Shipping Board steamer *City of Weatherford*.

The motor ship *Durham* of the France and Canada Oil Transport Company has been fitted with a 1½-KW submarine type apparatus at Aransas Pass, Texas, by District Manager Ellsworth of Galveston. John C. Clayton has been placed in charge of the radio.

Harold B. Hosford has relieved Louis H. Boizelle on the *Oscar D. Bennett*.

As usual the Key West district reports everything as running smoothly—that is, all except the waters of the Florida Straits.

Jovial Johnny Carr of the car ferry *Parrott* says that he is beginning to think there is something in the fourth dimension. He explains that "PWA's" 600-meter wave is responsible for his conversion.

By all guess work the men of the Key West district have about decided that J. E. Kane of the *Miami* is having one glorious winter in Miami. We are going to purchase a ouija board to discover whether it is in Miami or Nassau.

Nisbett of the *Mascotte* has secured a new non-synchronous rotary—N. B. Please report all DX and bent diaphragms.

Treadway of the *Estrada Palma* recently broke the rear axle of his flivver. To cap the climax, his Chief Engineer took it out and tried to teach it to climb a telegraph pole. (The pole is still there.)

Ely, of the *Flagler*, was recently noticed running around among the cars. Expect he was looking for his pipe, which is plenty strong enough to walk—has an old Missouri kick (nothing like $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1%).

Broussard, of the *Governor Cobb*, having been noted carrying a worried expression on his features, explained that it was caused by trying to keep track of whether he was bound for Key West or Havana, the *Cobb* being like an old-time jitney—(round and about and back again).

Franklyn, of the *Mascotte*, has decided to stick to the old carborundum. He states that although the Florida Straits are corrugated to keep the *Mascotte* from slipping off, it works the reverse with galena catwhiskers.

Our friendly contemporary, the Honorable Joseph Dowd, of the U. S. lighthouse tender *Ivy*, has gone to carrying a cane. We once had hopes, but adios, Joe.

Charles B. Schwab, after an extended leave of absence, has been assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *Glenridge* at Galveston.

John L. Behrns, of the *Lake Flournoy*, and C. F. Bailey, of the *Pan American*, recently changed places with one another at Port Arthur.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

THE mild winter experienced in this region has made it possible for a good number of our lake bulk carriers to be shifted to the various coal docks and loaded with coal prior to their starting the 1921 season of navigation. As early loading means an early opening of navigation, freight vessel operators can look for earlier assignments for the coming year.

The carferries *Ashtabula* and *Maitland No. 1* have laid up for a few weeks to go into dry dock for the spring overhauling. Operators D. G. McDaniels and G. M. Commerford, respectively, are busily engaged investing their earnings of the past ten months in chocolates and flowers. We understand George has been hit pretty hard, and we are anxiously awaiting that formal looking invitation which usually follows extended chocolate purchases.

Lake Michigan district winter schedule boats are maintaining their runs in very good shape, losing very little time in comparison to previous years.

D. W. Gibbs, who completed the 1920 season on the *Wm. G.*

Mather, is engaged by the Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland teaching the radio art to prospective heroes of the key.

Little, Weckel and Jameson, semi-old timers of the commercial field, are keeping the 200 meter wave pretty well jammed in the region of Canton, U. S. A.

Applications for assignments to the various Great Lakes vessels are rolling in fast, and we expect a greater percentage of previously employed operators to return for a second and third year than ever before.

PACIFIC DIVISION

SAN FRANCISCO

THE month of January has proven a busy one for the San Francisco shop. Six complete installations were made, and considerable work done on three others which are not yet completed.

The steam-schooner *El Dorado* was fitted with a 240 cycle synchronous set and placed in charge of Holbert as operator. When last heard from, he was over a thousand miles south of San Francisco, bound for New Orleans.

Jim Caldwell left for Tampico and the east coast on the *M. F. Elliott*, a tanker built here for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and equipped with a P-8-A set. The next tanker of the same company to leave for the east will be the *Thos. S. Wheeler* with Carl Heck as operator.

On January 22nd our chief operator reverted to brass-pounding and answering the question "Are you the Wireless?" The occasion was the trial trip of the new sea-going tug *Sea Lion*, the first of four of her type. The equipment is a half-kilowatt submarine set, but as the tug is really a small steamer, Frederick J. Clazie expects some excellent results from his new assignment, which is vice the *Santa Flavia*.

C. M. English seems to prefer motors to steam. He is transferred from the motorship *Ozmo* to the recently overhauled motorship *Nuuana* which has been re-equipped with a 120 cycle E-2 one-half kilowatt set.

Another departure for the east coast was that of A. D. Warlock on the *Crampton Anderson*, a new steamer built at the Moore Shipyards for the Pan-American petroleum Company.

John F. Steffen, after standing-by for a long, long time, is packed up awaiting the long-delayed sailing on the concrete tanker *Palo Alto*. The long wait badly bent, if it did not break John, but rumor has it that he took out a good-sized life insurance policy when he learned of his assignment.

Another patient waiter, when hope was almost lost, found it in

the Standard Oil Barge 91, which was re-commissioned January 12th, and carries G. E. Van Order.

During January, our list of unassigned and waiting numbered as high as fifty-four. We hope, however, that in the next issue of the *World Wide Wireless* we may state that C. C. White no longer occupies a seat in the waiting room.

SAN PEDRO

JANUARY was marked by the launching of the Union Oil tanker *Montebello* at the yards of the Southwestern Shipbuilding Company. This vessel, the first of a similar line, is of 12,000 tons, making it the largest hull to take the water at this plant. A sister ship, the *La Placentia*, will be launched some time in March. Both of these tankers will be equipt with new 2 kilowatt 500 cycle sets of this company, which makes the event of interest.

Elmer Osterhoud has been assigned to the *El Segundo*. His last sign was aboard the Barge 93, his berth there being filled by Raymond J. Cossar, a new man.

SEATTLE

BUSINESS conditions in general show signs of improvement in this district, although there are still a large number of unassigned operators on our waiting list. We believe that the next two months will show a marked improvement in all lines appertaining to shipping.

Herbert Scott, an old timer in our service, has decided to enter the University of Washington for a course in electrical engineering. In preparation, he is now doing special work at the local Y. M. C. A., and also instructing evening classes there.

Roy Woods, for five years operator-purser on the *Admiral Rodman* is now purser on the Admiral Line steamer *Spokane*. The *Spokane* is temporarily tied up, leaving Walter Mansfield among those awaiting assignment.

Roy Campbell wants to go South so badly that L. D. Evans now has his berth as second of the *Admiral Evans*.

Clarence Ahern, who for a long period was in charge of the set on the *Governor*, but who lately has been off wireless, is again back as operator-purser on the *Admiral Rodman*.

James E. Belling relieved Harold Huffman as junior on the *City of Seattle*.



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