

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

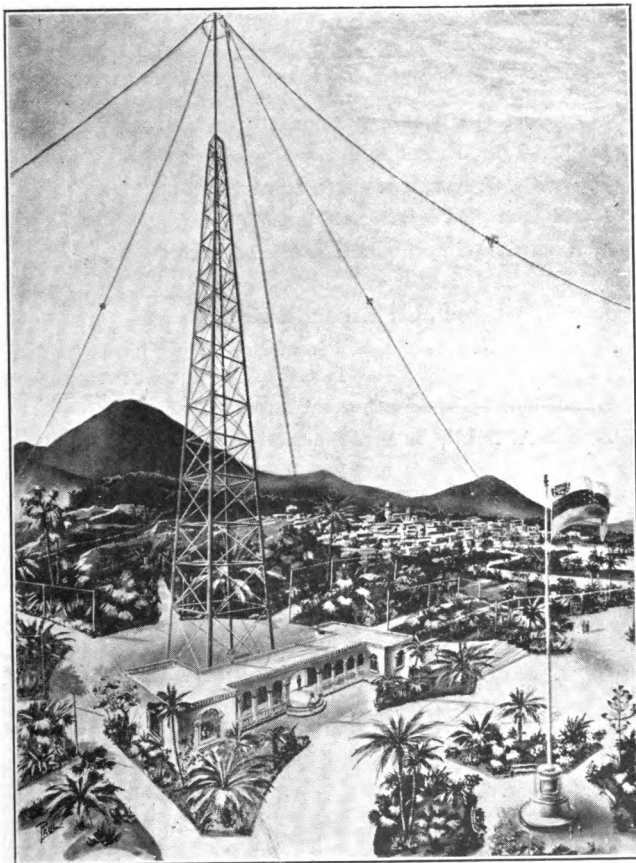
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BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

(WOOLWORTH BUILDING)

NEW YORK

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## FRONTISPIECE

Our front page shows a view of the type of radio station designed by Radio Corporation engineers for low power communication work in tropical countries. These plants were recommended by the Radio Corporation of America for interior communication. The artist was furnished with the data connected with these propositions and he has turned out an illustration of the finished product. Note the highly tropical setting. An ideal place for Spanish speaking operators who wish to work and live in the land of siestas, señoritas and heavy static.

## READ AND USE

**I**N a short story in one of the seven thousand odd "popular" magazines that grace the up-to-date news-stand I ran across this sentence: "A smart man isn't a man that knows everything, but a man who knows just enough about everything to get the rest of the information when needed." I believe that assertion carries the secret of efficiency. To know just where to put your eye, or your hand, on the bit of knowledge needed to take care of the problem of the moment—that is, to know the essentials or the principles and where to get the details—is to have made your reading and study and observation effective. It is humanly impossible for you to remember all you hear or read or see; even to attempt to memorize all the details of a single subject is a task for which few memories are fitted. But by judicious reading and close observation you may readily retain just enough about everything to know where to get the rest of it when you want it. When I was a lad at school an important part of the history lesson was to be able to stand before the class and reel off the names of all the English monarchs from—well, the first king, whoever he was, to the living ruler. The dates went with the names. Often since then I have thought of the tremendous waste of time and energy this memorizing involved, and I congratulate myself now that I have been able to forget most of it. If I want to know the name of a certain king and the years of his reign now, I know just where to find my book of dates or my history—and who ever is many yards from an encyclopaedia nowadays. In this day of reference books on every conceivable topic, we should devote our minds to the mastery of basic things, elements, principles, established laws, etc. If we burden memory with a mass of details, figures, dates, numbers, tables, rules, etc., we shall find ourselves severely handicapped when we attempt to do a bit of original thinking—the essential first step toward initiative. To be efficient you must be able to think quickly, logically, and accurately. The freer your mind is from non-essentials the better will you be able to think. Just aim to know enough about everything—about anything—to get the details when you need or want them.—A. J. Fisher.

## AMERICA TO POLAND BY RADIO

**A** CONTRACT has been consummated between the Government of Poland and the Radio Corporation of America, which will bring about closer relations between the two countries.

After negotiations extending over a year, the announcement can now be made that the Radio Corporation will build at Warsaw the first American radio station. Cable communications, handled previously by relays through France or England or Germany, established the arbitrary distance of four or five days between Poland and the United States. The American radio station will remove this distance, providing direct and instant communication between the two countries.

This new and powerful station at Warsaw, the heart of Europe, will give to Poland free and independent communication with the United States. The Warsaw station will be one of the largest in the world, and the Radio Corporation of America, as part of the agreement, will provide equivalent facilities for the receiving and sending of messages on this side. The station in Poland will be equipped with Alexanderson machines, built by the General Electric Company, the same as now installed and operating in the transoceanic stations of the Radio Corporation in the United States.

With the rates for radio messages lower than by cable, with the present relays and delays eliminated, there will be encouragement to frequent communications, social as well as commercial. It is very gratifying to be able to make an announcement which gives such assurance of closer bonds of sympathy and understanding between the two countries.

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ALL ONE-SIDED

A lady was in a great hurry to get an important telephone message through, and went into a drug store where she found the booth occupied. She waited for the gentleman five minutes and getting impatient, stood nearer where she could observe him more closely and could see if he seemed to be near the point of hanging up. He stood perfectly quiet, not saying a word. She waited another five minutes and he still stood there saying nothing. After another five minutes' wait, being somewhat desperate, she said to him:

"Pardon me; I am in a great hurry and as you do not seem to get your party, will you allow me to use the telephone a moment?"

The gentleman said: "Oh, I have my party; I am talking with my wife."

EUROPEAN RELIEF AND THE PART PLAYED BY  
RADIOCORP FOLKS

*By P. H. B.*

**T**HE committee having charge of collecting contributions for the relief of starving children in eastern and central Europe reports that the local work of the Codes and Cables Committee, of which our President is chairman, is now concluded. The total amount contributed by Radiocorp employees is \$1,100.

This sum has been forwarded to Mr. Hoover and will be used by the European Relief Council to save the lives of starving children. Since it has been estimated that it will require \$10.00 to save one child until harvest time, the above sum indicates that Radiocorp men and women have saved 110 lives! This is indeed a most commendable act and is one which we should all be mighty proud of. Something like 360 of our people have contributed to this cause.

“It is highly gratifying to see the splendid way in which the members of our force have responded to this call. I wish I might thank them all in person for their interest,” said Mr. Nally when he was presented with these facts shortly after his return from Europe.

There were four original appeals for assistance received from central Europe, among which was one from the Austrian Board of Telegraphs. These have been forwarded to Mr. Herbert Hoover and he has written us that an appropriate number of food drafts will be sent to each case in the name of the Radio Corporation of America.

The following list shows the contributions received from various branches of our organization:

Executive Offices .....	\$532.50
Research Department .....	179.50
M. R. I. Division.....	71.50
Transoceanic Division .....	60.50
Gulf Division .....	50.00
Ship Operators reporting at New York.....	39.00
Ship Operators reporting at Boston.....	35.00
Staff at Chatham, Mass.....	28.00
“ “ Savannah .....	26.00
“ “ Cleveland .....	20.00
“ “ Tuckerton, N. J.....	20.00
“ “ Philadelphia .....	18.00
“ “ Belmar .....	17.00
“ “ Baltimore .....	3.00

Total, \$1,100.00

## THE KLAMATH DISASTER

By Bernard W. LaFetra, Senior operator

THE wooden steam schooner *Klamath*, 900 tons, left San Francisco in ballast for Portland on February 4th in the teeth of a howling northwest gale. Eighteen hours after leaving, at half past three in the morning, we were helplessly ashore at a point estimated to be 50 miles north of Point Reyes. The gale blew approximately 90 miles an hour, a heavy rain adding to our misery, and with the bumping and crashing of the vessel on the rocks amid the breaking and roaring of the surf, our precarious position may, with the aid of your imagination, almost be pictured.

