

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

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**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA**

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VOLUME 3

AT
288 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND MARY PICKFORD LISTENING IN
ON S. S. PARIS

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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FINANCE AND BUSINESS

By B. C. Forbes

Maybe you will find a suggestion in this for yourself.

It was in a crowded—an overcrowded—New York subway train one morning. Every inch of standing space was occupied. Quite a few couldn't reach straps or anything else to hold on to. As the train rounded sharp corners there was, inevitably, more or less swaying and jostling. One well-dressed youngish man began to show bad temper. First he turned round and glanced once or twice at a middle-aged man wedged up against him; and then, the next time there was a jolt, the young man turned on the older man and demanded in a very peppery, brusque way that he stop bumping up against him. The older man politely explained that he couldn't help it. A little later the train again lurched, and this time the young man gave a miserable exhibition of temper by snarling once more at the older man and roughly indulging in football-field tactics in an effort to force those about him to stand away from him.

The younger man had a very important appointment that morning. He had lost his job during the period of retrenchment, but had been recommended for quite a good position and was to interview the manager of the concern at 10 o'clock. After tramping the streets for weeks, the coming interview meant a very great deal to him. He was on hand some minutes ahead of time; his name was sent in, and an office boy immediately conducted him into the manager's office.

The manager was the man he had treated so unbecomingly in the subway that morning!

The applicant for the position was instantly overcome with confusion. He hesitated as if anxious to make for the door. The manager, however, politely asked him to sit down. "I know what you have in mind," remarked the manager. The young man immediately began to stammer excuses. The manager listened politely. The young man stressed the fact that hunting vainly for a job had not tended to improve his disposition. The manager then began to explain that the man he wanted must be able to control his temper, and that courtesy was also essential.

The applicant claimed that ordinarily he had as good a temper as the next fellow; that he knew how to be polite, and that he very rarely lapsed into being anything else. He added however, that after what had happened, he couldn't expect the manager to believe his protestations.

The manager said he was glad his caller had sense enough to realize this and, after expressing regret, bade him good-day.

He had made up his mind to teach the young man a severe lesson. He would give him time and opportunity to let the unfortunate consequences of this uncalled-for conduct in the subway sink in.

Then, a week later, he sent for the young man, read him a lecture, and gave him the job—on trial.

The chances all are that the new employee will prove himself one of the most courteous of the whole force. The folly of his impoliteness had been brought home to this young man in a peculiarly forceful way.

But what about the rest of us? We probably never have had the cost of impoliteness brought home to us in so direct a fashion. But does this mean that brusqueness, grouchiness and impoliteness have not cost and are not costing us any thing?

* * *

Many an important contract and many an important position have been won through courtesy and through being obliging. One of America's best known automobile manufacturers "made" a tire manufacturer solely because the latter had shown him consideration and kindness when consideration and kindness meant much. Some other nations attach more importance than we do to the niceties of life. When Judge Gary visited Japan a few years ago the courtesies extended to him were beyond anything we are accustomed to in this country. I heard a journalist remark recently that he once received an invitation to visit Lord Northcliffe—before he was Lord Northcliffe—and that he had never before, or since, experienced such delightful courtesies—and Northcliffe had no favors to hope for from this journalist.

* * *

It is said that the Bethlehem Steel Company once received a huge armament contract from a foreign government solely because of the courtesy Charles M. Schwab had extended to representatives of that country when they visited the United States.

* * *

The person who is habitually gruff and impolite misses half the fun of life. Not only so, but as we progress along civilized lines courtesy is more and more regarded and more and more demanded of us.

*

And politeness pays.

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THE GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF RADIO

With this issue, the editor is pleased to present a brief sketch of Mr. E. N. Pickerill, who has been somewhat of a "high flyer" in his day, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph.

ELMO NEALE PICKERILL

PROBABLY one of the best-known radio men in New York is E. N. Pickerill, better known to his friends as "Pick," or "PK" over the radio. Pick's telegraph experience dates back to 1901, when he started in as a railroad telegraph operator on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad. Later, he was employed by the Union Pacific, Rock Island, Santa Fe and a few other railroads in the Rocky Mountain regions, his assignments ranging all the way from telegraph operator out at some lonely desert or mountain railroad station, where Indians were accustomed to "flopping" in the depot waiting-room for a night's "shut eye," to that of train dispatcher. When his assignment was terminated by the usual heavy September snowfall as telegraph operator on the summit of Pike's Peak, which is 14,147 feet above sea level and the highest telegraph office in the world, he was convinced that he had reached about the highest thing obtainable in railroad telegraphy, so he decided to enter the service of the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company in 1905 at Denver, Colo. Two years later he came to New York and was in charge of the WA station situated on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which assignment he held for two and one-half years.

Pick went to sea as a ship radio operator years before government licenses were required by law, and when one operator did all the work. The first U. S. radio operators extra first grade license issued by the U. S. Government was issued to him, which is the highest recognition of skill in radio operation given by the Bureau of Navigation.

After serving for several years on ships, at the high power station in Honolulu, and in the Woolworth general office of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, he assumed the role of General Manager of a large corporation in Brooklyn, engaged in the manufacture of electric washing machines, and just as he was about to accomplish the feat of cleaning up Greater New York in the washing machine industry, the World War broke out and he immediately set out to clean up the Germans. He was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the U. S. Air Service and aided in the establishment of Radio Schools in that branch of the army, afterwards being awarded the much coveted aviator's silver wings and rated an airplane pilot. He commanded four different



organizations in the U. S. Air Service, one of which was the famous 135th Aero Squadron, and shortly before his discharge from the army in 1920 he was in command of Post Flying Field at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Pick has promised several of his friends a jazz ride in his cloud bus some time in the near future, and if any operator should hear an S.O.S. being sent out from an airplane winging its way down the Hudson in the vicinity of the Woolworth Building tower, he may rest assured that Pick has made good his promise and that the editor is taking his first airplane ride, holding on by his teeth and both hands. The accompanying picture shows Pick in uniform ready to take off for a joy ride.

At present Mr. Pickerill is now connected with the Traffic department, with headquarters at 64 Broad Street, New York.

COURAGE

A man without courage is as helpless as a ship without fuel—he may drift along with the tide, but can make no progress upstream.

The man worth while is the one who can turn his face full into the fierce gale of opposition and misfortune and go forward with brave heart and undaunted spirit.

It is easy to quit cold in the face of defeat—it takes a hero to smile and try again.

INCOME TAX

FEDERAL income tax forms for individual returns under the provisions of the new Revenue act, are now available at the office of Frank K. Bowers, Collector of Internal Revenue for Manhattan. Copies of the new forms, which are known as 1040 and 1040A, will be mailed to those who filed returns last year, but Collector Bowers calls attention to the fact that failure to receive a form does not eliminate the obligation to file returns before midnight, March 15th.

