

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

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AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



**MONS. GEORGES CARPENTIER AND HIS  
INTRODUCTION TO RADIO**

*(See Page 16)*

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

(WOOLWORTH BUILDING)

NEW YORK

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## BUNTING'S GODDESS

*A Tale of a Wireless Station*

WE were all agreed that Bunting should never have joined the "wireless" service. He had taken the step in the innocence of a heart fired with stories of wireless appeals for help at sea, and of the trans-ocean pursuit of criminals. These he regarded as daily events in the lives of operators; and he felt aggrieved when he found that he was merely a link in a chain of communication for the benefit of business men and other soulless people who were inclined to use codes. Garston, who was a sarcastic recruit from the cable service, declared that Bunting was attracted to wireless telegraphy because he thought that the "x's" which disturbed the peace of the operator were genuine kisses, and not atmospheric electrical freaks. Bunting replied that he had never in his life hugged such a delusion; and Garston admitted that Bunting was not likely to embrace anything so unsubstantial.

However, we were very pleased to have Bunting with us at what I may call "X" Station. Like most wireless stations, it stood on a bleak headland, with one leg in the sea; and it was three miles from the last outpost of civilization—the fully-licensed Moor Hotel. Bunting was quartered there, and when he came on duty he supplied us with much-needed comic relief. His three-mile walk (the "road" between the hotel and the station was beyond any vehicle except an aeroplane) put him in a bad temper, which he vented in words that banged and rattled like our high-power transmitter. In the intervals of work he would sing ballads in a falsetto tenor; and he never let a day pass without telling us one or more of his adventures with a young lady who alternated between the stage of the "Frivolity" and an apartment house in Tulse Hill.

*The Operator's Romance*

One morning he arrived looking as I imagine Mr. Martin Harvey would look if he were representing Sydney Carton after a fearful night. He glared at us and flung himself into a chair.

"Just my infernal luck!" he groaned.

Garston went up to him and patted him on the head.

"Poor boy!" he said. "Has Yvonne fled from Tulse Hill with the stage manager? Fortify yourself with the thought that you are the last—that is to say, the latest—man to be deceived by woman. Centuries ago a French king scratched the following couplet on his prison window:

*"Souvent femme varie,  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."*

Bunting jumped to his feet.

"Bosh!" he cried. "I had not even the chance to be deceived by her."

"After all these adventures?" began Garston incredulously.

Bunting waved his hand, as if dismissing Yvonne summarily

by the O. P. side.

"I met her last night," he said solemnly.

"A woman!" I murmured. "Last night?"

"Another dream," commented Garston mournfully.

"She was incredibly real," exclaimed Bunting, "incredibly real and incredibly beautiful! Figure to yourself"—Bunting had been to Boulogne several times and considered he had a right to appropriate a French phrase if he wanted—"my feelings when I got back to the hotel last evening, at sunset, and came round the north-west corner and saw, sitting on the bench where I have kicked my profane heels for hours, the most radiant vision of a female that I have ever seen here, or in Paris, or——"

"Or in Tulse Hill," interjected Garston.

"The sunset light was full upon her," continued Bunting, "illuminating a face and figure that would have killed Venus and Diana with envy. I say no more. I gazed, I stood, I was conquered. In a flash I recollected that she and I were alone in the desert, as it were. Introductions would, of course, be superfluous. I put on my 'C.Q.D.' smile and advanced——"

"Yes?" said Garston. "You advanced, you grinning idiot, and she retreated—fled—bolted, no doubt, to the bar-parlor as the most convenient refuge."

"Wrong again! She had the sun in her eyes, and did not see me. But at the moment of my determined advance another man also advanced round the south-west corner. I foresaw a collision—perhaps blood. *She* solved the difficulty by turning to him and saying, in the sweetest and most natural voice imaginable, 'What a long time you have kept me waiting, George.' Then she took his arm and strolled off with him, not so much as glancing at me—me, with black murder in my heart."

"George?" muttered Garston. "What a name!"

"I suppose it was Yvonne?" I asked.

Bunting replied in language which startled me, even though I have been the bosom friend of many a Scotch engineer on board big liners. Maurice Hewlett would have been glad to pick up some of his rich, old, highly-embroidered words. I gathered that Yvonne was related to this monopolized beauty as a worm is to a divinity.

"Well, there is nothing for it," said Garston coldly. "We must kill the man."

"Too obvious," commented Bunting. "Besides, it is an axiom in affairs of this kind that the death of a lover does not divert the affections of a woman towards the murdered."

"You are an expert," admitted Garston, "so I suppose you are right."

"Who is she, anyway?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Bunting. "A woman's name is the last thing I think about."

Garston told him he was an unscrupulous rascal. Bunting

was too depressed to explain—as he usually did with desperate solemnity on such occasions—that he did not mean what he had appeared to mean. He went on duty with the air of a Suffragette entering Holloway.

*Materialization of the Goddess.*

Next day he brought us the refreshing information that her name was Rosa. Incidentally he had learned that the man's name was Johnson. Bunting was not the kind of man to call a vision of loveliness Mrs. Johnson upon any consideration whatever. It was as Rosa that she entered the endless procession of Bunting's goddesses. It was about Rosa, Rosa, that we heard day by day. Beginning by being perfect, she proceeded to be super-perfect, in spite of the gloomy proximity of a husband. There was one radiant day when she had actually said "Good morning" to him at the entrance to the hotel. There was another glorious occasion when he had been privileged to stand aside and let her walk past him in a corridor. For these thrilling moments he had paid in full by submitting to a few conversations with the too faithful husband—a young man who could be induced to talk about nothing but the weather and the fishing.

Garston and I paid a few visits to the hotel in the hope of being allowed to gaze upon this divinity. But on each occasion she had disappeared with her satellite into some recess of the landscape. We were extraordinarily disappointed, for even Garston had become infected with Bunting's fever of worship. He concealed his symptoms under Iago-like remarks which drove the perfect lover to a frenzy. Nevertheless, it was he who arranged the official letter offering to extend the courtesies of the station to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

They accepted. And if Bunting's heart had not been very strong the news would have put a sudden end to his interest in love and everything else. He survived, because he looked forward to a possible extinction of the husband. The man might take a fancy to sit down upon the alternator, or lean against the whirling belt—anything simple and effective might occur in a wireless station. Apart from that, it was he—Bunting himself—who was to have the honor of explaining everything to HER. He was to tell her the whole story up to the magnetic detector and the bridging of the Atlantic.

We had a dreadful time with him until the day of their arrival. Garston had to administer doses of bromide to keep him at his post. Two hours before the visitors were due to arrive Bunting went to the look-out with a telescope. When he had at last sighted them he rushed around the station like a whirlwind to see that every—nut and every bolt was in readiness to do homage.

*The Station Welcome*

Then a surprising thing happened. As soon as they crossed the threshold Bunting became cool and-collected, as if he were

a past-master of ceremonies. He made a formal little speech of welcome, and introduced Garston and myself with felicitous and flattering remarks. Then he led them slowly round the station, explaining everything with the conviction and simplicity of an expert. Thus I had ample leisure to study the goddess. She was pretty, certainly, and had a wilful, commanding air which was attractive enough. Her husband was a quiet, determined individual. They were dressed in what I believe to be the prevailing fashion in good society.

Everything went ahead on orthodox lines until Mrs. Johnson asked a question.

"I suppose," she remarked, "that you get many curious messages through at times?"

Bunting smiled, as a Foreign Secretary might smile if a lady suggested that he knew one or two State secrets.

"Frequently; oh yes, quite frequently," he replied. "If I were not under oath of secrecy I would entertain you for hours with examples. A recent one I may, however, mention to you, as it is practically public property. Some rich, old gentleman has been spending hundreds of pounds in frantic messages to all the liners, and in replies to their replies. 'Have you on board,' he asked, 'a lady in a long coney-seal coat, and hat with white wings, who has decamped with an unscrupulous adventurer dressed in a green lounge suit with green Homburg hat?' He offered to pay all the expenses of the answers, and so—. But, of course, you will have seen all about it in the papers?"

"We read no papers," broke in the husband.