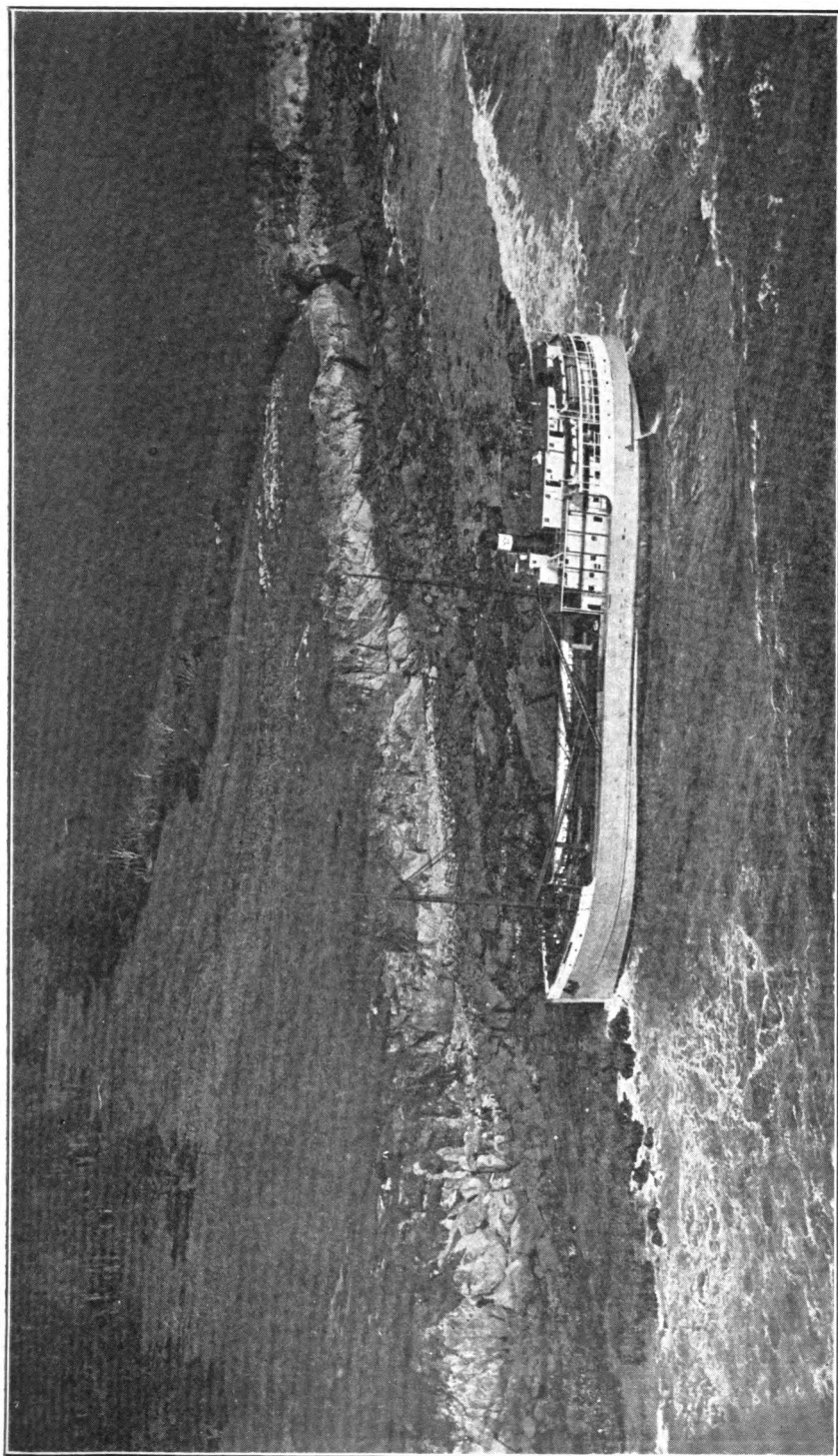
Relieving the junior operator, Frederick Wilmhurst, I sent the S O S signal on receipt of Captain Jamieson's orders. Reply was received immediately from the Radio Corporation coastal station at Marshall (KPH) and he in turn communicated our plight to the steamer *Curacao* then about twenty miles north of us. No coast lights being visible through the blinding rain storm and realizing that no time should be lost as our aerial was liable to be blown down any moment, our true position was plotted by Radio compass, a bearing being obtained from the Point Reyes, Bird Island and Point Montara stations. By aid of these bearings, the *Curacao* was able to locate us, but on account of the heavy seas and our being in shallow water was unable to render any but radio assistance.

When the vessel struck, the main dynamo was immediately rendered useless, and the ship's lights and radio were at once placed on the emergency storage batteries. Operating conditions were not improved by the heavy rain which poured through cracks in the bulkhead, which opened when the vessel struck, and the howling of the wind and pitching of the doomed craft in the surf.

While I was busy establishing communication with the outside, my junior operator performed valuable service conveying dispatches between the bridge and radio room. He also obtained two life-preservers (a thing which I had not even thought of) and we strapped them on, making ready for the final plunge, which was expected any moment.

Daylight found the *Klamath* close in to shore, wedged between large rocks, the passengers and crew ashore by aid of the breeches-buoy, our aerial down and the steamer *Curacao* lying off shore, attempting to signal us by semaphore. We signaled back "ALL SAFE" and were gratified to learn later on that our message was forwarded to San Francisco. Dispatches were also sent to San Francisco for a tug, believing the *Klamath* might be pulled off the rocks.

Checking over the passengers and crew one man was found to be missing, whereupon volunteers were called for to return and



search for him. To our amazement the missing man was found sitting comfortably in his cabin smoking his pipe, and quite provoked at being disturbed. He said he thought it best to remain aboard, although he had been told by the sailors to go ashore with the others. What it was and where he got it now puzzles everybody.

The wind had now somewhat abated and my partner and I, returning to the wreck, fixed the aerial and established communication with the *Curacao*, "KPH" and the Tug *Sea Lion*, the last rushing to our aid. A message was dispatched to the Chas. R. McCormick Co. in San Francisco, owners of the *Klamath*, giving full particulars of the disaster. A reply was received later containing instructions to our Captain. This was the last time the apparatus was used.

In the meantime stores and provisions were removed from the vessel to a nearby farmhouse, where passengers and crew were comfortably provided for. While this was going on two airplanes hovered about the wreck, presumably to obtain pictures, and flew south in the direction of the city.

While the salvaging of stores and supplies was going on it occurred to me I might save the wireless apparatus, and after receiving the necessary permission from Captain Brown, in charge of the salvaging operations, the entire apparatus, including motor generator, tuner and panel, were transferred safely ashore via the breeches-buoy method, and stored at a farm house nearby. After the wireless apparatus was removed and placed in storage I felt my presence unnecessary and was about to request permission to leave for home, but to my surprise Captain Brown selected me, along with six husky sailors, to complete salvage operations before the vessel should go to pieces. I must admit that I felt puffed up over his selection of me, a wireless operator, to really be of use in connection with such important work.

Well, after a hike of 20 miles our party made connections with a home-bound train, where, upon arrival, I found that I didn't even have a pair of shoes really my own; but I am mighty glad to be able to look forward to another assignment which I hope will not terminate as did the unfortunate *Klamath*.

### A WONDERFUL THING

Enthusiasm is the dynamics of your personality. Without it, whatever abilities you may possess lie dormant. You may have knowledge, sound judgment, good reasoning faculties; but no one will know it, until you discover how to put your heart into thought and action. A wonderful thing is this quality which we call enthusiasm. If you would like to be a power among men, cultivate it; you will escape the dull routine of mechanical existence and you will make headway wherever you are.—*J. Ogden Armour*.



## TACKLING THE WRONG TOM CAT

A man he owned a terrier dorg,  
A bob-tailed, onery cuss,  
And that there dorg got that there man  
In many an ugly muss.  
For the man was on his muscle  
And the dog was on his bite,  
So to kick that dorg-goned animile  
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman owned a Thomas cat  
That fit at fifteen pound,  
And other cats got up and slid  
When that thin cat was round.  
The man and his dorg came along one day  
Where the woman she did dwell,  
And the purp, he growled ferociously  
And went for that cat.

He tried to chaw the neck of the cat,  
But the cat, he wouldn't be chawed,  
So he lit on the back of hat there dorg  
And clawed, and clawed, and clawed.  
Oh, the hair it flewed, and the purp he yowled  
As the claws went into his hide,  
And the chunks of flesh were peeled from his side  
Till he flummuxed and kicked and died.

The man he ripped and cussed and swore  
As he gathered a big brick bat,  
That he would be durned essentially  
If he didn't kill that cat.  
But the woman allowed she'd be blessed if he did,  
And she snatched up an old shot gun,  
Which she fired and peppered his diaphragm  
With bird shot, number one.

They toted him home on a window blind,  
And the doctor carved him up,  
But he never was known to fight again,  
Or to own another pup.  
Folks may turn up their snoots at this here rhyme,  
I don't care a cuss for that.  
All I want to show is that fighting dorgs  
May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

## TO AVOID INDIGESTION

1. Eat slowly.
  2. Chew each mouthful of food many times.
  3. Don't eat too much, or experiment with strange culinary combinations.
  4. Avoid hot breads, fried fruits, an excess of pastry, or sweets.
  5. Don't take violent exercise or do hard work, mentally or physically, immediately after a heavy meal.
  6. Keep your teeth clean and repaired.
- If you feel no better after you have followed these rules, consult a physician.—*Telephone Review*.