Returns are required of every single person, and every married person not living with husband or wife, whose net income for 1921 was \$1,000 or more, and of every married person living with husband or wife whose net income was \$2,000 and more. If the combined net income of husband, wife and dependent minor children equaled or exceeded \$2,000, or if the combined gross income of husband, wife and dependent minor children equaled or exceeded \$5,000, all such income must be reported on a joint return, or in separate

returns of husband and wife. If single, and the net income including that of dependent minors, if any, equaled or exceeded \$1,000, or if the gross income equaled or exceeded \$5,000, a return must be filed. A minor, however, having a net income of \$1,000 or \$2,000, according to marital status, or a gross income of \$5,000, must file a return. The requirement to file a return of gross income, regardless of the amount of net income, upon which the tax is assessed, is a new provision. Net income is gross income less certain deductions which are explained in the form.

Under each of the above conditions, a return must be filed even though no tax is due. The exemptions are \$1,000 for single persons and married persons not living with husband or wife, \$2,500 for married persons living with husband or wife whose net income for 1921 was \$5,000 or less, and \$2,000 for such persons whose net income was more than \$5,000. The exemption for dependents, "a person under 18 years of age or mentally or physically defective," has been increased from \$200 to \$400. A head of a family—a person who actually supports in one household, one or more persons closely related to him by blood, marriage, or adoption—is granted the same exemption as a married person.

The normal tax rates are unchanged, 4 per cent on the first \$4,000 of net income above the exemptions, and 8 per cent on the remaining net income. The tax this year, as last, may be paid in full at the time of filing the return, or in four equal instalments, due on or before March 15th, June 15th, Sept. 15th and Dec. 15th. Heavy penalties are provided by the new revenue act for failure to file a return and pay the tax on time.

TO THE KNOCKER

SOME time ago, the captain of a certain vessel paid a visit to our office, and complained about the conduct of his operator. He stated that the operator had given him practically no press or service during the entire round trip to Europe and back. Being questioned by the captain as to why he did not do better, the operator had stated the apparatus was no good. Upon arrival, the radio equipment was inspected and found to be in first class condition, radiation was even better than normal, and the receiver was working like a charm. On another occasion, an inspection was made of a certain equipment and everything was found to be in good order. Upon returning the keys to the senior officer, the inspector was asked, "What is the matter with that set?" He

was informed that the set was apparently functioning as efficiently as could be expected. The officer said that the operator had told them all that the set was no good, and that he could not give satisfactory service with such a set. However, the mate added that the operator evidently did not wish to do anything but sit aft and read stories of blood and thunder.

Why do these men place the blame of their own inefficiency on other people's shoulders? Why do they blame the company they work for, for sending them to sea with poor equipment? Why do they bite the hand that feeds them? It is because they are habitual knockers, kickers of the chronic order.

A kind-hearted old lady, one who saw good in everything and everyone, and was well-liked wherever she went, was speaking to another old lady of entirely different disposition, and said, "If I can't say anything good about a person, I keep my mouth shut." "Land sakes," answered the other, "you might as well be in a deaf-and-dumb asylum."

How well this applies to the operator who has not a good word for the Radio Company for which he is working. It would be, no doubt, better for him if he were in the place mentioned by the old lady. If you can't boost, don't knock. You are working for the R. C. A.—work for them, not against them. Send your traffic through R. C. A. stations. Talk R. C. A. to the captains and officers until they are firmly convinced that R. C. A. is THE Company. Advertise! F. H. I.

A DREAM

IT was noon.

Four little laughing ether waves were westward bound from Stavanger, Norway. The quartet composed the word "Stop," and were being harassed by old John static almost continually. And yet during their battle for expression they found time for encouraging and diverting remarks one another as they sped along. The letter "S," who was a wiggly and Salome-like little wave, was vivacious and full of life. She kept up an incessant flow of conversation directed mainly at the center of the wave train where the elderly wave, the letter "O" kept the other three youthful waves in their respective positions.

Just as they were passing over an ocean greyhound the sprightly "S" spoke up. "Gee," she blurted, "that 'LS' fellow who pushed me out of LCM sure wiggles a mean wrist. He was going so fast when I came along that he almost slipped and made an 'H' out of me. But he caught himself in

time so here I am sailing along all intact and in my proper spot."

"You are lucky," said the elderly O, "he came near making a 'G' out of me, and anything I detest is having myself shot out resembling those hussies 'G,' 'W' and 'K.' I spoil many a nice code group on account of this negligence."

"Ah, yes," said the beautiful P, "we all have our tragic moments, when it seems we are going to be terribly mutilated but generally the boys at Stavanger get us out pretty ship-shape. By the way, I hear there is a terrible uprending going on at our destination of Chatham."

"You said it," chirped the dainty little S, "I got it straight from a passing group from dear LY the other day that hereafter we are not to touch at their lovely Cape Cod. but must hurry on direct to the NY office along with the rest of our European sisters."

"Oh, woe is me," said the beautiful P, "I was getting acquainted with all those lovely boys at Chatham. They are all so handsome and cavalier-like, especially Newmark. He is a new fellow, but I adore his rotundity."

Not exactly comprehending what Newmark's rotundity was the elderly O was moved to reply, "Ah, yes, you young things do seem to have amorous feelings towards that place, but, personally, I have not been able to attract any of the boys there. They seem to be eternally getting me confused with those detestable hussies 'G,' 'W' and 'K.'"

"Sad but true" said the dainty little S. but I have dreamy feelings every time I realize I am approaching dear old CM. There is something fascinating about the place. Did you ever experience the exquisite ecstasy of galloping down the aerial through those bulbs which warm you through and through and thence straight into the lovely ear of that roguish person Kelly? That is the thrill of a lifetime. Why," she went on, "the minute you emerge into his pinky shell-like ear he immediately begins to tremble and his brain cells race around and around mercilessly until he comprehends the last ion of you and finally he plunges one mighty forefinger downward at his expectant typewriter and, presto! there you are set in black ink on one of the duckiest message blanks you ever saw. Really, I don't think I will care very much for those gaudy blanks they put us on at the NY office, and the boys there have some horrible looking ears. Why, some of them are so big you almost get lost trying to find the stupid thing's thinking apparatus. Of course, this is only hearsay, but the girls from MUU and LY all say the same thing."

"No doubt," responded the elderly O to this flow of flapper feelings, "but you young things must get away from your

trivial relations and remember that we must follow in the wake of progress, and therefore we must do as the receiving engineers bid us and race direct to Riverhead, and from there we slide on a nice slick wire right into the NY office.

The little group began to look tired, and the battle with old John Static was telling on them at the 1,500 mile stake. And so as they were passing over the Azores, the dear mother O decided she would give her charges a rest before taking up the hazardous journey to Riverhead; so, deftly giving a gob of static the straight-arm, she headed for a nice pebbly beach. The little party alighted and stretched their tired electrons and ions all over the landscape.

Four hundredths of a second later the dear O awoke, and rousing her drowsy comrades by making a noise like a stuttering fist started westward. The letter T who had been silent during the entire journey suddenly spoke. "Golly," she exclaimed, "I am so short I came near being left out." but she managed to get in her proper place just behind the lovely S and everything was all serene.

"Here we are," said the commandeering O, "right in our exact position which happens to be the fourth word of NW1778. I do hope you girls will behave nicely with our new masters."