"Oh, ah! Well, we have been kept busy with the answers, I can tell you. It appears that the old man returned from a Continental visit to find that the penniless blackguard had got ten days' start with his daughter, who has pots of money in her own right. The foolish girl and the fortune-hunting scamp were traced to Liverpool; there was a rumor also that they had slipped down separately to Southampton. Anyway, they got to sea somewhere and somehow, and it remained for the Hertizian waves to search them out. Our service has, in fact, proved so successful that they have been discovered on six or seven boats—which is impossible, as Euclid used to say. There was a nasty scene at Lisbon, where the detectives dropped on a mining engineer and an English governess, who had nothing to do with the case. At present, according to the conviction of several sea captains, the villain and his dupe have divided themselves into five separate entities, and placed themselves on five different vessels."

#### *Station Hospitality*

Bunting rattled ahead about the scandalous elopement until Garston drew our visitors gently away for a cup of tea—the limit of station hospitality. During tea, Bunting switched off to the

stories of heroism at sea. There was one, I remember, about an operator whose ship had been sunk in six fathoms of water. He had continued to send the C.Q.D. signal for ten hours, sustaining himself by the ozone emitted by the condensers.

After their departure Bunting sank into a chair, limp and exhausted.

"I have done my best," he gasped.

ffl "The Admirable Crichton could not have done better," commented Garston, "but some of your yarns were as tall as our aerials."

"They appealed, though; they appealed," Bunting claimed feverishly.

"They seemed bored about the runaway couple," I remarked. "I expect they only pretended not to know about it."

"They are in love," sighed Bunting. "They are deaf to the thunders of the ether."

"Bosh," said Garston. "They were probably runaways themselves."

As he spoke the words his expression changed. He made a sudden dive towards a higgledy-piggledy pile of newspapers and magazines on the table, and began turning them over in a frenzy of haste. A second search gave him the one he wanted. He opened it and thrust the page against Bunting's nose.

"If you have got any eyes to see," he shouted, "look!"

Bunting looked. I looked. And there fell upon us a cold and awful silence, broken at last by Garston in his most acid tones:

"There's a reward of £500 to the man who gives the first information."

Bunting sprang to his feet and then sank back again.

"Gentlemen . . ." he began feebly.

"That's all you need to say," remarked Garston.

Bunting told us the rest of the story with tears in his eyes. He had taken the first opportunity of an interview with them.

"I think it only courteous to inform you," he had said, "that your identity is known to us."

They had looked at each other with a smile.

Then the goddess had exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Bunting!"

That was all! That was really all. They had not asked Bunting whether he had earned the £500.

They went quietly back the very next day to make peace with the enraged father. Evidently the goddess managed it with her characteristic skill, for we read in the newspapers of a confirmatory wedding celebrated with a huge amount of pomp.

We abolished our savings in sending the bride and bridegroom a present. And a little later there came a gold chronometer and chain for Bunting and a trifle for Garston and myself, "in acknowledgment of the courtesies of the station."

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Tish*, who was *The Girl of the Golden West*, took the *Long Chance* and got a job at *Emma McChesney and Co.* After a short while there she met *Shorty McCabe* and fell in love with him. After a courtship they were married *At Agincourt* by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. They did not know where to spend their honeymoon, but *The Lure of the North* had a fancy for them, so they set out on *Wildfire* and hit *The Oregon Trail*. They got lost, but *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* found them. Although it was quite dark she took *The Short Cut*, and by the aid of *Light of Western Stars* led them to her home. There they met *The Man Who Knew*. It happened that they had taken the wrong trail, so he directed *The Shepherd of the Hills* to show them *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. It was on this trail that they met *The Last of the Mohicans* and *Smoke Bellew*. After eating a lunch of *Roast Beef, Medium*, they set out again, but again they got lost. This time they were found by the *Search Party*, and by the help of *White Heather*, they finally arrived at *The Land of Pluck*. It was here that they heard *The Call of the Wild*. Here they led *A Singular Life*, and after listening to *Lewis Rand*, who was *The Prospector*, of *Mr. Carew's Career*, they decided to turn back. They did, but in the company of *The Standard Bearers*. On the way back they found *The Bracelet of Garnets* and showed it to *The Money Master*. It was then that they took it into their heads of *Making Money*. With the money they received, they bought the chariot that *Ben-Hur* used and started out to hunt for *Desert Gold*. They found some, but the *Heritage of the Desert* did not appeal to them, so they started back. On the way they met *The Gentleman from Indiana*, who told them of his brother, who was then captain of *The Ship of Stars*. This captain was called *The Sea Wolf*. They decided on a sea trip, and so they travelled as far as the sea, and shipped out on this ship. Every night they would listen to *The Adventures of Sinbad the Sailor* and many other yarns. *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* about *The Tale of Two Cities* took a hold on them, so after arriving at their destination they went to the better of these two cities and bought *The House of Seven Gables*, which stood on *The Street of Seven Stars*, and there they settled down and lived happily ever after.

## CURTAIN.

*The italics indicate titles of books in the library on one of our ships. Out of them the operator has woven this tale.*

## ATTENTION—OPERATORS

How are you using your spare time? Run your eye over the list of books shown on our back cover. They are carefully selected and will aid you if you are seeking promotion.



## TANKER MEXICANO DAMAGED

The tanker *Mexicano*, which plies between Galveston and Tampico, was damaged when an explosion occurred in her forward deep tank, at Tampico.

It was reported that the explosion was caused by a short circuit in an electric cable near the tank and that six men were burned, one probably fatally. Three of the injured men were left in the hospital at Tampico and three others were placed in a hospital here after their arrival.

The tank in which the explosion occurred is used to carry lubricating oil exclusively, and it is believed that gas arising from this oil was what flared up.

The vessel was not seriously damaged, but will have to have some repairs made to the tank in which the blast took place.

## AURORA-PROOF RADIO

WIRELESS COMMUNICATION NOT AFFECTED BY MAGNETIC DISTURBANCE  
To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: In view of the reports which have been published recently concerning the numerous unusual effects, and in some instances severe damage, occurring to telegraph, telephone and cable lines, caused by the aurora borealis, you may be interested to know that these disturbances did not in any way affect radio communication proper.

The engineers of the Radio Corporation of America were well pleased with the behavior of radio during the powerful magnetic disturbances on Saturday night and Sunday which accompanied the aurora borealis and which were followed by the breaking out of a large cluster of spots on the sun. They reported no noticeable change in the transmission and reception of the powerful radio waves which are constantly being exchanged between the United States and Europe and Asia.

In this connection it is interesting to note that our experience of the last few days is parallel to that of the French radio service, for we were informed that the Bordeaux radio station seemed relatively immune from the dangerous ground currents which have so seriously affected wire communication.

It has been known for some time that disturbances similar to those produced by the aurora borealis would not affect radio, and we were glad to have the opportunity to confirm this theory. Indeed, we have graphic record of this fact, for our high-speed records of radio signals taken throughout the presence of the disturbances show not the slightest trace of the aurora borealis.

E. J. NALLY,

President Radio Corporation of America.

New York, May 20, 1921.

## THE ART OF LIFE

## RULES OF LIFE

**T**HE following propositions and rules suggested to young men for making the most of such talents as each possessed are found in a little book of essays published many years ago with the title of "A Bundle of Papers," under the pseudonym of Paul Siegvolk. The author was Albert Matthews, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of New York City, who lived to be well above eighty years of age. Whether the rules were original with him it is impossible to say. They are introduced with the remark that they are in the language of a distinguished man of wide experience in life, to his son. Mr. Matthews was a Christian, and in his essays urged the necessity of the Christian faith ruling a man's life.

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

First: To find out what things you can do.

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

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

Fourth: To do it unflinchingly and unceasingly.

His rules of life were also positive:

First: Cultivate self sacrifice.

Second: Exercise a determined will.

Third: Preserve equanimity.

Fourth: Lead an active life.

Fifth: Be well known among your fellowmen.

Sixth: Look always beyond the present.

Seventh: Nourish an abiding faith in your own future.

Eighth: Aim at every object by direct means.

Ninth: Seek for knowledge always from the highest sources.

## BOY SCOUTS

H. C. Gawler, of the Commercial department, delivered an address to the Boy Scouts at Medford, L. I., June 17, illustrating it with slides and also with a field set in commission, which found much favor with the boys, as well as with the adults present.