## SWAT THE FLY

**O**UR medical friends give us timely warning of the danger to our health of the house fly and urge us to swat the fly earlier and more vigorously this year than ever before.

Great progress has been made in the destruction of the fly, due largely to the campaigns which have been waged by boards of health and physicians. It is something, however, that requires the individual interest and effort of every citizen of the community.

If you adhere rigidly to all the rules of the game and keep your premises clean and well screened, a large measure of your precaution is lost if your neighbor is careless in this respect. It is important, therefore, that you watch your own place and also discourage promptly carelessness on the part of others that is likely to undo your good work.

## NEW YORK CITY OFFICE

According to rough figures and Mr. Chadwick's enthusiasm, February was a splendid month, notwithstanding many difficulties and not too favorable conditions.

We have been receiving direct from MUU considerably of late, much to the surprise of the Belmar boys, several of whom have recently married and have just started (with leases on hand) wondering what the next surprise will be.

Senters had a fortnight's vacation; said he spent it all but one day at Atlantic City; but as we did not see him during that time, cannot dispute his assertion.

James N. Leslie, of the Examining department, according to the *Evening World* of March 4th, was one of the principals in a secret marriage which took place on February 20th. His bride being the daughter of Brigadier General Woodward and Mrs. Woodward, of 281 Sanford Avenue, Flushing. As Mr. Leslie has put forward no denial and says he is still at Pennsylvania Hotel, it

looks as if papa has not quite cooled off. Well, we wish them luck and hope their venture will turn out satisfactorily.

Woodruff was transferred from Belmar and is in the Error department.

Mike Svendsen prevailed on his brother to join the company and he is now with us in the Examining department.

McNamara is now assisting Sheehy in the RQ department.

Miss Hayden, telephone operator, lost her mother, who died after a short illness. The boys as a mark of sympathy sent a floral wreath.

There were quite a number of absentees during February due to attacks of grip.

Miss Helen Tour, of the Abstract, has been confined to her bed for over a week. An observing person noticed one of the staff making purchases of roses in a florist's near her address, and that the same roses were seen on a table in her room.

W. Leslie has again returned to the fold after an absence of about two months.

Mr. Otten has been appointed acting supervisor.

A wise old owl sat in an oak:  
The more he heard, the less he spoke:  
The less he spoke, the more he heard:  
We all should be like that wise old bird.

#### TUCKERTON

**W**E don't write much, nor we don't write often. However, everything comes to life in the Month of May and we do not want to be an exception, so:

With set No. 1 doing business, set No. 2 being installed, six new towers erected and the second antenna soon to be constructed, we are beginning to believe ours a regular station. In fact we know it, and that isn't all we know; for instance:

We know that the earth's magnetic center is midway between New Bedford, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., for at specified intervals (possibly controlled by the moon) Alex Patten and Doc Usselman are drawn with irresistible force to the above-named places respectively.

Smith says, according to the new magnetic center, our compass needs calibratin', for he thinks she is out about 9 points west.

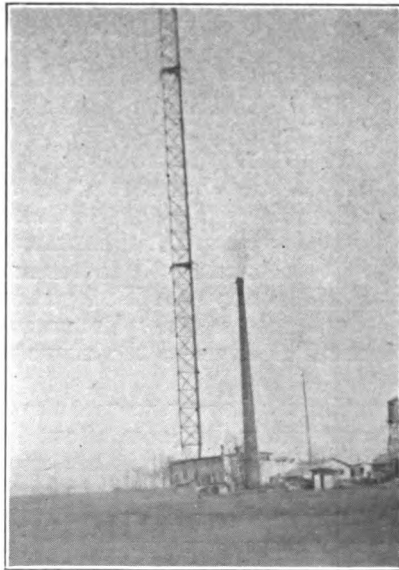
Spring has come, and along with it has come the knowledge that we have a genius in our midst in the person of our construction man, Aird. While touring the meadows around the station our Engineer-in-Charge came across a mosquito astride one of the poles of our overhead ground system and sucking the sap from the same for all he was worth. Though this may appear a trivial matter to the ordinary layman it is by no means so, for, when mosquitos

become numerous (as they are prone to do hereabouts) the poles will be sucked absolutely devoid of sap, thereby becoming very brittle and apt to snap off at any time, carrying the overhead ground wire system down with them. This disaster would cause inestimable delay and expense to our company. And now, Mr. Aird, after struggling night and day with this paramount problem for over a week has determined that, by loading a tank on Machinist Buelow's back and giving him a hand pump he can spray the whole 900 poles with citronella in six days. Thus, due to the ingenuity of our man Aird a disaster has been averted, and our ground wire system shall not be ravaged.

Will someone kindly ask Mr. Rossi why he removed his boots from TU? We know New York is "wet," but we at least thought it was above sea level.

Aird claims he is going to raise a racket over our tennis court this summer, but until he does our most popular pastime will remain discovering mosquito ditches. Mr. Usselman and Shift Engineer Larkin hold equal honors at the present writing, each having discovered two ditches in one day. When it comes to canals, Venice has nothing on us.

Shift Engineer Mousley has bought an Overland car. The only reason we put this in is that we would appreciate a ride to Atlantic City some balmy Sunday afternoon.



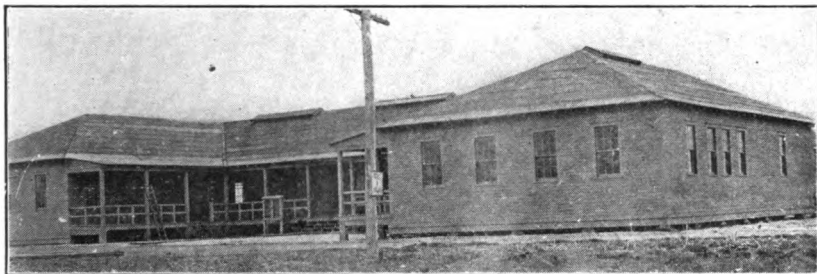
TUCKERTON  
HIGHEST STRUCTURE IN AMERICA,  
850 FT.

This spring weather has an awful grip on the young bucks on the station staff. Of course this doesn't include Smith or Aird.

Do any of you know Joe? Joe can eat more, sleep more and *work*: he can do more work than any six men on any other station. Joe Parker, people, is our man of men. And his strength doesn't lay in his hair, either, for Joe is bald headed.

Assistant Machinist Mott has brought to our attention the fact that the station fliv has give ol Man Economy an awful wallop. Equipped with two carburetors in series, Never Slip brake lining, weed chains, a can each of carbon remover and radiator cement, she is operating at a total cost of 12½ cents a day, not including his wages, of course.

TU is doomed for a great future.



OFFICE BUILDING—TUCKERTON

### MARION

**S**HIFT Engineer McGeorge has lately invented a high frequency wind jammer, according to the talk heard about the switchboard gallery. It seems that Mac has difficulty in determining which way the wind is blowing when it comes time for him to enter this important fact upon the daily log. So he sat himself down and carved out a massive arrow, which he mounted on a bearing and surrounded with a tin can similar to the well-known brand of automobiles. Mac's jitney differs slightly, though, due to the fact that four perfectly good contacts, or maybe it's eight, I don't know, are mounted in under this tin can, and on the gallery he has installed an indicator with the four directions thereon. To see which way the wind is blowing, all that is necessary is to turn the switch on and down comes your indicator to tell the tale.

The work of the General Electric Company here is about finished and another month will probably see us all by our lonesome once more. We have certainly enjoyed these men, that have been here with us from time to time, and it is with sincere regret that we see them leaving us for good. We will say one thing, they sure

can set up machines and make them work. The little ole alternator certainly beats the old breadcutter we had in here before.

We see by the paper that Chatham wants to play basketball with us. We're sorry, boys, but we haven't got enough men here to get up a team since old man economy visited us. Tell you what we'll do, though—what do you say to a nice little game of tiddle de winks? Or, if this is too rough, you might call on Mr. Clifton. He's just scratchin' to play any six of you a little game of tennis.