"Oh, shoot," rejoined the beautiful P, "I was all set for a glorious time buzzing around in that congested brain of Hoard's, but I suppose I will have to make the best of a bad bargain; so let's hurry and get it over with."

John Bananas, receiving operator at NY, almost fell from his seat when the word "stop" went through his brain with lightning-like rapidity. However, he made four wild stabs at his mill and managed to get them down right.

"Not so bad at that," quoted Mrs. O, "at least we missed that horrid looking RQ clerk."

FINIS.

(Copyrighted by Roberto O'Higginio)

THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of Success is Work.

The mother of Success is Ambition.

The eldest son is Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.

The eldest daughter is Character.

Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

Form 22-2284-2-21

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE



TO: President.
FROM: Traffic Manager.

DATE: February 8rd, 1922.
FILE NO. TW-108-17

SUBJECT:
LOCATION:
REFERRING TO:

The work
SM

Mr. Nally,

On Saturday January 28th, we received from the T. A. Scott Company at New London, Conn., a telegraphic notice to dismantle our station and quit their property by February 1st. They had previously demanded that we maintain a continuous watch at that station for their own benefit, whereas we desired to maintain an eight hour watch per day.

There was no time to be lost and Mr. Cole spent Sunday at New London and obtained permission from the authorities controlling the State pier there to re-erect our station on this site, for a nominal rental of \$1.00 per month. Owing to there being a high water tank on this pier, the possibility of erecting a much higher and superior antenna was a further attraction to us.

I am glad to report that between Sunday and Tuesday a new antenna was erected on the State pier, power and light leads, telephone and telegraph facilities were installed and that on February 1st, the new station was in full operation without a break in the continuity of our service. The new station retains the old call letters "WLC" which are now so well and favorably known.

The efficiency of the new station is considerably greater than that of the old one, due to the higher antenna system and better ground system.

Mr. Cole and the FBI Division who assisted in this re-installation work, deserve great credit for this unusually rapid performance.

Respectfully,

*Calculation
for Mr. Cole*

W. A. W. Bottom
SM

FAULTS

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong; and try to imitate it. Your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—*Ruskin*.

CHRISTMAS ECHOES

THE following letter is printed as evidence of appreciation of our Christmas gifts and fully repays us for our efforts:

DEAR MISS TUELL:

Just a few lines to let you know about our best Christmas that we ever had so far none of us was forgotten each get a lovely present.

So please Miss Tuell is it to much to ask you if you be so kind to thanks those nice people for everything as I don't know to whom I should send my thanks. Now I let you know about our surprise, received a big package packed with everything toys, food, fruit and warm underwear. The first thing did atrasted their eager eyes was skates for the boys you ought to hear them shout from joy just the thing they wished Santa Claus to bring them. Lillie did get a nice sleeping doll and each 2 pr. underwears.

And how nice all those present were packed each got their name on it so it was quite a fun to unpack as each spied their name on the present Irene's most delighted over those little handkerchief with picture and rymes on it everyday she ask me when she'll go to school to show it to the teacher, more other things we get it is to much to write all about it as I cant be thank full enough for all those things and after we got all the present we did have a finest Christmas dinner couldn't ask for more as we did get everything. So please Miss Tuell give my heartiest thanks to those fine people for everything thy ought to see us what happines that package did bring to my poor home. Now I send my thanks to you for your kindness toward us and please forgive my broken english.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. IRENE SMITH.

NEW YORK

BROAD STREET NOTES

IT is extremely gratifying to note that in spite of the numerous and severe storms to which we have been subjected in the last few weeks, communication has been maintained on all circuits practically without interruption. This is a striking commentary on the practicability of central office control under all weather conditions, and augurs well for its adoption and operation by our friends on the other side. Berlin has already put the system into effect, and we look

forward to increased efficiency and improved service as the result.

Mr. Duchowsky, prospective Traffic Manager of the Polish service, arrived in New York recently, and is spending much time at Broad Street studying our methods of operation with a view to their adoption and use when the circuit is opened.

Mr. Nally paid us several visits during the last few weeks and expressed general satisfaction with what he saw.

The rapid rise in Radio stock is reflected in the satisfied air of several of our staff, and it is a safe guess to say that a goodly number are both operators and stockholders.

Mr. C. Schiavi is away on vacation—or is it honeymoon? We shall know when he returns.

Congratulations to Hal Fulton, who is now in the Pop class, an eight-pound daughter having arrived on January 20.

We learn on good authority that Irving Bickford, appalled by the high price of meat, has decided to raise chickens. As a starter, he secured an old hen that was laying when Noah was in the shipbuilding business, but she refused to do any egg hatchin' after union hours, and Bick is now confronted with the problem of designing a "hatchery." We sincerely hope that his patience will be rewarded and that the first test of his artificial broiler raiser will result in a victory. Next thing we know they'll be booming Dick for every office in the list at Paterson from dog-catcher to mayor.

Henderson is wasting a lot of time figuring out how to cure toothache by the touch method. Whose touch, Hendy?

Hoard, who has just returned from Germany, is carrying around a German-English dictionary and guide to letter-writing, and it won't be surprising to hear that he is corresponding with some little *fraulein*.

McClellan sailed for Norway on the 3rd, taking with him a goodly supply of seasick cure. This is Mac's first trip on the briny, and he will undoubtedly have plenty of opportunity of testing the efficacy of his dope. He also took with him several letters of introduction to lady friends of Mr. Larsen (leave that part of it to Mac) and we have no doubt that Big Bertha at Stavanger will take a motherly interest in him.

Mr. Larsen of Stavanger has joined the Broad Street staff for an indefinite stay, and is rapidly becoming familiar with our methods. He seemed a little disconsolate the first day or two, but after that, appeared well-satisfied with everything. There must be a reason, and maybe he's found it in Brooklyn, as he spends a lot of time there.

We have not heard from Sammy Freedman, who recently

replaced Hoard at Nauen, but according to the latter he stands a slim chance of getting back. The girls are desperate, and as Sammy is so young, he is in imminent danger of being kidnapped.

We wonder why E. Webster is always so anxious to get on the HF wire. No chance of obstructive working while he's on the job.

Miss Friemark and Bob Smith each won a prize at the recent Clicks' dance. The candy box was very pretty and—oh, yes, it had candy inside. Evidently Mr. Whatshisname patronizes Huyler's. They all do that *before*, but *after*, a little paper bag of the Mirror grade is good enough.

How's this for Marine service? Radiogram filed on board S. S. *Haverford* requesting certain information was received at M. I. B. at 7:30 P. M. and telephoned to addressee at 7:31 P. M. The addressee had to phone another party for the information and the reply was received at Broad Street at 7:35 P. M. Three minutes later the answer was on board the *Haverford*. Some service!

NEW BRUNSWICK

OUR riggers have certainly had a real opportunity to become expert decorators during the past month. The inside of the power house has been painted and we hope that the wasps and spiders will dwell elsewhere next summer.

All ye old-timers who have spent your early days at N. B. would not recognize the place any more. Even our N. Y. friends had to go out and take a look around again after stepping in the door, to make sure they were in the right place. The inside is now perfectly white, and it has been planned to stand watches in whites next summer, so Kahuku will not be the only one to claim these honors.