## PARLAY VOO

Says Mutt to Jeff—I am studying French.

Jeff—Can you talk it?

Mutt—I can say "au revoir," which means "good-bye."

Jeff—Carbolic acid.

Mutt—What do you mean?

Jeff—That means "good-bye" in any language.

## COFFIN ISLAND

*Wireless News from Pulpits*

**I**N the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lying between Prince Edward Island and the west coast of Newfoundland, lies a group of thirteen storm-swept isles—the Magdalen Islands—connected with each other at low tide by sand bars. From November to May they are cut off from all communication with the mainland, except for an occasional wireless message, and no ship dare approach them during that season, on account of the lack of proper harbors.

An ominous title is that of Coffin Island, so called, however, from Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, who received a grant of the whole group at the end of the eighteenth century; the title still being in the name of his descendants, who, according to various accounts, have the right to demand a rental of one shilling an acre, with the proviso that it be paid when convenient. There is a population of over three thousand, mostly French Canadians, who originally came from Nova Scotia, simple fisher-folk, who are protected by the Dominion Government from the intrusion of American fishing smacks within the three-mile limit.

As may be imagined, they are cut off from the outer world and its news during the winter season, and the Dominion Government determined to remedy this privation. The Postmaster-General engaged the editor of the *Quebec Chronicle* to write a news-letter of 1,000 words, which is mailed on Tuesday to the Marconi station at Pictou, from which it is transmitted to the receiving station at Grindstone Island.

The operator there sends copies to the Roman Catholic clergymen at Etang du Nord, Amherst, and House Harbor, who translate the message into French. A copy also goes to the Church of England clergyman at Grindstone. On Sunday these news-letters are read by the pastors to their respective congregations after service, and the churches are packed to the doors.

The first week's budget of news, which somewhat exceeded the stipulated length, good measure being given to celebrate the occasion, touched upon the following subjects:

The passage of a Bill in the Dominion Parliament to pay the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway a Government subsidy of \$10,000,000; the derailing of a train on the Grand Trunk Railway; the election of Yuan Shih-Kai as President of the Chinese Republic; a report on winter navigation up to Quebec and the improvement of Quebec Harbor (both of vital interest to the islanders).

**BUILDING PISA WIRELESS TO CONNECT WITH U. S.**

Work will shortly begin on a powerful wireless station to be constructed near Pisa, for regular communication with the United States.

## HOME BOUGHT VIA WIRELESS

**U**NIQUE in the annals of real estate selling is a deal closed by R. D. Lang of the Lang Realty Company with Morgan Ross, owner of the Lincoln Hotel—a transaction negotiated and consummated entirely by means of radiogram between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Prior to his departure, Ross had inspected and admired a handsome eight-room stucco house in the exclusive section of Forest Hill but it was not until after he had arrived in Honolulu that he definitely decided to purchase it. Fearing that it might be sold before his return to San Francisco, he took the *quickest means* available to secure it.

Ross's new home is situated on the corner of Magellan and Cortez avenues and the amount involved in the transfer was \$20,000.  
—(*San Francisco Call*).

## LIMERICK

A fly and a flea in a flue,  
Were imprisoned, now what could they do?  
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"  
"Let us fly," said the flea,  
So they flew, through a flaw in the flue.

## RADIO AMATEUR WINS HARDING MESSAGE PRIZE

William E. Arnold of Southbridge, Mass., an amateur wireless operator, has been awarded a \$25 head radio telephone receiving set as one of the seventy-six prizes offered for picking up the Washington's Birthday message sent out by President Harding on the night of February 21. The message was of thirty words, sent in two sections from different stations.

W. H. Kirwan of Davenport, a director of the plan, wrote Arnold the first prize was won by a young man in California. Four Massachusetts amateurs received prizes.

## TIPS AND NIBS

A Kansas farmer having heard of a man who successfully raised \$2.00 bills wrote to his congressman for some of the seed.

Even Abe Lincoln, though never noted for his beauty, had some pride in his appearance. One day, the story is told, while going down the street, he met a man who looked him over closely and drew a gun on him.

"Stranger," the man said, "I swore that if I ever met anyone homelier than I was, I'd shoot him on sight."

"Brother," drawled Abe, "if I'm homelier than you I reckon you might as well."

## THE ISLAND OF YAP

**T**HE Island of Yap, which is the subject of international controversy on account of its importance as a cable station, is about ten miles long, and about seven thousand persons live there, probably less than one hundred of whom are white.

The island is 700 or 800 miles east of the lower part of the Philippines. Roughly speaking, it is 1,500 miles north of Australia, 1,500 miles south of Japan, half as far to the east of the Philippines and about 500 miles south of west from Guam. It is on the way from the United States to the Philippines, and is a station in the former German cable system linking Guam with the Celebes, Japan and Shanghai.

The island was bought from Spain by Germany in 1899, and was by the latter turned over to the Allies in 1919.

## CONTRACTS

Courtship makes a fellow spoon; marriage makes him fork over. Some men never achieve greatness because they can never make up their minds as to the sort of greatness they prefer.

Courtesy is like the air on the inside of a tire. There may be nothing to it, but still it eases many a jolt and saves many a rupture.

In following a good example please bear in mind that there is a difference between an imitation and a parody.

Did you ever know a rich young woman to marry a poor old man?

**I**F you wish to know the worth of the American railroad, the American automobile, the American telephone and the American telegraph, go to Spain.

Mr. Emmons telegraphed from Paris to Madrid the day before he was to leave the French capital for the Spanish capital. It takes a day and a half by rail to make the trip. The telegram reached Madrid the day after Mr. Emmons got there.

In Madrid there is only one place at which you can file a telegram. That is the postoffice, and you must present it in person or it will not be accepted.

The only place in Madrid where you can put in a long-distance telephone call is in the postoffice. Mr. Emmons wanted to 'phone to Paris. He put in a call for the following day. The people in Paris didn't get it. His business being important, he went by train to San Sebastian. Before departing from Madrid he telegraphed to a friend in San Sebastian to put in a 'phone call for the Paris people for the day after he was to arrive. This time he had wonderful success. He got Paris, or, at least, the telephone people said so, but he couldn't make out a word the people in Paris said.—(*Southwestern Telephone News*).

**H**ONESTY is the golden thread that joins the pearls of all the virtues. A brilliant mind cannot atone for a dishonest heart, nor can cleverness of manner or address successfully conceal a seared and dulled conscience.

The genuine satisfaction which comes with the ability to look your fellows squarely in the eye and fear no man, is a far greater treasure than the wealth of Croesus which is bought at the cost of a soul.

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### WIRELESS

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

See where the wired antennae rise  
 To catch the whispers of the skies—  
 The words that startle into flight  
 Across the day, across the night.  
 Over the myriad leagues of space  
 They speed to their appointed place—  
 Each finds its own attuned pole,  
 Its one inevitable goal.  
 Even so our whispers from the pen  
 Fly out to find the souls of men,  
 To quicken in a nobler birth  
 All spirits to the ends of earth.  
 Go forth, O winged words, and take  
 Sweet comfort to the hearts that break—  
 Go out with joy upon the trail  
 Give courage to the hearts that fail.  
 Go forth, O winged words, and shine  
 To make the dim world more divine—  
 To fire all hearts to serve the good  
 And build the dream of brotherhood!

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### A LITTLE WISDOM

The power that often wins is simple patience.  
 Those who are true to themselves are never false to others.  
 A promise should be given with caution and kept with care.  
 When one door sticks, look around for another that will open.

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A man was watching a steam-shovel at work near one of the piers when a stranger, apparently from some up-state town, sight-seeing in New York, approached him and remarked on the wonders of New York. "Now look, for example, at that thing in the middle of the river, bringing up that bucketfull of mud. Isn't that wonderful? But I wouldn't want to be the man at the bottom filling that thing up! Would you?"

**T**HIS is truly a fast age. The world never moved so fast before. We have winter ice on the Fourth of July, spring vegetables on Christmas; we buy our straw hats in February and our felt hats in August; we get our Sunday paper on Saturday night and our magazines a month ahead of time. If we telephone a man in San Francisco from New York he hears our voice about four hours before we speak; and if someone in Japan sends us a cablegram tomorrow we get it today.—(*Kansas City Star*).