Somebody's always pulling the rope around here since our old friend Hammond started the game, and this time it was our Chief Rigger who pulled the rope and hoisted the most beautiful cute little six hundred meter Antenna into place that you ever saw. There was at least forty-nine feet in the three wires that it contained. Jim should have known better. We had to have someone to blame because the blame blankety busted bloomin' thing wouldn't work when Chatham pushed the key and tried to hear what it sounded like. Chatham thought we were kidding him when we told him he was sending V's on it. He couldn't hear it and advised in very strong terms what he thought of us and the set, and gave very explicit directions as to just where to throw the whole outfit. It's still here and Jim has made the antenna safe for the democrats, and we await anxiously while a couple of bulbs are tried out down Chatham way and the set is finally installed permanently somewhere between here and Chatham, along the path of our control wires, and is operated by a few real "Go to it and get the business" old-time Marconi operators right in the station, and not pushing a key at the other end of fifty miles of iron wire. There was enough induced current in that cute little antenna from the big set to light seventeen arc lights. You mix this up with a few good strokes of summer lightning that takes all the little fuses out for a walk on the control lines between here and Chatham and the set is liable to talk Dutch.

Some playful youth who was rather impatient hung a sign on this six hundred meter panel set which read as follows: "For sale cheap, one five hundred cycle panel set complete with antenna, or will swap for a good Ford spark coil." Despite the fact that Mr. Stevens picked the sign off the set, he smiled.

Alternator Attendant White reports that spring is coming. He says that the other night he heard two sixty-cycle bull-frogs carrying on communication on a short wave in our spray pond.

By the sound of the contactors here, this Chatham-Marion circuit is certainly tearing through a big pile of traffic. There is hardly a minute of the day or night but what the keys are busily clicking away.

Shift Engineer McGeorge is now studying the problem of construction of two hundred-metre sets. He will set one up in

his room at the hotel, and the other we opine will be located over in Mattapoisett, a neighboring town where one of the gentle sex will charge the air with sweet nothings. Let it be said, that Mac's right there when it comes to picking a winner, for his operator friend is none other than a fair young lady who has lately been in the drafting department of one of the prominent manufacturers of quenched gaps. Needless to say the two sets will make use of quenched gaps. Mac feels that it's going to be a hard job to keep some of the would-be amateurs at the hotel away from his set while he is on duty over at the power house.

Speedo's back yard wireless, as Curtis was wont to call it, came into prominence lately in a couple of ways. First of all, it was honored by a visit from Mr. Stevens, of the Marine department, who admires the antenna system, which contains over two thousand feet of seven strand number twenty-two wire. Besides Mr. Stevens, the station was further honored by a visit from Messrs. Beach, Kroger and Nicholls from the New York and Boston offices respectively. The second occasion of prominence was when communication was established with Colorado Springs, Colorado, which is more than half way across the United States.

If any of the officials of the company should happen to get a beautiful work of art through the mails in place of the usual letter you can put it down as coming from the Engineer-in-charge's clerk, Royal Vermilya. Possibly we can submit a drawing to our magazine at some future date for consideration of the gang as to his abilities. We'll say he is there.

Shift Engineer Sparks has completed the overhauling of his car, and is once again happy and smiling. Great weather for the cars, and it is our regret that we cannot all have one of these pleasure producers.

Marion held another of its successful dances during the last month and needless to say all had a wonderfully pleasant evening.

Assistant Engineer-in-Charge Cumming has thrust aside his thoughts of radio and the power house during the time our dances are in progress, and his wife, who is quite an expert in the art, is teaching him to dance. Mrs. Cumming is noticeably a favorite at our dances.

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### CHATHAM

Some speed to the boys at this station. We have five cars in the garage belonging to Messrs. Moore, Heiser, Roberts, Rigby, Eskridge and Lynch, and Sonny Wood has a kiddy-kar, a sulky and a perambulator. All there in addition to the company Ford.

G. R. Best is spending a few days in Bar Harbor.

D. L. Higginbotham breaks all distance records. He took the trip from Chatham to Bar Harbor to attend a dancing party. It

only set him back the equivalent of eighty hours overtime to make the trip. Of course, that's a mere trifle to spend to go to a dance.

T. B. Eskridge spent a few days at his home in Delaware.

Roberts is already trying to break all speed records. With his powerful Paige Six he is burning up the roads. Having spent several years in the British Air Service during the World war he is not satisfied with less than seventy miles an hour. We dislike prophesying, but have a feeling that he is some day going to try to climb an unclimbable telephone pole with his car. It can't be done, Roberts—many have tried it to their sorrow and generally the sorrow of their relatives.

The Static Club has just purchased a twenty-three foot sailing boat, which is soon to be christened with Cape Cod clam water. It's some boat, though, and should be the means of many an enjoyable party during the summer season.

The basketball team has won all its games since the last writing and is confidently looking forward to its coming game with the Plymouth five, one of the best teams in Massachusetts.

Coffman has been much bothered with a skunk in the cellar of his house. For nearly a week he has endeavored to capture the animal, without any success. Matters have now reached a stage where either Coffman or the skunk must vacate, and as the skunk refuses to compromise, it's up to Coffman to do the exit act.

On account of the large number of automobiles on the station, it wouldn't be a bad idea for some member of the staff to secure an agency for auto supplies and accessories.

Although we live like prosperous kings here at Chatham, our mess rate during the past month only amounted to twenty-five cents per meal, which is an exceptional showing. This can be attributed in a large measure to the efficient business methods of Mess President Flood. Perhaps you have heard it rumored that we live exclusively on fish and stews. Don't believe it for a minute. The healthy condition of the staff proves the contrary. The food served here has a reputation for making the big men small and the small men big.

Although inconvenienced by the operating building changes, we are still handling considerable traffic and expect to do much better as soon as the changes are completed.

We have read with interest of the wonderful results obtained at Riverhead, but no kidding, fellows—do you really think you can keep up with Chatham? You must remember that at the present time our apparatus is only temporarily arranged and the wiring looks like a deserted grapevine, but just wait—how long we do not know—until we get our new equipment. Then watch our speed.

The Static Club is to conduct a Dance and Whist Party on the evening of March 18th in the hotel. We are looking forward to a pleasant evening.



We extend a hearty welcome to Messrs. Bauer, Brownlie, Eastman, Foy, Carlton, Golder, Titow, McElroy, Hasdell.

During the month we had visit us Messrs. C. H. Taylor, D. Sarnoff, T. M. Stevens and F. Kroger.

We are now getting some typical Cape Cod weather, mild and pleasant.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

**W**HEN it comes to handling flivvers, Smalley can sure do that little thing. We think he holds the record for speed around these parts, but since he became official chauffeur of the station we know he holds the other trophy also.

Alternator unit No. 1, after having been completely overhauled is assembled and will soon be ready to sing its merry tune across the Atlantic once more; then for the alterations of unit No. 2.

W. Teusch, who has been recently added to our staff, vice King, is sure an all-around man; his duties consist of gardener, janitor, mechanic, ice machine expert, fireman and tonsorial artist to our grass and shrubs; outside of that he has nothing to do.



14 INCHES AT NEW BRUNSWICK

Oh Me! Oh My! they must be busy in Bolinas, or a happy bride is taking up much of the time of our former Assistant Engineer, Mr. Bollinger; now, old man, when you read this, remember how easy it was to write that address in Schenectady on those cute pink envelopes; well, it's just as easy to write New Brunswick, only possibly not so attractive. By the way, old top, the jitney is still in operation.

Our latest news is that our old friend and associate, Mr. Finch, is going to join Mr. Eschleman at Kahuku; that will be a happy reunion when these two bachelors get together. Our only fear is that they may bring back with them a ukelele better half, for the dolls out there are sure attractive; our best wishes and

good luck goes with you on your long journey and work. Take a tip from the above paragraph to Mr. Bollinger and let us know how things are out that way.

Things seem to have changed around here in general. Possibly it's due to the increased responsibilities that have been placed on the staff, or spring time coming on. Mr. Jordan has a new Studebaker, Canning a Ford and our Engineer-in-Charge still pushes his perambulator.

The General Electric bunch are going like a million dollars, and by the time you read this we will have old number one set back in operation.

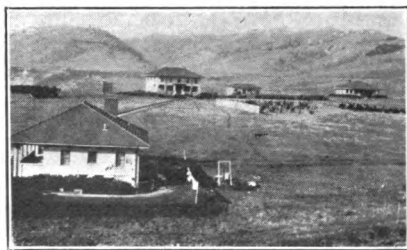
### BOLINAS

Our new Engineer-in-Charge, Mr. Bollinger, and his wife, arrived at the station on a typical California winter day, with a few extras thrown in for good measure. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bollinger expressed themselves freely about our sunny (?) California. We all join in wishing them a hearty welcome and sincerely hope they will grow to like the state, and particularly the immediate vicinity, as the months go by.

Through the kindness of the Radio Corporation we recently received an addition to our library in the shape of a number of the latest books on Radio and Electrical engineering, and the way they are being read shows that they are filling a long felt want and are highly appreciated.