We have quite a few tennis enthusiasts, and some corking games are being fondly looked forward to.

By way of diversion, some of the gang have taken to bowling, and every Wednesday night they can be found over in Bound Brook rolling 'em down the alley. Of course, it is impossible for some to go over Wednesdays, especially so if it falls on the 15th or last day of the month. Some of the bowlers in our crowd have been trying to figure out how the gutter could be built so close to the alley, but like all good time optimists, they have hopes. A match was planned between Tuttle and Judd, but it never came off. How come, Judd? It seems as if M. F. has first claim for Wednesday night.

A canvass was made of the staff recently to ascertain if anyone desired to move to R. C., but everyone scattered, and we wonder where the promised land comes in.

Carter came back on a visit from T. U. a short time ago, and all hands were glad to see him again.

One of the D. T.'s was asked why he did not do something. He replied that he worked so fast that he was always through. Sure is surprising to see him work.

One night some of the gang went into the bathroom and found the floor covered with water. They were about to call up the E. C. and report another leak, when it was discovered that Burchard had been taking a shower. Sure does cover some territory with that shower.

Leuteritz still goes to New York as often as possible, and it has been noticed that he looks over the "To Let" ads in the Home News with eager eyes. How come, Hugo, expect to be relieved from night watches soon?

N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

THE Usselman Welcome Party tendered to the Staff in their new cottage was a real success. Mr. Kohl, sad to relate, has eliminated himself from amateur tiddle-de-winks by playing in a professional game the evening of the party, and accepting first prize—a vest-pocket pipe organ. Will Snyder carried off second prize, a corkscrew—talk about your white elephants! Refreshments were fine, Doc had punch twice, but the rest were too bashful.

Mrs. F. A. Blanding, wife of our new Assistant E. C., and Mrs. H. E. Feathers, are wintering at Rocky Point. They also have their husbands here with them.

Will Snyder has resigned to take up a post-graduate course at Harvard University. Who's going to pry you loose from the hay at 8 A. M. now, Will? H. W. Sparks will no longer appear for roll-call and collection of dues after March 1st, having tendered his resignation, effective on that date.

If change is growth, then we are growing some. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Warne, who have replaced the Leavitts as charges d'affaires at the community house; also Messrs. Riley and Sallman, who have joined the staff as riggers.

H. G. Ritz is working feverishly on illustrations for his latest publication, 'A Dynamo Tender's Pocketbook of Notes'—sounds rather flat. Some boy; he weighs 175 pounds with nothing on his mind, and uses a shoe horn to get into his trousers. If the Mess goes into a hole we'll know what hole it gazinto.

Bill Brown overslept recently due to a freeze up of the radiator on his Big Ben. Rather odd, as Bill usually sleeps very light, unless someone is outside throwing buckets of water against the side of the house. Says he can't get used to life ashore.

\$5,000 REWARD DEAD OR ALIVE
No. 999



The above likeness, at one time a beautiful baby boy named Schaefer, now a home wrecker, Ford wrecker and recently a perpetrator of one of the worst crimes in history, that of Shift Engineering, escaped from his padded cell in the power house while on the midnight shift. Weight 170 pounds, height 5 feet 2 inches, six fingers missing from the left hand, thick, waving chestnut hair, hazel eyes. When last seen he was wearing a Palm Beach suit, brown derby hat, carpet slippers and a brown knit scarf wound twice around his neck. A thorough search was made in Mt. Sinai, but to no avail.

In order to add weight to the Station we have rated another fat man, Perc Risley. He drives our Ford when she isn't indisposed. And believe us that old can sure does have her ups and downs. The roads out here would make the Rocky Mountains look like a mole hill in the back garden.

MARION

VALENTINE'S DAY was fittingly celebrated at the mess quarters, and as has ever been the case, we put one more notch on the handle of our trusty gun, "Good Fellowship." A large number of people were present, including many from out of town. Both young and old mingled in the games.

Sam Campbell and Mrs. Higgins outdid the late Vernon Castle in the execution of a dreamy waltz. So great was the applause that an RQ was necessary.

Fred Stock, president of the Dynamo Tenders Union of America, auctioned off his vast library. Mr. Stock explained that owing to the recent "raise" in salary, he is going to get a new set of books. G. B. Lockhart, the well-known Lubricating Engineer, acted as auctioneer. The prize copy, "Why

Girls Leave Home," was sold for 400 rubles, Mr. Cumming being the highest and most interested bidder.

Everyone discovered Mr. Clifton is a remarkable singer. In order to regain a potato peeler which he had deposited as a forfeit during a game, he was forced to render a song. His song about "A man with whiskers from Maine, who went hunting," nearly brought the house down.

Wishing to be hospitable, the members of the mess offered to procure a vampire for Mr. Kroger. But he indignantly protested and loudly asked, "What would I do with a blooming vampire?" We noticed, however, that he "held on" when one pretty maiden was requested to shake hands with him in order that she could regain her forfeit.

A prize was offered for the one who found the most peanuts. Mr. Kroger won that, too, but Stock claims he saw Kroger buy forty-three cents worth of peanuts in Wareham that afternoon.

Speedo's back yard wireless has now become a real station. It has now been fully equipped with a 100-watt Radio Corporation Kenetron rectifying tube set, and 'successfully reached England during the recent amateur trans-Atlantic tests.

Mr. Geer, who recently arrived from the city, says he likes Marion, but there's an awful lot of unpopulated space here. We suspect he has left her in the city and that he is lonesome, but, once one of the "Cap Cod Sand Peeps" sees him, we feel sure Geer will want to stick around like the rest of us do.

TUCKERTON

WELL, for some months we have been listening to the gossip of all the stations each month, but we have been too busy to partake, but we are ready to take our place in the ranks and hold our own.

Carter from NB is here now, and we have something to write about. They must be rather lonesome at New Brunswick without him.

Smith is wearing a hat. ?????

The Staff Club has been organized and will operate under the name of the Umbrella Club and will endeavor to bring all the operating staff closer together socially. A series of dances and other social features is being arranged. The officers elected were: President, H. J. Smith; Secretary, W. S. Hanks; and Treasurer, J. P. Burton. More will be heard from the Umbrella Club in the next issue.

We are rather glad to hear that Doc Usselman is whistling since he left Tuckerton. It makes any man whistle when he gets married. We are wondering when Jack Mott will begin. We notice he is often found in Trenton.

We had been planning to give a little description of Tuckerton, but since Messrs. McCullom and Grimes visited us and the swamps, we believe it will be useless to further describe the village.

Boys, beware of hair tonic! You remember, we told you about Heinie visiting the drug store for his restorative. Well, he has become married to the girl who sold it to him.

For some reason we have not had many visits by Mr. Rossi since his latest expedition to Barnegat City. We didn't tell about that, did we? All that can be said is, "Who ever heard of fishing at Barnegat City?" and we haven't yet seen a fish come from there.

Our triangular antenna is about completed and we are rather glad of it, so that we can settle down once more and devote all our attention to operations.

Our sleuths have been unable to find out why it was when Carter left the dance the other night he found all four tires flat on his Overland. A mean trick, eh?