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#### WANTED—A RIB

Oh, unknown man, whose rib I am,  
Why don't you come for me?  
A lonely, homesick rib I am,  
That would with others be;  
Oh, I want to wed—  
There, now, 'tis said;  
I won't deny—and fib:  
I want my man to come at once  
And claim his rib.  
Some men have thought  
That I was theirs.  
But only for a bit—  
Somehow we didn't fit.  
There's just one place,  
The only space,  
I'll fit—I will not fib,  
I want that man to come at once  
And claim his rib.  
Oh don't you sometimes feel a lack,  
A new rib needed there!  
It's I. Do come and get me  
Before I have gray hair;  
Come get me, dear,  
For I am homesick here.  
I want—I will not fib—  
I want that man to come at once  
And claim his rib.

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#### LONGEST OVERLAND RADIO ROUTE

**A**FTER three months' interruption of communications caused by the Russian incursion into Mongolia, the wireless station at Urga is now able to communicate with Peking. This marks the successful completion of the first span of the longest overland wireless telegraph route in the world.

## CARPENTIER BECOMES A RADIO BUG—ALMOST

*As Seen by P. H. B.*

This month's cover illustration shows none other than the great Carp himself. Behold, he is shown in the very act of being initiated into the mysteries of radio.

The French heavyweight champion in bathrobe is studying a 250-watt Radiotron which Major J. Andrew White, editor of *Wireless Age*, is holding. The Major is telling him that the tube is one of the many which are to be employed in reporting the big fight by radiophone directly from the ringside to other stations within a radius of two hundred miles. Halls are to be rented and local receiving sets will receive the news and amplify the voice to listening crowds. The money collected by admissions to these listening centers goes to help the work of the American Committee for devastated France and to the Navy Club of the United States.

To the extreme right of the picture stands Mr. H. L. Welker, Secretary of the National Amateur Wireless Association. He is holding a life membership certificate and will shortly hand it to the Champion, thereby adding another bug to the many thousands now members of the association.

The photograph was taken at the ringside of the Carpentier headquarters at Manhasset, L. I., shortly before the challenger started boxing practice with his sparring partners. Getting to see Carp at such close quarters and talking radio to him was a feat of no mean accomplishment when one considers the great secrecy and pains which Manager Dechamps takes to keep out visitors, but then radio has been known to work other miracles. Incidentally, no one but the resourceful Major could have engineered the entré and welcome we were given here.

Reporting the fight by radiophone to distant points is a unique undertaking made possible by close team work on the part of Tex Rickard, Major White and others. The operating success of this project is assured by the combined efforts of the Radio Corp. engineering department and the General Electric Co.

The transmitter to be used in this unusual voice broadcasting is the most powerful wireless telephone set of commercial type ever built. It is being donated by the Radio Corporation for the purpose. The set has been assembled at the Schenectady laboratories of the General Electric Company, and when completed, will be brought down the Hudson River to the Lackawanna Terminal at Hoboken, N. J. where it will be installed. An antenna of six wires, on 30-foot spreaders, will be swung between the 400-foot tower and the clock tower of the terminal building. The antenna will be 680 feet long, and the natural period 850 meters. A direct telephone wire from the ringside to Hoboken will be the voice relaying medium.



The voice transmission will be on 1600 meters. On this wave length the antenna current will be between 20 and 25 amperes, representing approximately  $3\frac{1}{2}$  K. W., and the daylight range of the station will undoubtedly be in excess of 200 miles overland, representing 125,000 square miles.

### REGULATION OF GOVERNMENT WIRELESS SYSTEMS

**P**LANS for control of the Government radio activities will be worked out by a special committee to be appointed by members of the Cabinet whose departments use the wireless or are concerned with the direction of it. At present there is much conflict between the Government departments over the matter, and since the war, when all the radio was under the supervision of the Navy Department, there has been no hard-and-fast set of rules in operation.

At present the Navy has its own radio and so has the War Department. On the other hand, the Commerce Department has charge of the issuance of licenses for commercial radio. The Post Office Department, which is ordinarily charged with the supervision of methods of communication, has nothing to do with radio, although in the war period it was in control of all the land telegraphs and also the ocean cables. It appears to the Cabinet members that the present situation is mixed and needs adjusting.

There are various technical questions involved, such as control of the wave lengths, day and night periods to be given over to the several departments for receiving and sending, and the co-operation of land telegraphs with the radio systems.

The committee will also probably consider the supervision of commercial radio activities. It will not be the intention to institute Government control such as was applied during the war, but regulations which systems would have to comply with in future in order to receive licenses.

### GOLDEN GATE PILOTS USE RADIOPHONES

**N**O longer will transpacific liners have to dally in the fog outside the Golden Gate waiting for a port pilot to guide them into the harbor, for all of the pilot ships are to be equipped with wireless telephones.

As soon as a steamer sends a wireless for a pilot, the pilot sloop outside the heads is notified and a pilot is transferred to the liner to bring her through the Golden Gate.



## TUCKERTON

**S**OME took a shovel, the rest took a hoe; first we dug and then we Varley-looped and then we dug. I mean we did dig, from Friday morning until Saturday afternoon, May 28th, and then we found it. Some mechanic (?) had anchored our submarine cable to the wood casing with a nail squarely through the middle. It was with a sigh of relief that we saw the splicer complete his work at 4:30 Sunday morning.

Our relief engineer, C. F. Stock, left for New Brunswick June 15th. Vacations are over; we have been taking them early of late. Everybody came back happy; couldn't stay away from our work.

Machinist Buelow flivered back from his vacation amid cries of "Where's the old bus?" "who'd you trade with?" etc. However, it was all camouflage; a two-inch coat of paint and two new tires had done the trick; and she makes five knots under her own power with top down and windshield off.

Sorry to say our station is under quarantine. Doc Usselman diagnosed it fishing fever. Charlie and Mr. A. W. (Angle Worm) Aird are the worst cases. Both are in the sick bay and Doc has recommended plenty of fresh salt air and two hours a day digging worms. The treatment seems to reduce the fever and we believe the epidemic is under control. However, the situation is grave, for the death rate is high.

After extensive investigation Doc voices the opinion the fever is contracted from the fish. Charlie and Mr. A. W. A. hooked twenty-four weakfish and croakers this week (five of them weakfish and the other four croakers).

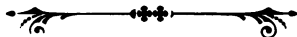
The G. E. fellows are nearing completion on the second installation and we expect to begin test in the near future. We take this occasion to say they are a good bunch and have done their work well.

Our station is operating on daylight saving time, even though the town it sits on is dead.

Saturday, May 21st, seventy-five members of the Sons of the Revolution of New Jersey visited the station and were shown about. Everybody was delighted and departed knowing just how it is all done.

Mr. Aird—the reason some of us go to Trenton and Brooklyn to find women is for the same reason you went to Schenectady. It has always been the same ever since Eve gave Adam a bite of her apple.

Enough from Tuckerton. We thank you.



## MARSHALL

**N**O! We haven't been hiding or too busy rushin' traffic to give you the latest from these parts. The regular traffic report will give you a real idea of the amount of business we're handling, and tho' it's enuf to keep us real busy we don't mind admitting that during our off hours we are finding some real enjoyment in the weather that just come to us recently. That's the reason, you see.

The cold spell that we had put a crimp into the activities of the Yatchet Club, tho' we might mention that the SS. *Crummy Liz* after having passed into the hands of receivers is now in the possession of H. M. Marien. Altho' a very late arrival here we might already classify him as a very ambitious young man who was just in time to cinch a real bargain. Peterson managed to get his speed boat out for a shake-down, but was careless enuf to let the white demon get one-half degree off course while brushing the spray from his eyes—that's the reason it now reposes upon the beach awaiting its patient owner's healing caresses.

Tennis is taking on here now, Tony Gerhard, McDonald and Rohrig making the high scores. We have a very fine concrete tennis court.

Another outdoor recreation now being indulged in by the superintendent and the receiving engineer is gardening. Not the *ordinary* sort, of course, but real vegetable gardening! It might be said that their wives take an active interest in the thrifty proceedings, too.