Everybody is watching with interest the installation of the new alternator, and although we have all become very much attached to our most efficient spark set we are looking forward to the day when the alternator will be in operation. Messrs. W. V. Murphy, A. O. Sachse, F. H. Beckenbach, M. A. Snyder, H. E. Feathers, W. C. Stack, S. E. Lewis and E. L. Marsh, of the General Electric Company, are here installing the alternator.

Shift Engineer Bransch brought his family out from the east last month, so he moved to the village of Bolinas, and to make the family circle complete he bought a Ford, and from its appear-



OCEAN TO THE LEFT—BOLINAS

ance it is the most elderly of the family.

Early in the month of January Shift Engineer Havel moved to the village, his wife moved over from San Francisco and they bought a Ford!

Both Bransch and Havel are still strong for the Lizzies, but they say it is a terrible long walk from town especially when it is raining.

We have with us the only genuine Siberian clam hound in captivity. Dynamo tender Abbot has been keeping us supplied with clam chowder, steamed clams and clam fritters for the past month, and he is now perfecting a microphone with which he claims to be able to hear the clams wiggle in their shell, thus doing away with the trouble of hunting for them.



ENGINEER'S COTTAGE—BOLINAS

### MARSHALL

**C**OCKO! Skabootch! Straw Hat! Six Words! etc., otherwise known as greetings from the windy city. Standby, gentlemen brass pounders, for about six thousand words, cuz I'm all primed up after our big dance; the coming of the Yatchet Club; arrivals, departures, etc.

Everything is sittin' pretty since last we were quoted in these columns and a few changes in staff comprise: Gavin Burns leaving for Kokohead, whose place was filled by Paul Welke, whom we all welcome, and also wish Mr. Burns all the luck in the world. L. E. Nichols, otherwise known as "Now Joe," was booked for the Cannibal Isles, but is back with us to stay, which pleases all very much. Mr. Humphreys, a new addition to the operating staff, hails from S. F. Navy station and says that so far all is Jake on the campus with him. So much for the newcomers, and now, Ah! now, the Yatchet Club.

Little would one think or ever dream that a mere common radio man could be the proud possessor of a real yacht; but, yea,

brother, so it is at Marshall. Commodore MacDonald, the proud possessor of the S.S. *Crummy Liz*, reports all well on the quarter deck and claims the bay has been a little too dusty for any cruising lately, which statement is backed up by Captain Martinelli, owner of the S.S. *Dirty Dora*, a magnificent little craft of twelve feet and dual propulsion, between wind and motor kicker. It is rumored that the S.S. *Dirty Dora* is in the hands of a receiver, namely Ray Walling, who has been giving her his careful once-over for a probable sale in the near future. Billy de Pep still gives us light and heat, God bless him; and also first hand info' on yachting and the like.

Bill Schneid reports everything in first class shape in Gasoline Alley and quotes the riot act to the County Superintendent of Roads no less than thrice a week. "Kenooooota" Peterson says "The mid trick is easy pickin's," but, nevertheless, he don't seem to register very much about twelve each night. Franklin "Wood-beauty" Shaw argues all is sittin' heavy on the six hnd meet-er set and claims you east coast ops, that come around here on various craft, got "da wrong impresh" of west coast brass pounders. Note—This is result of several battles, and we wish to quote that smart, bright little chap, who, the other evening, said: "The master reserves the right to send his position at any time he prefers," after he had tried to make his TR at seven P. M. instead of eight P. M. and then indignantly called S. F. Naval station when we refused and finally very sweetly called us again and asked us to excuse him as he wasn't used to west coast regulations. Motto: Arrange yourself to the environment. Tony Gerhard, otherwise known as Tony da Champ, as usual doesn't put out very much, which confirms our usual belief that he knows a h—l of a lot. Now! let's see; any more before that dance, Brother, we're just raring to go on that episode.

Brother Operators, Officials, Stenographers, Installation Gang, Engineers, etc. We are here to state that the Marshall Radio station threw the most beautiful little wax floor campaign the other evening, Saturday, February twelfth, that was ever recorded in history. The ball room was most artistically decorated in valentine form with many pretty greens, etc. The music was old King Jazz himself, and the good punch and eats, plus a wonderful merry little crowd told the tale of a wonderful party. The shuffling started promptly at nine P. M. and climaxed at three-thirty, if we remember correctly. Mr. Isbell, our General Superintendent, with Mrs. Isbell, were in attendance, and will vouch for the above.

As the transportation is and always has been poor to the station, we mean to testify that this hotel resembled the St. Francis on any occasion. At least eighty-five people were in attendance, of which over half parked their weary frames in the hotel over

night. Although four operators were on duty at the "sweat shop," all managed to get in on most of the party, and the result is a big smashing victory for the Marshall Radio station. As the writer was pounding brass the next day at eight A. M. sharp, he cannot vouch for the good time had the next day, but from all reports it was equally as good as the dance.

Around midnight, on February the fourth, the S.S. *Klamath*, bound up the coast for Portland and way ports, went on the rocks about sixty miles north of Point Reyes. The exact time of disaster was not known, but at 2:02 A. M. her calls for assistance were picked up here on the KPH circuit. It is quite interesting to know that of the many, many radio stations on the coast, not to say the numerous vessels, KPH was the first to pick up the S. O. S. Action was immediately taken and Mr. Isbell was promptly called, while aid was sent for. In a short while one or two vessels were standing by as closely as possible, which was at some distance as the sea was running high and a violent gale was in evidence. On the following day two tugs arrived from San Francisco and commenced salvage operations. It is pleasing to mention that the operator on the *Klamath* performed his duties in first class shape and never at any time during the mishap was there the slightest evidence of any excitement, with none the less credit due the KPH operators who stood by constantly and gave regular land-line service. While it is not our aim to cast any aspersions on either apparatus or ability of operators at the other numerous stations, we believe it is merely a strange coincidence that KPH was the first and only station to intercept the S. O. S.

#### SAN FRANCISCO CITY OFFICE

**W**E have been very delinquent in news from this locality but, on the other hand, these have been hustling times, and a glance at our financial reports for the past year would reveal how busy we have been. With the Oriental markets almost totally demoralized since last April and May, we have had to ferret out much of the Japanese traffic, gradually building up the daily average of words which fell to a minimum during September. January eclipsed all previous records since the opening in March.

The trans-pacific and marine circuits have been moving the traffic for us in a very satisfactory manner for the past six months considering the equipment still being used. When they throw the juice on the alternators it will take more than a speedometer to keep pace with them.

But even now, with the spark equipment, our patrons in San Francisco receive messages from Japan one day ahead of the San Francisco date. However, it is not expected that the alternators will improve upon speed of the sun.

"Second-sight" Peterson, our diplomatic counter clerk, has taken on a lot of servicing lately and he challenges anybody in the outfit to a speed contest of accepting, checking and rating messages with the left hand while the right is busy, on a "built-like-a-battle-ship" Oliver, typing services. Pete can almost smell a double word at six feet, but Jackson, one of the brass pounders, has a black-board over near the quad table, and whenever Pete fails to check a radio properly Jack just naturally chalks up one for the boy who can see around corners.

Pete worries Bob Malcolm, the cashier, however, by always having the cash drawer two or three pennies over or short, and then he and Bob fuss around about an hour and a half on Form 147, and when they finally discover that Pete put down a 4 for a 7, they've both missed the 5:15, and then they stay over and have breakfast.

All you have to do to get the Boss's goat is to ask him when the partitions will be removed and the new delivery desk in. We don't use that kind of language, do we, Ed. old man, or we would tell you just what he says.

Nic Nichols and old Jawn Hauselt are still hacking away at the key, and sometimes the strings between here and Marshall get mighty hot.

"Bill" Conway, our chief bookkeeper, has moved his harem to more spacious quarters in room 17. Mrs. Emrick, the young lady who handles the marine abstracts, says that she hopes by next Christmas those fellows over in Berne will get busy and let us have some dope on ships. A steamer reaches San Francisco and nobody owns her, nobody operates her, nobody ever put a wireless equipment on her—in fact she just AIN'T, that's all! But what we'd like to know is—"How come this radio from her? Yes, Sir! How come?"

Miss Hamilton, Sadie McLoone and Edna Newsham are all moving along at a good lick getting the stuff down on paper so our good friend Mr. Ross can see how it shows up in dollars and cents.

And say, Boy! If you ever want to see how to handle a squad a bicycle speed kings you want to drop down at 300 California Street and watch Fazzio, Hood and Perez, commonly known as the Louie-Dutch-Marcus trio.