RIVERHEAD

(Passed by the National Board of Nonsensers)

SOME men are born famous, some achieve fame, and others go to Poland. It's a common sight nowadays to see Fred Johnston walking along the Riverhead antenna line, talking to the poles. He goes to Poland soon, and is trying to learn the language now. Mrs. Johnny and "Mike" are as inseparable as ever. "The Old Man" in amateur radio may have his "faithful feline" to expectorate upon, but what would the Riverhead staff do without Mike to frisk and frolic with?

Great commotion in Riverhead town these days, especially amongst the (un)fair sex. Bourne walks past the Telephone Exchange and immediately all the "ops" therein rush to the windows and gaze upon his manly figure with great ecstasy and much heart-fluttering. Finally one of them comes to enough to say, "Oh, Mildred, isn't he just grand, like Rudolph Valentino?" We'll let you in on the secret of this he-vamp. It's his cute 'tache and leather coat that makes them all fall. But more of this anon!

Oh, yes! Ty is still here, but not very still. He has three weeks' vacation coming, and doesn't know what to do with it. If he spends them all in New York, that won't be all he will spend there. The Morris Plan Co. is at 261 Broadway. Boy.

page Elinor Glyn; her "Three Weeks" won't begin to compare with Ty's.

Seen, but not heard yet—Williams. He's young, though, so give him time. We suggested that W. W. W. stood for Wireless, Women and Williams, but he said leave the Women out and put in Work. As yet, we don't see the difference! Draw your own conclusions.

"Barney" is on the job, as usual, and when he isn't repairing the roof over the "ham set" which was heard in Scotland (attention, Messrs. Amy and Boucheron) he's busy building garages or battery racks. Barney's latest ditty is entitled, "My pretty garage looks lonesome without a Ford in it." We could go on telling tales, *ad nauseum*, but will leave space for Cm to relate their usual heroic deeds.

KAHUKU, OAHU, T. H.

WELL, well, see who's here! We are bound to show up once in a while, even though we are far away in the land of liquid sunshine (or perhaps moonshine). And take it from us, Easterners, we are going strong. We have to, or we would all be heavy on the hammer. Probably few of you Mainlanders realize that there are only seven white men regularly employed at this station to operate and maintain the two complete circuits. Then, when we do get a little time off to get away and see what a few other white faces look like, it is fifty miles to Honolulu. A good part of the way is over a road that we believe was the incentive for the invention of Shock Absorbers. However, notwithstanding this drawback, we were able to put on a Christmas party that could not be surpassed anywhere. We think our Chinese cook could even make Mrs. Higgins sit up and take notice (Marion correspondent please note). Anyway, we have the advantage of preparing our guests for almost anything, after the ride out from Honolulu. And then to top it off, the all-spoovious feed (that's a good word, if used only on rare occasions) that we did have, was sufficient reason for several tire pumps to get into action before the return trip. We have one great advantage in being isolated, however, and that is that our parties always have to last over the weekend. This affords time for participation in most any sport we choose. The tennis court starts the morning off; and then a dip into the warm surf nearby, or a machine ride followed by a short hike to the Sacred Falls, and return, makes a real picnic for the ones cooped up in town, all week.

Of course, you can readily see that the automobile is an absolute necessity here. Mr. Graff, our Engineer-in-Charge, is beginning to realize it lately. After solving the "mystery"

of the "Overland Myster Car" (see him for the secret) he sold the diseasè, and now has to depend upon the hospitality of his fellow inmates. Morris found that his "French Ford" was not enough of a car to stand up over these boulevards (?), so he consolidated with Hill in purchasing one of the new Buick 4s. Said Buick 4 did not like being mastered by two people, though, and expressed its sentiments by leaving one of its front fenders high on the guy wire of a telegraph pole. And since said owners did not take its hint, it made its desire quite evident by almost pushing a perfectly good bicycle through the rear wall of the garage. Whereupon, Hill decided that the car had his number, and withdrew from the partnership.

Mr. Finch, who is temporarily representing the Design Division at this station, went into town with a few shekels in quest of a bargain in the Used Car market, and came forth with a Buick 4 of questionable vintage (very, we'll say, J. L.). This Buick has no objection to the trips in and out of Honolulu, but while it is in town, it seems to get entirely too familiar with the Honolulu Police Department. It seems they have some very funny laws about having tail lights, and speed limits. So some nice big Kanaka cop left a little white card in the front seat, and the Judge was curious to know why the tail light was out while Mr. Finch attended the movies. Then later (it's funny how some judges get so curious) he wanted to know all about how it felt to ride 40 per without a tail light, and with the rear seat loaded down with 45's and a Springfield army rifle. But Finch's companion happened to be Mr. Buckner, a naval lieutenant, and so everything cleared up to the satisfaction of his majesty after said lieutenant was identified by the probation officer of Pearl Harbor. They had been out on a wild pig hunt. But where were the pigs?

Mr. Noble says he is sorry that Mr. Finch has had so much trouble, but he thanks him for establishing a list of "Don'ts" in the Honolulu traffic laws. As Noble has also lately purchased a Buick roadster, he claims he will profit greatly by Mr. Finch's experiences.

The swell social affairs of the station are not confined to the white folks. In fact, Marconi Hotel has been taken off the front page entirely. First, take a slant at the accompanying picture, and note how close to the ground both subjects seem to have been built. Then go into the closet and drag out the "Full D" and see if you can figure out just how they managed to keep the swallow tails off the floor. Nevertheless, they did it. The occasion was the celebration of the acquisition of a picture bride straight from the Land of Cherry

Blossoms. Kurita, the one on the right is one of our alternator attendants and Hanoka is an assistant machinist here. Mr. Peterson, our chief rigger, dropped in on the party to request Kurita to work night shift on the eve of his celebration. But after suppressing a serious attack of convulsions, he diplomatically withdrew his request.



Kahuku Station has the real and original "Haunted House." Talk about "Spooks"! There is one Kanaka here that was a white man for at least one hour. There was a Filipino alt. att. here who said three times was enough and left the house and his job, too. So when the house became idle, said Kanaka, one of our riggers, occupied it, temporarily while he had to stand by on the station. But somewhere around midnight he said he experienced a big, hairy arm come through the window and almost choke him to death. He didn't even stop for his watch, but made *some* getaway on his bicycle for Laiea, where his permanent house is. He has again taken a chance, but this time he brought his wife with him for moral support.

We sincerely regret the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dean from the station. Bolinas is fortunate in landing so pleasant a couple. We will certainly miss their genial hospitality.

This week marked the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, formerly of New York Radio Central Station, and the personnel soon put their O. K. on them. We all got together on a moonlight beach party soon after their arrival, and with the addition of a few of our Honolulu friends, we put on a regular old "Weenie Roast," followed by a swim at 1:00 A. M. with only a full moon to keep warm by. How's that for January sports?

There are a few mysteries still hanging around the station. One is the definition of the word Design. We fully comprehend the meaning of said word in connection with Representative of the Design Division, but there is a little

ambiguity when it is used as stating that the Representative's Designs have taken the form of a charming belle. We are looking for a full definition, and may possibly be able to more fully explain this odd use of the word in our next issue.