P. L. Welke, our receiving engineer, disappeared a few weeks ago, and after trying to keep away for two weeks he gave up, bringing with him, however, a bride. They now occupy the cottage next to the superintendent's and we wish them every happiness.

We have some notable arrivals this time. Geo. W. Hamby, from the land of the Eskimo, also late of the Signal Corps. He trills on the wire here now. H. M. Marien, Western Union speed-ball. He's been in these parts long enuf to appreciate the weather and keeps the traffic from piling up on the wire. Also D. P. Goodgear, a deep-sea operator. He has a good line and is making a fine showing on the marine set.

And last, but not least, since he's a married man and naturally happy, is R. S. Roehrig, hailing from the Sunny South, very anxious to be a regular on the Hi-power circuit. We accord you one and all a very cordial WELCOME.

We are sorry to record the departures of Schneider, Ahern and Humphreys. "Snide," after keeping his marriage to a 'Friscio lassie secret from us for a whole year, divulged, and then beat it

off to the Islands. Congratulations and bon voyage. Jack Ahern had a run of hard luck recently and left us again. Humphreys had too large an appetite, 'specially for hen fruit, so that when the company could get along without a wire man the Mess tipped him off. Our best wishes to all who departed.

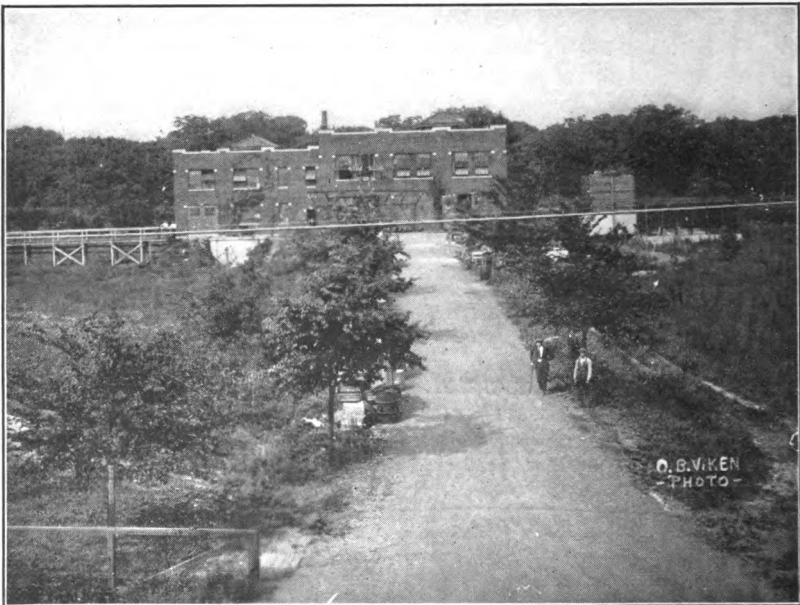
### NEW BRUNSWICK

**W**HAT do you think, folks, our E. C. has also become one of those notables—that is, he bought a Ford the other day. It's almost like the rest of them, but if Canning's runabout was put next to it there would be quite an argument as to whether they were the same make.

Schaefer still tears up the road between the station and Bound Brook. He must have seen some ghosts last week, for he came back with the story that a flivver full of hold-up men were after him, but his Dodge travelled so fast that the dust blinded his pursuers.

Now that Michael's face looks a lot better without those gashes, we hope he will have better luck next time. Experience is a great teacher, Mike.

A 1922 Curtiss biplane entered the front entrance of the Power House one night last week. Dynamo Tender Donovan, always on the alert, and anxious to add to his many curios, made



POWER HOUSE—NEW BRUNSWICK

a swing at it with his broom. Unfortunately he missed, but caught Schaefer over the left eye. George quickly revived and placed an old Marconi condenser jar over the surprised intruder. Upon close inspection it was found to be a giant moth measuring seven inches, tip to tip. There are no entomologists on our staff, and we would like to present it to some museum. All papers, please copy.

Mr. Hayden, Mr. Brown and Mr. Belanus went on a fishing trip recently and returned with what were apparently four big eels. However, upon closer inspection, and to their complete disgust, the fish were found to be suckers. Belanus felt like one of these fish, too, for after wading in the stream for about a mile he spied a snapping turtle weighing about ten pounds. After strapping it up with a piece of wire and placing a tree on top of it, the party continued its search for eels, with thoughts of delicious turtle stew the next day. However, upon returning, Mr. Turtle had escaped from captivity, and considerable search did not reveal its hiding place.

Two very successful dances were held at the station during the past month. The last was a special event, called "The Rose Dance." While the orchestra played "Rose," the dancing couples were presented with beautiful bouquets of roses. After this dance, Mr. and Mrs. Rowell announced that refreshments would be served on the porch. Assisted by several men of the staff, the delicious repast, made up by Mr. Rowell in a pleasing and artistic manner, was passed out under the supervision of Mrs. Rowell. The orchestra refused to continue their playing at about 12:30, and the party prepared to leave. Upon starting up all the autos the noise was so great it could be heard in New Brunswick, as every car on the station was out.

Messrs. Hayden, Brown, Benedict and Schaefer visited the R. C. A. Traffic Office, 64 Broad Street, recently, and were received with great hospitality. We hope that our New York friends will return the visit in the near future.

#### CHATHAM

**H**ERE'S one for Edison: "If it takes McElroy twenty minutes to tuck away three good-sized meals under his belt, how many grains of corn can a hungry goose eat in two hours?"

We are very pleased to note that the Static Club now has a branch at the Head Office, and we would like to know who granted the charter to this branch organization. However, we feel highly honored that the name Static Club was adopted. A few words about the Chatham Static Club will probably not be amiss at this time. We are rightfully proud of our achievements, and think they are worthy of emulation. The Chatham Static Club was

organized nearly two years ago with seven members, and since then has grown rapidly to a membership of forty. This forty does not include the ladies of the station, who are honorary members, and who have contributed much towards the Club's success. At the present time we are the proud possessors of a handsome sailing boat with tender, etc., while the Club's treasury is in a flourishing condition.

S. Freedman, formerly stationed here and now in the New York Office, is much missed by the landline operators at CM, who would much rather see him in this office. However, CM's loss was N. Y.'s gain.

Joe Worrall is on a vacation in New York.

Tennis continues to be popular in Chatham, although we have lost our champion tennis player in the person of F. E. Johnston. Right here we want to state that we will back Johnston against the world, and this doesn't exclude any of the stars at Marion. Regret that a match couldn't have been arranged between Mr. Johnston and Mr. Clifton at Marion, but a student of Johnston's, by name of Higgins, is fast developing, and will be ready to uphold the honor of the Chatham station now that our Senior Receiving Engineer has been transferred to Riverhead; and we wish him the best of luck at his new station.

Swimming is quite popular here also, and very few nights pass without ten or eleven of the fellows taking a dip. A new diving board has just been erected on the swimming raft, thus giving Lamarque a chance to show some of his clever diving stunts.

We wish to welcome to the station Messrs. C. M. Wickes, C. H. Richards, H. A. Carder, D. G. Jerauld, C. E. Reeves, J. T. O'Mara, W. Vetromile.

## NEW YORK

64 BROAD STREET

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that most of the traffic at Broad Street is being received with phones, there is just as much noise, due to the ever-increasing private wires where Morse code is used; certainly a conglomeration of sounder signals. Now that it is summer and the windows open, Broad Street is convincing the outside public that we are doing the business.

Mr. Nelson and his assistant, Mr. Melville, have been very busy installing the concentrator, which very much resembles a telephone switchboard with its plugs and weighted cords.

Our Traffic Manager, Mr. Winterbottom, put in a few days' work at Carnarvon, and he certainly made us feel his presence. He no doubt is thoroughly satisfied that we are making every effort towards capacity, and we are waiting patiently for his return for the verdict, which we trust will be a favorable one.

We have been giving Chatham considerable assistance lately, transmitting to Poz and Lem via Wii and Wgg, alternately with Ly and Muu.