"Here! Number 5! Get this Anglo Bank!———Back already! How many y'got?——What! Y'haven't started yet? Gee! I thought y'wuz back by this time. Shake a little grease into yer joints. D'ye think them people want to keep open all night? They like to get home to the wife and kids! Number 4! Come on, step lively. Take this around to Sutro and don't fall into bed on yer way over. Stock biz! Gotta get them shares sold today! Come on, number 8, whatsamatter, yuh tired? Hop down to Mat-

son! They got a rush! There, take these blanks along! Next!"

Little Mary Horton, the Boss's secretary, has taken on the side line of registrations. She can talk two-fifty of anybody's good gold right out of his pocket. You never get ahead of Mary for more than a minute at a time, and she can simply annihilate correspondence. G. dictates his letters, walks back to his desk, sits down and signs 'em.

Myrt Sabatino, our "Hello-girl," fell in for a lot of graft around Christmas, but they say she gives them service. She had a few additional locals and trunks put in on the board since the last time you heard from us, which shows we are even growing on the telephone board. Our Japanese patrons insist that Myrt understands their language.

Wm. Thacker, an old time "bucket shop" operator, has relieved A. E. Hayes, as second trick counter clerk. It cost Bill eighty cents to learn that the prefix CLT is counted and charged for in lettergrams. Here's hoping he will remain with the family for several years.

Outside of the foregoing everything is Jake in S. F. We are itching, of course, to have the new units at Bolinas get into action and give us a chance at some new territory. From the writer's observations, San Francisco can, and will, offer us a considerable amount of traffic for central and western Europe, Central and South America, China, Australia, the Philippines, India and the Dutch East Indies. In fact we have had to turn down a lot of messages for points in the Orient not yet covered by our system. A direct wire to New York would also look good to us.

3:55 the morning of Feb. 22nd K. P. H. again demonstrated that the operators of the Radio Corporation are always on the job, for they picked up an S. O. S. from the steamer *Alaskan* bound from the East Coast to San Francisco, which had at that moment gone ashore on the Asuncion Islands, about 1,000 miles out of San Francisco, off the Mexican Coast. K. P. H. was the only station to get the S. O. S., although the Naval stations at San Diego and San Pedro were 500 miles nearer.

#### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

President Nally arrived from Europe on the *Imperator* recently, accompanied by Mrs. Nally and Mr. Schmidt, his secretary, all in good health, after an absence of about six weeks. They visited England, France, Belgium and Germany.

Mr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer, who accompanied the president on his trip, left him in Berlin and went to Stockholm to visit his parents.

Superintendent Barsby, of Belmar station, recently took his family to his old home in England, where he will leave them for the summer. He is now on the way back.

Mr. R. N. Barrington, Engineer of the British Marconi Company, who has been in America several weeks looking over Radio matters, sailed for home on the *Imperator* March twelfth. Mr. Barrington installed the Norwegian station at Stavanger.

Mr. W. A. Winterbottom, traffic manager, has returned from a brief inspection of the Pacific coast station. He stopped off for a look at the Grand Canyon.

General Superintendent Pillsbury recently visited the Cape Cod stations.

Mr. G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, and Mr. David Sarnoff, Commercial Manager, have returned from a week-end visit to Atlantic City.

Mr. Roy A. Weagant, consulting engineer, accompanied by his family, has returned from a brief sojourn at Nassau, B. W. I.

Mr. Alex E. Reoch recently made a visit of inspection to N. Y. Radio Central station on Long Island.

Mr. W. A. Graham, Operating Engineer, has returned from Tuckerton.

Mr. David Sarnoff, Commercial Manager, accompanied by Mr. G. Harold Porter, General Superintendent of Marine division, and Mr. T. M. Stevens, Assistant Superintendent, recently visited the high power stations at Marion and Chatham, Mass.

Mr. William Brown, assistant to the president, has returned from Washington.

Mr. George S. Davis, who is prominent in wireless circles, has been elected a director of the Radio Corporation of America. Mr. Davis is President of the Wireless Specialty Company, General Manager of the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, and is in charge of the wireless activities of the United Fruit Company.

Mr. Charles J. Ross, Comptroller, accompanied by Mrs. Ross, sailed on the *Calamares*, of the United Fruit Line, March 26th, for Havana. They will visit various places of interest on the island.

Miss Kennelly, of the president's office, is recovering from a protracted illness of several months. She has been greatly missed by her associates.

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## EASTERN DIVISION

### NEW YORK

**T**WO items of interest in the line of handling traffic are to be noted from the working of the S.S. *Porto Rico* and the S.S. *Huron*, both Shipping Board passenger vessels operated by this Company. The Chief Operator of the *Porto Rico* reports that his ship, which is on the run to Porto Rico, is in constant commu-



nication with New York throughout the whole voyage to San Juan and around the Island and return to New York.

The Chief Operator of the S.S. *Huron*, which is running to South America in the service of the Munson Line, reports that when 2,400 miles south of Ambrose Channel, the ship station was in communication with New York, Maranho, Brazil, Cape San Thome, Brazil and Curacao, and that the following stations were heard sending press throughout the entire voyage: Annapolis, Lyons and Bordeaux, France, and San Francisco. Operator Giles also states that C W A (the station at Montevideo) is the best working station for ships traveling to the River Plate.

Reports are being made to this office that the promiscuous conversation which has been altogether too prevalent in the past is decreasing. This is good news and is probably due to the fact that the operators are more and more coming to realize that the officials are determined that this shall be stopped at all costs. Also it is decreasing, due to the fact that the operators are being reported to the Department of Commerce and that these reports are resulting in the suspension of licenses. And as a word of caution, this reporting and suspension of licenses will continue until this sort of thing shall absolutely cease, which is right and proper. All men who have the welfare of the radio game at heart will realize that this is the only way this can be stopped, and we do not believe there is a single conscientious operator but who will agree that the so-called rag chewing is a very great evil, especially when there is a lot of legitimate business to be handled.

The Shipping Board Steamer *Invincible* sailed on March 15th for Liverpool with R. K. Pence as operator. The *Invincible* is the second ship of the Shipping Board to be equipped with the new type of electric drive, and her performance is being followed with considerable interest in shipping circles.

Among the personnel changes in this division during the month are the following:

James M. Keaveney resigned. He was attached to the *Mundale*.

Stephen Hidalgo checked off the *Lake Fresco* when that vessel laid up.

Henry H. Edwards transferred from this to the High Power division.

The *West Cavanal* laid up, putting Hugh McGuire on the unassigned list.

J. L. O'Connell returned from the south on J. P. Morgan's yacht *Corsair*. He is now on leave of absence.

J. H. Gately sailed on the *Lake Markham*, relieving Joseph Perlman.

Robert H. Philbrook checked off the *George G. Henry* and reported to the Boston office from where he expects to resume his

regular summer run on the Eastern Steamship Line.

George H. Allen left on the *Communi-paw* for Germany.

W. A. Schneiderham is now on the *Chinampa* in place of M. E. Arbuckle, who will take Schneiderham's place on the *East Cape* when that vessel sails.

J. L. Adams is now on the unassigned list since the *Texarkana* laid up following the vessel's running ashore on the Long Island coast.

Richard Rosan resigned from the service after his arrival in port on the *Hahira*. N. Ish-kishor took Rosan's place on the *Hahira*.

J. F. Forsyth left on the *Wisla*.

B. B. Skeete is now on the Barge *Socony 90*.

W. D. Reyen took out the new Standard Oil steamer *Walter Jennings*.

Frank E. Burgin reported back from sick leave which made it necessary for him to leave the *Hera*.

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#### BOSTON

**D**AMON EASTMAN is at the new marine station, WCC.

J. F. Valente has turned the *Sunshine* over to H. M. Baier.

Frank Justice is standing by for the new tanker *India Arrow*, just equipped with a type P-8-A set.

H. C. Gawler, of the Sales Division, was a recent visitor and a very welcome one. He had a lot of funny looking electric light bulbs, which he explained were to be put on amateur receivers and bulb transmitters. We gather from what he told us that there are electrons in the bulbs, although we couldn't see them, but we can't figure out why they put tin around the filament. Probably to shade the light for the electrons.

A. T. Barber is preparing to resume duty. Has so far successfully weathered the period of income scarcity.

Emery Neff, formerly constructor at Norfolk, is on the *Melrose*. They's lining up for assignment to the houseboats.

Ralph Rice and R. G. Philbrook, absentees.

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#### SOUTHERN DIVISION

##### BALTIMORE

**T**HE new steamer *Aladdin*, recently equipped at Baltimore, sailed for the south with Joseph T. Portman in charge.

All hands (with the fortunate exception of Miss Ziegler, who escaped) have recovered from attacks of grippe and are now on the job again, full of pep.

Constructor Grantlin is fitting the Tug *Astrea* of the Davison Chemical Company with a ½ kilowatt set.