Another mystery is one for which we can offer no explanation. We would like to know how come Morris gets bills from a leading jeweler of Honolulu, addressed to Mrs. H. B. Morris? He says, "Holy smokes, the cat is out!" Whereupon Hill called him down for calling any one such a name.

But Hill gets his share of gossip. We refer you to a few back numbers of this W. W. W. about De La Nux. Same suits him fine. She is a Kahuku school teacher.

Flanigan, otherwise known as Inventory Pat, has been using the Hunt and Push system on some of the Corporation's stationery. He drew that little (???) annual job that drives us all to the nuts—and bolts, etc.

Well, Kahuku has spoken her little piece, and we hope to get around to learn another before we have to repeat the inventory notation, so we all join in on the chorus, "Where do we go from here?" Speak up, some of you stations, we might some day land on your doorstep, and a little advance information would save us a week's sizing up.

HONOLULU CITY OFFICE

ALTHOUGH it has been many moons since HU has given an account of itself in the columns of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, we would like to inform the universe that we are still doing business at the old stand.

1921 was a good year for 923 Fort Street. If the New Year treats us as well we will have no complaint to make.

The new alternator equipment at Kahuku gave a fine account of itself during the Christmas holidays, and the extra volume of traffic was moved to and from the coast without a hitch. Fortunately the storm, which wrecked power lines and telegraph systems, didn't hit the coast until the 26th of December, and the enforced shut-down at KET came after the traffic was well cleared up.

A recent break in the Pacific cable at Midway Island has thrown practically all of the Japan traffic onto our circuit. The span between here and S F is taking care of the additional traffic without any difficulty, and our Japanese friends, the first non-stop thirty-five hundred miles west of us, have been working keyed up under pressure of the Koko Head bugs whenever the schedule permits them to strip for action.

Mr. Sayeki, of the Japanese Communication Service, passed through Honolulu recently, on his way home from Europe and the United States. He is carrying a number of new ideas with him and has promised to put them into effect as soon as possible after arriving in Japan. More power to you, Mr. Sayeki, there will soon be no need of any cable at all, much less a new one, as is now being planned.

By the time this article appears in print, this office will probably have attained a new and greater importance in the RCA family. It is planned to move the control of Kahuku from Kokohead to the city of Honolulu, and operate a la Broad Street, New York. This will eliminate our snappy little land line between HU and KO and bring all of the Kokohead bunch to town. A complete re-arrangement of this office will be necessary, of which more will be written in WORLD WIDE WIRELESS anon.

MARINE COAST STATIONS

REPORTS of satisfactory long distance working on the part of our marine coast stations are coming in with every mail, and it is encouraging to see the evidence of the success of our efforts to render a high class, long distance service; efficient and consistent in operation.

The following are typical of many reports received during the last month, all of which were made without special effort or other than the regular equipment. We also recognize the ability of the men aboard the ships, whose efforts contributed to the success of these communications.

Chatham (WCC) maintained daily communication, exchanging traffic with S.S. *Adriatic* until that vessel reached Madeira—approximately 2,500 miles. Worked S.S. *Baltic* when abeam Fastnet. The same station exchanged messages with S.S. *Baltic* off Liverpool Bar—QSA; exchanged signals on long wave with Lisbon, Portugal—CTV; signals exceptionally strong.

New York (WNY) took traffic from S.S. *Caddo*, 3,437 miles south Vancouver. San Francisco (KPH) worked same ship 562 miles northwest Talara (Peru).

A report from Operator F. L. Velten, S.S. *Willsolo*, which is reproduced in this issue, together with that from the Signal Corps Superintendent of the Army Transport Service, clearly indicates these communications are not freaks but the regular, consistent working of

RCA MARINE COAST STATIONS.

At the time of going to press, reports of transocean and long distance exchange of traffic are rapidly increasing, and we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the engineering staff which has made it possible, as a step toward still greater achievement.

CHATHAM MARINE STAFF

WCC TO THE FORE

This winter there have been many times when conditions have been good for long distance ship communication.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT--KEATING, LEASON,
HAZELBAKER. LOWER ROW--ELLIOTT, EASTMAN,
REEVES

We have worked over 2,000 miles on 600 meters ICW, and 3,000 miles on long wave CW, and while our friends on the Pacific may not think anything of covering these distances, we consider them pretty good for the Atlantic.

On CW we have been able to carry the *America*, *Aquintania*, *Celtic*, *George Washington*, *Hudson*, *Lapland*, *Olympic*, *Scythia*, and others almost all way across. On a recent trip of the *Baltic*, traffic was exchanged each night until she anchored off Liverpool. The *Adriatic*, going east on a Mediterranean cruise, was worked each night until she said, "Now anchored in Gibraltar Harbor"—sigs must have gone right through the big rock with the Prudential Insurance sign on it!

The *Buckeye State*, bound New York to 'Frisco, was worked each night until a few hundred miles west of Balboa. Signals have been exchanged with GKU, the English CW station at Devizes and CTV, a Portuguese station at Lisbon, who remarked, "We wishes to make some experiences

with your station." The latter station helped us by relaying a few words in a message to the *Caronia* when close to the Madeira Islands and was jammed by spark stations close by.

On 600 meters ICW, the *Huron* was worked over 2,200 miles south and many ships an equal distance east, who reported our note easy to read through interference. In fact, sometimes it has been found possible to work a ship on 600 when static or other conditions made it impossible on CW.

We have noticed two peculiar dead spots in the Atlantic—one a short distance off Hatteras from where signals are inaudible, and the other an area about 1,500 to 2,000 miles east. Usually when a ship gets 1,500 miles out, signals fade and cannot be heard until 500 miles farther is reached, when they come in with surprising strength for next few hundred miles.

Don't be surprised if you hear of WCC working ships well in the Mediterranean soon, as we won't be satisfied till we do.

S.S. Willsolo "KUDL"

At New York, N. Y.

January 16th, 1922.

Mr. J. B. Duffy,
Superintendent Eastern Division,
The Radio Corp'n. of America,
326 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:

Having just completed a trip from New York to West Coast ports, I wish to call your attention to the splendid work and remarkable efficiency of the R.C.A. stations.

December 25th, at 12.32 midnight, the New York WNY station came in strong and clear. Our position was then about 900 miles south of Los Angeles, in the Pacific Ocean. I heard his signals every night all the way to the Canal and all the way from the Canal to New York.

December 26th, at 9.53 p. m., I was working a ship only about 500 miles away and Cape May WCY jammed me badly. Posi-

tion about 1,100 miles south of Los Angeles at the time.

January 1st, at 7.28 p. m., I called New York WNY. To my great surprise Cape Cod WCC answered me and asked if I had any traffic for him. Good, strong signals at 250 south of Hatteras.

New York WNY cleared my traffic at 1,200 nautical miles south of New York. I shot five messages at him at a snappy speed and all he answered was R-K.

New London WLC is an excellent station and his signals are easily copied at least as far south as Colon.