We take great pleasure in informing his friends that Mr. Murphy was married on June 6th. We understand the bride was a widow of independent means and also the discoverer of some exceptional good home-brew recipes. We are being convinced every day that man can keep a secret, as his coming marriage was only spoken of the day before.

Little MacLellan is commuting to Red Bank. He says he is doing it to beat the high cost of living in New York, but as it is a known fact that Red Bank has quite a number of very eligible young ladies, we have our doubts.

Hal Fulton is also on the commuting list. He lives at Belmar, where he first met his wife. No doubt the place brings pleasant recollections; maybe he thinks his wife needs a little more coaching in the art of cooking, mother being conveniently near.

Messrs. Henderson, Tannenbaum and R. F. Brown are spending the summer months at Sea Gate, Coney Island. It doesn't matter how far you go from New York, you cannot bring the ocean any closer than it is at Battery Park, where some of us have to be contented to look at the ocean.

#### FRIENDLY FOLKS

No matter where I take my frame,  
I find the people much the same;  
In cities far and cities near,  
A like array of folks appear,  
For everywhere they're good and bad,  
And wise and foolish, glad and sad.  
They're very similar at best in north and south and east and west,  
So if it falls to me and you to move our homes to regions new,  
The joy of friendship may be there as well as here or anywhere.  
But those who friendliness would see, and meet with hospitality,  
Must all these blessings fully earn by being friendly in return.  
In any town, in any land, new friends are always near at hand.  
But your success depends a lot on whether you're a friend or not.

Benevolent Old Gent (to fellow passenger)—“How fast we travel. But, ah, young man, have you ever thought of the flight of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away. Have you ever counted the minutes——”

Fellow Passenger (suspiciously)—“What are you trying to do, sell me a watch?”

#### BELMAR

**I**F you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. This is the last spasm of our agony. Belmar is going to pass away. It has been mortally wounded in a vain attempt to conquer

H. M. King Static, and has lost the fight. Even as Belmar triumphed over Lakewood only a few short months ago, so now has Riverhead laid Belmar in the dust. Farewell.

McClellan, Henderson, Fulton, Kelly, Tuthill, Kaplan, Hermann, Brown, Nunn, Mathews and Svendsen—one by one they were taken from us to labor in that Radio Land of Paradise so widely heralded in numerous ads now appearing in certain magazines. But they have taken with them that Belmar spirit that will never die, and will always remember our successes, our pyn-drugs, our wild and exciting Hoxie high speed, our joys and our sorrows.

Those monthly dances that made the Belmarconi famous have also come to an end, and we will no longer be hosts to that bevy of pretty girls from the New York office who always brought with them so much gaiety, hilarity and good cheer. Long will we remember those week-ends.

We were going to try to write something funny, but we fail to feel funny at all. The mere thought that we are soon to join that mad crowd that rushes all the time to avoid being used as a carpet by a speeding automobile, makes us appear with a close resemblance to a bird called *Cuckoo*.

We never appreciated the country half so much as we do now that the time has come to leave it for N. Y. We even forget those big mosquitoes we used to comment on in our previous notes. If at least they had waited until the summer was over it wouldn't have been so bad, says Meldrum, now that the local council allows one-piece suits to be worn on the beaches by the fair ones. But, even so, he says, and he ought to know, because he goes there quite often nowadays, the girls in New York go around with skirts that look like window shades rolled up, so to speak, which is a consolation after all. They must copy the styles from those we see in Asbury Park.

Ford has not been transferred, but he was granted a vacation, and then went and got married, which is not at all our idea of the way to spend a vacation. And now that a woman has him tied up, he is much the same as a goner. We all forgive him this time, but if he ever does it again, NIX. Good luck to you, Fordy.

The usherette of one of the Asbury movie houses has been inquiring as to the whereabouts of McClellan. What are we to tell her, Mac?

The only ones who we think enjoy their transfer to New York are Tuthill and Mathews. The first, you all know why, the fair damsel in Brooklyn. What could suit him better? And Mathews, why we all know New York is not so dry as Belmar. He is the chappie who wanted to drink all our Hoxie mucilage in a frantic effort to find the kick in it.

Bicky has a very worried expression lately. We imagine it



is derived from serious consideration and mathematical calculation as to how many square inches of New York real estate at \$\$ per will be required to park both his cars, to say nothing of his dog, his wife and his baby.

One grand thing about Belmar these days is that when anything goes wrong we have a handy goat in Mr. Ranger. Take off that tone trap!!!

As our star pessimist we present Bill Taylor, who has paid out thousands of dollars (in his mind) already, as rental on two rooms and bath at \$250 per month; nothing less to be found. And he has been overcome with the heat a dozen times just by the mere thought of working in a city office.

And now, for the moment, we bid you all a sad and fond farewell, only to show up on the job again at Broad Street with a grin and full of pep and ginger.

Superintendent Barsby, who has been confined to his bed for several weeks with rheumatism, is making good progress towards normalcy since the return of Mrs. Barsby and the baby from Europe. Mrs. Barsby's sister, Miss Grimsley, came over with her for a visit. During Mr. Barsby's absence from his desk, Mr. Brigg, Assistant Superintendent, has most acceptably filled his chair.

#### SAN FRANCISCO

**A**NY of the craft whose names do not appear in these columns are just naturally 100 per centum strong in efficiency, and we have been unable to discover anything to place to their discredit, although we are not going to talk about anybody unless they are our friends, as we are one big family, where there is very little discord.

During the absence of George E. Baxter, who spent his vacation on the Eastern slope, George F. Shecklen wore the crown.

Robert Malcolm says he would enjoy these warm days if he didn't have a frontless shirt, so that he could remove his coat (indoors) and if Sutor baths were not so far away, etc. Wonder if we aren't keeping Bob up?

Peterson, the speed king, one-finger touch system servicer, says he has nothing but service to hand out, be 'em long or be 'em short. He believes in putting the ball over the plate, and has registered several home runs of late, due to the fact that there was a wooden-legged man on first.

Conway made a purchase recently of a double-lens pair of goggles. We understand that since acquiring the X-rays Bill is possessed of the power of detecting errors in messages without even removing the wrappers from the day's business; more especially those messages that pertain to rates. We are wondering if his harem won't have a hard time getting by with anything, with

a pair of such powerful glimmers in their midst.

Nichols has rented a garage, which he expects to utilize to store his personal correspondence. Nick leaves for his place of abode daily with all pockets bulging with said material, and says if business falls off along these lines he may buy a flivver later so that he will not have an empty space on his hands.

#### PALEOZOIC MEMORIES:

Somewhere in San Francisco there is yet to be found a quiet, peaceful spot. Although bone dry, there seems to be sufficient literature to be digested when Jawn gets clear. To our knowledge, POJ—poor old Jawn—has only seen land and partaken of this pleasure (which had a mournful termination) once during a period of three months. If the reader is in doubt as to the exact location, just ask Jawn (Hauselt) if he holds an evening paper.

Miss Mary Horton has voluntarily added considerable to her daily toils—side issues which space does not permit mentioning. Quoting Walt Mason: "There'd be no tar in the marmalade if each man did his best." Miss Horton is obviously putting this theory to a practical test.

*Bill Thacker, Scribe.*

#### BOLINAS

**B**Y the time we get in print the funeral of old KET will be over, we hope, and the new-born will be singing along merrily. Mr. Finch has arrived from Honolulu to conduct the tests. Some of us will say good-bye to the old spark set with the feeling of having lost a good friend, for it certainly has performed nobly these last few months, while our spare machinery was all torn out. No longer can we lie in bed in the hotel and listen to the spark pounding the traffic through to Honolulu and Japan. But it will be a great relief not to have to go in the silence (?) chamber every hour to oil up, and the mid-watch will sure be happier when they don't have to swab down the discharger with kerosene.

Shift Engineer E. P. Hill was transferred recently to Kahuku, where, according to the latest reports, he is stepping 'em out in great shape. We advise you boys over there to watch out for your girls, as the number of broken hearts he left around here sure was fierce. Say, E. P., have you written to the little widow yet?

Dynamo Tender E. G. Abbot has been relieved from the power house and is now engaged on the land lines.