We had a pleasant surprise in the visit of Assistant General Superintendent Stevens of the Marine division and District Manager Gilpin of Norfolk.

Operator Schultze, who was assigned to the *Maine* over a year ago, returned to this city with his vessel several days ago.

A card just received from Hubbard McCauley on the *Lancaster* states he arrived in China safely. Someone recently inquired why we always, or in nearly every contribution, mentioned something about Mac. The answer is easy. Mac always said one of the main reasons why he worked with us was that he could see his name in print, which afforded him an immense amount of satisfaction. Isn't it worth a few lines to keep a man satisfied and happy?

Charles R. Robinson, ex-operator, carbon paper, typewriter, etc., salesman, pays us daily visits. Wants a ship to Cuba only. We'll fix you up, Robby, but it may take time.

#### NORFOLK

**I**T has been many months since notes from the Norfolk district have appeared in this publication but, nevertheless and just the same, we have read with much interest the notes from other districts and have vowed each month that we, too, would send in some notes for the very next issue. Time and time again we failed to keep our vow, but we hope our esteemed editor will overlook our shortcomings on the strength of our promise to turn over a new leaf with this issue.

We announce with much pride the birth of a baby boy to our Boss. His name is Levering H. Gilpin, Jr., and, like all juniors, is starting in the game by standing night watches. We have our Boss's word for it that he is an unparalleled example of virile, robust young manhood. Ye scribe has seen this young fellow and heartily agrees with the proud father and mother that he is a fine child, though entertaining a suspicion that the word robust would apply more to the youngster's lungs.

The pack which Christian bore on his jaunt through the Slough of Despond was as nothing compared with the carbuncle which our clerk, Butt, sported during the last days of January and the early days of February. The thing was located on the back of his neck at just the right point to cause his chin to rest on his chest in a most pensive attitude. We unhesitatingly state that it was the peer of all carbuncles.

In the early part of January we had a new addition to our construction force, Mr. Arthur B. Brown. He has now become thoroughly acclimated and is also now possessed of a fair working knowledge of our transportation system, not forgetting to mention a close acquaintance with the Boss's flivver.

Shortly after the advent of Mr. Brown, Mr. Neff, one of our constructors, came across a steamer which he joined as operator because she ran regularly to Boston. We hope that he was able to negotiate a peace in keeping with the best traditions of our sex.

That poem, "Chickens come home to roost," could be very easily applied in the case of Shipping Board vessels. Vessels big and little, passenger and freight, new and old, and from far and near, have come into this port and they are still here! It was said that they would all begin to move with the coming of spring, but the millennium being somewhat delayed we still have them among us. There are new arrivals every day, and it is stated on good authority that several even have cabled for reservations from Gibraltar and places even more distantly removed.

What is true of ships applies in some respects to the operators, too. Many a young man who in the early days of 1920 was chary of joining a vessel until he ascertained whether the old man parted his hair in the middle or whether the vessel was a well-decker or not, etc., etc., has lately expressed a great preference for the first thing that comes along, be she laker, tanker, towboat or Hog Islander.

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#### GULF DIVISION

**J**UST as we had about concluded that there wasn't a darn thing to report, one of our assistants, who is always looking for trouble, handed us the following clipping from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* of February 12th:

"I thought everyone else was doing it and so I did not see any reason why I couldn't bring in a few bottles to give a little party," was the excuse given by \_\_\_\_\_ to the Customs Inspectors who recently caught him trying to unload two bottles of "party water" from the Steamship \_\_\_\_\_. "Tell it to the Judge," was the reply."

Friend operator couldn't convince the Judge that "everybody was entitled to do it." On the other hand the Judge had very little difficulty in convincing friend operator that personal liberty was worth \$25.00.

Arthur K. Passmore, with the laying up of the *Miller County* at New Orleans, decided to try his luck at getting a re-assignment out of Baltimore.

Ralph C. Holtzclaw, after a 30 day leave of absence, has returned to the *Fourth Alabama* at Galveston.

C. W. Peters is out on a forced vacation, due to the laying up of the motorship *Pennant* at Texas City.

The *West Raritans*, after a long lay up at New Orleans, is again ready for sea in charge of Operator Thomas A. Church.

Our old friend Charles H. Acree, one time District manager

at Galveston, has been given the temporary job of taking the new Shipping Board steamer *City of Ellwood* out on her trial trip.

John J. Michaels has been assigned to the newly commissioned steamer *Bessemer City* of the U. S. Steel Products Company. The vessel will be operated by the Eastern division.

The Shipping Board tanker *Burnwell* evidently did not "burn well," since she has been staked out at the Shipping Board's boneyard, about fourteen miles up the Mississippi River. Result: Fred Rosebury is on his way to New York looking for another job.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

**P**OP WINTER continues in a good frame of mind; excellent weather prevailing, and from all reports, channels, rivers and other ice collecting tributaries will soon be clear of the impassable icebergs that usually keep the fleet from getting an early start.

All remaining ice was pretty well honeycombed during the month of March, and by now, all connecting waters should be navigable without the use of dynamite. A field or two of heavily windrowed bergs may be encountered on Lake Superior, but because of the mildness of the winter, it is thought that should prevailing winds shift such a field to the steamship lanes, their size will easily permit of circumnavigation without the loss of time. During spring months following closed or severe winters when the mercury holds steady at ten to thirty degrees below zero in the region of the Upper Lakes, vessels even as late as May occasionally run into a field of windrowed ice on Lake Superior, so huge in extent, that it takes days to extricate themselves. Dynamiting is then resorted to, and the radio man who is lucky enough to have an assignment to a vessel in such a predicament is treated to some real polar region steamboating.

Superintendent Nicholas has been kept on the jump during the past month, having made the rounds of the entire division, first by concluding a trip to Ashtabula, Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., and only recently returning to Cleveland from an extended trip to Lake Michigan and other lower lake ports.

Samuel E. Leonard, now one of our constructors, recently dismantled the  $\frac{1}{2}$  kilowatt Canadian Marconi set from the former *Stadacona*, now known as the *W. H. McGean*. The dismantled equipment was shipped to New York, where the Radio Corporation is to install it aboard the *S. S. Narragansett*, a CSL vessel. The *W. H. McGean's* equipment was formerly controlled by the Canadian Marconi Company, but due to the sale of the vessel to American interests, the new owners have given us the contract for maintaining the radio service. A C-296-B set will comprise the installation.

The transmitter on the carferry *Ashtabula* has been changed; constructor Elliott having dismantled the old Q. M. S., and installed a new C-296-B set in its place.

The Navy department has completed installations of several compass stations located at various points on the Great Lakes, and upon the opening of navigation, compass readings and bearings will be given an initial try-out in this division. Compass bearings should prove of inestimable value to Great Lakes mariners, as heavy fogs in the spring and blinding snow-storms in the fall make navigation other than joyful during these periods.

Our official assignment list has been completed, and most of the old-timers notified as to the name of the vessel, the port and approximate date for them to report to duty. A good number of the ops on account of their inability to locate profitable employment during the winter months, will be glad to once again set foot on the deck of a Great Lakes race horse and listen to the whine of the fog horn.

### PACIFIC DIVISION

#### SAN FRANCISCO

**W**E have been quite active during February, as our story to follow will tell.

The Matson liner *Enterprise* has been laid up at the Moore yards in Oakland for the past four months and is now going back on the Honolulu run re-equipped with a P-5 panel set. A. P. Stone will again be in charge of the outfit, as well as being purser. B. W. Lafetra, formerly on the *Klamath*, will make his first off-shore trip as junior with Stone.

A P-8 panel set was recently installed on the *Gargoyle* of the Vacuum Oil Company's fleet. The *Gargoyle* was just completed at the Moore yards and is a sister ship of the *Vacuum*.

The four shipyards in San Francisco still continue to operate at about half the production they attained at the close of the war. A few ships are being built for the United States Shipping Board and a good many for private concerns.

Conditions still continue slack in most all lines of business, and the oil trade, which held up longer than other lines, has commenced to fall off. Unemployment has not reached an acute stage, although a great many are out of work. In the wireless field this is particularly noticeable, as we have a large number of men awaiting assignments. It is expected that conditions will soon improve.

Contracts were signed during the month for the installation of P-8 panel sets on the two large freighters being built at the Moore yard for the Matson Navigation Company. These vessels, the *Manulani* and *Manukia*, will ply between San Francisco and the Hawaiian islands, in the sugar trade especially.

Operators Goldsmith and Breniman of the *Santa Cruz* and Cox and Trosper of the *Colusa* can all weep in unison, their vessels, formerly on the Pacific Mail Calcutta run, now being laid up across the bay, on account of the present slump in shipping.