The operators at all R.C.A. stations handle the traffic in a truly amazing manner through heavy interference, and no signal is too faint for them to try for, nor any operator fast enough to "burn them up". I believe it would be possible or rather entirely practicable to clear traffic with R.C.A. stations from the Pacific Coast during the quiet periods of early morning.

Respectfully,

Frank L. Velten.

Below is quoted a letter that came unsolicited:

"OFFICE, SIGNAL CORPS SUPT. ATS.,
Fort Mason, Calif.,
January 10, 1922.

From: Signal Corps Supt., Army Transport Service.

To: Manager, Radio Corporation of America, San Francisco, Cal.

Subject: Radio co-operation with Army Transporta.

1. The excellent co-operation given the Army Transport radio stations operating

out from San Francisco by your KPH radio station has been brought to the attention of this office on numerous occasions, particularly assistance in relaying official business for these Army stations.

2. The radio operators at KPH have always endeavored to do their utmost to facilitate radio traffic with these transports and it is desired to express to you and your operators the sincere thanks of this office for your most hearty co-operation.

(Signed) EDWIN C. HALL,
Captain, Signal Corps."

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. E. J. Nally, President, sailed for Europe on the S. S. *Aquitania*, February 28.

The Sales Department is now located on the twentieth floor of the Woolworth Building, occupying all of the south wing.

Mr. Donald McNicol has been added to the staff of the President's office.

Mr. A. E. Reoch, Assistant Chief Engineer, has returned from Montreal, where he was called by the death of Mrs. Reoch's father.

Mr. William J. Lush, engineer, who recently sailed for Warsaw, was last heard from in London, where he was entertained at dinner by Messrs. Gray and Bradfield of the British Marconi Company.

Mr. H. H. Beverage, engineer, has arrived at Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. George W. Hayes, accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, sailed for Valparaiso on the S. S. *Santa Elisa*, on February 4. After a brief stay there they will proceed to Buenos Aires and other towns on the East coast.

M. Emile Girardeau, Managing Director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil, Paris, who represented the French Department of Posts and Telegraphs at the Disarmament Conference, sailed for home on the S. S. *Aquitania*, February 7. On the eve of their departure, M. and Mme. Girardeau were entertained at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Nally, who afterwards took their

geusts to the opera. M. Pierre Blancheville, of Paris, was in the party. M. Blancheville sailed on the *Paris* February 21.

Mr. F. J. Brown, Assistant Secretary, General Post Office, London, who has been in attendance at the Disarmament Conference, was a recent visitor at Radio Central Station and sailed for home on the S. S. *Olympic*, February 18.

STATIC CLUB DINNER

SIXTY-FOUR members attended the February dinner at the Hotel Astor, New York City, and it proved to be the most enjoyable yet held. Mr. Porter made his first appearance as president and charmed everyone by his versatility, tact and ready wit. Impromptu songs by a quartet consisting of Messrs. Sarnoff, Weagant, Kaminsky and MacConnach provoked roars of merriment. Mr. George Clark gave an illustrated talk on Venezuela, which was most entertaining, many of the pictures being most artistic. Mr. Hayes personated a Venezuelan general, wearing a gorgeous native costume and created much amusement. The evening closed with Venezuelan piano music by Dr. Goldsmith and by a unique act by Mr. Clark, who played several selections on an ordinary hand-saw. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the best of good-fellowship prevailed.

THE CLICKS' DANCE

The first dance given at the Apollo Studio, Brooklyn, was a distinct success, about fifty couple tripping the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours. The music was admirable and the display of gowns made a brilliant scene. The officers and committee are deserving of high praise for the smoothness with which the arrangements were carried out.

THE GRINDERS

THESE seem to be the days of organizations. No sooner have the Clicks been launched safely on the radio sea, when along comes a rival organization, the Grinders. This organization is well versed in politics, as shown by its first act, which was to obtain a charter from Mr. Weagant and Mr. Alexanderson, promising that they would never be eliminated.

The membership at present consists of the following:

Bill Graham	<i>Chief Corona Tapper</i>
Bobby Ranger	<i>Lord High Exalted Stenotypist</i>
G. Clark	<i>First Smith of the Smith Premier Clan</i>
Willie Derrick,	

Chief Operator of Underwood & Underwood

The object of the new organization is to eliminate the Clicks. Ranger really originated the idea, with his cross between an adding machine and an alphabet gone crazy, but lately he is backsliding, and if he doesn't watch out *he* may be eliminated.

Bylaw No. 1 of the new club reads: "No noiseless typewriters shall be used by any of the members, under pain of death."

The Grinders have it all fixed up with Ye Editor of this periodical to assign them a large room for their get-together noon meals. An innovation will be introduced at these meals, in that everyone will use magnavoxes in order to be heard above the noon meal clickings of the Click clique.

Join today! Bring your own typewriter!

EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK

A MARKED increase in shipping activities has been noted around New York during the past month and this office is running short of experienced operators. The static room, which formerly had from thirty to forty men sitting around every day now has only three or four. This is accounted for, not only through the increase in shipping, but on account of so many experienced operators taking positions as managers of radio departments being started by practically every electrical company and department store. There seem to be many of these positions still open and any operator who feels himself competent to manage such a department, or to act as salesman or sales manager, should see Mr. Duffy. A personal interview with Mr. Duffy in this regard would be far more desirable than writing.

Among the new men employed in this division are: Redvers Bowen, of Ansonia, Conn., as junior on the *City of Savannah*; John J. Isreal, of New York, to the *Barrenfork*; Samuel V. Parsons, who was formerly with us in 1916, to the *Lake Arthur*; Joseph B. Milkiewitz, who was also formerly in the service, to the *Santa Isabel*; Michael J. Reilly to the *Westmead*, and William W. Neely to the *Braddock*.

Sergeant Charles E. Pearce, who was in charge of the radio division of the New York police department, retired after twenty-five years on the force and entered our service. After making a trip to Richmond on the *Lake Arthur* the sergeant went as second operator on the Munson Liner *Huron*. Sergeant Pearce is well known among the older operators of this division and gained quite a little popularity through his radio activities in the police department.

Sergeant Pearce's retirement was the cause of a promotion for Louis J. Michaels, who is now stationed at police

headquarters radio station. Michaels is a former operator in our service from which he resigned to become a New York policeman. Shortly after joining the force he was assigned to one of the police boats and now has a desirable berth at headquarters.

George E. Sinclair and George L. Van Auken are senior and junior on the *Santa Ana*, which is starting on a regular run between Pacific and Atlantic ports.

Melvyn D. Loss transferred from the *City of Savannah* to the Barge *Socony 84*.

William H. Barry sailed as third operator on the *Potomac* twenty-four hours after he arrived on the *Huron*, which had just completed a long trip to South America.

Herbert R. Miller is now junior on the *Caracas*, having transferred from the *Munamar*.

E. J. Connelly is now on the *Willosolo*, running to Pacific coast ports.

P. J. Donohue sustained painful injuries through an accident on the stairs of his home and was confined to a hospital for several weeks, during which he was operated upon. At the present writing he is well on the road to recovery.