The old saying that even the walls have ears is outclassed at this station, for we have walls which talk. Mr. Bollinger has the pleasure (or displeasure) of hearing the signals sent from the KPH set, through the metal lathes of the walls of his cottage. The signals are heard all over the house. At first it was a curiosity,

but later became rather annoying to listen day after day to the same chatter.

Visitors or new people at the Bolinas station are told the weather conditions here are unusual, and we are beginning to think they are, for we have had one nice day in two months. Mr. Finch (thanks to him) brought nice weather the day he came, but we were soon plunged back into the same old routine of rain and wind the day after, so our joy was short-lived.

Not long ago Bransch's Lizzie passed away. He went out one morning, and the poor thing was quite dead, and the coroner returned a verdict of death from natural causes. So now Bransch has a new Lizzie, latest model n'everything, and he has resigned from the hiker's club. T. A. Chambers, our machinist, drove in one morning with a brand new baby carriage—beg pardon, we mean baby grand—and is stepping along with the best of them. Rigger Nedros has got his Ford trained fairly well. So far it has refused to climb the masts, but we believe that with a little perseverance and gentle treatment a Ford can be taught to do anything.

Mr. Sachse, one of the G. E. men, has left us for Long Island. Everybody hated to see him go, even the ladies at Willow Camp. How about it, Sachse? We hear that Rocky Point is known as the paradise of Long Island, so Sachse must be a lucky man. Our friend Stack proclaims that nothing can draw him away from the beauty of sunny California, though he claims that Bolinas must be in Alaska.

Those who are still inhaling fog at Bolinas send their best to the former inmates who are now at Kahuku and Koko Head. Fog is never seen in the Islands, so they must be quite homesick for it. Particularly, we all wish our friend Walter the best of luck in his venture, and we hope to see him in Bolinas again one of these days.

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### WEDDING BELLS

At Williams, Arizona, June 14, Leslie E. Taufenback to Helen Elizabeth Briscoe, both of Los Angeles. The honeymoon was spent at the Grand Canyon. The groom was formerly and for several years in the service of the Radio Corporation at New York and San Francisco. During the war he served in the Aviation Corps in France.

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Henry Heisel, of the Accounting Department at the executive offices, has met his fate. He is to be married to Miss Hazel Tilman of Brooklyn, U. S. A., on July 2, 1921, at the Bushwick Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. (The Dempsey-Carpentier fight is also scheduled for the same day.)

## RADIO INSTITUTE

NEW YORK

**T**HE Radio Institute of America graduated seventeen students during the month of May.

A 100-watt C. W. transmitter is being installed at the Institute, and will probably be in operation by the time this appears in print.

The results of the Dempsey-Carpentier bout at Jersey City, July 2, will be made known by wireless telephony through a loud speaker in the Institute code room, and all employees and their friends are welcome. We hope for a big attendance.

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## HEAD OFFICE

President Nally, accompanied by Mrs. Nally, sailed for Europe June 14 on the *Aquitania* on business of the company.

The company has recently completed the stringing of two copper wires on its poles between Marion and Chatham, Mass., making eight wires now on the poles.

The new operating building at Riverhead, L. I., was placed in service June 30.

Mr. Ross, Comptroller, has returned to duty after a brief but painful illness.

Mr. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager, is spending a few days at Stavanger station in Norway.

Assistant Chief Engineer Reoch is preparing to visit stations on the Pacific Coast and in Hawaii.

J. L. Finch, of the Engineering department, who has completed the adjustment of the alternator at Bolinas, is now en route to Kahuka on a similar errand.

Superintendent Nicholls, of Boston, was a recent New York visitor.

General Superintendent Pillsbury recently spent a week-end at Boston.

The first meeting of the Static Club, recently formed at New York, was held June 22, for organization only. A full report of the meeting will appear next month.

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## VACATION TIME

This is the season when we all take to the woods, and we can do so with a clear conscience after a year of faithful work. Some of you will be enjoying dips in the ocean, some fishing in mountain streams and following inviting trails and some will rest quietly at home. You will no doubt have interesting experiences that your comrades in the service would be glad to hear about. Maybe you will take a Kodak along and get some good views of

outdoor life. Don't forget WORLD WIDE WIRELESS. Remember that nothing brightens up its pages like pictures. If you type-write your article, please use double and not single space. In preparing the matter for the printer, it is frequently necessary to make interlineations, and the double space gives room for these. We hope everybody will have a bang-up good time. As for the editor, *he's going a-fishing.*

### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NEW YORK

**L**OUIS SARNOFF arrived in New York on the *Amcross* on June 11 after a trip of several months, during which he visited important seaports of South America and Germany. He reported having had a very fine trip, and judging from his cash returns he was kept fairly busy handling traffic.

John A. Nash recently returned from a voyage to Pacific Coast ports on the *Steel Ranger*. He speaks very highly of the staff at the San Francisco office, and especially mentions Mr. Malarin, marine superintendent of the division, as a gentleman well worth meeting.

Quite a few of our men decided to take a "vacation" during the past month.

Miss Florence Levy, after rounding out more than a year's service in the office, is preparing to take a well-earned vacation of two weeks. She is wondering if the operators will miss her while she is away.

#### BOSTON

G. E. Travis has returned to the *Governor Dingley*, which travels so fast they had to remove the propeller.

L. C. Noble has come here from Norfolk, and is on the *Calvin Austin* with Frank Justice. (Yes, sure, Barber is back on the *Belfast*.) Anyhow, Clifford lost his suitcase, containing articles too numerous to mention in Manhattan. When last seen he was heading for the New York boat, chortling at the prospect of seeing the caretaker of his luggage in clink.

N. W. Filson, after seeing much service with one of our competitors, and after spending a period contemplating several possible means of financial gain, has hitched his wagon to the *Governor Dingley*, and the Paige will continue to consume that vital source of its energy, gas.

When Henry Munroe of the *Camden* reports at the office, on the first and fifteenth of each month, we have excitement. Henry dotes on excitement. Gosh, we hate to think of Henry tearing in without Mrs. Henry to subdue him.

We almost forgot Robert. You all know Robert. Well, Robert sought the end of the rainbow at Chatham; in fact, he actually got there in the flivver coop. But he's not disappointed. He expected it. He still smiles. He's still an optimist.

## SOUTHERN DIVISION

## BALTIMORE

**O**UR congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Richwein on the birth of Charlotte Louise, born Thursday, May 5th.

Operator Friend, recently assigned to the *Western King*, at this port, was removed at Halifax, N. S., on account of sickness.

The Ore Steamship Company's *Feltore* and *Mangore* are being refitted with standard P-8-A sets at Sparrow's Point, Maryland.

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from Operator Fred Crone, an original Southern divisioner, now working for the Merchants and Miners Company.

It is hardly worth while to mention that our storeroom recently acquired a cat. Mouse traps were of no avail, hence the animal, which, from appearances, is on the job. At least she can eat, as twelve cents daily for fried liver goes from Constructor Grantlin's pocket. Grantlin wants to know why the cash cannot be charged to R and M.

The steamer *Carenco*, of the Shipping Board, was recently fitted with an audion outfit at this port.

## GULF DIVISION

**T**HE Coast Despatch fruit traders, *Herman Winter* and *H. F. Dimock*, after a long lay-up at Mobile, have returned to their former service between Mobile and Central American ports, thereby creating jobs for L. P. Williams and A. E. Ermatinger.

The Radio Corporation's Mobile district office, in charge of R. H. Coffin, is now located at 80½ St. Francis Street.

James Bondi, after an unsuccessful attempt to get back into our Great Lakes division, has returned to the Gulf and been placed in charge of the Shipping Board steamer *Tampa*. This happened on May 16th, but Bondi and the *Tampa* are still at New Orleans owing to the *Tampa* having tried to get from the Gulf to the Atlantic via the overland route.

T. J. Alderman, one of our permanent fixtures, after three years' continuous service on the *Coahuila*, has been granted a short leave of absence.

W. L. Hille is spending his vacation in a hospital at New Orleans, having just undergone an operation for appendicitis. He is reported as recovering rapidly, and will therefore be back at his old job on the *Jalisco* before very long.