G. G. Greene is now on the *West Keene* on the triangle run for the Matson Navigation Company, San Francisco, Seattle and Honolulu being the ports of call. In addition to the radio work Greene is also purser, and is apparently well pleased.

Duke Hancock, senior on the *Nanking*, was obliged to lay off for one trip, his mother being taken ill suddenly. Ralph Burr, his junior, sailed as senior and G. E. Knudson of the shop staff is filling junior's berth temporarily.

At last C. C. White is assigned. On account of passport difficulties F. Geisel had to leave the *Richmond* and White didn't waste any time getting his baggage aboard. The change was timely for Geisel, however, and he stepped aboard the *Capt. A. F. Lucas*, relieving Frank Oneill, who in turn relieved Phil Thorne on the *J. A. Moffett*. Apparently Phil is the goat, but it is hoped it won't last long.

H. Y. Ballou is back again on the *Curacao*, relieving Steve Cerstvik, who has resigned.

D. Craig and D. V. Millard relieved Frank Smith and Herbert Edge on the *Wolverine State*, one of the new 502's on the India-Oriental run for the Pacific Mail Company.

Even though they are expecting no letter from the only girl, operators should never fail to look through the mail box, as some interesting correspondence may be found, especially on abstracting, as it is a chronic failure on the part of many to forget to add the number of words, leave off signatures and many little errors too numerous to mention.

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#### SEATTLE

**D**URING the month, we removed the Kilbourne and Clark equipments from the *Admiral Dewey* and *Admiral Schley* and installed  $\frac{1}{2}$ -KW submarine panel sets.

We are figuring on making more changes, of a like nature, in the near future.

There are signs of spring in the air. Miss Cayo arrived this morning with a new creation on the top of her head, and wanted to know our opinion regarding the best time for her annual vacation.

Arthur Lind is temporarily on the *President*, until the *Kamchatka* is ready for her annual trip to the Arctic. His predecessor, H. Scott, made an enviable record last year, and we are glad to have a man like Lind ready to step into his place.

H. R. Waite has returned to British Columbia, where he will

engage in business with his father. He has our best wishes for continued success.

We regret that the severe illness of Ralph Butler's father necessitated his temporary presence at home. Roy Massey is taking Mr. Butler's place on the *Governor*. Massey likes the deep sea and we hope to be able to fix him up with a Shipping Board boat along in April or May.

The *City of Seattle* is expected to go in commission shortly, with T. A. Kinsey in charge.

Due to the lay up of the *Admiral Rodman*, George Wunderlich has but a short stay on his old vessel. He is now on the *Spokane*.

We extend our hearty welcome to our new neighbor, Mr. L. C. Dent. District manager at Portland, Oregon. Mr. Dent succeeds Mr. R. S. Palmer, who for a long time operated on vessels out of the Seattle District. Mr. Palmer made such a good installation on the Standard Oil tanker *Livingston Roe*, that he decided it would take an extra good man to fill the operating position, and, acting in accordance with his decision, took the job himself.

#### PORTLAND

**P**ORTLAND District under new management. Three new installations have been completed during February; *Swiftarrow* and *Swiftstar* of the Swiftsure Oil Transport Company, and *Livingston Roe* for the Standard Oil Company. The *Swiftstar* has a P-5 set. The *Swiftarrow* and *Livingston Roe* P-8 sets. All these vessels have 2-wire T type antennas. The installation of these vessels seem to have been set apart as a part of the initiating programme arranged for L. C. Dent, who relieved R. S. Palmer as District manager. All we can say is this: Let the good work continue. We don't like work, never did, and never will, so if we can put in all our time making new installations, we won't have any time left for work.

R. S. Palmer had the distinction, as District manager, of making out and signing all papers, assigning himself as radio operator on the SS *Livingston Roe*.

When an operator shows as much interest in his set as Bob had in this installation on *Livingston Roe*, we think it should be made known to other operators. Bob, knowing that he was to leave Portland shortly, began looking around for a good home. His eagle eye fell on the *Livingston Roe*, a fine type of tanker, the day she was launched. We can imagine ourself hearing him say, "Some ship," "Good home," "Big noise." At any rate Robert decided that he would go out as operator on this vessel, and took great pride in having the set installed to his liking. He figured out that the sending antenna would be one of the largest used on any vessel. So far, so good. After everything was completed, we



went aboard to take a reading of the aerial fundamental wave length. It was nearly dark, and the outline of a man standing on deck, could scarcely be made out as we approached. We heard, or thought we did, the following exclamations, as we approached closer, and could see that, whoever it was on deck, was apparently looking at the stars. "Some antenna," "Big," "Solid," "Some sticks," "Some noise." We approached nearer. It was Bob out on the deck admiring his big antenna. We went inside to take the reading above mentioned. A 12-inch spark coil was used to energize the aerial and the wavemeter with crystal detector and headfones, to measure the wave. When all was ready Robert put on the headfones and we were instructed to press the key to the 12-inch coil, which we did. After holding the key down for some time, we looked over at Bob to see if he was getting anything. He had one hand up in signal for silence (You know how the operator does it); with the other hand he was pressing the fones closer to his ear. We waited. At length we heard him mutter, or thought we did, "Bordeaux," "Nome," "KPH," "Amateurs." After several trials and failures, we decided that interference was too strong for our 12-inch spark coil, and that we could do just as well to guess at the fundamental. Palmer took off the headfones, laid them on the table, and turning to me, said "Some aerial," "Some set," "Big noise." It being late we left for home, after bidding Bob good night, without return. As we were closing the radio room door, we heard him say, or thought we did, "Good night, some set, big noise."

A. P. Warnick was the lucky operator to receive appointment on the *SS Swiftarrow*. This vessel left February 9th for Atlantic ports.

R. S. Kimberk, formerly repair man at Portland shop, and a general good scout among the ladies, was assigned to operator and officer's berth on the *West Cayote*. The vessel left for Europe, via San Francisco and Canal.

We were fortunate in having for operator on the *SS Swiftstar* W. C. O'Connor, who has good will but poor judgment. After taking him on board and explaining to him everything about the set, and giving him a lot of verbal instructions, we are sure he could not remember, he asked: "Why do I have to walk out on deck to go to my meals?" I replied half to him and half to the radio cabin door, which I closed with a bang behind me, "O slush."

Turning, the other day, to see who had come in my office without first sending in a card, our old friend P. W. Kessler, smiling from behind a bunch of sage brush on his upper lip, stuck out the glad hand of greeting. Well, he was permitted to remain, as he had closed the door behind him, and we immediately settled down to the discussion of old times and scenes, mutually familiar back on the Great Lakes—the P. M. carferries, the ice, the static,

on Saturday afternoon, etc. While we talked on these subjects, and, added, here and there a good word for our former Superintendent, E. A. N., the tone of the conversation got closer and closer to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

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DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

The radio room on one of the vessels recently installed at this port had a door at each end and two port holes in each side. Little room was left for installation of the panel without placing it in front of a port hole, where it was liable to get wet. It was decided, finally, to nail up one of the doors and install the panel in front of it. This was done. After everything was securely bolted and screwed down, and the installation practically completed, in came a carpenter, with a back load of lumber, saws, hammer and other necessities for his work, closed the door behind him and started in to board it up. "What are you doing there?" I asked. "I bane received orders pretty quick to fasten up this door so hit can't be opened," he said. We told him there must be some mistake and tried to explain that his orders might refer to the other door, which we had already fastened up solid, but Olie just kept right on working, and soon had more nails and screws in that door than we ever knew existed. It certainly looked to be fastened up all right. Anyway, after awhile, Olie decided he had carried out his orders to the letter, and sat down on the spare box to light his pipe. He and I were in the room with both doors nailed up tight. The port holes were too small for me to get through, and an SOS call seemed imminent. But before anything much could be done, even before Olie got his pipe going, the whistle blew the glad tidings that it was time to quit work. The fact that he was nailed in did not seem to disturb Olie in the least, but when he finally decided he would have to open the door to get out, it took him about three minutes to take out all the screws and nails, which had taken him two hours to put in. Advice was received from the yard the next day that Olie had nailed up the wrong door.

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SAN PEDRO

**T**HE Union Oil tanker *Montebello*, built at the Southwestern Shipbuilding Co.'s yards at East San Pedro, is being equipped with a P8A set and will make the trial run March second.

The *Montebello* is the first of the Union Oil tankers to install our equipment, and this installation will be followed in about six weeks with a similar set on *La Placentia*.

Dewey Beraldo, formerly radio operator on the U. S. S. B. *Vinita*, has been assigned to the *Montebello*.

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