Henry Samara is now on the *Pavia*. During the past month Samara purchased a submarine chaser from the navy. The chaser is now in a drydock for repairs after the completion of which Samara expects it will make a lot of money for him. He has named the boat *Paloma* in honor of the first ship on which he went to sea.

BOSTON

MR. AND MRS. L. HIERS, of Thunderbolt, Ga., announce the marriage of their daughter, Etta, to Mr. Albert E. Coatesworth, of Buffalo, N. Y., and at present of the *City of Columbus*, on January 21, 1922. Mr. and Mrs. Coatesworth will remain in the South for the winter and in the spring will make their home in Buffalo. We extend best wishes to the happy couple.

Raymond E. Whitcomb has returned to Boston on the *Springfield* and been paid off. Whit wants to be mentioned in W.W.W. and we hope he is now happy.

George Chute has quit the *Freeman* and his successors to date have been Robert Fox, Eldred D. Moon and C. H. Morse.

A. T. Barber is back in Beantown. Welcome home, Aloysius!

Frank Justice has the *Eagle*, bound for the West Coast.

S. R. Elliott assisted in moving WLC to the State Pier, New London. The job was done in jig time.

R. G. Philbrook is on the *Deepwater*, bound for Russia.

BALTIMORE DISTRICT

INSPECTOR A. P. SMITH has resigned from the service to accept other employment. We are sorry to see him leave, but wish him luck in his new venture.

John B. King was engaged as operator on the Garland Line steamer *Carolynian* which was recently re-commissioned at this port to carry grain to Russia.

J. S. Brunhouse took assignment on the *Norlina* which is also bound for Russian ports with grain.

Vacuum tube detectors and amplifiers have been installed at this port on the steamers *Bethore*, *Nora* and *Oriani*.

The *Cubore* has been re-commissioned and is bound for South American ports with Operator Ralph Freeman in charge.

Willard H. Leeth, ex-navy operator from Balboa, Canal Zone, was recently assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *West Quechee* as senior.

Operator G. H. Cassidy was engaged by the Ore Steamship Corporation for the trial trip of the new steamer *Bethore*.

We do not know who writes the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS notes for the Port of Los Angeles, but as an operator recently remarked, "He should be appointed publicity agent for the city of Los Angeles."

GULF DIVISION

NEW ORLEANS

FIRSTLY, let us extend our hearty congratulations to our friend and co-worker, "Nick," of the "Frozen" Lakes Division. Secondly, permit us to extend to him the wish that all of his troubles will be—radio—in other words, we wish them both a long and happy voyage.

Edyth L. Bradley, who until recently was attached to the local office of the U. S. Shipping Board as stenographer to the Radio Supervisor, has joined the service of the Radio Corporation as secretary at the division office, vice Madaline Langenstein, resigned.

Paul R. Harris has returned to the *Chickasaw City* after having spent several weeks undergoing repairs and drydocking at the Marine Hospital.

But very few changes have been made in the sea-going personnel since our last contribution; some of these changes follow:

Paul D. Herrold to the *Lake Gadsden*; D. W. Jolls to the

Sagauche; Henry C. Bodin to the *W. L. Connelly* (ex-*Walter Hardcastle*); R. C. Holtzclaw to the newly commissioned oil tanker *Byron D. Benson*; E. J. Barnes to the *Dauperata*; Herman Wolbarst to the *Waxahachie*; John C. Clayton to the *Marne*; Harold O. Zahn from the *Dungannon* to the *Hahira*.

PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

THERE is not much depression around the S. F. plant these days regardless of the slump in other lines. The installation of vacuum tube panels on rental contract ships keeps us moving right along and an occasional installation or dismantlement helps to fill in any slack spell that might happen.

The oil tanker *Richmond* was re-equipped and given one of the latest outfits, a P8B transmitting set and a 106 C tuner with a vacuum tube detector and one step amplifier. Operator George W. Spare reports that the set is working fine. The old 240 cycle set which the *Richmond* has been carrying for years has been returned and is being sold piece meal to the highest bidder for amateur purposes.

An E2 panel set was purchased by Geo. E. Billings during the month for use on his new steam schooner *Viking*, formerly the *Thomas Rolph*.

San Francisco was visited with a genuine snow storm recently and some of the hill tops were covered to a depth of two or three inches, affording a unique spectacle for scores of youngsters who had never witnessed such a sight. Many a tale of heavy snow storms and blizzards was dug up by those who had experienced the storms which visit other parts of the country so frequently, and it was amusing to note the pride which was evident when a particularly vivid tale was expounded. California has all the climates in the world, but it is seldom that any of the disagreeable ones visit San Francisco.

Operator Carl E. Soderstrom will find it hard to give up his old love, the carborundum detector, for the new vacuum tube. Particularly after his recent feat of working North Head 800 miles in the day time. However, the old must give way to the new and we expect to equip the *H. T. Harper* with a tube receiver as soon as we can obtain a 230 volt battery charging panel.

There were not many changes during the month in the operating personnel.

B. C. McDonald, of the *Royal Arrow*, was assigned to the big Matson liner *Matsonia*, with Martin Principe as junior. Mac is one of the old school and it sounds good to hear him

and Smithy on the *Maui* meet in mid Pacific with a batch of Ocean Letters.

Chas. Lowell made one trip on the *Royal Arrow* to the Orient and transferred to the *Colusa* for a voyage to South America.

L. D. Evans was placed on the *Wilhelmina* for a try-out on the transpacific run, his place on the *Mexico* being filled by Roy Cornell, a youngster with lots of ambition.

J. W. Morrow and William Kelly took the *Royal Arrow* out on January 6th, Kelly having had a patient wait ever since last May.

W. H. Hart has again returned to the service and was assigned to the *Caddo* on the South American-Vancouver run. They all come back, sooner or later.

T. M. Watson, formerly on the *Humboldt*, made a serious mistake. He walked into the office with a telegraph sounder and we immediately adopted it for use between the office and storeroom downstairs. It has made a great hit and Watson had best forget he owns it as our District Manager, formerly a railroad man, and our Chief Operator, who in the good old galena days pounded the brass at old KPH, certainly have not forgotten their Morse. and we must admit it sounds great to hear that sounder once again. What's your terms, Watson? By the way, we might suggest that some of these ambitious marine operators get a sounder and practice up, as it is surprising the number of good radio men who cannot read their own name in Morse. You never can tell when it may come in as first aid.

SEATTLE

THE *Admiral Rodman* is back in commission again after being completely overhauled and will run between Portland and San Francisco. George Wunderlich went back to his old job of purser-operator and took on Willis Hicks as his assistant.

The *Admiral Farragut* tied up for an overhaul, putting Halliday and Carter back on the beach.

The *Admiral Watson* did the same thing. Hill is going East to get the *Ruth Alexander*, while Newbill has returned to his home in the country.

The flu, or whatever it is, has hit this part of the country and both Miss Cayo and McAuliffe got in the way of it. Miss Cayo was quite ill and will be home for a week yet. McAuliffe got back this morning.

Our audion receiving outfits are arriving and we expect to get busy on the first installations next week.

Chas. Laird sailed as purser-operator on the *Eastern Merchant*, vice Mr. Kermickel, resigned.