The Loyola Amateur Radio Club was recently organized here, and great hopes are entertained for the future of this new club. The initial impetus was given the organization some time ago when H. C. Gawler, of the Radio Corporation, was in New Or-

leans and gave a very interesting and entertaining lecture at Loyola University on vacuum tubes. Among the members there are a number of commercial operators attached to ships operating out of New Orleans, who expect to receive a great deal of valuable information on the latest progress made in the Radio World, through lectures that will be given from time to time. The club has the privilege of holding its meetings in the auditorium of Loyola University and the use of fine projection and moving picture machines, together with an unlimited number of instruments from the laboratory of the university. At the last meeting E. T. Jones read an interesting paper in which he touched upon the importance of the prevention of interference by amateurs in the operation of commercial stations, and means were discussed whereby this possibility could be eliminated. It is hoped that the club will be of material benefit to both the amateurs and commercial radio at large.

From our professor of *foreign* (very foreign) languages, Williamson, Port Arthur district, comes the following, addressed to one of his students at the division office:

"Let me tell you a little story that would have killed you if you had heard it while you were in the navy:

"On May 18th, 1921, one poor fish named Williamson proceeded from Port Arthur, Texas, to Beaumont. He went to one bateau named 'A——,' and changed antenna; added about 100 feet.

"The operator and I were busy working way up on the mast, account sailors on strike. When it came to do a little hoisting, operator went down to do it while I held bridle. Operator was too light, and couldn't move it. He yelled same up to me, and then the marvelous happened; the captain of the vessel came out and yelled 'Wait, sparks, I'll give you fellows a hand.' He hoisted the antenna, helped us measure wire, shinned up the mast, and gave us a real hand, believe me. After this he took us into his private saloon to chow (captain and chief engineer eat forward on the big tankers; rest of crew eat aft). He had chief steward dish out the best on the vessel—all kinds of swell fruits, salads, chicken, etc.

"After it was all over I began to come out of my daze. When captain first came out and started helping, I was on top of mast. When I saw who it was pulling on a dirty rope, I came near swooning and falling off that mast. After that I saw things a bit hazy. I am half inclined now to think I dreamed the entire thing.

"Just think what would happen if a bunch of gobs had been on deck and saw this. I bet the whole works would have croaked right there.

"Now the third mate and the boatswain of the vessel would not have stooped so low as to frown on us poor radio bugs.

"I think this is the crowning glory of all the weird and dizzy experiences any guy ever had. To be captain of the 'A——' is some job; the quarters are like a palace, a big, fine, new tanker, about 10,000 tons.

"Do you think this happened or did I get sunstruck and dreamt it?"

## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

### CLEVELAND

**L**AKE freight traffic is gradually picking up, an additional vessel being added occasionally to the fleet. By the middle of July, practically all of the radio-equipped vessels should be under way, and our waiting list be cut down to a reasonable length.

Constructors Leonard and Elliott replaced the apparatus on the Great Lakes Transit Corporation vessels *Tionesta*, *Juniata* and *Octorara*, in commission prior to their recent seasonal opening. The *Tionesta* equipment is in charge of W. K. Wing, while J. L. Eddy holds the junior berth down. The *Octorara* has D. S. Little and W. E. Weckel as senior and junior, respectively. It will be remembered that Little was aboard this vessel during her entire sailing season of 1920, while Weckel was aboard the *Delphine*. Senior Lind and Junior McCaig will hold down the berths aboard the *Juniata*.

LeRoy Bremmer has recently relieved D. G. McDaniels as purser-operator of the carferry *Ashtabula*.

Guy Harden has been assigned to the passenger steamer *City of Buffalo*.

Senior Hopponen, of the *City of Detroit III*, has requested an indefinite leave of absence, Junior W. B. Jameson having replaced him as senior, and Macomber assigned as junior.

J. W. Stack has relieved Frederic B. Schramm on the *E. J. Earling* for two or three trips.

John H. Sokutis was recently assigned to the *City of Erie*, a Cleveland-Buffalo run passenger ship.

C. W. Sheets is now aboard the *Missouri*, vice H. B. Courchene, relieved.

Norman S. Walker has been assigned to the bulk carrier, *Wm. A. Reiss*.

Equipment aboard the *Seeandbee* was placed in commission prior to her recent sailing, with Ernest C. Brelsford as operator. This is Brelsford's first assignment this year, although he completed the season of navigation in this division during 1920.

M. G. Limb has sailed on the *Theodore Roosevelt*, this vessel's first trip of the season.



## PACIFIC DIVISION

## SAN FRANCISCO

**S**HIPPING out of San Francisco has been affected since the 1st of May by the refusal of the employees to accept a 15% reduction of wages. The crews of vessels arriving in port have been paid off and new crews assigned as fast as they can be recruited at the new wage scale. It was difficult at first to obtain enough men at the new scale to man the vessels, resulting in some of the sailings being deranged temporarily. Sailings are becoming more regular and conditions more normal.

There has been very little disturbance as a result of the change. No strike has been called by the United Radio Telegraphers Association, and the matter of service is left entirely to the individual, whether or not they wish to accept a position under the new conditions. In all cases operators have been found who were willing to accept assignments at the new rate.

The *Acardo* was fitted with a 1½ KW quenched set for the Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd. Installers King and McCarthy solved all the problems of assembling the various units of the set, and hope that the results will come up to the standards of our English cousins, and meet their approval. Inspector Colbert had his troubles getting a 17% coupling when tuning the set on account of the long aerial combined with the fixed primary and secondary inductances.

The new freighter *Manukai*, just completed by the Moore Shipbuilding Co. for the Matson Navigation Company, a sister ship of the *Manulani*, was equipped with a new 531 ½ KW 500 cycle set. The demand for P 8 2 KW apparatus being greater than the supply, necessitated the installation of a 531 set, and we are looking forward with interest to the results to be obtained on her maiden trip to Honolulu. She is being equipped with a 140-ampere-hour Exide storage battery by the Herzog Electric Company, which will operate the main set independent of the ship's power.

## SEATTLE

During the month this district was visited by George E. Baxter, City Superintendent at San Francisco. George was only with us for two or three hours, but we hope that on his next trip he will lengthen his visit a little, and maybe we could then show him Vancouver, which is in Canada!

On May 21, Lieutenant Commander Luckel, of the 13th Naval District, read a paper at the Institute of Radio Engineers on the commercial side of the naval communication service. The several Radio Corporation representatives who were present agreed that Mr. Luckel had his subject very well in hand, and found the meeting itself and subsequent discussions very interesting.

Next month we will install on the *Admiral Watson* a 1/2-KW P-5 set. We will then have these Admiral boats fixed up, with the exception of the *Admiral Goodrich*. Her turn will come shortly after.

Roy Massey left on the *M. S. Ozmo* for McGrath, Alaska, where he will install and operate a 2-KW set for the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company.

W. B. Wilson, an old-time employee of this company, now in the navy, has been re-assigned to the Seattle Station, NVL.

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#### PORTLAND

The installation of a P-8 panel and 106 receiver on the *Swift-light* has been completed. This is the sixth vessel of the Swiftsure Oil Transport Company to be equipped at Portland. Installation of a P-8 panel and 106 receiver has been started on the *Swiftwind*, the seventh vessel of this line.

Two operators remembered the old home town, and two nice letters were received. One was from Bob Palmer, the other from R. Kimberk.

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#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Our friend Noah, who some years ago completed the first sea-going craft of his time, has a colored imitator in the Port of Los Angeles.

Mr. Johnson, having created a new religion for his dark-skinned congregation, has built an ark to transport his missionaries to Monrovia, Liberia, so that the inhabitants of that benighted land may be given a chance to become civilized and fall in line with his teaching.

The ark was to have been launched one day last week, and most of the colored population within a radius of fifty miles of this port came down to see the ark take the water, but brother Johnson's plans were doomed to disappointment, as the high tide was not strong enough to budge her, and tug boats would not tackle the job on account of the poor construction of the ark.

There are no engines in this latest style of seacraft, and no means of motive power have been devised with which to propel her, but brother Johnson says she will surely arrive at Monrovia if he can only get her launched.

It is reported that he has a full passenger list composed of the elite of East Los Angeles, and they are waiting anxiously for the ark to make her initial trip, whether it be on the surface or submerged.

No arrangements for radio equipment have been made up to the time of going to press.

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